



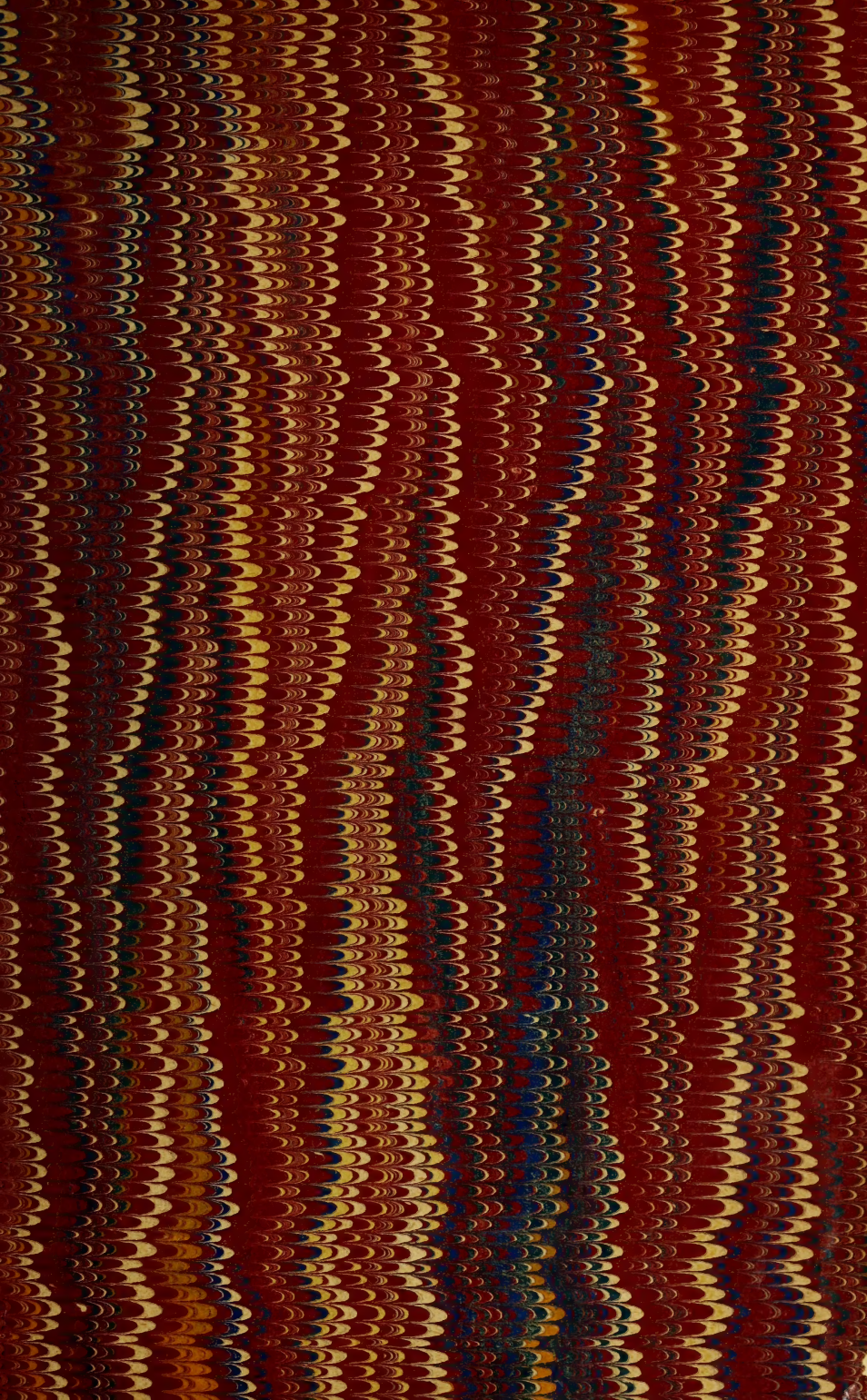
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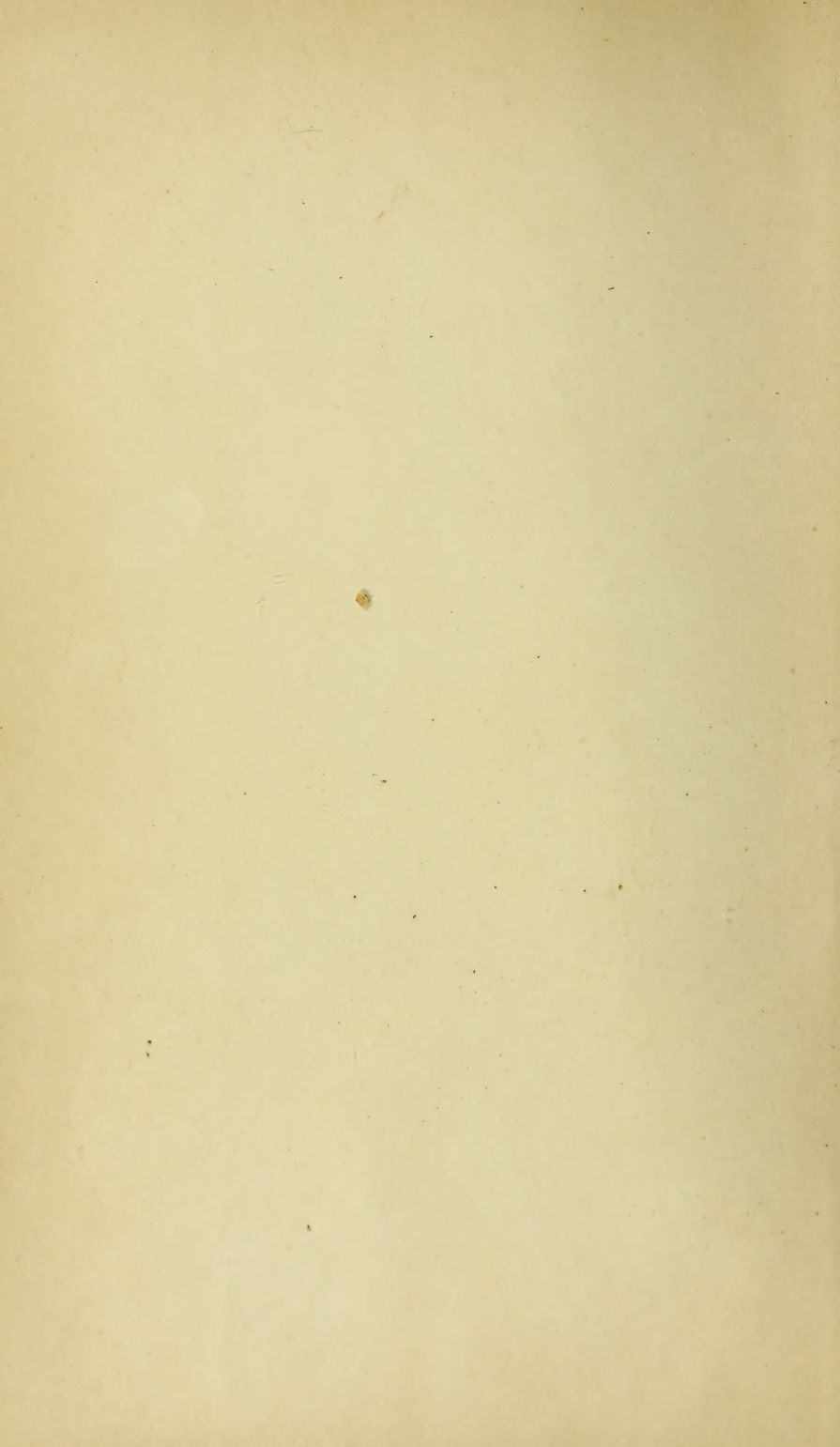
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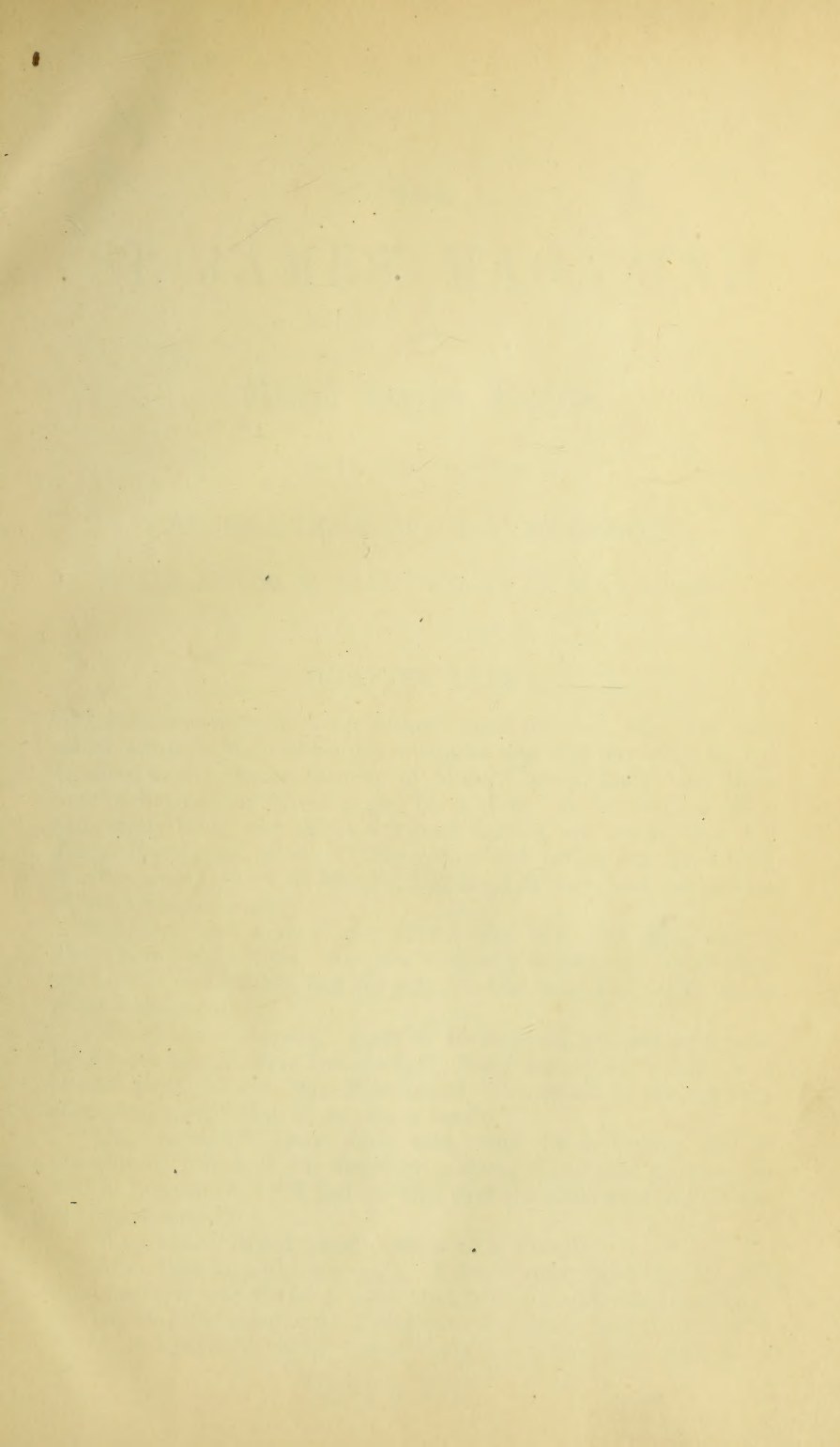






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# ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE

London: Printed and Sold by J. G. & J. H. B. 1840.

## THE LITERATURE OF THE REVOLUTION

By J. G. & J. H. B. 1840.

LONDON: J. G. & J. H. B. 1840.

The Revolution was a great event in the history of the world, and it has been the subject of many books. The first of these was the "History of the Revolution" by J. G. & J. H. B. This book was published in 1840, and it was the first of a series of books on the Revolution. The second book was the "History of the Revolution" by J. G. & J. H. B. This book was published in 1840, and it was the first of a series of books on the Revolution.

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April 1873 to September 1873.

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ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE

AND

United Empire Review.

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THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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CHAPTER LXIX.

THE Ellertons were in town without Lord Ellerton, who had been called away to Mainshire upon business, and the day after he left London, to the intense surprise of Maud Craven, Lady Jane drove over to Bryanstone Street to pay her a visit. In her trailing silks, and costly laces, and delicate French gloves, she swept into the dingy Bryanstone Street dining-room, and laying her hand with friendly graciousness in Maud's, told her how sorry she was to hear of Mr. Craven's illness.

She had just driven over to ask for him, she said, and to cheer Maud up a little. London was such a wretched place when one was ill or troubled, and she was sure she must feel lonely in the great wilderness.

"No, not at all lonely. I am so accustomed to have only papa for society that I never feel lonely," Maud answered; "and then, besides papa, I have Mrs. Marchmont, who comes to see me very often, and where Mab is, no one is lonely."

"Oh, indeed!" Lady Jane said, with lifted brows, and a momentary return of the freezing coldness Maud used to know so well in Mainshire. "I had no idea that she came near any of her old friends now."

"Why not?" Maud questioned, a little sharply.

"After that dreadful marriage. I don't understand it quite, but it appears to me to be a most wretched and unfortunate affair," her ladyship answered, with a disapproving shrug, and then, with a slight, sympathetic sigh, "poor Lady Ayre, how she must have felt it!"

"I don't think it's dreadful at all, and Mab's very happy," Maud struck in, with a grand disregard of her ladyship's pathetic lament for Lady Ayre's feelings.

"But what have they got to live on?" Lady Jane asked, practically. "You know 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

And as she said it the pale blue eyes shot a covert glance at Maud Craven.

"Not always, surely," Maud said faintly.

And then she thought of Hugh Ellerton, and of the poverty he had jested over when he wooed her in Cravenscroft, but from which he had shrunk away when the time came for laying it on his shoulders; while Lady Jane, who had struck her blow, and saw Maud wince under the stroke of it, let the subject of Mab, and Mab's rash marriage, drift away into the wider stream of fashionable gossip, and talked of Lord Hillier's new-born heir, of the concert she was at yesterday, or the ball she was going to to-night, until it was time to say good-bye; and Maud thanked God when the carriage-door was shut on the sweeping silk, and the lace, and the perfumed gloves, and the woman's cold malignity.

Then grapes came up from the Ferndale vineries, and were sent to Bryanstone-street, as gifts to Mr. Craven, by the hands of a dandified young footman, who despised the slatternly lodging-house servant who took his dainty little basket and his mistress's note in to Miss Craven. And after the grapes came Lady Jane, to pay another long visit, during which, with smiling lips and eyes that seemed to have forgotten their old hardness, she distilled little bits of season gossip, or scraps of Mainshire news gathered from her father's letters; but through it all there ran, every now and then, small keen shafts, and sly, half-hidden bitternesses which, like the proverb she had quoted about Mab Marchmont, struck straight to the heart of her listener.

"I wish she would not come here," Maud said to Peters once, in reference to Lady Jane's visits. "I don't care to gossip about people I don't know, or to discuss balls I can't go to."

"It's a shame for you, Miss Maud, and her ladyship so good!" Peters answered, who had a strong respect for lords and ladies, and thought they were the stars which should revolve round her beloved young mistress.

Maud, thus rebuked, felt constrained to be silent and to endure the cross of Lady Jane's visits as patiently as might be, but still she chafed under the presence of this woman, who came to her day by day, interrupting her watch by her father, killing her hopes of Hugh Ellerton, and uttering cruel words with her lips without seeming to know that her words wounded.

"You remember Hugh's going to Malta?" she said once, during one of those long visits, to which Maud found it hard to stifle her shrinking dislike; "you remember Hugh's going to Malta?" as though it were possible the fact might have faded from Maud's



memory,—and then when Maud, lacking the courage to say “Yes,” gave a slight assenting nod, her ladyship went on, bemoaning her own forgetfulness: “It was horribly stupid of me of course, but do you know I don’t think I ever told you he had come back.”

Maud felt a sob rise in her throat, but she was not going to let this girl triumph over her, and, choking back her sob, she said, with a bravery whose coolness half daunted her listener,—

“I saw his name in a list of arrivals by the Malta steamer.”

“How odd!” Lady Jane said, with a slight, low laugh. “The foreign passenger list is the last thing on earth I should dream of studying.” Then, before Maud had time to determine whether the remark was of chance or of malice, she went on: “He has been with us in Grosvenor Square ever since he came home, getting his strength up after his illness; for he was dreadfully ill at Malta—so ill that we almost despaired of him when he came back—but he is quite himself now.”

After that there was silence for a moment, during which Maud answered never a word, but sat staring at her, listening with closed lips, and lips that fought hard to keep back the thronging tears, and then Jane Ellerton’s voice went on and on, tearing away the delusions Maud had been hugging, even through her wildest fears. Where were the vows now wherewith he had vowed to love her for evermore? Where were the lips whose eager whispers had stolen her soul away, and the eyes whose glamour had made her believe a lie? Ah, he had grown wise in the world’s wisdom since the night he had kissed her trembling under the shade of the heaths in the conservatory at Middleton, wiser in the world’s wisdom since he had sworn his last vows in the library at Cravenscroft.

Then, when, were it not for that stubborn pride which knew how to keep stubborn silence, Maud Craven could have stood up and cried out from the depths of her wordless agony, Lady Jane rose up to take her leave, and drove away homewards through the thronged London streets, while Maud stole softly to her father’s room, and, crouching by his bed in the darkened room, silently wept out the tears she had crushed back from the sight of her enemy.

## CHAPTER LXX.

LORD ELLERTON was by no means sorry at his recall to Middleton, neither was he disconcerted when the business, which promised in the outset to last only a day or two, gradually extended over a fortnight.

The necessity of wearing out the season in town was one of the crosses in the life of Lord Ellerton, consequent on his having two unmarried daughters; and another of his crosses, arising from the same source, was the periodical presence of his sister in his town-

house. Lady Mary had never been a favourite with her brother. He remembered against her to this day how she used to toady his elder brother, and tyrannize over him as the younger. As a child, she had been a tale-bearer and a revealer of secrets; as a woman, she had been full of schemes, chiefly matrimonial, making herself ridiculous, as Lord Ellerton had it, by first seeking after marriages beyond her reach, and ending by marrying a spendthrift, who left her a burden on her relatives.

Lord Ellerton could evade her ladyship's company in his wife's lifetime, while he roamed about the Continent. He could bar Middleton against her entrance; he could even make her understand, in a civil way, when he yielded to his daughters' wish to invite her to Ferndale just before the London season opened, that it was because the season was commencing, which would prevent her making Ferndale her home for a time unlimited, that he did so yield. But during the season her ladyship reigned of right.

When Lady Mary Kynaston assumed the post of chaperon, it was with a resolve not to lay it down until her "dear nieces were married." I do not say she went so far as to think herself taxed by having the care of these young ladies on her stout shoulders, but she allowed her brother to see that she considered her guardianship sufficient return for the use of his carriages and horses, his house and servants, although, to own the truth on her ladyship's behalf, the benefits received were more than the benefits conferred in return. To speak in common language, her ladyship was poor, but to speak in language less plain,—to speak as she would speak herself, when delicately alluding to her finances,—she was "not in affluent circumstances."

Whatever fortune she had possessed in her own right, whatever means her husband had had at the time of his marriage, had been wasted before she was long a wife; and when, on her husband's death at a third-rate German spa, she "gathered up the fragments that were left," they would not have sufficed for her support, without such aid as Lord Ellerton extended willingly, or unwillingly. Willingly with his purse, unwillingly with the shelter of his house.

In Lord Ellerton's estimation there was no woman he would agree better with at a distance than Lady Mary Kynaston, no woman he less liked in his home, but between her ladyship and Lady Jane there was a bond cordial. When Lady Mary was absent the bond was kept up by the post, when Lady Mary was present the bond was kept up by confidential confabs, by perpetual gifts from the younger lady to the elder.

Past the age to have a serious *tendresse* of her own, Lady Mary had entered heart and soul into her niece's love affairs with Hugh Ellerton, and, in furtherance of them, had imbued her brother with the notion that Jane was destined to share a coronet with Hugh Ellerton, and Lord Ellerton liked the idea mightily. Independent of the peculiar fitness of the arrangement, there would be a great



care off his mind if he had his elder daughter married. Once Lady Jane's fate was decided she could go to London with her husband, and take her sister under her chaperonage, which would free him from having to drag through a London season.

Lord Ellerton had been so long absent from England that a country life was a boon to him. His marriage, instead of giving him a quiet home, had sent him into a half involuntary exile. What his life might have been if he had married his college tutor's daughter was a question he often conned over when he looked back on the misspent thirty years, which had made him a middle-aged widower and his first love the mother of a tribe of sons.

And while Lord Ellerton idled away his days at Middleton, dreaming over the past and planning for the future, when he would be free to follow his own pursuits, Jane Ellerton found her way to Bryanstone Street, partly in obedience to a wish of her father's, partly in furtherance of designs of her own.

No wonder Maud Craven distrusted this woman, who came to her cold of heart and smooth of voice, a woman falsely kind in the midst of her cruelty, who carried Mr. Craven gifts of grapes from the Ferndale vinery while she lied away Maud's happiness with her lips.

She came to and fro continually, strengthening Maud's fears of Hugh's fickleness; now laughing at his light flirtations, now telling Maud how sober he had grown since he came from Malta, until at last she glided on adroitly, step by step, to a half-concealed confession of Hugh's interest in herself.

Maud sat looking in her enemy's face, when the first startling hint of Ellerton's falsehood fell from his cousin's lips. She neither cowered nor cried. If Lady Jane looked for such cruel triumph, she went away disappointed. Maud had, at least, strength enough to prevent her laying bare her agony before this woman, who had stolen her lover from her side, strength enough to prevent her crouching under Lady Jane's triumphant glance—for there was triumph in her look then, a gleaming triumph shooting out of the cold, pale eye, hitherto so guarded in its glances.

It might be all for money. It might be, as Maud told herself over and over again in her despair, that Ellerton loved her still—loved her better than he loved this girl, who had gold in her hand wherewith to buy him. Surely the chain could not be all broken yet which had looked so strong when he had bidden her farewell in Cravenscroft.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

WHILST Lord Ellerton was still at Middleton, whilst the fortunes of Cravenscroft quivered in the balance, an unexpected blow fell on Ayrefield.

One morning in early spring, when busy amongst his guns and

fishing-tackle, Sir Richard Ayre was stricken down by apoplexy, and died within five hours after the attack.

He had been growing wider of girth and shorter of breath for a year past, but no one had seemed to remark the change until it was too late; then people shook their heads and looked wise. "He ought not to have lived so generously, he ought to have drank less port wine," so said the Mainshire squires who followed the kindly baronet to his grave.

Mabel Marchmont, startled and shocked by a telegram from George Ayre, came down to Ayrefield the day after her father's death. She had last seen Ayrefield steeped in the light of an April moon, when she cast back her eyes for a farewell glance as Marchmont hurried her away from it. When she saw it again it was in the stillness of a July twilight, its windows darkened by drawn blinds, while her dead father rested in its stateliest room.

Sir Richard had not been a great man before the world. There was nothing surrounding him of which those left behind could feel proud. At best he was but a plain country gentleman, fond of country sports, a lenient magistrate, a kindly master, an indulgent father. But Mab Marchmont, kneeling beside his open coffin, remembered no lack of shining qualities in the dead. It did not, trouble her to think he had won no name in the battle of life, that there was no statue to be erected to him in the temple of fame; but it did trouble her to reflect that the last smile he cast on her was his farewell smile on the platform of the railway-station. It did trouble her sorely to remember that her first act after that farewell had been an act of disobedience, followed by a secret marriage.

The weeks which had passed since then had been weeks of delirious happiness. She had given herself up to the intoxication of her fulfilled love-dream; she had sat defiantly down in her new home, after offering an unanswered petition for forgiveness to her mother.

She had had the best of it then; she, triumphant with Marchmont's wedding-ring upon her finger, and Marchmont's arm for her support. The man's love was so strong and warm that it quenched out the fears she had carried away from Ayrefield.

Her husband had held her in his arms and laughed away her qualms of conscience. He even showed out a little of that wicked triumph at outwitting Lady Ayre with which he gilded his vision in the Clapton inn the night he stole Mab away from Ayrefield. Whilst he was at her side she drank forgetfulness from his lips, and suffered him to pet her into an almost saucy upholding of her own rashness.

"I told mamma a great story," she had said to Maud Craven. "I told her I was sorry for what I had done, and I am not sorry."

But she was sorry now—sorry, and bitterly repentant. Marchmont had scoffed at the notion of Mab going back to Ayrefield in



the character of a female prodigal. If they chose to receive her willingly let them receive her, but he would never consent to her kneeling humbly in the dust.

Yet humbly in the dust she knelt now, with her head against her father's coffin, until George came in and raised her up—raised her up by force, and drew away her hands from before her face.

"Mab, darling, I will not suffer this. You must not come here again."

Then Mab cried out, in her agony, "Oh, George, George, I have been so wrong and cruel, and now there is no place left that I may repent!"

With the tenderness of a woman, George drew his sister's head down upon his shoulder.

"He forgave you long ago," he said. "He and I talked it out before your offence was forty-eight hours old; and I believe he would have gone up to London and seen you at Bayswater, only my mother held him back."

With a fervour not vouchsafed to him for many a day, Mab clung round her brother's neck and kissed him in very gratitude, until George felt a little frightened lest there would be hysterics, or some other feminine outlet for excitement, of which George Ayre, like men in general, and such clumsy men in particular, had a wholesome fear.

"There, for God's sake, Mab, calm yourself, and come to my mother; she is waiting for you in her own room."

Mab's tremour cooled down instantly.

"Will mamma really see me, George?" she asked, uncoiling her arms from about his neck. "Will she meet me without invective or reproach?"

"Surely she will," he said. "Come."

They shut the door behind them softly, and went out along the corridor; past the closed doors of Mab's old room, past the room where Maud Craven had slept the night of the elopement. There were the stairs down which she had crept in the starlight, only to ascend again that she might stand beside her father's coffin! and there, at the other side of the corridor, were Lady Ayre's rooms—bedroom, boudoir, and dressing-room, *en suite*.

In the boudoir they found Lady Ayre, looking very pale, in her long black dress and white widow's cap. They met in the middle of the room—Mab full-hearted, choking down her sobs; Lady Ayre decorous in her grief, with tears in her still fine eyes and a perceptible quiver in the lips, with which she touched her cheek.

Mab did not cling to her mother as she had clung to George; she did not burst out with showers of tears, as she had burst out beside her father's coffin.

There was just a little scene, slightly touching, and slightly dramatic. Then Raby came in, tall, slim, and graceful even in the abandon of her sorrow, and cast herself, with half-childish, half-womanly grief, into her sister's arms.

The next day Sir Richard Ayre was buried, and his will read by his lawyer in the Ayrefield library, when the funeral was over.

It was a short will, chiefly dealing with the assets Sir Richard had left behind him, Ayrefield itself being under entail, and naming his wife residuary legatee; but there was a codicil, dated only a month back, witnessed by George and the land-steward, charging the unentailed lands of Ashton—a property purchased by the deceased baronet himself—with fifteen thousand pounds, for the sole use and benefit of his daughter “Mabel Marchmont.”

“Fifteen thousand pounds!” Lady Ayre said, when she heard of it. “Upon my word, Mr. Marchmont has done pretty well for himself.” Later in the day she said to Mab, “George tells me he means to go back to town with you, and to take up your ponies and phaeton. Can Mr. Marchmont afford you such luxuries?”

“We have a brougham already,” Mab answered, a little curtly. “I am not obliged to go about on foot.”

“Ah, yes, I think I see it—a dingy little brougham, with one horse,” Lady Ayre answered, with a shrug. “However, if you have a brougham, there is no need for the extravagance of a pair of ponies. Suppose you sell your turn-out to me? Raby would like to have it, and when we go to Hatton we shall require something of the kind.”

Mab looked surprised. Hatton was Lady Ayre’s jointure house; but she had imagined a migration to dull old Hatton, a place situated in the very centre of a midland county, to be the last thing in the world her mother would originate of her own accord.

“I shall never sell papa’s present” Mab answered firmly. “But with regard to Hatton, who on earth talks of your going to Hatton?”

“No one but myself has spoken of it yet; but of course your papa’s death has made a great difference in my position in Ayrefield. George is master here now.”

“Yes, George is master, of course; but still—” Mab said.

Ah, yes, it was all very well; but she, Lady Ayre, had experience, and her experience told her that one’s sons and daughters soon got beyond our control. It was out of fashion to follow the advice of fathers and mothers now-a-days. And then there was this expedition to London, with the vault-door scarcely closed on his poor father. George seemed to be in a wonderful hurry to use his wings. However, she hoped he would not make a fool of himself. By which last observation Mab understood her mother to mean that she hoped he would not engage himself to Maud Craven.

“George was going to town long before poor papa died,” Mab put in.

“Yes, to amuse himself; but, as I told him to-day, amusement must be out of the question now. Then he told me he had business with his lawyer, when his lawyer was here until an hour ago, and he might have settled his business if he chose.”

“I really do not think George’s going to London signifies,” Mab said, slightly put out by Lady Ayre’s persistence.



"You don't think it signifies," Lady Ayre echoed; "but I tell you it does signify. However, George is his own master." Then, with a faint sigh, not for her dead husband, but for the failure of some of her pet projects, "Mab, who do you think they have got hold of at Hopetown? Mr. Clinton; and people actually say he is going to marry Nellie Hope. Why there are girls going about from season to season who would give their eyes for such a chance."

"I have never thought of it since, but I knew Mr. Clinton admired Nellie when he was here at Christmas. I heard so from Sir Henry King," Mab said.

Lady Ayre gave another sigh.

"Ah, Mab, when I look at what other people's daughters can do for themselves, and think of you, it breaks my heart."

Mab coloured.

"I am very happy," she said simply.

"Happy; yes, of course, there are such things as fools' paradises."

Three days later Mab started for London with George Ayre, who still insisted he had business to transact with his lawyer, and declared that, at any rate, he would not let his sister travel to town alone.

"I want to see Slade about Heatherley's lease," he said to Lady Ayre, before they left Ayrefield. (Slade was the Ayre's lawyer.) "I wish to arrange about proving my father's will, and other things as well," he added, dropping down to generalities.

On those "other things as well" he touched slightly to Mab, as the train neared London.

"Perhaps Slade could do something for Mr. Craven," he threw out. "I should not mind investing a few thousands myself in Cravenscroft."

"Where on earth would you find a few thousand pounds, George?"

George reddened.

"I don't know," he said; "perhaps Slade could tell me."

"George, George," Mab entreated, "for God's sake don't raise money on Ayrefield!"

"Fudge!" he said; "who talks about raising money?"

"You can't get it any other way."

"Can't I?" he said oracularly.

"Unless you sell Ashton," she hazarded. "Ashton is un-entailed."

"There spoke the barrister's wife," George answered.

"You surely would not sell what papa bought?"

"That's the reason you would not let my mother have your ponies," he said, dodging away from a subject he felt sorry he had broached.

"George, do not be absurd. I am quite serious."

"So am I, Mab; and I seriously wish you to let me alone."

Then the train shot into the station, and Mab admitted to herself that Lady Ayre was right, George was very evidently his own master.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

SIR RICHARD AYRE was dead and buried out of sight; and those who had stood uncovered in the churchyard, while Mr. Dawson's lips solemnly pronounced the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," had turned homewards to discuss the changes the death of the late baronet was likely to bring about.

"Let our Mainshire girls look out. Ayre will be at a premium in the market now," so said one man.

"Who will be the new member?" asked another.

"There will be a fight, I think," some one answered. "They say young Ellerton will go in for it, and Saunders."

"Any man can go in that likes," Sir Gregory Muskings declared at Hopetown, before dinner, the day George Ayre went up to London.

"Any man can go in for anything, as the baby cried for the moon," laughed Miss Hope, her bristles up, as usual, against Sir Gregory; "but the baby did not get it."

"Ladies know nothing about politics, or they oughtn't," gruffly answered Sir Gregory.

"But we do about the moon; and we know—"

"That there's a man in it," Sir Gregory interrupted, still more gruffly.

"I wish there were more in it. There are a few I should like to transport there, only there is no ladder to reach it by, and some of them are too fat to fly."

"I say any man can go in who likes," Sir Gregory repeated after dinner, not forgetful of Miss Hope's sarcasm, but conscious the field was clear of her. "There's as good men in the county as Saunders. Who knows anything good of Saunders, or—or—plucky, except that he's a duke's son? And there's not much pluck in being a duke's son," Sir Gregory went on, gravely suspecting he was talking nonsense, yet not wise enough to hold his tongue, although he saw more than one man laughing into his glass. "I say there's not much pluck—no pluck at all, in fact, in being a duke's son, seeing it's all a chance," Sir Gregory continued, with tipsy eloquence. "We might every one be duke's sons, if—if—" and he looked wildly about for assistance.

"If our fathers had happened to be dukes," young Hope suggested, choking down his laughter.

Sir Gregory tossed off a glass of wine.

"Ay, that's it; you've hit it," he said, approvingly, as he laid down his glass.

"Ayre may go in," some one suggested; "and if he does, the county ought to let no man put down Sir Richard's son."

"Ayre won't go in," young Hope said. "I saw him to-day at the station, and he told me so."

Then there was more talk, during which Sir Gregory plied himself with wine, until he got still more hopelessly in his cups, and two or



three of the younger men deserted to the drawing-room. pale little Mr. Clinton amongst them.

"I say," Sir Gregory began anew, pursuing the subject of the election, as the men left behind gathered up closer to the head of the table, "I say, I know a man I'd stick up for with every tenant I have; and, by gad, if you want a good member, a member who will look sharp after your interest and his own, I'll find him for you—Poland—keen as steel, bright as gold—a man of the present day, sir." This to Mr. Hope himself, as if he were addressing the president of a public dinner. "None of your narrow-brained chaps, who can't put two and two together so as to make four of it—but a man who will look to your county, sir, and see your county has its rights."

"Will he get us an Act of Parliament allowing us to hang every rascal who kills a fox?" young Hope asked gravely.

"A fox, sir! who the devil cares about a fox, sir?" Sir Gregory demanded, getting very red in the face.

For it had been first softly rumoured, and then fiercely canvassed, that Sir Gregory did not allow foxes to flourish on the Woodlands property; that Sir Gregory had smoked a fox's lair and killed three cubs.

"Our county member must care about foxes. It is to be one of the pledges given on the hustings," Hope persisted, amidst roars of laughter.

"Pooh, pooh, pooh!" Sir Gregory reiterated, irritably.

"Tell us more about Mr. Poland," Lord Ellerton said, from the upper end of the table, pushing away a plate of strawberries, and leaning forward on his folded arms.

"If Muskens only gets drunk enough, he will open the windows of his soul," Mr. Hope the elder whispered to his lordship *sotto voce*.

"He's a better man than Lord William Saunders," Sir Gregory asserted illogically; "and—and—a richer man. You see, Poland has money; that would clear his way through any election. No bills lying over, no shilly-shally scheming, but cash, sir—cash down. That's our way in the City," Sir Gregory cried, puffing out his cheeks, with the very inflation of pride of purse.

"Bravo, bravo!" young Hope applauded mockingly.

"Ay," Sir Gregory went on, carried away by the wine he had drunk beyond the bounds of discretion, "Poland is a rich man in the City, and he has a stake here too, as well as any of us. You'll have him down amongst you in the twinkling of an eye. You'll have him for a neighbour, my lord; yes, by gad, for a neighbour. We want new blood—new blood in the county, and new blood in Parliament," Sir Gregory went rambling on.

But Lord Ellerton pushed his chair from the table, without expressing any special delight at having Mr. Poland for a neighbour.

"I think I shall go to the ladies," he said. And he went.

## CANADA AND THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

BY PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON.

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THE reading public throughout the British Empire must long before this have become familiarized with the terms of the Washington Treaty. At least the leading principles involved in that Treaty, and the principal conditions which it embodies, can scarcely fail to have become generally recognized when the questions with which it treats have engaged so large a share of the attention of the statesmen of Great Britain, as well as of her North American Colonies and of the United States. Doubtless there has been no matter of negotiation with which British statesmen have been called upon to deal, within the century, in which more momentous interests were involved, which demanded more dispassionate and profound consideration, and which, indeed, has been a source of deeper anxiety to the negotiating parties than that which has eventuated in this Washington Treaty.

These facts forbid the assumption that aught was done heedlessly or hurriedly, either by the Joint High Commissioners in negotiating the Treaty at Washington in the first instance, or by the British representatives and agents, in their management of the Geneva Arbitration, which has perfected what was commenced and determined upon at Washington. The differences between Great Britain and the United States, growing out of the alleged depredations of the "Alabama" and other Southern cruisers during the late American war, had been the subject of negotiation for years. They had, as was believed, been formally and amicably settled and disposed of, but only, as the sequel proved, to be reopened, and in a rather more complicated form. It is obvious, then, that they who were entrusted with the guardianship of British interests in this matter were, in entering upon a final and irrevocable settlement of the questions at issue, if an amicable settlement was at all possible, fully informed as to all the points that could come up for discussion, and amply forewarned against all the difficulties which might be incident to their position. Whether the settlement to which they finally acceded should prove to be wise or unwise on their part, they could not afterwards plead, in extenuation of any error by them committed, as had frequently before—indeed in almost every previous negotiation with the United States—been pleaded, that they were taken by surprise; that they had been



mystified or misled by their more crafty American cousins. Whether the Washington Treaty is, from a British point of view, wise and politic, or the reverse, certain it is that Britain's representatives entered upon the negotiation of that agreement with their eyes open, fully conversant with all the facts which required to be taken into consideration, and familiar, it is to be hoped, with the principles by which they were to be guided. The Treaty is their deliberate act, and, in their countrymen's and in the world's estimation, they must stand or fall by it.

It is notorious that here in the United Kingdom there is a party who are sternly, if not even bitterly, opposed to the Washington Treaty. They have from the beginning courteously, but firmly, declined to recognize what they consider the unreasonable, not to say arrogant, pretensions of the United States relative to this country, which pretensions have, however, been in the main acquiesced in by the existing Imperial Administration in agreeing to the terms of this Treaty. It remains yet to be seen how widely spread and how intense is this opposition. The present session of Parliament will doubtless settle that question, and we shall not here anticipate.

We do not in this paper purpose to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of the Washington Treaty as a measure touching the honour and welfare of the British Empire as a whole, or even as touching the material interests of the United Kingdom alone. We purpose treating it rather as one affecting the feelings and interests of Canada—that young Empire which is Great Britain's eldest born, most robust and manly, and, were it not that in this case comparison would be invidious, we would add most loyal child.

Here, in the mother country, the ratification or rejection by the nation of the Washington Treaty is regarded almost exclusively as a question affecting the national honour rather than as one of material interests. It is true that the sum of \$15,500,000, which the Geneva Arbitrators have awarded against us, is no trifle. It is a provokingly large sum to be obliged to pay if we have been unfairly mulcted to that amount; and our representative, Chief Justice Cockburn, in effect says that we have been. The fact of being suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to pay \$15,500,000 has nothing appalling in it to the British nation, nor would it have, supposing the amount to be admitted as a just claim, were it greater by a hundredfold. It could and would be paid without a struggle, and dismissed from the national mind for ever. But is Britain's honour to be stained by making this payment? That is *the* question here. In Canada, however, that is not all the question. We believe, and farther on we shall show our reasons for the belief, that the people of Canada must feel quite as keenly as their fellow-subjects on the European side of the Atlantic the importance of the question under consideration as touching the national honour. Nay, if our belief, founded upon the facts which we shall presently adduce, is not wholly erroneous, there is good reason to believe

that they feel it even more keenly ; for all our knowledge of human nature tells us that, as an almost invariable rule, the youth just entering upon the world is more jealously watchful of his honour, and feels a slight more keenly, than the hoary-headed veteran whose position in the world has been long since established. The case of Canada, as compared with the mother country, is analogous.

But Canada is not called upon by the terms of the Washington Treaty to be mulcted in a sum for damages to be paid and done with. On the contrary, her substantial interests are to be injuriously affected by it for all time to come. That is a proposition which we believe has never yet been disputed in any quarter ; even if it had, the correctness of our asseveration could be proved with, if we do not much mistake, mathematical accuracy. But, indeed, it seems almost a waste of words to undertake the task of proving what, to any one acquainted with the subject, is so nearly self-evident. For instance, the Canadian Coast Fisheries are thrown open to the United States for a period of ten years. This concession of these fisheries is really considered an inestimable boon by the latter, as is sufficiently shown by their strenuous and unremitting efforts, ever since the Peace of 1783, to secure it. What recompense are the Canadians to receive for this participation in the admitted exclusive right of themselves and their fellow-subjects to fish within three marine miles of their coast ? They are mocked by being told that they may take fish, other than shell-fish, within a like limit along a limited portion of the United States coast, they well knowing that, except shell-fish, there are none on that coast worth the seeking. But a money compensation, to be hereafter fixed, is to be paid by the United States to Great Britain for this ten years' privilege, and Canada and the United States may each import fish and fish-oil from the other duty free. This latter concession is really a paltry one, and favourable only to the interests of a few individuals upon the Nova Scotian coast, and, considering the enormous concurrent concessions to the United States, only in a very limited degree to them.

As to the money compensation, a Committee of the Privy Council of Canada, in a Report made on the 28th July, 1871, and after the Treaty had been placed in their hands—a paper to which we shall have occasion to refer again—tell us that “the principle of a money payment for the concession of territorial rights has ever been most repugnant to the feelings of the Canadian people, and has only been entertained in deference to the wishes of the Imperial Government.” And, again, the Committee “are of opinion that when Canada is asked to surrender her in-shore fisheries to foreigners, she is fairly entitled to name the proper equivalent.” To dispute the soundness of such an opinion is certainly to insist upon the recognition of a principle in commercial transactions both novel and startling. But Canada herself, it will be perceived, the party immediately concerned, is to receive no compensation for the infringement upon her particular territorial rights. Further, the



Canadians are utterly incredulous as to the opinion that anything like a fair compensation will, through the instrumentality of the Commission proposed by the Treaty, be exacted from the United States for the fishery rights transferred to them. They consider that the terms of this Washington Treaty as a whole, to say nothing of previous, as they consider, very one-sided treaties between Great Britain and the United States, forbid their entertaining any such hope. They further anticipate, and obviously not without reason, a renewal of difficulties between Canada and the United States relative to these fisheries on the expiration of the stipulated term of ten years, during which the latter are to participate in them. As already intimated, these British North American Fisheries have ever been fondly coveted by the United States. We need not here recount a history of the almost unceasing negotiations and of the several Treaties between them and us since 1783 upon this subject. The United States have alternately used the menacing and the persuasive tone, but have been remarkably persistent in the evident determination to worry the British Government into making the coveted concessions in permanency. Thus far those concessions have on each occasion, when formally dealt with, been made only temporarily, as in the present instance. The determination of such temporary agreements has ever brought its renewal of vexations, heart-burnings, and angry collisions, threatening the peace of the two nations concerned, a result which may be again expected to make itself felt ten years hence. However manifestly unjust such a step would be, and would be felt as such, we have good reason to believe that the Canadians would rather see these much-coveted fishery rights gratuitously and permanently handed over to the United States and done with than have them thus kept ever dangling, as "a bone of contention," between and before the eyes of the nation and the *quasi* nation more immediately concerned.

More exasperating and mortifying to Canada than even the fishery clauses, as the sequel has proved, is that portion of the Washington Treaty which treats of the disposal of San Juan and neighbouring islands in the Gulf of Georgia, in dispute between England and the United States. It is more exasperating and mortifying because the mischief done is irremediable. Here the British authorities seem to have considered their view of the matter in dispute to be so little liable to question in the mind of any unprejudiced party, that they scarcely hesitated to refer the whole matter to the arbitrament of such a party, and can really have taken but slight pains to make out the strength of their case before the arbitrator agreed upon. Yet the Canadians well might, and indeed do, regard this certain validity of the British claim as an ample reason why the San Juan matter should not have been referred to arbitration at all. Why, it may be asked, consent to open up a question of our right when we *know* that the right is ours? Why especially, in such a case as this, where we had so

very much, whilst the United States had nothing, to lose by any abatement of our respective claims? Intrinsically, as so much territory, in a vicinity where both Great Britain and the United States have enormous tracts of country still in a wilderness state awaiting the settler, San Juan and the neighbouring islands, which have been the subject of this arbitration, are of but trifling value to either power. As is well known, it is the position of those islands which gives them their value. The nature of that value enables us to see the essentially mischievous intention of the United States in pressing their claim. By our retention of those islands no loss or damage could be entailed upon the United States, even from their own point of view, except the loss of a few paltry acres of land, where land, as such, is a drug. They command no United States' waters, and could be of no service to us, in the event of war, as a basis of hostile operations against United States' domains. Very different is it with us when the case is reversed. San Juan and the other islands now awarded to the United States, lying right in the southern entrance of the Gulf of Georgia, which is almost entirely surrounded by British territory, completely command the approaches to that water, as well, of course, as the entrance to the Fraser River, from that direction. Fortified and in the hands of a hostile power, they would completely intercept all intercourse between those waters and Victoria, Esquimault, and other ports on the southern coast of Vancouver, except by a route so long and circuitous as to be practically unavailable. Consequently their loss to us is incalculable. Hence, as a means of damaging us, the eagerness with which San Juan has so long been coveted by the United States. That very eagerness itself should have been one of the strongest reasons imaginable why British statesmen and British diplomatists should never have consented to any course which could lead to its gratification. We cannot wonder that the results of a deviation from this obvious duty have driven the Canadians, who are most seriously affected by them, well-nigh frantic with rage.

The other terms of this Washington Treaty which affect the interests of Canada are in degree only, not in principle, less unfair to that Dominion. The United States are to enjoy for ever the free navigation of the St. Lawrence through Canadian territory. In return, we are permitted the formal, not to say absurd, privilege of the free navigation of the rivers Yukon, Porcupine, and Stikine, through the hyperborean territory of Alaska! and the privilege of sailing our ships on Lake Michigan for ten years! Britain is to urge upon Canada to concede to the United States, on terms of equality with herself, the use of her enormous canal works. The United States, in return, grants us, upon like terms, the use of what is little better than a paltry ditch across the flats of the little Lake St. Clair.

What the Joint High Commissioners have *not* done for Canada in their negotiations at Washington—the measure of justice which was refused to her—was to recognize her claims to reimbursement



for damages incurred through the so-called Fenian invasions of her soil. This glaring injustice rankles in the heart of every thinking and feeling Canadian; and surely they would not be men if it did not. One can scarcely over-estimate the hardship of the Canadians in this matter. Their soil has been again and again hostilely invaded by organized bands of armed scoundrels, consisting almost exclusively of citizens of the United States. Those bands were organized, armed, and drilled publicly and before the eyes of the executive officials of the United States. Their intentions of invading Canada were, in each instance, notorious. They did invade Canadian soil; they shot down and murdered Canadians who were then defending their homes; they pillaged, burnt, and otherwise destroyed Canadian property; and only when they were defeated and put to ignominious flight did a United States' lawful military force appear upon the scene—to secure the Fenians a safe retreat. Besides the lives and blood of her sons, great pecuniary losses were thus suffered by Canada, and still greater outlays were incurred in providing for the families of those who had fallen in defence of their country, and in keeping up a large military force in anticipation of renewed Fenian raids. Yet the Joint High Commission, which has determined that Great Britain shall pay the United States for damages incurred through the depredations upon their commerce of certain cruisers owned by the Southern Confederacy, which, eluding the vigilance of the British Government, had made their escape from British ports—this Joint High Commission has refused even to consider the Canadian claims for Fenian damages, although, as appears by the protocols, that matter was, at the Conferences of the 4th of March, 26th of April, and 3rd of May, formally brought up by the British Commissioners. Those of the United States refused to take it into consideration, and, of course, that was an end of it.

The Canadians consider that their interests have been sacrificed to the supposed weal of the Mother Country; that their in-shore fisheries, and the free navigation of their inland waters, have been thrown in as a *bonus* to secure, upon more favourable terms, the settlement of the alleged “Alabama claims.” Could they think otherwise? Their conclusion seems to be the one generally concurred in. It is admitted by most members of the political press throughout the United Kingdom which have taken the subject into consideration, by those which defend the treaty as well as those that denounce it. The former justify the injustice—to utter a paradoxical truth—by arguing that, considering Canada's position as a dependency, it was expedient and right that such exactions should be made from her for the common weal of the Empire as a whole. There are those in Great Britain who believe, with the people of Canada, that no such exactions were ever necessary, even to effect the settlement of the “Alabama claims” upon the terms eventually agreed upon as to them especially. The feeling upon this subject in Canada in July, 1871, is forcibly expressed in the

Report of a Committee of the Privy Council, to which we have already referred. We are there told that "the general dissatisfaction which the publication of the Treaty of Washington has produced in Canada has been expressed with as much force in the agricultural districts of the west as in the maritime provinces." They say again, "The abandonment of the exclusive right to the in-shore fisheries without adequate compensation was not necessary, in order to come to a satisfactory understanding on the points really at issue." "The fishery clauses of the Treaty were adopted against the advice of the Canadian Government, and have been generally disapproved of in all parts of the Dominion." And again, "The other parts of the Treaty are equally, if not more, advantageous to the United States than to Canada." The committee "have failed to discover that, in the settlement of the so-called 'Alabama claims,' which was the most important question in dispute between the two nations, England gained such advantages as to be required to make further concessions at the expense of Canada," &c. The injustice of excluding from consideration the Fenian raid claims is pointed out and dwelt upon at length, and in what we might even call a tone of anger.

A direct refutation of the views set forth by the Canadian Government in this somewhat remarkable Report would be difficult. Indeed, we are not aware that it has been attempted. We may be told that, nevertheless, the Washington Treaty has been ratified by the Canadians through their representatives in Parliament. Strange, but true: such is the case. That Treaty has been ratified at the instance of the very Ministry a committee of whom drew up the Report from which the above extracts are made. Why or how this came about, remains one of those mysteries of statesmanship to be solved in the future. It is preposterous to suppose that the paltry 2,500,000*l.* which the Imperial Government consented to recommend Parliament to guarantee for the Pacific Railroad could have swayed either the Canadian Ministry or Parliament. In the debate called forth in the Canadian Parliament on that occasion the principal arguments urged by the advocates of ratification amounted in substance to this—not that Canada had not been wronged in the Washington negotiations, but that she should make sacrifices in the interests of peace, out of loyal regard for the welfare of the mother country, and in consequence of the appeals of the Imperial Government. There may have been those who voted for the ratification of the Treaty through less worthy motives; but there is not a doubt that the old feeling of loyalty to the British Crown, and attachment to the mother country, had much to do with that vote. It is no less true that many of those who voted for the Treaty did so in bitterness of heart, unhesitatingly avowing that their feelings were being subjected to too severe an ordeal, and that they felt that their country was being victimized.

Since the memorable vote in the Canadian Parliament to which we have just referred, the action of the people, of the electors, of



the rank and file of Canada, afford an unmistakable indication—not a positive proof, we admit, but an indication most significant to those who have closely observed their position and that action—of the widespread and intense dissatisfaction with which the terms of the Washington Treaty have been regarded throughout the Dominion of Canada. A general election of members of the House of Commons took place throughout the Dominion of Canada during August and September last, the previous House having run its full (five years) limited course. The contest between the Government and the Opposition was a vigorous and spirited one, in the four original provinces of the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, but more particularly in the two first-named. In the course of that contest the Washington Treaty was freely and fully discussed; and the ratification of that Treaty was held by the Opposition candidates for parliamentary honours as one of the principal sins, if not the most flagrant of all, committed by the Ministry, which cried aloud for condemnation by the electors. Especially was this the case in what we may call the great metropolitan province of Ontario, where the points at issue pending this election seem to have been more amply and ably discussed than in any of the other provinces. In Ontario, more than elsewhere, the leading minds of the two political parties which divide the Dominion were brought into direct collision; and that province was the principal battle-ground during the electoral campaign. A little reflection will enable the reader to see that the Government party went into this contest with immense advantages in their favour. Ministers had been all-powerful in the House of Commons which had just expired. The patronage at their disposal was something immense as compared with that in the hands of men similarly situated in any other country. They enjoyed a great prestige as forming the Administration which had carried into operation the British-American Union, a measure in itself popular throughout the greater part of the Dominion. As an additional support they had at their backs the prestige of the Imperial Government, with whom they were even ostentatiously in accord, notwithstanding the snatch of controversy which occurred between the two during the latter half of the year 1871.

What has been the result of this election? Both parties claim a victory. We have no wish to become an advocate of any division of politicians in Canada, or to set ourself up as a dogmatic authority between them. A few weeks from the time these lines are being written will set at rest the question as to whether the ministerial party of Canada, or their opponents, have proved the victors in the recent contest. Meantime, a few facts may aid us in anticipating that decision. It is on all hands admitted that the opposition party—the “Reformers,” as they call themselves—have gained a large accession of strength. An inspection of the personal returns of these elections, furnishes significant indications of the popular feeling. The premier himself, Sir John A. Macdonald, has



seldom before had even a show, and never more than a farcical show, of opposition at the polls, in the city of Kingston, which constituency he has uninterruptedly represented ever since his first advent in public life. At this last election he again won his seat, it is true; but he, after an excessively keen contest, only just barely escaped a defeat. Two of his colleagues, and probably the most eminent of them all, owing to their long and distinguished career as colonial statesmen, their known influence in the Canadian councils, and the relative importance of the public departments of which they were the respective heads, Sir George E. Cartier, Minister of Militia, and Sir Francis Hincks, Minister of Finance, were overwhelmingly defeated in constituencies of their own choosing. The proportion of candidates, avowed supporters of the Ministry, pre-eminent for abilities and supposed influence, who met with a like repulse on appeal to their former constituents, was somewhat startling. We may here observe that a people exercising the franchise practically accorded to them at a parliamentary election do not usually testify their confidence in a political party by rejecting as their representatives its ablest and most eminent men; and there are no reasons to believe that the last general election in Canada will furnish an exception to that rule.

Doubtless there were at the late contest at the polls in Canada other and important issues before the people besides those pressed upon them through the action of the Ministry relative to the Washington Treaty; but we speak advisedly in saying that this was the principal issue put before the people by the opposition or reform leaders, and especially in the greater provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The result of that election is too an indication, but it is only one of many indications, of a widespread and now deeply-rooted feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of the Canadians at the policy pursued towards them by the Imperial Government. We see abundant evidences of the same feeling in the utterances of the Canadian periodical press, wherein upon this point we find but little difference of tone, however widely the different members of that press may differ from each other on questions of local politics. It is worthy of especial note too, both as an evidence of the sincerity of the feeling expressed and of the facility with which this dissatisfaction may be removed by treating the Canadians with justice, that the manly tone of complaint which prevails in the local press is ever associated with expressions of devoted loyalty to the British Crown and of an earnest desire to maintain British connexion. If we may judge from their own expressions—and we search in vain for a particle of ground on which to rest a doubt of their sincerity—there is no more loyal, no more thoroughly British people in the whole Empire than these Canadians. Surely such a people are not to be lightly cast off and forced into the position of aliens to the mother country, as would seem to be the policy of some amongst us who assume the eminent position of statesmen, and of others who seek to influence, and, it is believed,

do materially influence, the councils of the Imperial Government.

The loyalty and the filial attachment of Canada have been seriously tried. The Washington Treaty does not present the first occasion upon which what the Canadians consider their rights, and which it would be difficult to disprove are their rights, have been invaded by, or with the permission of, or without being redressed by the Imperial Government, and always to the serious damage, present or prospective, of Canadian interests. The Canadians—by which name we, for brevity sake, as well as because of its prospective application, here designate the inhabitants of all British North America—have always considered that, as a loyal British people, they were deeply aggrieved by the agreement, so far as then completed, relative to the boundary-line between their territory and that of the United States, entered into at the close of the American Revolutionary War. They contend that, even in this first treaty between Great Britain and the United States as an independent power, territory was, through the apathy of the British Government, conceded to the latter, which had been no part of the old thirteen colonies which had revolted from British rule. It has ever been their opinion that a portion of what was at that time the Province of Nova Scotia was then needlessly sliced away to be added to the territory of the revolted colonies; and they maintain that it was only through British apathy that the latter were ever allowed to extend their boundaries westward of the Alleghanies. It is needless now to attempt reviving a controversy upon these points. We merely state the fact that the Canadians have ever believed, what we here state, that their prospective interests were even at that early period disregarded upon a most momentous point, that favour might be shown to a people who, unlike them, had rebelled against and cast off British rule.

Certain it is that ever since the United States had an independent existence they have shown a determination to encroach upon Canadian territorial rights. Their persistent efforts to get within three marine miles of the coast, upon Canadian fishing-grounds, have not been their only nor their most successful efforts in the way of such encroachments. They have always managed to keep alive some boundary dispute with Great Britain. First, there was the dispute as to the North Eastern boundary of the State of Maine. Eventually this was settled by what is known as the "Ashburton Treaty," in 1842. Through the culpable weakness—to use the mildest expression—of the British Commissioner, or of those who gave him his instructions, and the gross misrepresentation of United States' officials on that occasion, Britain and Canada lost a large tract of country lying directly between and adjacent to the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, and now comprising nearly a third of the State of Maine. No sooner was this treaty concluded than it was made public and laughingly avowed by the United States' authorities themselves that the

boundary which had been claimed by Britain was really the identical line which had been agreed upon by the Commissioners of the two countries at the peace of Paris, on the conclusion of the revolutionary war. The unjust and unnecessary concession of this tract, projecting as it does like a wedge right into the heart of Canada, has ever been a cause of bitter reflections, as it must be of never-ending inconvenience and vexation to the Canadians.

By a somewhat similar course of procedure on the part of both powers, the United States in 1846 obtained another, and in this case an immense tract of British territory which should now be a part of the Dominion of Canada. The grasping Republicans had boldly laid claim to the whole British territory lying West of the Rocky Mountains, to which they really had no more right than they had to the Delta of the Nile. Great Britain, as before, mildly protested for some years against the validity of this newly trumped-up and preposterous claim, but eventually, "for peace' sake," consented to what was called a "compromise," but which was, in fact, a concession to the United States of all the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, from the Northern boundary of Mexico up to the 49th parallel of latitude, a tract considerably more than double the area of the island of Great Britain.

In like manner, we have now just seen the islands of San Juan, Lopez, Orcas, and others, in the Gulf of Georgia, weakly and most needlessly transferred to the United States, to which they are utterly valueless except as a means of annoyance to Canada, and of Britain through Canada. The boundary-line between the United States and Canada, from the Lake of the Woods westward to the Gulf of Georgia has not been formally surveyed and located upon the ground; and already we hear from the United States' authorities that it lies some distance North of where British observations have placed it. We are quite prepared to hear it coolly propounded that even the heavenly bodies, by means of which a parallel of latitude has to be determined, have conspired to favour the slicing off of another strip of Canadian territory to be joined to the United States.

The short-sighted policy of Great Britain, or her indifference to the interests of her great North American dependency, suffered the United States, a few years since, to obtain by purchase the whole of the territorial possessions of Russia in America. It may be said that this was no great misfortune to Canada. Possibly not; yet the Canadians cannot fail to see, and may probably be some day made to feel, what was the secret of the policy which dictated this purchase. By it the United States have effected a lodgment upon, we may say, the rear of the Canadian Dominion, and opening in that direction a means of access to what will, at no distant day, be an important section of her peopled territory, a means of access which might be not a little troublesome in the event of hostilities between the two countries.

We thus see that, from the close of the revolutionary war in



1783 until the present time there has been going on a continued series of encroachments whereby the United States have become possessed of immense tracts of what was and ought to be Canadian territory. Even these are but a part, and not the most exasperating part, of the aggressions made by that republican power upon the Canadians. It is not yet forgotten that during the revolutionary war itself the insurgents of the revolted colonies invaded Canada in force. The loyal Canadians rose manfully to aid in repelling this attack upon their country, and, whilst suffering severely by the blow which was not intended for them, but for the mother country, contributed ably and effectively in driving the enemy from their soil. No one, we presume, now pretends to doubt that the action of the United States eventuating in the war of 1812, '13, and '14, sprang from the determination of that power to possess herself of Canada. Here again it was Great Britain that it was intended to injure and despoil; but Canada had to bear the brunt of this most unprovoked attack. Again her soil was invaded by all the hostile force which the United States could command; her homesteads were despoiled; her people were slaughtered; and again her sons rose loyally and manfully to uphold the honour of the mother country, and to repel the unprovoked invader; and it was mainly through their gallant and persistent efforts that the enemy was on every hand repelled.

Again, no less than three times within the past few years Canadian soil has been invaded by a hostile force raised, organized, and equipped in the United States. This force has consisted of men calling themselves "Fenians." Their hostility is avowedly towards Britain; but Canada has been made to suffer because it is a British dependency. Here again Canadian blood has been shed, Canadian property wasted and destroyed, and Canada, as a whole, has otherwise sustained heavy damage, to sustain the honour of the mother country. Not only has it cost Canada heavily to repel these rascally invasions, but the whole country has been kept in a ferment by them; its business has been seriously embarrassed, and heavy outlays have been incurred in preparing to meet further anticipated raids. These raids were made from the United States; the so-called Fenians were, for the most part, citizens of the United States; their withdrawal into their own country, after being routed by the indignant Canadians, was, in more than one instance, aided and protected by United States' national forces; yet at a time when the British Government has consented to be mulcted in \$15,500,000 for damages inflicted by Southern cruisers on Yankee commerce, the United States' Government refuses to pay one cent for damages incurred by Canada through these Fenian invasions, and Britain refuses to insist that it shall!

Is it any wonder that the Canadians are disgusted and heart-sore at their treatment? Could it be believed that they would be otherwise than incensed with the Washington Treaty, in which their long roll of grievances have culminated? We would have to

suppose them bereft of all spirit of manliness, we would have to disbelieve that they were their own fathers' sons, if they were not. The Canadians most reluctantly consented to allow their Premier, or any one else in their especial behalf, to become a member of the Joint High Commission which met at Washington; therefore we are not to regard the proceedings of that Commission as if it was something of Canada's own seeking. They were reluctant to make a party in it, because, judging from previous experience, they were apprehensive that they would, by their own seeming consent, be dragged into some arrangement injurious to their own interests and wounding to their honour. There were three considerations, however, which together had sufficient weight to draw from them a reluctant consent. They could not well smother their loyal wish to acquiesce in what her Majesty's Government urgently requested of them. They believed that their representative on the Commission would be able to furnish the best of aid in effecting a satisfactory settlement of the Fenian raid claims; for they never dreamed that this was not to be considered one of the most important matters to be dealt with by the Commission. Lastly, they hoped that the presence of a representative of their own upon the Commission would prevent any sacrifice of their territorial rights. It was the coast fisheries about which they were apprehensive in this respect, knowing how intensely eager the United States' representatives were to secure them, and what ingenious representations they would make with that end. The Canadians never supposed for a moment that the British Government, or any Commissioners acting on its behalf, could be parties to such an utterly needless and self-maiming, if not suicidal act, as that of giving away San Juan and the neighbouring islands to a rival and covertly hostile power like the United States.

All which we have just stated was clearly enough shown in the discussion which ensued in the Canadian House of Commons, in the session of 1871, on the occasion of Sir John Macdonald announcing his appointment by the Imperial Government to the Joint High Commission. The doubt as to the wisdom of appointing this Commission, the misgivings as to the result of its proceedings, the dislike to having Sir John become a member of it, and the ultimate reluctant consent that he should do so, all seemed to be concurred in by the House with a remarkable approach to unanimity. The feeling exhibited by the House was strongly in favour of passing a resolution protesting in advance against any transfer of Canadian territorial (fishery) rights to the United States; and it was only upon Sir John Macdonald's urgent remonstrance against what he seemed to consider an unseemly tying-up of his hands, and upon his strong expression of personal sentiments sympathizing with those of the House upon the general question, that such a resolution was not pressed.

The Canadians have found and felt that their loyal acquiescence in the wishes of the Imperial Government have been worse than

slighted; and that their worst apprehensions of what might result from the proceedings of the Joint High Commission have been more than realized. The Washington Treaty following so many previous acts of the Imperial Government by which they have felt deeply aggrieved, and by which they are aware that the Imperial Government knows them to feel deeply aggrieved, has led the Canadians to the conclusion that there can be no safety for them in a longer continuance of their present relations with the mother country. They feel that, again and again, they have trusted and been victimized; and that it is hoping against hope to trust longer in the existing order of things. Yet, as we have already said, there is not throughout the Empire any people more loyal to the British Crown than they. Separation from the mother country—a dismemberment of the Empire, is one of the last movements they would be willing to adopt as a cure for the ills of which they complain. They look to a revision of Canada's relations with Great Britain, and the fixing of her political position upon some well-defined and clearly-understood basis, consistent with the maintenance of her honour and the due preservation of her interests, as Canada, as a necessary preventive of such future troubles as they have endured in the past. This desire naturally, although not essentially, points to a complete reorganization of the whole British Colonial system. As to what these relations should be, judging from what we believe to be a Canadian point of view, we cannot, within the scope of this article, undertake to furnish a scheme in detail. We shall only here say that their views and our own view of their requirements—which we hope to make the subject of a future paper—are such as, we believe, will find favour throughout our Colonial Empire generally—such as are every day commending themselves more forcibly to politicians noted for their breadth of judgment, comprehensive scope of vision, and sterling patriotism in the mother country.



# WORK ; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

GOVERNESS (*continued*).

AFTER that evening Mr. Fletcher spoke to Christie when he met her, turned and joined her sometimes as she walked with the children, and fell into the way of lounging near when she sat reading aloud to an invalid friend on piazza or sea-shore. Christie much preferred to have no auditor but kind Miss Tudor ; but finding the old lady enjoyed his chat, she resigned herself, and when he brought them new books as well as himself, she became quite cordial.

Everybody sauntered and lounged, so no one minded the little group that met day after day among the rocks. Christie read aloud, while the children revelled in sand, shells, and puddles ; Miss Tudor spun endless webs of gay silk and wool, and Mr. Fletcher, with his hat over his eyes, lay sunning himself like a luxurious lizard, as he watched the face that grew daily fairer in his sight, and listened to the pleasant voice that went reading on till all his ills and *ennui* seemed lulled to sleep as by a spell.

A week or two of this new caprice set Christie thinking. She knew that Uncle Philip was not fond of "the darlings;" it was evident that good Miss Tudor, with her mild twaddle and eternal knitting, was not the attraction ; so she was forced to believe that he came for her sake alone. She laughed at herself for this fancy at first ; but not possessing the sweet unconsciousness of those heroines who can live through three volumes with a burning passion before their eyes, and never see it till the proper moment comes, and Eugene goes down upon his knees, she soon felt sure that Mr. Fletcher found her society agreeable, and wished her to know it.

Being a mortal woman, her vanity was flattered, and she found herself showing that she liked it by those small signs and symbols which lovers' eyes are so quick to see and understand—an artful bow on her hat, a flower in her belt, fresh muslin gowns, and the most becoming arrangement of her hair.

"Poor man, he has so few pleasures, I'm sure I needn't grudge him such a small one as looking at and listening to me if he likes it," she said to herself one day, as she was preparing for her daily stroll with unusual care. "But how will it end? If he only wants a mild flirtation, he is welcome to it; but if he really cares for me, I must make up my mind about it, and not deceive him. I don't believe he loves me—how can he? such an insignificant creature as I am!"

Here she looked in the glass, and as she looked the colour deepened in her cheek, her eyes shone, and a smile would sit upon her lips, for the reflection showed her a very winning face under the coquettish hat put on to captivate.

"Don't be foolish, Christie! mind what you do, and be sure vanity doesn't delude you, for you are only a woman, and in things of this sort we are so blind and silly. I'll think of this possibility soberly, but I won't flirt, and then whichever way I decide, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with."

Armed with this virtuous resolution, Christie sternly replaced the pretty hat with her old brown one, fastened up a becoming curl, which of late she had worn behind her ear, and put on a pair of stout, rusty boots, much fitter for rocks and sand than the smart slippers she was preparing to sacrifice. Then she trudged away to Miss Tudor, bent on being very quiet and reserved, as became a meek and lowly governess.

But, dear heart, how feeble are the resolutions of womankind! When she found herself sitting in her favourite nook, with the wide, blue sea glittering below, the fresh wind making her blood dance in her veins, and all the earth and sky so full of summer life and loveliness, her heart *would* sing for joy, her face *would* shine with the mere bliss of living, and underneath all this natural content the new thought, half confessed, yet very sweet, *would* whisper, "Somebody cares for me."

If she had doubted it, the expression of Mr. Fletcher's face that morning would have dispelled the doubt, for, as she read, he was saying to himself, "Yes, this healthful, cheery, helpful creature is what I want to make life pleasant. Everything else is used up; why not try this, and make the most of my last chance? She does me good, and I don't seem to get tired of her. I can't have a long life, they tell me, nor an easy one, with the devil to pay with my vitals generally; so it would be a wise thing to provide myself with a good-tempered, faithful soul to take care of me. My fortune would pay for loss of time, and my death leave her a bonnie widow. I won't be rash, but I think I'll try it."

With this mixture of tender, selfish, and regretful thoughts in his mind, it is no wonder Mr. Fletcher's eyes betrayed him, as he lay looking at Christie. Never had she read so badly, for she could not keep her mind on her book. It *would* wander to that new and troublesome fancy of hers; she could not help thinking that Mr. Fletcher must have been a handsome man before he was so ill;

wondering if his temper was *very* bad, and fancying that he might prove both generous and kind and true to one who loved and served him well. At this point she was suddenly checked by a slip of the tongue that covered her with confusion.

She was reading "John Halifax," and instead of saying Phineas Fletcher she said Philip, and then coloured to her forehead, and lost her place. Miss Tudor did not mind it, but Mr. Fletcher laughed, and Christie thanked heaven that her face was half hidden by the old brown hat.

Nothing was said, but she was much relieved to find that Mr. Fletcher had joined a yachting party next day, and would be away for a week. During that week Christie thought over the matter, and fancied she had made up her mind. She recalled certain speeches she had heard, and that had more weight with her than she suspected. One dowager had said to another, "P. F. intends to marry, I assure you, for his sister told me so, with tears in her eyes. Men who have been gay in their youth make very good husbands when their wild oats are sown. Clara could not do better, and I should be quite content to give her to him."

"Well, dear, I should be sorry to see my Augusta his wife, for whoever he marries will be a perfect slave to him. His fortune would be a nice thing if he did not live long; but even for that my Augusta shall not be sacrificed," returned the other matron whose Augusta had vainly tried to captivate "P. F.;" and revenged herself by calling him "a wreck, my dear, a perfect wreck!"

At another time Christie heard some girls discussing the eligibility of several gentlemen, and Mr. Fletcher was considered the best match among them.

"You can do anything you like with a husband a good deal older than yourself. He's happy with his business, his club, and his dinner, and leaves you to do what you please; just keep him comfortable, and he'll pay your bills without much fuss," said one young thing who had seen life at twenty.

"I'd take him if I had the chance, just because everybody wants him. Don't admire him a particle, but it will make a jolly stir whenever he does marry, and I wouldn't mind having a hand in it," said the second budding belle.

"I'd take him for the diamonds alone. Mamma says they are splendid, and have been in the family for ages. He won't let Mrs. S. wear them, for they always go to the eldest son's wife. Hope he'll chose a handsome woman who will show them off well," said a third sweet girl, glancing at her own fine neck.

"He won't; he'll take some poky old maid who will cuddle him when he is sick, and keep out of his way when he is well. See if he don't."

"I saw him dawdling round with old Tudor, perhaps he means to take her, she's a capital nurse, got ill herself taking care of her father, you know."



"Perhaps he's after the governess: she's rather nice-looking, though she hasn't a bit of style."

"Gracious, no! she's a dowdy thing, always trailing round with a book and those horrid children. No danger of his marrying *her*," and a derisive laugh seemed to settle that question beyond a doubt.

"Oh, indeed!" said Christie, as the girls went trooping out of the bath-house, where this pleasing chatter had been carried on regardless of listeners. She called them "mercenary, worldly, unwomanly flirts!" and felt herself much their superior. Yet the memory of their gossip haunted her, and had its influence upon her decision, though she thought she came to it through her own good judgment and discretion.

"If he really cares for me I will listen, and not refuse till I know him well enough to decide. I'm tired of being alone, and should enjoy ease and pleasure so much. He's going abroad for the winter, and that would be charming. I'll try not to be worldly-minded and marry without love, but it does look tempting to a poor soul like me."

So Christie made up her mind to accept, if this promotion was offered her; and, while she waited, went through so many alternations of feeling, and was so harassed by doubts and fears, that she sometimes found herself wishing it had never occurred to her.

Mr. Fletcher, meantime, with the help of many meditative cigars, was making up *his* mind. Absence only proved to him how much he needed a better time-killer than billiards, horses, or newspapers, for the long, listless days seemed endless without the cheerful governess to tone him up, like a new and agreeable sort of bitters. A gradually-increasing desire to secure this satisfaction had taken possession of him, and the thought of always having a pleasant companion, with no nerves, nonsense, or affectation about her, was an inviting idea to a man tired of fashionable follies and tormented with the *ennui* of his own society.

The gossip, wonder, and chagrin such a step would cause rather pleased his fancy; the excitement of trying almost the only thing as yet untried allured him; and deeper than all, the desire to forget the past in a better future led him to Christie by the nobler instincts that never wholly die in any soul. He wanted her as he had wanted many other things in his life, and had little doubt that he could have her for the asking. Even if love was not abounding, surely his fortune, which hitherto had procured him all he wished (except health and happiness), could buy him a wife, when his friends made better bargains every day. So having settled the question, he came home again, and every one said the trip had done him a world of good.

Christie sat in her favourite nook one bright September morning, with the inevitable children hunting hapless crabs in a pool near by. A book lay on her knee, but she was not reading; her eyes were looking far across the blue waste before her with an eager gaze, and her

face was bright with some happy thought. The sound of approaching steps disturbed her reverie, and, recognizing them, she plunged into the heart of the story, reading as if utterly absorbed, till a shadow fell athwart the page, and the voice she had expected to hear, asked blandly,—

“What book now, Miss Devon?”

“‘Jane Eyre,’ sir.”

Mr. Fletcher sat down just where her hat-brim was no screen, pulled off his gloves, and leisurely composed himself for a comfortable lounge.

“What is your opinion of Rochester?” he asked presently.

“Not a very high one.”

“Then you think Jane was a fool to love and try to make a saint of him, I suppose?”

“I like Jane, but never can forgive her marrying that man, as I haven’t much faith in the saints such sinners make.”

“But don’t you think a man who had only follies to regret might expect a good woman to lend him a hand and make him happy?”

“If he has wasted his life, he must take the consequences, and be content with pity and indifference, instead of respect and love. Many good women do ‘lend a hand,’ as you say, and it is quite Christian and amiable, I’ve no doubt; but I cannot think it a fair bargain.”

Mr. Fletcher liked to make Christie talk, for in the interest of the subject she forgot herself, and her chief charm for him was her earnestness. But just then the earnestness did not seem to suit him, and he said rather sharply,—

“What hard-hearted creatures you women are sometimes! Now I fancied you were one of those who wouldn’t leave a poor fellow to his fate, if his salvation lay in your hands.”

“I can’t say what I should do in such a case; but it always seemed to me that a man should have energy enough to save himself, and not expect the ‘weaker vessel,’ as he calls her, to do it for him,” answered Christie, with a conscious look, for Mr. Fletcher’s face made her feel as if something was going to happen.

Evidently anxious to know what she *would* do in aforesaid case, Mr. Fletcher decided to put one before her as speedily as possible, so he said, in a pensive tone, and with a wistful glance,—

“You looked very happy just now when I came up. I wish I could believe that my return had anything to do with it!”

Christie wished she could control her tell-tale colour, but finding she could not, looked hard at the sea, and ignoring his tender insinuation, said, with suspicious enthusiasm,—

“I was thinking of what Mrs. Saltonstall said this morning. She asked me if I would like to go to Paris with her for the winter. It has always been one of my dreams to go abroad, and I do hope I shall not be disappointed.”

Christie’s blush seemed to be a truer answer than her words,

and, leaning a little nearer, Mr. Fletcher said in his most persuasive tone,—

“Will you go to Paris as *my* governess, instead of Charlotte’s?”

Christie thought her reply was all ready ; but when the moment came, she found it was not, and sat silent, feeling as if that “Yes” would promise far more than she could give. Mr. Fletcher had no doubt what the answer would be, and was in no haste to get it, for that was one of the moments that are so pleasant and so short-lived they should be enjoyed to the utmost. He liked to watch her colour come and go, to see the asters on her bosom tremble with the quickened beating of her heart, and tasted in anticipation the satisfaction of the moment when that pleasant voice of hers would falter out its grateful assent. Drawing yet nearer, he went on, still in the persuasive tone that would have been more lover-like if it had been less assured,—

“I think I am not mistaken in believing that you care for me a little. You must know how fond I am of you, how much I need you, and how glad I should be to give all I have, if I might keep you always to make my hard life happy. May I, Christie?”

“You would soon tire of me. I have no beauty, no accomplishments, no fortune—nothing but my heart and my hand to give the man I marry. Is that enough?” asked Christie, looking at him with eyes that betrayed the hunger of an empty heart longing to be fed with genuine food.

But Mr. Fletcher did not understand its meaning ; he saw the humility in her face, thought she was overcome by the weight of the honour he did her, and tried to reassure her with the gracious air of one who wishes to lighten the favour he confers.

“It might not be for some men, but it is for me, because I want you very much. Let people say what they will, if you say ‘yes,’ I am satisfied. You shall not regret it, Christie ; I’ll do my best to make you happy ; you shall travel wherever I can go with you, have what you like, if possible ; and when we come back by-and-by, you shall take your place in the world as my wife. You will fill it well, I fancy, and I shall be a happy man. I’ve had my own way all my life, and I mean to have it now, so smile, and say, ‘Yes, Philip,’ like a sweet soul as you are.”

But Christie did not smile, and felt no inclination to say, “Yes, Philip,” for that last speech of his jarred on her ear. The tone of unconscious condescension in it wounded the woman’s sensitive pride ; self was too apparent, and the most generous words seemed to her like bribes. This was not the lover she had dreamed of, the brave, true man who gave her all, and felt it could not half repay the treasure of her innocent first love. This was not the happiness she had hoped for, the perfect faith, the glad surrender, the sweet content that made all things possible, and changed this work-a-day world into a heaven while the joy lasted.

She had decided to say “Yes,” but her heart said “No” decidedly, and with instinctive loyalty she obeyed it, even while she seemed



to yield to the temptation which appeals to three of the strongest foibles in most women's nature,—vanity, ambition, and the love of pleasure.

"You are very kind, but you may repent it, you know so little of me," she began, trying to soften her refusal, but sadly hindered by a feeling of contempt.

"I know more about you than you think; but it makes no difference," interrupted Mr. Fletcher, with a smile that irritated Christie, even before she understood its significance. "I thought it would at first, but I found I couldn't get on without you, so I made up my mind to forgive and forget that my wife had ever been an actress."

Christie had forgotten it, and it would have been well for him if he had held his tongue. Now she understood the tone that had chilled her, the smile that angered her, and Mr. Fletcher's fate was settled in the drawing of a breath.

"Who told you that?" she asked quickly, while every nerve tingled with the mortification of being found out then and there in the one secret of her life.

"I saw you dancing on the beach with the children one day, and it reminded me of an actress I had once seen. I should not have remembered it but for the accident which impressed it on my mind. Powder, paint, and costume made 'Miss Douglas' a very different woman from Miss Devon, but a few cautious inquiries settled the matter, and I then understood where you got that slight soupçon of dash and daring which makes our demure governess so charming when with me."

As he spoke, Mr. Fletcher smiled again, and kissed his hand to her with a dramatic little gesture that exasperated Christie beyond measure. She would not make light of it, as he did, and submit to be forgiven for a past she was not ashamed of. Heartily wishing she had been frank at first, she resolved to have it out now, and accept nothing Mr. Fletcher offered her, not even silence.

"Yes," she said, as steadily as she could, "I *was* an actress for three years; and though it was a hard life, it was an honest one, and I'm not ashamed of it. I ought to have told Mrs. Saltonstall, but I was warned that if I did, it would be difficult to find a place, people are so prejudiced. I sincerely regret it now, and shall tell her at once, so you may save yourself the trouble."

"My dear girl, I never dreamed of telling any one!" cried Mr. Fletcher, in an injured tone. "I beg you won't speak, but trust me, and let it be a little secret between us two. I assure you it makes no difference to me, for I should marry an opera-dancer if I chose; so forget it, as I do, and set my mind at rest upon the other point. I'm still waiting for my answer, you know."

"It is ready."

"A kind one, I'm sure. What is it, Christie?"

"No, I thank you."

"But you are not in earnest?"

“ Perfectly so.”

Mr. Fletcher got up suddenly and set his back against the rock, saying, in a tone of such unaffected surprise and disappointment that her heart reproached her,—

“ Am I to understand that as your final answer, Miss Devon?”

“ Distinctly and decidedly my final answer, Mr. Fletcher.”

Christie tried to speak kindly, but she was angry with herself and him, and unconsciously showed it both in face and voice, for she was no actress off the stage, and wanted to be very true just then as a late atonement for that earlier want of candour.

A quick change passed over Mr. Fletcher's face; his cold eyes kindled with an angry spark, his lips were pale with anger, and his voice was very bitter, as he slowly said,—

“ I've made many blunders in my life, and this is one of the greatest; for I believed in a woman, was fool enough to care for her with the sincerest love I ever knew, and fancied that she would be grateful for the sacrifice I made.”

He got no farther, for Christie rose straight up, and answered him with all the indignation she felt burning in her face and stirring the voice she tried in vain to keep as steady as his own.

“ The sacrifice would not have been *all* yours, for it is what we *are*, not what we *have*, that makes one human being superior to another. I am as well-born as you, in spite of my poverty; my life, I think, has been a better one than yours; my heart, I know, is fresher, and my memory has fewer faults and follies to reproach me with. What can you give me but money and position in return for the youth and freedom I should sacrifice in marrying you? Not love, for you count the cost of your bargain, as no true lover could, and you reproach me for deceit, when in your heart you know you only care for me because I can amuse and serve you. I too deceived myself, I too see my mistake, and I decline the honour you would do me, since it is so great in your eyes that you must remind me of it as you offer it.”

In the excitement of the moment Christie unconsciously spoke with something of her old dramatic fervour in voice and gesture. Mr. Fletcher saw it, and while he never had admired her so much, could not resist avenging himself for the words that angered him the more deeply for their truth. Wounded vanity and baffled will can make an ungenerous man as spiteful as a woman; and Mr. Fletcher proved it then, for he saw where Christie's pride was sorest, and touched the wound with the skill of a resentful nature.

As she paused he softly clapped his hands, saying, with a smile that made her eyes flash,—

“ Very well done! infinitely superior to your Woffington, Miss Devon. I am disappointed in the woman, but I make my compliment to the actress, and leave the stage free for another and a more successful Romeo.”

Still smiling, he bowed and went away, apparently quite calm and much amused, but a more wrathful, disappointed man never crossed those sands than the one who kicked his dog and swore at himself for a fool that day when no one saw him.

For a minute Christie stood and watched him, then, feeling that she must either laugh or cry, wisely chose the former vent for her emotions, and sat down, feeling inclined to look at the whole scene from a ludicrous point of view.

"My second love-affair is a worse failure than my first, for I did pity poor Joe ; but this man is detestable, and I never will forgive him that last insult. I dare say I *was* absurdly tragical, I'm apt to be so when very angry ; but what a temper he has got ! the white, cold kind, that smoulders and stabs instead of blazing up and being over in a minute. Thank Heaven, I'm not his wife ! Well, I've made an enemy and lost my place, for of course Mrs. Saltonstall won't keep me after this awful discovery. I'll tell her at once, for I will have no 'little secrets' with him. No Paris either, and that's the worst of it all ! Never mind, I haven't sold my liberty for the Fletcher diamonds, and that's a comfort. Now a short scene with my lady, and then exit governess."

But though she laughed, Christie felt troubled at the part she had played in this affair ; repented of her worldly aspirations ; confessed her vanity ; accepted her mortification and disappointment as a just punishment for her sins ; and yet at the bottom of her heart she did enjoy it mightily.

She tried to spare Mr. Fletcher in her interview with his sister, and only betrayed her own iniquities. But, to her surprise, Mrs. Saltonstall, though much disturbed at the discovery, valued Christie as a governess, and respected her as a woman, so she was willing to bury the past, she said, and still hoped Miss Devon would remain.

Then Christie was forced to tell her why it was impossible for her to do so ; and, in her secret soul, she took a naughty satisfaction in demurely mentioning that she had refused my lord.

Mrs. Saltonstall's consternation was comical, for she had been so absorbed in her own affairs she had suspected nothing ; and horror fell upon her when she learned how near dear Philip had been to the fate from which she jealously guarded him, that his property might one day benefit the darlings.

In a moment everything was changed ; and it was evident to Christie that the sooner she left the better it would suit madam. The proprieties were preserved to the end, and Mrs. Saltonstall treated her with unusual respect, for she had come to honour her, and also conducted herself in a most praiseworthy manner. How she could refuse a Fletcher visibly amazed the lady ; but she forgave the slight, and gently insinuated that "my brother" was perhaps only amusing himself.

Christie was but too glad to be off, and when Mrs. Saltonstall asked when she would prefer to leave, she promptly replied, "To-



morning," received her salary, which was forthcoming with unusual punctuality, and packed her trunks with delightful rapidity.

As the family was to leave in a week, her sudden departure caused no surprise to the few who knew her, and with kind farewells to such of her summer friends as still remained, she went to bed that night all ready for an early start. She saw nothing more of Mr. Fletcher that day, but the sound of excited voices in the drawing-room assured her that madam was having it out with her brother; and, with truly feminine inconsistency, Christie hoped that she would not be too hard upon the poor man, for, after all, it was kind of him to overlook the actress, and ask the governess to share his good things with him.

She did not repent, but she got herself to sleep, imagining a bridal trip to Paris, and dreamed so delightfully of lost splendours that the awakening was rather blank, the future rather cold and hard.

She was early astir, meaning to take the first boat and so escape all disagreeable rencontres; and having kissed the children in their little beds with tender promises not to forget them, she took a hasty breakfast and stepped into the carriage waiting at the door. The sleepy waiters stared, a friendly housemaid nodded, and Miss Walker, the hearty English lady who did her ten miles a day, cried out, as she tramped by, blooming and bedraggled,—

"Bless me, are you off?"

"Yes, thank Heaven," answered Christie; but as she spoke Mr. Fletcher came down the steps, looking as wan and heavy-eyed as if a sleepless night had been added to his day's defeat. Leaning in at the window, he asked abruptly, but with a look she never could forget,—

"Will nothing change your answer, Christie?"

"Nothing."

His eyes said, "Forgive me," but his lips only said, "Good-bye," and the carriage rolled away.

Then, being a woman, two great tears fell on the hand still red with the lingering grasp he had given it, and Christie said, as pitifully as if she loved him,—

"He *has* got a heart after all, and perhaps I might have been glad to fill it, if he had only shown it to me sooner. Now it is too late."

## MODERN MINOR PROPHETS.

BY THE AUTHORESSES OF "OUR ADVENTURES IN THE WAR" AND  
"UNDER THE RED CROSS."

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### CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE entering on the subject of Mademoiselle Le Normand, and the prophecies of Olivarius and Orval, we will turn for a few moments to our own land and our astrologer of the seventeenth century, Lilly.

This learned individual was born in 1602, and appears to have adopted the line of conduct of the Vicar of Bray; for, whilst serving the Parliament, he planned the escape of King Charles from Carisbrook, and furnished the money and materials, including aqua fortis to eat away the iron bars of the prison-chamber, so that they might be sawn through.

His hieroglyphics are wonderful and fearful to behold, and utterly unintelligible to the unlearned in such matters. They are worse than the prophetic pictures in Moore's annual almanack, and far more difficult to interpret.

His skill in foretelling future events does not seem to have extended so far as to guide him in the choice of a partner for life, for it is related of him that, in 1653, "to his great joy, he lost his wife!"

Did no combination of the stars warn him against a union which seems to have been so unpropitious, or did he rashly despise his own art? If so, he certainly suffered for it. He died in 1657. His astrological and prophetic works are very numerous. The stars, rather than the Scriptures, were his guide.

His best-known prophecy is that of the "White King who should fall into a kirkyard over a hall," which he interprets to mean White Hall; but he says, "The original hereof was found by Lady Poston, of the county of Norfolke, amongst the evidences of Edward the IV., his time,"—a very uncertain authority, we must allow.

Then he gives us the second Prophecie, or the "Dreadfull Dead Manne." The old rhyme,—

"When Hempe is come and gone,  
Scotland and England shall be one,"

contains the pith of this prophecy, which Lilly says "was wrote in Greek, and printed, 1588, in Harvey's 'Problematical Discourses.'"

Lilly explains it very naturally :—

H—Henry VIII.; E—Edward VI.; M—Mary; P—Philip, her consort; E—Elizabeth; and, surely enough, England and Scotland were united under James; but, as Lilly's book is dated 1644, we may doubt if this prediction was not written after the event. This "Harvey" is probably Gabriel Harvey, whose works were published in London, 1590. Lilly also gives us "a prophécie of Sibilla Tiburtina, found anno 1520, in Switzerland, engraven on a marble stone," which ends, "All these things shall come to passe, —night, destruction, ruine, calamity, and eternall darknesse."

After reading this cheerful list we may be thankful for the untrustworthiness of Mr. Lilly and his collection of "Prophecies."

We must now turn to our latest fortune-teller, Mademoiselle Le Normand.

Marie Anne Adelaide Le Normand was born at Alençon in 1772; her mother died when she was very young; her father remarried, and she received but a poor education. She was obliged to earn her living as a seamstress. In the eleventh year of the Republic, Mademoiselle Le Normand met a celebrated card fortune-teller, and from her learned the art, she practised so successfully afterwards.

Other accounts state that she was educated in the Benedictine Convent at Alençon. However that may be, she arrived in Paris in 1790, and there fixed her residence till her death.

She never disguised her sympathies with the royal cause. She attempted the escape of the Queen, and was in consequence imprisoned in La Pétite Force.

The fall of Robespierre, which she had predicted, released her, and she returned to her house in the Rue Tournon.

Here it was that Napoleon, then a young artillery officer, was introduced to her, and she foretold the battles he should fight, the victories he should gain, and the kingdoms he should conquer; but all ever ended with the sad words, "he shall die in exile."

Her doors were crowded by anxious inquirers, and she published a great many books, amongst them the "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

She believed intensely in her own art, and was gentle and simple in her manners, with a wonderful memory, and great powers of conversation. Her memory is still honoured for a thousand traits of kindness and generosity, and the wealth she gained was liberally expended on the poor. She died in 1843.

The list of those who consulted her reads like a *résumé* of European history, and even the great Talleyrand did not despise her art.

Amongst her correspondence were found letters from almost all the illustrious men of her age.

The principal prophecy we have to notice in her works is that of



Philippe Dieu-Donné Noel Olivarius, given in her "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."

The story of this prophecy is that it was discovered in June, 1793, amongst a number of manuscripts which had come from various pillaged libraries. Some of the officials believed it to have been amongst the papers of the Benedictine Library; others that it came from various different places.

This prediction contains a history of Napoleon, and goes on with vague words, which by some are said to point to the events of 1848:—"31. Dans Lutetia, la Seine, rougie par sang suite de combats à outrance, étendra son lit par ruine et mortalité." That is, literally, "In Lutetia (or Paris), the Seine, reddened by blood, the effect of mortal combats, shall spread its bed by ruin and mortality." This might as truly be applied to the events of the Commune. It ends by predicting the restoration of the old race of Cap or Capet (the Bourbon and Orleans families); but, as there is no further authority for this prophecy than its quotation by Mademoiselle Le Normand, it is hardly worth while to enter on fuller particulars.

Mademoiselle Le Normand's "Oracle of Destiny," which contains certain questions that may be asked, and how to find their answers, is still the source of much amusement round the Christmas fireside, though probably the faith of its consultors is considerably less than is said to have been that, of the great Napoleon, who carried with him, as is asserted, everywhere a copy of this book and a pack of cards to try the oracle.

After the fall of the Emperor the adherents of the Bourbon party quoted largely the prophecies of Thomas Martin. This man was a labourer in the Beauce, near Chartres, who asserted that a man had appeared to him and ordered him to go to the King and relate sundry things which the unknown told him.

The King had an interview with him, but what passed is not recorded; but it appears that Martin was a mere tool of the adherents of the pretended Louis XVII., the *soi-disant* Duc de Normandie, and all his prophecies tended to one end—the ascent of the throne by this pretender.

There was also a Sœur Nativité, who had from childhood been a visionary dreamer, and whose prophecies were edited by an Abbé Genet. She died in 1798, and the Abbé in 1817. As none of her predictions came true, except as regarded past events, the interest existing in them soon died away.

Besides Philippe Dieu-Donné Noel Olivarius there is mention of two others of the same name—Pierre Jean Olivarius, of Valentia in Spain, who published, about 1536, a treatise entitled "*Di Prophetia et Spiritus Prophetico*," and to whom, in consequence, the prophecy of his namesake, Philippe Dieu-Donné, has been sometimes attributed; and another named simply Philippe. The prophecy of Orval has been reproduced under his name, and it is at this, the last and at present the most famous of prophecies, we must now look.

It has been revived in England during the last two years, and has been not only the subject of much interest in private circles, but actually of discourses in Catholic pulpits. It was and is accepted as a genuine revelation of the future, probably for want of knowledge of its real history, which is given in a letter from Louis, Bishop of Verdun, dated Verdun, 6th February, 1849. It seems to have been current in France about 1840, and has been translated into English and published in a book printed at Brussels and issued in London with the name of Burns and Oates upon it, dated 1861. The book is entitled "Forewarnings," and the translator's name is Henry D. Langdon. This book speaks of a copy dated 1802, from which later copies were made; but the earliest that is to be traced is one of the date 1831.

The bishop's letter, addressed to the Archbishop of Trèves, gives the clearest and best account of the real and pretended history of this prophecy, and it is as follows, omitting unimportant passages for brevity's sake:—

"Évêché de Verdun, 6th February, 1849.

"MONSEIGNEUR,—For some years the 'Previsions of a Solitary,' generally known by the name of the 'Prophecy of Orval,' have made a great sensation in France. At a recent epoch they furnished the religious and political press with matter for ardent and impassioned discussion. Nevertheless, whilst they were only a subject of curiosity to the public or an ordinary subject of conversation, I did not think them worthy of serious attention. . . . .

"The grave events which have been lately accomplished in Europe, and still more those of which all the world has a secret presentiment, must naturally recall public attention to these Previsions, which had been for the moment forgotten, but which the facts seemed so completely to prove as having been accomplished. . . . .

"From all quarters of France I was appealed to as to the degree of confidence these prophecies deserved, and recently in a 'Memoir,' published in Paris, and whose principal facts were furnished by a priest of my diocese, the prophecy of Orval was called of divine inspiration, and compared, without reserve, to the oracles contained in our holy books. It then became a bishop's duty to examine this subject, and to submit not only the 'Memoir,' but the author himself, to a strict and conscientious criticism.

"I owe to you, Monseigneur, and to my colleagues in the episcopate, an exact account of the result of my investigations. . . . .

"According to M. D—, curé of B—, author of the 'Memoir' in question, the Previsions were revealed to a monk of the Abbey of Orval,<sup>1</sup> who lived in the first half of the 15th century. . . . . These revelations were printed at Luxembourg in 1544, and became the prey of the flames when, in 1637, the library and monastery were destroyed by the troops of Maréchal Chatillon. Only one copy escaped, and was carefully preserved by the Prior, at the time of the invasion of Luxembourg by the French, and was placed in charge of a certain Frère Aubertin, with orders carefully to guard the precious deposit, and to restore it to the monastery, if Providence ever decreed that the Abbey of Orval should rise from its ruins. Frère Aubertin withdrew to Pont à Mousson, and in 1823 permitted the author of the 'Memoir' to transcribe the Previsions relative to France.

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<sup>1</sup> Orval is an abbey of the Cistercian Order in the ancient diocese of Trèves, near the centre of the Ardennes, but now in the apostolic vicariat of Luxembourg. The ruins of the abbey are still visible in the village.

Versions, more or less faithful, of these Previsions were current about 1828, and it was advisable to verify their exactitude by a comparison with the printed prophecy. But then, says the author, Frère Aubertin was dead; and with him had irrecoverably disappeared the mysterious little volume. . . . .

"I abstain, Monseigneur, from pointing out to you the numerous unfaithfulnesses, the palpable contradictions, even the impossibilities with which this story abounds. The author seems to have taken upon himself the task of depriving the prophecy of all authority, by confessing that he has substituted for unintelligible phrases used by the Solitary more modern expressions, and has replaced words, effaced in the original, by equivalent words, and thus translating, after his own fashion, a work which he nevertheless considers of divine inspiration. . . . I will, however, advert solely to the researches made for Frère Aubertin, the depositary of the original prophecy, and who so suddenly disappeared when the author of the 'Memoir' was called upon to indicate the source whence he drew the Previsions.

"Now, Monseigneur, the result of the authentic testimony, at this moment deposited in the archives of my secretariat, is that, in 1823, there really lived an old monk of this name at Pont à Mousson, *but that he had never belonged to the Abbey of Orval, or even to the Cistercian Order. That he had taken his vows under the regular Canons of St. Augustine in the Abbey of Domréville (Meurthe), situated in the Vosges, eighty leagues from Orval, the very name of which he hardly knew; and that this monk, whom they killed off in 1825 or 1826, was living in the early part of 1837.*"

"This discovery, by destroying the only foundation on which rested the authenticity of the Previsions, dispensed me from ulterior researches. Nevertheless, I had yet to interrogate the author of this unqualified piece of mystification, and if I have the grief of finding that a priest had the misfortune in so grave a matter, to offend against the laws of truth, still I am happy, Monseigneur, to add, that I had the consolation of hearing from the lips of the guilty man a full confession of his error. He even declared to me that the little book printed at Luxembourg in 1544 had never existed except in his imagination. That the prophecy of Orval, in the part relating to the Empire, was exclusively his work. That the rest had been made up at hazard, with fragments of ancient prophecies taken from unknown sources, on which it is not my duty to pronounce judgment. That at first he had only viewed in this trickery a meaningless amusement, but that during the time some of the Previsions happened to come true, and in vanity on the one side and false shame on the other, he had persevered in a course which he was now happy to abandon. . . . . Responsible in the eyes of the Church for all that concerns religion and faith in my diocese, I could not permit an error to be propagated by my silence, which called in its aid the name of one of my most venerable predecessors. . . . .

"I am, with respect, Monseigneur,

"&c., &c.,

"+ LOUIS, BISHOP OF VERDUN."

This clear evidence, from a man of such high position, is quite sufficient to set aside the doubtful legends which alone vouch for the truth of this prophecy.

It relates correctly the events of the Empire, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., because these happened before the prophecy was written, and goes on to predict wars, the destruction of Paris, the restoration of the Lily Prince, the return of England to the Church, the coming of the Man of Sin, and the falling away of nearly all France from the faith. It ends by saying that, God having placed a wall of fire before his eyes, he can see no more.

<sup>2</sup> The Civil Register of Pont à Mousson gives this:—"Jacques Lamort, called Frère Aubertin, died at Pont à Mousson, 28th Jan. 1837, at 3 p.m."



It cannot be denied that there are some singular coincidences in this prophecy with the events of 1870-71, but in a vague jargon of war and fire and bloodshed some hits must come true, and decidedly the prophecy is modern and unauthenticated, and acknowledged as a trick by its author.

Several other prophecies are contained in Mr. Langdon's book. One attributed to a Saint Hildegarde, a contemporary of St. Bernard, whose lucubrations are too vague and wandering to quote here. They relate solely to the Church of Rome. The Council of Trèves examined into her prophecies, and she died at the age of eighty-two, in 1179.

Another is the prophecy of Herman de Lehman, 13th century, which foretells that either the present Emperor of Germany will be the last, or the royal family of Prussia will return to the Catholic faith. Lehman was a Cistercian monk.

Then we have the prophecy of Bartholomew Holyhauser, Dean of Bingen, who founded his predictions on his interpretation of the Apocalypse. This, too, refers to the welfare of the Church. The prophecy is contained in a MS. written in Latin, of which Holyhauser is said to be the author, but no clear evidence as to the date or author of the MS. is given.

We then have the prophecies of a Jesuit Father, named Necktou, of whom no further account is given, and who predicted so entire a destruction of Paris, that twenty years after children walking with their parents should ask what that place was, and should be answered, "My child, here once stood a great city, destroyed by God for its crimes." He is said to have lived before the first revolution, but no dates or particulars are given.

The prophecy of the birch-tree is to be found in "Das Buch der Wahr- und Weissagungen" (Ratisbon, 1850). A peasant named Jasper is said to have foretold a great battle to be fought between Huna and Ham near to the birch-tree. This birch-tree is well known in the country around. A monk of Weil predicted the same; that there should be a war between the people of the East and West, and that the final struggle, after three days' contest, should be near the birch-tree. Another old German prediction speaks of the battle by the birch-tree, and of the victory of soldiers dressed in white uniform, but nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the evidence of the authenticity of these prophecies.

A Dominican nun, called Sister Rosa, also prophesied, very unluckily as it seems, for she predicted that Rome would never be occupied; that the Russians and Prussians would bring war into Italy, and turn the church of her convent at Taggia into a stable; that after a fierce persecution only two religious orders would be left, the Dominicans and Capuchins. Sister Rosa died in 1847.

The latest of all the prophecies which have influenced the minds of the superstitious is one attributed to a nun of Blois. During the war of 1870-71 it was revived, reprinted at Orleans, and

obtained great celebrity. It spoke of an invasion of France by a foreign nation, of battle and defeat; but that the course of the invaders should be arrested; that they should never enter Blois; and that a great battle should be fought near the town, in which they should in their turn be utterly defeated.

Such faith was placed in this prophecy, that many persons from Orleans and its neighbourhood fled on the approach of the German forces in October and December, 1870, and took refuge in Blois. We know how their hopes were deceived. No great battle was fought near Blois, and the Germans did enter it. We may therefore doubt the fulfilment of the rest of the prophecy, the restoration of the Bourbon race.

It may be so. Events tend that way. France needs a ruler, but what has preceded this, if it comes to pass, is so unlike the prophecies, that it cannot be regarded as a fulfilment of them, but rather as an accidental coincidence with them, and the natural result of the past.

We have no authority for any of these modern prophecies; they have no more weight than the Prophetic Almanacks of Raphael. Old sentences may be twisted and turned into correspondence with what is occurring. Scripture may be interpreted to suit peculiar views; but the real future of our race or our nation is hid in mercy from our eyes.

Too often political motives were the ground-work of certain prophecies; in some cases, as in that of Savonarola, intense enthusiasm. In many others, they were the result of a lonely life in monastery or convent, ascetic habits, and vain dreams of a glorious future for the Church on earth, which was all in all to the cloistered visionary.

We may trust and hope in the future of our land, its safety and its honour, on better grounds than the restoration of a Lily Prince, the reign of a universal Pontiff, or the baptism of a Turkish King. We may trust it to the manly good sense of her sons, to the domestic qualities of her daughters, to the "streak of silver sea" that separates her from a turbulent Continent, and to the gallant hearts that watch to guard and defend their home!

E. M. P.

L. E. McL.

*(Conclusion.)*

## SEA DRIFT.

A TRUE STORY.

THE wind and the waves were bearing us on  
 To the land we had left so long,  
 And all were so full of mirth and joy  
 That our hearts broke forth in song.  
 We hoped ere many days had pass'd  
 In England again to be,  
 To meet all those we loved so well,  
 And our homes so dear to see.

When nearing us we saw a ship  
 Come drifting slowly by;  
 We hail'd her—but no answer came,  
 Only the wind's faint sigh—  
 "It is a deserted ship," we said;  
 "Let us see where it was bound;  
 Let us all go on board and look at her,  
 And see what may be found."

We boarded her; no sound we heard,  
 It seem'd no soul was there;  
 When, stay—a man lies on the deck,  
 With figure gaunt and spare.  
 All stiff and dead, his hands were cross'd  
 Upon his breast; his face  
 Turn'd to the sky a look which made  
 Us pause beside the place.

Such weary, lingering suffering  
 Was written plainly there,  
 Such agony of hope deferr'd,  
 Such painfulness and care.  
 We turn'd away, all sick at heart.  
 Twelve other forms we saw,  
 With still the same expression,  
 Which chill'd us all with awe.



In fear we went below and look'd  
    Within the cabin-door,  
Another corpse was kneeling there  
    Upright upon the floor—  
A Bible small beside him lay,  
    Old and well-worn with age;  
We mark'd what last had met his eye  
    When reading from that page.

The book was open at the psalm  
    Which speaks to those at sea,  
Of the dangers God would save them from,  
    Of the "haven where they would be."  
This was the captain of the ship;  
    And as we look'd around  
We saw his papers and his chart  
    Placed where they might be found.

Another we saw at the table sat,  
    With a pen in his cold white hand,  
And a letter begun, to be ended never,  
    To his love in his own dear land.  
A portrait lay by of a fair young girl  
    Who look'd up with a beaming smile,  
As if listening for words to tell her when he  
    Would return to England's isle.

That smiling glance and that rosy face  
    Look'd up to the eyes of the dead,  
He was writing to her, his "own true love,"  
    When his faithful spirit fled.  
We could look no more; too plainly we knew  
    The tale that those faces told,  
How Famine had seized them in her grasp  
    Till all had grown dead and cold.

Yes—here in the midst of the mighty deep  
    They had hunger'd for food in vain,  
Had waited and waited for succour to come  
    Till death had still'd their pain.  
And thankfulness fill'd us as we thought  
    We might have been as they,  
That we might have craved for bread in vain  
    And starved as they had that day.

But we had weather'd many a gale  
    And many a stormy sea,  
And we were sailing steadily on  
    To the "haven where we would be."

And they had once sail'd on like us  
And rejoiced at the thought of home;  
But the cruel calm had kept them there  
Till help too late had come.

There was gold and silver in the ship—  
But of biscuit, or bread, or meat,  
Not even the smallest piece was there,  
Not a crumb was left to eat.  
Before we went to our rest that night  
We did all that was left to do,  
We buried them in the calm blue sea,  
The captain and his crew.

We said the Church's funeral prayers  
When we gave them to the deep,  
Then sadly took charge of the lonely ship  
And left them to their sleep.  
A lock of hair, a bright brown curl,  
We clipt from one sailor's head,  
And laid it upon the unfinish'd note—  
A relic from the dead.

H. E. S.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF "THE  
CONSCRIPT," ETC.

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### CHAPTER X.

LOUISE returned from Molsheim in the beginning of September. She had also completed her studies, and called to see us on her arrival, as she had always done when coming to Chaumes for the holidays.

She was the prettiest girl far and near ; tall, cheerful, and as light as a feather. It was not possible to see a lovelier head of fair hair nor more intelligent soft blue eyes. Yet she was a Rantzau, and their spirit was in her. One could not help laughing at her satirical way and look when she spoke of her *kind* uncle Jacques, his good-natured face, tender looks, and her cousin George's beard.

It was easy to see she had been to Molsheim, where the good sisters, as Monsieur Jacques used to say, were preserved in the sugar of charity. Louise was very good and truthful at heart for all that.

My two best scholars having come home again, I looked forward to the pleasure of calling on them now and then, and of spending a more pleasant existence. I was equally fond of both, they were attached to me in return—and that was the chief point, for we all have our faults, and the best way is not to notice those of others.

Two or three days later, one Thursday afternoon, towards one o'clock, Mdlle. Suzanne, who was the curé's old servant, came to tell me that her master was waiting in the garden of the presbytery for me to assist him in taking the honey from his hives.

I followed her directly. It was a fine, warm autumn day, and bees were swarming by thousands in the air.

Monsieur le Curé had got our masks out, to which were appended long collars for the neck and shoulders, like the capes which are joined to chimney-sweepers' hoods ; our gloves, of coarse linen, reached above the elbows. I had taken care to draw my boots over my trousers, for bees do not relish being robbed of their honey, and resent the theft by filling every aperture they can get into. Large sharp spoons and honey-pots stood by, with a piece of linen rag, which I was going to burn and fumigate the hives with.

I arrived in high spirits, and found the curé no less well-disposed for the work.



"We shall have a very large quantity this year, Monsieur Florent," said he; "I would not mind betting there are thirty pounds' weight of honey, putting all the hives together."

"There is no knowing, Monsieur le Curé," I replied; "we often find a great deal where we did not expect much, and nothing where we fancied we should have a great deal. Then we must leave a quantity in reserve for the bees' food next winter. After this very hot summer we may expect severe cold."

"Quite correct, Monsieur Florent! Let us put on our things."

The curé took off his cassock; and when I had changed my coat for a blouse, we put on our masks, drew up our gloves, and pulled down our capes. I then told Suzanne she was to shut all the windows so as not to lose many bees, for these insects persist in pursuing one into the farthest corners of rooms. When all this was done I went into the kitchen, placed a few burning pieces of charcoal on a shovel, and came back to the hives.

Any one would have thought the bees knew what we were about, for, although they allowed us to approach them every day, they now covered us from head to foot, buzzing about our masks in great excitement; but of no avail, for their honey had to be taken.

I commenced smoking them out by holding a piece of rag over the burning embers in front of the three middle hives, Monsieur le Curé blowing meanwhile. I then went to the back and turned the first hive upside down, all the bees having flown out with the exception of a few which hung about as if benumbed. The curé held the pots, and I began to cut the under layers of honeycomb out, placing the snowy flakes delicately one on the top of the other, out of which streamed the most transparent golden-coloured honey.

The heat being excessive, many bees returned to the hives, and we had to smoke them out a second time.

We thus went through Monsieur Jannequin's ten hives, taking great care of the younger swarms that had not yet had time to lay in all their provisions. True enough, we had over thirty pounds' weight of honey, eight large pots being quite full. I had been cautious not to hurt the grubs rolled up in their cells, for they are the hope of the future, and none but the unskilful ever make havock among them.

We now restored everything to order, plastering a layer of fuller's earth mixed with cow-dung at the bottom of each hive to keep the cold out. There is no other word to define the nature of the substance thus mixed; but, however crude it may sound, it is a good hint to apiarists.

We had attended to everything and were just going in, when we heard some very loud shouts and whipping in the lane at the back of Monsieur le Curé's hedge. It was a large cart coming down; our infuriated bees had settled on the driver and the people with him.

"Confound the bees!" was the cry. "Allons, can't you get on?—quick! Devil take the bees! wherever do they come from?"

These questions were being asked by a stranger, and one of our peasants replied,—

“Those bees, monsieur? They belong to our curé.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the stranger; “of course, they do; they could not belong to any one else but a curé.”

He then relieved himself of a volley of epithets against all Jesuits and priests, so that when the cart had gone by we had a good laugh, and Monsieur le Curé good-humouredly said,—

“Here’s one who has not spared abuse of me! He must be a factory-man—a stranger.”

“A Parisian, I dare say,” replied I. “He has been stung anyhow.”

I held the branches aside and perceived, at about ten steps from the gap I looked through, an immense vehicle, on the top of which was an enormous package of deal wood. One of Monsieur Jean’s servants, old Dominique, led the horse by the bridle, and a stranger walked by, holding his handkerchief up to his nose.

Whatever could that package be? I wondered. I saw it was for Monsieur Jean, and that it had come from some distance. Thinking over it, we carried the pots to a small back room in which Monsieur Jannequin kept his plants and tools in winter.

Suzanne ran away as fast as she could. The windows were covered with bees, and Monsieur le Curé was much amused at her fright, calling, “Suzanne, come and taste our honey!”

“Thank you, monsieur, I can taste it later,” she replied, hiding behind the door. Amid laughter and quizzing we fumigated our coats, and when the bees had dropped we took our disguise off.

As I have said, the quantity of honey we took was enormous; the curé fetched a plate, on which he placed three of the finest honeycombs.

“This is your part, my dear Monsieur Florent,” said he. “I thank you for the assistance you have given me.”

“I am quite at your service, Monsieur le Curé.”

“I know, and I am much obliged to you,” said he, taking me out. “Au revoir.”

I then left with my plate, which I carefully covered, for though the operation had been performed an hour ago, thousands of bees, half intoxicated by the smoke, were swarming about everywhere. They were now beginning to go back to their hives, and not more than three or four pursued me and my honey.

When I got to the school-house, I closed the door as soon as I was in, and my wife and Juliette carried the plate into the cool pantry, admiring the honeycombs all the way.

“Have you seen a large cart go by?” asked my wife, while I stood washing my hands and face in the kitchen.

“I have.”

“Well, the whole village is wondering about it.”

“Was not the driver stung?”

"He was, right under the nose, and on his neck; but that is not what people are talking about. They say a magnificent piece of furniture has arrived, a beautiful piano Monsieur Jean has ordered from Paris for his daughter. Madame Bouveret declares there never was anything like it."

On hearing this I thought I would like to look at it. I had for some time wished to see an instrument of real Paris make. Our pianos in Lorraine had only three octaves, and came from Harchkirch. I may say, without the least desire to injure the manufacturers of our country, that they murdered them, and did not make them. Their instruments never kept in tune; one had to hold the tuning-fork continually, and to wind them up by half a tone all the time. Then the swelling of the wood in autumn, and the grating of all the chords getting unstrung! It would have been wise to put down in black and white all the qualities their makers attributed to them, before they were paid for, as I did with the cows of Elias. By dint of changing, one might perhaps have fallen on a good piano out of fifty.

My wife was just as curious as I was to see the instrument, but I told her she could wait till the next day, whereas I only had Thursday afternoons to myself. On leaving I promised to be back by supper-time.

As I went down the street I saw a group of neighbours standing in front of Monsieur Jean's house; others were coming that way; girls carrying dead leaves in grey linen cloths threw their burden down to look in through the open windows.

Louise must have seen me coming, for she ran down to meet me.

"Oh, Monsieur Florent," said she, "here you are just in time; walk in. Come and look at the beautiful piano father has bought me."

"That is what brings me here, my dear," said I, going into the best room, which had been newly papered with a beautiful sky-blue leaf-pattern.

The piano stood between the two windows that looked out on the street.

Monsieur Jean, with his large bald forehead, was walking up and down in deep thought, and his arms crossed behind him.

"Ah! so here you are, Monsieur Florent; you have come to see our piano?" he asked, stopping in front of me. "Well, now look at it; what is your opinion?"

He seemed quite proud, and not without cause, for it was a splendid piece of furniture, and surpassed my expectations. It was made of rosewood, shone like a mirror, and had gilt bronze handles. It was somewhat in the shape of a chiffonier, and any one could guess by its outward appearance that it was first-rate. No such finish is wasted on Harchkirch instruments; but all I could have imagined was nothing compared to what I was soon to hear.

Louise, in her great eagerness to display her musical talent,



hastily opened the piano and exhibited the ivory and ebony notes on which the sun now shone, then she ran up and down the keys with her white taper fingers as fast as lightning. The different sounds of the flute and hautbois at the top, and the full, sonorous bass tones at the bottom sent me off in a perfect ecstasy.

Louise was much more of a proficient in music than I was. Her fingering showed that a great deal of trouble had been taken with her accomplishments at Molsheim, and it is but justice here to say a good word for the sisters, they did not neglect the fine arts.

Only, if I may be allowed an observation, the harmonious blending or union of chords one in the other, which can only be obtained by organ practice, on which instrument all sounds have gradually to swell, and the passage of one tone to another which we call fugue,—a thing old Monsieur Labadie so excelled in,—besides a few other details of expression, were wanting in Louise's performance. It does not ensue that it was at all an indifferent one, no, it was not; though her haste to show all she could do was perhaps the cause of her not keeping perfect time; but I had no fault to find with her. I told her I was very much pleased, and congratulated her, saying I was proud to call her my scholar, at which her eyes sparkled.

"So, really, you are satisfied, dear Monsieur Florent?" she asked.

"I am indeed; you do me great credit in every respect, my dear."

"Then please do sit down," she exclaimed. "I must sing to you now. You will accompany me, Monsieur Florent, and sing with me."

"What are you thinking of, my dear?" I exclaimed. "I sing with you? I know nothing but church music: Kyries, Glorias, Alleluias."

"What does that signify? We can sing church music. At the convent chapel I used to take the contralto parts. You have such a fine bass voice, Monsieur Florent! We must sing together."

Finding she had made up her mind to it, I sent one of my bare-footed scholars, who was looking in at the window, to fetch the organ book at my house. Off he went in the dust, and came back five minutes later with the right copy.

Monsieur Jean, who knew no other will than that of his daughter, seemed pleased at the idea of hearing us sing together. I opened my book, after placing it carefully on the polished music-stand, then beat the preliminary one—two—three, and we both started on a grand Kyrie just as if it were full cathedral service.

"Kyrie-e-e, Kyrie-e-e-e eleison."

I never should have believed Louise had such a fine voice if any one had told me. It was full-toned, touching, and went up—up—as high as heaven. At first a shudder crept over me, and I opened my eyes very wide, thinking we were going up higher and higher still. The notes were fortunately written down before us, and we had to keep following them.

As nothing encourages and stimulates so much as feeling one's self supported by a magnificent voice, I don't remember ever having sung so well in my life. I actually considered my bass was a worthy accompaniment to such singing.

This is the result of emulation. When a man has to accompany himself on a worn-out, asthmatic organ in a low church without any echo, in which five or six choir-boys are shrieking out in a straggling sort of way to aged people who don't even listen, because they have grown deaf, then he may pull out all the stops, swell his voice, hold down the pedals, and yet the result will be most depressing, perfect wretchedness.

What a difference!

Monsieur Jean had thrown the windows open so that all the village could hear; but we did not think of the people who were listening, going from an *Alleluia* to a *Salutaris* in raptures and enthusiasm.

I was just like a child, playing everything Louise told me. The evening set in so rapidly it was as if the afternoon had lasted one minute. Then only, towards dusk, did I remember it was supper-time, and suddenly rose.

"Whatever will my wife and Juliette say?" exclaimed I; "they are waiting for supper."

Monsieur Jean laughed and asked me to take supper with them, but having promised at home, I did not think that was quite proper; so I left, followed by Louise and her father, who saw me out, the old man saying,—

"The notes work very well, certainly, and those Parisians do make first-rate instruments, but they cost a pretty sum. Now, just guess what I have been charged for that piano, Monsieur Florent."

"Not a bit too much, Monsieur Rantzau," replied I; "when a thing is perfect, it is never too dear."

"Well, no, in one sense," said he, laughing; "but a two thousand franc piano!"

"Bah! that is not too much for you."

"As to that, I can afford it; still, two thousand francs are two thousand francs, Monsieur Florent. I shall have to sell bushels of salt, and many a cartload of hay and straw, before I make that sum up again. Two thousand francs! The Parisians can't be losers by the pianoforte business; they must make a good thing out of it, eh?"

"It is right they should, Monsieur Rantzau; where there is merit there should be the reward."

"I have nothing to say to the contrary," said Monsieur Jean.

Talking thus we came to the door; the people who had gathered were going away.

"You will come back another time, will you not?" said Louise, holding out her hand.

"As often as I can, my dear."

On turning to wish her and Monsieur Jean "good night" I per-

ceived George behind the leafy hedgerow at the back of his father's garden opposite. He was stooping down to hide; he had most certainly heard us, and perhaps had been listening.

As I walked homewards I looked back on the pleasures of the past day, and thought of the enjoyment I should have when I could accept Louise's invitation in the future. I told my wife and Juliett all that had occurred while we ate our supper, after which we went to bed under the safe watch of the Almighty.

## CHAPTER XI.

EVERYTHING went on smoothly now. After five and twenty years' toil I was beginning to reap the fruit of my labour.

Paul was completing his studies at the Normal School, on leaving which institution he would certainly have a good situation.

Juliette had as much work as she could do. I and my wife were in good health, thank God; my two best pupils had returned; everybody liked me; what more could I desire? I considered myself the happiest of men. Nevertheless a very disagreeable thing happened at this time.

I went to see Louise on the following Thursday, carrying her some pretty pieces by Mozart that I had hunted up in Father Labadie's old music scores.

On reaching Monsieur Jean's house I found him standing at the window in an extraordinary passion.

"Now come here, Monsieur Florent," said he, drawing the curtains aside as soon as I entered; "please look out. Did you ever see a more abominable thing in your life than that man's face opposite?"

He pointed to his brother Jacques, who just then was sitting in shirt-sleeves on a bundle of straw at the corner of his barn and pleasantly taking a pinch of snuff.

I could not see what he was doing to offend Monsieur Jean, who now began to walk up and down in the room.

"Last year," continued he, "that old wretch had his grain thrashed in the barn at the back, where he also opened his ventilator to avoid our all being stifled with the dust, for it comes in his house as well as mine; but this year, in order to prevent Louise from going on with her music, he has given orders for his thrashing to commence three weeks earlier than usual, and opens his barn right opposite. His idea is to deafen us with the noise, and thus force us to close our windows. Does not such a brute deserve to be sent to Toulon, and have all the skin peeled off his back with a horsewhip?"

I had never seen Monsieur Jean in so violent a passion, and, as the unfortunate tie-tac over the way did not cease, while dust filled the air, I had nothing to answer on the spur of the moment; but, after a little reflection, I said,—



"It is very annoying, Monsieur Rantzau; but Monsieur Jacques may not have thought of all this. He may have other reasons for thrashing his grain on the front side of his house; we cannot tell. It is always better to put the best construction on things, and not look on the dark side."

"You are a kind-hearted man, Monsieur Florent, and have to keep on good terms with everybody; neither do I blame you, for, situated as you are, that brigand might take it into his head to turn you out of the Mairie if you were not very cautious; but I tell you things are as I say. I have known him long enough, and I tell you he thinks of nothing but evil; his only enjoyment is to vex others and injure his neighbours. He is always ruminating and turning over in his mind how he can harm the innocent. He is too much of a coward to attempt an open attack, and, besides, he is afraid of the treadmill; but, if he were as brave as he is perverse, you would see strange things come to pass until he would, of course, be stopped by the authorities. Oh, the miserable wretch! And, then, to think the Almighty ordains we should have such brothers! Look; now do look at him. Wouldn't any one swear he is an old Jew, an old usurer, planning the ruin of his relatives?"

Monsieur Jean did not consider that he was himself the picture of his brother, only that he was bald and Monsieur Jacques' hair was grey.

Passion had totally blinded him; seeing which, and not feeling inclined to get mixed up in the new quarrel, I put the books on the piano.

"Do not take this little disappointment to heart, my dear," said I to Louise. "I had brought you some music, but as we cannot play on account of the din, I will come back next Sunday after vespers, and we will try the new pieces. Monsieur Jacques will not be able to have his grain thrashed on the holy day of rest, you know."

Bowing to Monsieur Jean, I then left by the back door, for, if I had crossed the street, Monsieur Jacques would have called to ask me how I was, and might have shaken hands with me to his brother's face. I therefore went down the garden-lane, thinking, as I went, of the abominable consequences of family feuds.

I could see Monsieur Jacques' sly smile of satisfaction as he sat on his sheaves in front of his barn; but I could not bring myself to believe all Monsieur Jean thought of him. He had certainly gone too far.

On that same Thursday evening, after supper, George looked in on his return home from his father's saw-mills at Saar-rouge.

"I have brought you a piece of white heath, which I gathered on the heights, Monsieur Florent," said he pleasantly; "I thought you would be pleased to have it."

"So I am, George; sit down, I have one or two specimens, but not of that family. This is a rare one. Bring out the brandy-

cherries, Marie-Barbe; George won't refuse to take one or two with me?"

"By no means," said George, sitting down. When my wife had placed the cherries before us, we talked of the high table-lands on which white heath grows, of the saw-mills, the sale of timber, valuations, and felling. Finally, I came to the barn subject, which was uppermost on my mind.

"By the way, George," said I, "you are now having your barley and oats thrashed in the front barn! Would you believe your uncle Jean fancies you do that to prevent Louise from practising her piano! I of course don't believe anything of the kind, but he—"

George burst out laughing.

"Well, upon my word, Monsieur Florent," said he, "that squealing and thumping on a piano from morning to night is a fearful nuisance."

"George!" I exclaimed, "how can you call that squealing—you who have learnt music at college, and who play so nicely on the flute? Louise sings, sir, with much taste and talent. She has a splendid voice."

My wife, who was sitting in the window-seat, made me a sign to hold my tongue, but I could not hear such an untruth without feeling concerned.

"Maybe," replied George; "I don't deny it; but," added he, reddening, "my father is not fond of the piano. Every one has a right to play on the instrument he likes best."

I shook my head as much as to say his reasons were very bad ones; and he continued, "Now, Monsieur Florent, do say whether you think it is pleasant to have such a scoundrel as that living in grandfather's house, which he has robbed us of, and then to see him buy two thousand franc pianos out of our money."

"Allons, allons!" cried I, getting warm in spite of my wife's signs, "this is going a little too far! We will say no more about it, we should disagree. Louise has robbed nothing at all, sir; it is none of the child's fault. I have discovered many very good qualities in her, and I am very fond of her. I am grieved to see you and your father do all you can to annoy her."

My wife fidgeted about tremendously, but my heart was too full. George stared at me, and I went on,—

"I should very much like to know, sir, whether there is a prettier girl in all the Saarbours arrondissement, or one who is more lady-like any where, than your cousin? I am not a Rantzau, and I have not the slightest desire to flatter them, but if I had the honour to belong to the first family of the country, I should not go about finding fault with my own relatives; I should feel proud of all who did the race any credit. That is my frank opinion, and those are the very words I should tell Louise if she said anything behind your back."

Seeing I was grieved, George suddenly held out his hand, and said he hoped he had not offended me.

"Offended me!" I cried, "not at all; I am only fond of my old scholars, especially those who deserve my esteem, and you are one, George. That is why your injustice concerns me; if you were any one else, I should not so much care."

"You are quite right, Monsieur Florent," said he, with a softened voice. "I love you all the more for it. It is a pity," he continued, rising, "that everybody is not of your mind. Good night, Madame Florent; good night, Juliette." Then turning and pressing my hand, he added, "If it is agreeable to you, my dear master, we will some day take a stroll up in the mountains together. I should like you to see how lovely the country is round about the springs of the Saar."

"Wherever you like, George. I am always happy to go out and have a talk with you."

I took him down-stairs, and when he had gone I congratulated myself on having for once said what had been so long on my heart; but my wife blamed my conduct, and declared I should soon get between Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques in the position of a nail between the hammer and anvil, that is—I should come in for all the blows.

"I don't care if I do," I replied.

I had evidently taken too many cherries and lost sight of danger. "If these people seek to do me evil because I seek their good, God will punish them; they will repent of it."

This is what a man is led to through following his inclinations, he is sure to commit the most incautious deeds.

I approved of my new line of conduct the whole of the following night, even in my dreams, but the next day I perceived I had been very rash, and, had the opportunity occurred, I should have retracted my words. However, no evil consequences ensued, for two or three days later George came to fetch me. He had put on a mountaineer suit, a blouse and broad-brimmed hat, and held a strong stick in his hand. I saw he had a mind to go up to the saw-mills, and feeling no less exuberant than he at the prospect of a climb, I hastily put the brandy flagon in my pocket and a crust or so in my bag.

Although I had reached fifty I was still a good walker, being rather spare and of a nervous temperament. Then, the beauty of the scenery, the light and shade in the branches, the hoary trees, the ivy, moss, and cool streamlets leaping over beds of gravel between the rocks; the insects dancing on a sunbeam, the velvety woodland flies, and many other things besides, all contributed so to enliven and vivify me that I felt twenty again! Neither is this all. After a good stretch up hill and down again, through broom, heather, and dried twigs, what a pleasure to view in the distance a secluded valley through which winds a river, and close by a saw-mill, with its small bridge, its heavy wheel, pond, and lots of planks in fan-like



rows ; while in the midst of all this, the wood-cutter stops thinning the trunk before him, to look up and watch us approach from afar ; meantime the paddling of the wheel and the rush of the water underneath the dykes fill solitude with their busy noise, and male and female buzzards pursue each other in wide circles above the pine-woods !

These were the sounds and scenes that soothed and rested me, these I delighted in.

As to George, his business was the valuation of timber ; he had a wonderful eye for it.

“ How many square metres of fuel do you suppose there are in that fir-tree ? ” would I ask.

“ So, and so many, ” was the reply.

“ And in that beech-tree ? ”

“ So, and so many. ”

He never made a mistake, his father having taught him a good deal in this line when a boy, and he had since been greatly helped by arithmetic and logarithms.

There was no doubt about his becoming a famous timber merchant ; and although my tastes were quite different, I was happy to see he was likely to be a thorough man of business.

We had left Chaumes at five ; at half-past nine we reached the foot of the great Langin heights, in which Saar-rouge takes its rise, and stood in a narrow defile, covered here and there with black patches, which showed this to be a spot used for the burning of charcoal.

There was not a soul in the place ; the last awnings had been dismounted and carried towards the forges in the valley ; nothing was left but the charcoalmakers' hut standing by the side of a spring that was overrun with watercress.

George put his hand through a hole in the door, drew the latch inside, and when we had entered he piled the remains of blackened logs and some dry firwood on the hearth ; struck a few sparks, shook the lighted tinder among a handful of dry fern, which instantly took fire, and smoke curled above the lone woods.

This is the way primæval man first proceeded : nothing better has since been invented ; but in those early times this smoke rising from virgin forests was a sign that the human soul had awaked, and that wild beasts had a master. I have read that in some book, I do not remember where.

When the fire was bright George took two smoked sausages out of his bag, which he buried in the hot ashes ; I produced my flagon, and we sat down very cheerfully.

The savoury smell of the sausages filled the interior of the hut ; thrushes and blue tomtits, birds that love to hover round human dwellings, hopped and chirruped outside. When the sausages were quite done we ate our meal with great appetite, each making his knife supply the place of a fork ; a gentle wind rising among the leaves meanwhile cooled us.

I should not have wished for a pleasanter or happier life, if the accomplishment of our duties had not called us back to the village.

We rested until eleven, then took up our sticks, and joyfully trudged on to the saw-mills, where George cast up an account of the planks, beams, and cubic metres of logwood belonging to his father. Cartloads were still being brought in from a neighbouring coppice; whole trunks, covered with their bark, were hung by bright chains to chariots drawn by reddish-coloured bullocks. These young animals fastened their feet in the rock, straining every nerve as they pulled, struggling on with haggard eyes under the driver's whip.

We heard the grating of the wheels a long way off. The ruts in the gravel-roads at the foot of the slope were full of water, as rapid and clear as quicksilver. It cooled the poor animals' feet.

All round the defile mountain peaks rose against the sky; the beauty of the country could not be surpassed. The smacking of whips in the valley, the prolonged shout of the woodmen and carriers calling from one mountain to the other, the sound of the axe high above in the trees, the tinkling bell of some stray animal seeking pasture,—were sounds that joined in the great hum of solitude, and blended with the rustle of leaves and the monotonous fall of the river.

What movement and what life, even in such apparent deserted places as these! Labour, work—coalmen, woodcutters, cattle, and all, have to toil summer and winter. But this grand sight conveys an idea too of rest; it raises the soul to the contemplation of eternity.

I considered all this sitting on the bridge, with my legs dangling over the parapet, and looking at the old pond half covered with sawdust. Floaters were here making one of those rafts which swim down the Saar as far as Saarbrück.

Meanwhile George had finished his work, taken down all his notes, and now made me a sign to start anew. We were both much rested.

We took the rugged path, full of knotty roots, which runs along the heights above the cart-road. It was very sultry. Crickets and grasshoppers rose by clouds, chasing each other at our feet. Numerous green, swollen-out lizards were panting on the burning sand, scarcely able to drag themselves along to the coppice close by, surfeited, as they were, with the insects they had feasted on. We were bathed in moisture, and walked on under the shade of the dark pine-wood in silence, each indulging in a day-dream of his own.

The distant days of my youth rose before me. I recalled my arrival at Chaumes; the first things that struck me; the things I took pleasure in; the beginning of my friendship with Father Labadie; my respectful love for his daughter, who was always sewing and mending old clothes, now and then casting a timid glance my way; and then I remembered our first words, and my first questions, when she gently withdrew her hand, and said in a tremble, turning aside, "Ask my father, Monsieur

Florent." Then, though I was as bashful as she was, our avowals, the promises, the solitary walks, my reveries up the hill, when I would wonder where she was, what she was doing, what she was thinking of. Ah, love and matrimony!

The forests we were going through reminded me also of the many Thursdays spent here in those bygone times.

I do not know what George was thinking of, but he looked very serious, and suddenly, on perceiving the light break through the yet distant outskirts of the forest, he exclaimed,—

"You are a very good walker, Monsieur Florent; are you not tired out?"

"No; I never feel fatigue when I am thinking."

"What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, many things! Of the past—of life. You will know later, George, what a man thinks of when he gets on in age. You are now too young; I cannot explain exactly. You have nothing to do with the past as yet. But what is it *you* have been thinking of?"

"I?—really I could not tell."

Talking thus, we entered the road leading to our valley. It was bordered on one side by the forest; on the other it was divided by a hedge from the grass-fields; beyond, ran the river through Monsieur Jean's meadow.

The weather being very hot that year, harvesting was still going on, and we heard the laugh of peasant-girls making hay. Through the long grass and bulrushes we could see a cart, which had been heavily laden, just coming down a sandy path on the opposite bank towards the river. It was intended it should wade through the water, which was very low on account of the dryness. Whenever the wheels sunk in the wet sand it swayed to and fro, and more and more as the ruts became deeper.

Men and women, with rakes on their shoulders, were looking at it. Monsieur Jean's black and white oxen were majestically walking in front, and Louise brought up the rear in a blue cotton dress and broad-brimmed, flapping straw hat. Her lovely hair fell in slight disorder about her neck, her cheeks were glowing with animation, and she seemed to be telling the women that the road was very bad, that the cart was not properly loaded, and threatened to fall over each time it rocked from side to side.

We could not hear what she said; we only guessed from her manner the sense of her looks and gestures as we stood admiring the pretty picture framed in by the high mountains around.

George appeared very attentive.

"That crop," said he, after a moment, "is very badly stacked; it will all topple over!"

He smiled when the vehicle got in the water and the sand seemed to give way.

A minute later we witnessed the most extraordinary scene. The frightened women threw up their arms in great terror, rending the



air with their shrieks. Louise, as quick as lightning, ran down to the river, stepped in, and, with her pitchfork supporting the cart on the side it was leaning over, pushed it back as long as she could, crying,—

“Here, here, help!—don’t be afraid!”

But the other women, seeing the danger, did not hasten to join her. Her feeble efforts were insufficient to keep up the falling load; the cart threatened to turn over and crush her.

I shuddered—when George, with a leap, cleared the hedge, and, flying over every obstacle, rushed on; then down the bank, falling knee-deep in the water; in a moment he had snatched the pitchfork from his cousin’s hand, and, with fearful might, thrust back the avalanche, which was well-nigh smothering them both, calling out in a wild passion,—

“Hue! hue!—mille tonnerres!—whip your beasts on!—pull!—pull!”

The women and girls, now seeing all danger over, ran to the rescue, pushing up the load with their rakes while old Dominique at the front was belabouring the oxen with the stick end of his whip. They pulled in good earnest, quite scared by the noise, and the big cart gaining its equilibrium, by degrees reached the opposite side of the river; the crop was saved.

The valley echoed with joyous shouts, and George returned the pitchfork to Louise, saying, with a strange smile, “I just came in good time, didn’t I?”

“Indeed you did,” replied Louise with a blush. “Thank you, George.”

She showed her wet stockings to the women, pulling aside her drenched skirt, and laughingly saying, “See what a state I am in, and my shoes are full of sand!” They stood round her all laughing too; I then looked at George, who came back with long strides, he was very pale, and his curly hair stood up all round his head.

“Well done, my boy!” I cried. “Now what say you of this pianoforte performer? She is not chicken-hearted, is she?”

“No, she is a Rantzau,” replied he, picking up his hat, which he had lost in the hedge. “I fancied the whole crop would go swimming down the river, it was so badly laden. My cousin has been at a convent, you see. The pole should have been tied down the middle and firmly on to the back. At convent-schools girls don’t learn that sort of thing; they are taught how to sing.”

“Yes,” I replied, “they sing, and, what is more, they sing very well; a thing that did not hinder you from showing a good deal of pluck.”

I saw this vexed him, and said nothing more on the subject, but went on in silence towards the village, the cart following us some four hundred steps behind. The pole had been replaced and the ropes tightened, so that the forage above was all straight, and the women were sitting on the top of it. I could see Louise tying a

bough of leaves on the ladder. George walked on in advance of me, for I kept turning round. When he reached the bend of the valley he let something drop, and stopped to look for it in the high grass. When he caught me up after his search, he told me he had lost his flint, but had found it again. We now entered the village.

"Good evening, Monsieur Florent," said George, when we came to my door. "If you don't mind, we will go out again another day."

"We have had a very nice walk, George," answered I, "and I hope it will not be our last."

He departed, and I went up to the sitting-room, where my wife and Juliette were very pleased to see me back again. I had but time to go into my little closet and there change my linen when it was supper-time.

The singing of the haymakers was heard for awhile after we had sat down to table. Juliette jumped up to look out of the window, then came back saying, "It is the last crop of the season; they have the bouquet on their ladder, and Mademoiselle Louise is with them. It may rain as much as it likes, the harvest is all gathered in now."

## CHAPTER XII.

AT about this time old Monsieur Botte, the head-keeper, died. He was a short, burly man, and had an excellent appetite up to the very last. His men always kept him well provided with choice bits, even game in the season when such a luxury was prohibited; sometimes they would bring him a young kid, or a haunch of venison, or a string of birds, or a pair of quails, or some other dainty morsel.

"Good, good!" he used to say, "carry those things to the kitchen and settle with Jeannette. It is no concern of mine, I don't want to meddle in her cooking arrangements."

But people who did not forget Jeannette were always favoured; Monsieur Botte would wink at any little flaw in their service, or pretend not to notice the small bribes they received, a thing contrary to all regulations.

He conducted all negotiations with the timber-merchant himself, *à la papa*, as the saying was, which meant, he concluded bargains without any of the formalities in use everywhere. Purchasers had only to know how to take him, how to whisper the right word in his ear just in the right time, before bidding closed, and everything was sure to end all right to the satisfaction of all parties.

The poor man lingered over six weeks, having an internal complaint; meanwhile those who had turned his services to their own advantage were the first to laugh over his sufferings.

"Ha, ha, ha! Monsieur Botte doesn't seem to like the idea of giving up his situation," they would say. "He, he, he! no

wonder ; it is rather a good joke to be head-forester at Chaumes ! ” At other times they would hold their sides and ask, “ What in the name of goodness is his disease ? Most certainly an indigestion of planks, boards, and deal wood, eh ? Something has perhaps stuck somewhere that won’t go down ; that scrapes, eh, eh ? ”

In this manner did our people deride and speak disrespectfully of one of the authorities in the administration. Monsieur Botte had nevertheless been a clever man in his day. He had obtained under the Empire the restitution of all the privileges appertaining to land tenure, the abolition of illegal tilling on the forests of the State, legal divisions, and the restoration of those woods which had been trodden down and ruined by abuse of the right of pasture or acorning. He also had ditches dug round the forest, to preserve them from the cattle, and he had had paths traced to facilitate the labour of all concerned in working or improving the woodlands. However, notwithstanding such great services, all the talent in the world goes for nothing towards securing the good opinion of people if a man does not respect himself, and this was proved in the case of poor Botte.

At length he breathed his last. The keepers and wood merchants, with Monsieur Jacques at their head, attended his burial ; Monsieur Jannequin sang a high mass, and a week later a new head forester filled his place. His successor was by no means so clever, but his ideas in other matters were certainly more correct.

I fancy I can see the new-comer now on the day of his arrival at Chaumes. He came on horseback, followed by a waggon containing his books and furniture. He was about twenty-five, short and slight, of a pale complexion, his moustache was pointed at both ends, his nose small, his lips very thin, and he wore, hanging from a string to his white waistcoat, a pair of glasses that looked something like spectacles. He examined the place very attentively as he jogged on in the dust, pressing his meagre horse’s ribs with his knees.

Everybody was watching him, and I among others saw him stop at the fountain in front of the house which the administration of the woods and forests had hired for their head-keeper at Chaumes. After having tied his horse to a ring at the entrance, he drew a key from his pocket, and took possession by walking in and pushing the shutters of the lower rooms open. He looked out, then went up-stairs and opened the first-floor shutters. By this time the waggon had stopped, and the driver was beginning to unload the small things on the top. Jeannette, Monsieur Botte’s old servant, ran to offer her services to the new master, who probably accepted them, for she soon came out again and helped the driver, assisted likewise by the neighbours whom she called to help in getting the heavy furniture down from the waggon. All this happened towards dusk.

Every one knew next day that the new head-keeper’s name was Lebel. The day after that, another fact became known : all the



rules that had fallen into disuse under Monsieur Botte; all the fishing and sporting regulations, the rights and privileges of the state, the sales by adjudication, in fact, everything was in the future going to be carried on according to the letter of the law.

The number of pigs let out acorning was henceforth to be limited; every pig in the place was to be branded with a hot iron; there was to be an end to picking up acorns and beech-nuts without leave; no such alterations in the rules as those which had been tolerated by Monsieur Botte were now to be allowed; any sale effected otherwise than by public adjudication would be considered null and void; to say nothing of fines with which every infraction was to be punishable, and some of which amounted to six thousand francs, &c., &c., &c.

The next thing we heard was that Monsieur Jacques had been twice summoned for having commenced working one of his plantations without a permit, and for not having registered the stamped hammer with which each owner had to mark the timber belonging to him.

There was a fearful hubbub in the village. Monsieur Jacques explained that he had not been able to procure a permit from Monsieur Botte for a good reason, namely, that Monsieur Botte was dead, and that the very same cause had prevented him from registering his mark; but the new head-forester replied that Monsieur Jacques should have waited, and done nothing at all before *he* had arrived.

This led to a lawsuit; and an affair of this kind with the administration of the woods and forests is nearly always a sure loss, to say nothing of the vexations which ensue.

What a change this young man's arrival made in the place! What a fuss!

Three old keepers were pensioned off immediately; five or six sportsmen were summoned; all anglers who had resorted to sweep-nets, ground-fishing, and bow-nets were arrested and sent to Sarrebourg for having made use of a particular kind of bait prohibited in the old regulations. Two gendarmes, with Brigadier Chrétien, came to fetch them one evening, and threw the whole village in consternation.

The death of old Monsieur Botte was now deeply mourned; his memory was no longer derided; he was no longer accused of having swallowed too many deal planks—every one would have been glad to have him back again, even if all had had to make him a pension; but he slept by the old church on the hill-side without any thought of young kids, thrushes, white or red Alsatian wine, or sales by public auction. He was in peace, while the young keeper, who so enthusiastically enforced the observance of rules, lived to exercise his depredations.

Monsieur Jacques was more indignant and alarmed than any one else. "I never, never have been treated in so outrageous a manner," is what he said everywhere.

Monsieur Jean only bought wood occasionally, his chief business being land, therefore he enjoyed Monsieur Lebel very visibly.

"The Mayor, I hear, is caught in open defiance of rules and regulations," he would say with a chuckle. "It is not everything now-a-days to be Monsieur le Maire, as it was in Botte's time! Monsieur le Maire will have to adhere to law like any other plain man. It appears this worthy young Monsieur Lebel does not encourage those who make their fortunes at the expense of the state—at the end of ends everything has to come out—what is unjustly acquired has to be given back some day."

Each time he and Monsieur Lebel met in the street he would make a low, friendly bow. The new keeper did not respond very heartily at first, fearing lest he had to deal with some big timber-dealer who was too affable by half, for some good reason known only to himself; but when his men told him this was Monsieur Jean Rantzau, the enemy of Monsieur Jacques, and that the same Jean was father to the pretty girl he had noticed, he returned the bow with civility.

The young man was also fond of music; he played on the violin, and executed florid passages of an evening when he had done applying the rules, turning his subordinates out of their situations, and had drawn out writs of summons as if the whole business cost him no trouble at all.

"I dare say Monsieur Lebel's music is just as unpleasant to Monsieur le Maire as ours is," said Monsieur Jean, "yet he plays very well; but it is hard to please every one—very hard indeed."

Such speeches as these did but increase his brother's hate.

Towards the end of autumn, Monsieur Jacques, having let the delays granted by contract run out without clearing the land on which his timber had been felled, the head-keeper ordered the work to be done by his own men, who pulled up the thorns, furze, brambles, and other noxious plants at the expense of Monsieur le Maire. Monsieur Jacques was moreover called up to the tribunal of Saarbours to answer for having neglected to fulfil his promises.

The case came forward early in December, on a raw, snowy day. Monsieur Jacques, being ill with rage, sent George in his stead. At about eight on the same evening we heard him heavily tread along our house entrance, mumbling something as he felt his way up the stairs.

"It is I, Monsieur Florent," said he at the door. He was a terrible figure; his gaiters were covered with mud, his felt hat and blouse white with snow. "I have just returned from Saarbours," continued he, placing his stick in a corner; "we are sentenced five hundred francs. It is a comfort to set one's eyes on honest faces on leaving such a den of thieves."

It was my impression George had taken something to keep the

cold out; when his father was in a very bad humour he would turn now and then into the public-house himself.

"Give George a chair," said I to my wife. "Who is it you are speaking of, George?"

"Who am I speaking of?" he repeated, sitting down; "who but the people at the tribunal of Saarbourg. The president, judge, solicitors, lawyers, the whole set, who connive together like so many cheats at a fair to rob all they can."

"Oh ho!" cried I; "so that is how you speak of people who are appointed to maintain our laws?"

"I have said the solemn truth," replied he. "You may throw in the same lot all head forest-keepers and under-keepers, they are a part of the same band."

I said nothing on finding George in this state of mind, but I thought inwardly that it was not worth while studying rhetoric and philosophy to come out with such notions as these.

"After all," said he, with much animation, "what are all these fellows good for? Where does this head-keeper come from? What does he know? What has he got? A situation worth eighteen hundred francs yearly! Can a man give himself such airs as that with eighteen hundred francs? I would lay anything he is only a cobbler's son; and fancy such men as these reforming everything, taking great people off, riding old hacks sold out of the Luneville cavalry regiment, and wearing glasses on their noses! These are pretty men to go about fishing up old rules that haven't been heard of since the days of Adam and Eve; harrassing and vexing other people for the sake of being officious. What's the end of it all? They are one day found with their bones broken at the bottom of some ditch."

George's features were very gloomy; I was quite alarmed to hear him go on in this way.

"Have you any of those nice brandy cherries left?" he asked.

"Marie-Barbe, fetch the cherries," said I to my wife.

"They warm one through," remarked George, as she set the cherries before us.

I then again returned to the subject of the five hundred francs for damages, saying that Monsieur Botte really had neglected the old rules, and had not even applied the new ones. I admitted that his successor might be a little too zealous; but after all, he did but his duty.

"Are you going to defend him as well?" exclaimed George, interrupting me. "You too?"

"I don't exactly take his part, George. I am making a slight observation."

"He is a perfect scoundrel," said he, in his father's harsh tone of voice; "a plotting—a—but he is not the person I am most offended with."

"Who may that be?"



"My famous uncle Jean. That is where Monsieur Lebel is set against us."

"Dear me, George," I cried, "now, is it likely the head-keeper would go and listen to any one who knows nothing about the forest business? What influence can Monsieur Jean have over this young man?"

Before George replied he looked round at my wife, then at Juliette.

"Don't you know, Monsieur Florent, that the head keeper calls on Uncle Jean nearly every day? You are never sent for now; your music is no longer wanted. Louise sings duets with another; she does not sing sacred music either, but grand airs—romances." He then rounded his gestures, put his fingers up to his mouth, imitating our head-keeper's cooing in a most absurd manner, moving his head about right and left, then taking off Louise singing her runs. He did it in so ludicrous a way that Juliette could not help laughing; but I saw nothing to laugh at, for George was as white as possible, and in a great rage.

"It is a shame," said he, "a shame for the Rantzaus that such a coxcomb should ever be introduced in the family."

"But it is not your family, George. It is no concern of yours."

"It is; it concerns all the Rantzaus. What do I care about the father and his daughter? If they were not Rantzaus I should say, 'They may go to the very devil; the old man may give his daughter to Peter, Paul, or the herdsman;' but in such a case as this the whole family should take the affair up."

I was greatly surprised to hear him talk so.

"It's all Louise's doings," he went on after a short pause. "I know her, I know her."

"Louise's fault?" I inquired. "Louise, a simple-hearted girl, without any knowledge of the world?"

"No knowledge of the world!" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders. "She is the very sharpest—"

"Louise?"

"Yes, Louise. I have known her in childhood. She always managed to get me into trouble at school; but you never could see it. I came in for the punishments, and she, with her prim, sanctified ways, was at the bottom of all the evil."

"Allons, allons!" I exclaimed, laughing; "you neither of you did any evil at all."

"Ah! you don't know anything about her. Now I'll tell you she would like to lead us all by the nose; you, me, my father, her own, all Chaumes, and the head-keeper besides. She is full of cunning. She knows more about uncle Jean's affairs than he does himself, you may depend on it."

"But, George, you told me she had learnt nothing but singing at the convent."

He pretended not to hear, and rose.

"I have told you how things stand," he said; "that head-keeper follows uncle Jean's precepts; he has made up his mind to ruin us, hoping thus to please the old thief, and then marry the daughter; but it will turn out very badly—mark my words—very badly."

Just then it struck nine, and George wished us good night.

I looked at my wife, perfectly alarmed at what I had heard. "What say you to all this?" I asked, when he had gone; "I really believe the hate of these people increases as time goes on."

"So do I," said she; "but Florent, that's their business, not ours; leave them alone."

Thereupon I went down to bolt the door, and thus that day ended.







PRESIDENT BARBICANE.

## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE GUN CLUB.

DURING the Federal War in the United States, a new and influential club was established in the city of Baltimore in the State of Maryland. It is well known with what energy the taste for military matters became developed amongst that nation of shipowners, shopkeepers, and mechanics. Simple tradesmen jumped their counters to become extemporized captains, colonels, and generals, without having ever passed the School of Instruction at West Point: nevertheless, they quickly rivalled their compeers of the old continent, and, like them, carried off victories by dint of lavish expenditure in ammunition, money, and men.

But the point in which the Americans singularly distanced the Europeans was in the science of *gunnery*. Not, indeed, that their weapons attained a higher degree of perfection than theirs, but that they exhibited unheard-of dimensions, and consequently attained hitherto unheard-of ranges. In point of grazing, plunging, oblique, or enfilading, or point-blank firing, the English, French, and Prussians have nothing to learn; but their cannon, howitzers, and mortars are mere pocket-pistols compared with the formidable engines of the American artillery.

This fact need surprise no one. The Yankees, the first mechanics in the world, are engineers—just as the Italians are musicians and the Germans metaphysicians—by right of birth. Nothing is more natural, therefore, than to perceive them applying their audacious ingenuity to the science of gunnery. Witness the marvels of Parrott, Dahlgren, and Rodman. The Armstrong, Palliser, and Beaulieu guns were compelled to bow before their transatlantic rivals.

Now when an American has an idea, he directly seeks a second American to share it. If there be three, they elect a president and two secretaries. Given *four*, they name a keeper of records, and the office is ready for work; *five*, they convene a general meeting, and the club is fully constituted. So things were managed in Baltimore. The inventor of a new cannon associated himself with the caster and the borer. Thus was formed the nucleus of the "Gun

club." In a single month after its formation it numbered 1833 effective members and 30,565 corresponding members.

One condition was imposed as a *sine quâ non* upon every candidate for admission into the association, and that was the condition of having designed, or (more or less) perfected a cannon; or, in default of a cannon, at least a fire-arm of some description. It may, however, be mentioned that mere inventions of revolvers, five-shooting carbines, and similar small arms, met with but little consideration. Artillerists always commanded the chief place of favour.

The estimation in which these gentlemen were held, according to one of the most scientific exponents of the Gun Club, was "proportional to the masses of their guns, and in the direct ratio of the square of the distances attained by their projectiles."

The Gun Club once founded, it is easy to conceive the result of the inventive genius of the Americans. Their military weapons attained colossal proportions, and their projectiles, exceeding the prescribed limits, unfortunately occasionally cut in two some unoffending pedestrians. These inventions, in fact, left far in the rear the timid instruments of European artillery.

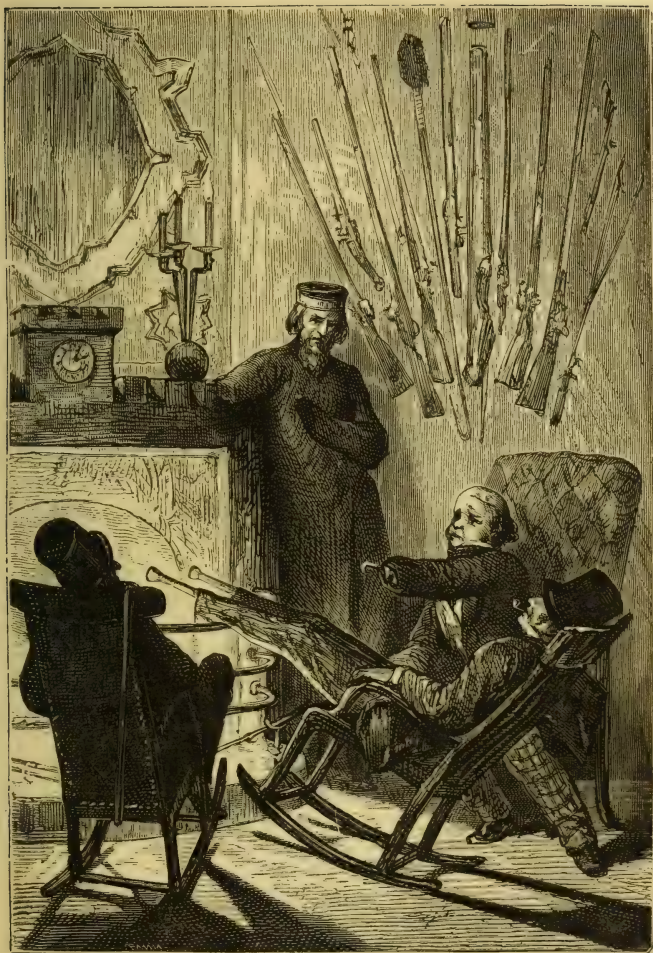
It is but fair to add that these Yankees, brave as they have ever proved themselves to be, did not confine themselves to theories and formulæ, but that they paid heavily, *in propria personâ*, for their inventions. Amongst them were to be counted officers of all ranks, from lieutenants to generals; military men of every age, from those who were just making their *début* in the profession of arms up to those who had grown old on the gun-carriage. Many had found their rest on the field of battle whose names figured in the "Book of Honour" of the Gun Club; and of those who made good their return the greater proportion bore the marks of their indisputable valour. Crutches, wooden legs, artificial arms, steel hooks, caoutchouc jaws, silver craniums, platinum noses, were all to be found in the collection; and it was calculated by the great statistician Pitcairn that throughout the Gun Club there was not quite one arm between four persons, and exactly two legs between six.

Nevertheless, these valiant artillerists took no particular account of these little facts, and felt justly proud when the despatches of a battle returned the number of victims at tenfold the quantity of the projectiles expended.

One day, however—sad and melancholy day!—peace was signed between the survivors of the war; the thunder of the guns gradually ceased, the mortars were silent, the howitzers were muzzled for an indefinite period, the cannon, with muzzles depressed, were returned into the arsenal, the shot were repiled, all bloody reminiscences were effaced; the cotton-plants grew luxuriantly in the well-manured fields, all mourning garments were laid aside, together with grief; and the Gun Club was relegated to profound inactivity.

Some few of the more advanced and inveterate theorists set themselves again to work upon calculations regarding the laws of projectiles. They reverted invariably to gigantic shells and howitzers of





THE ARTILLERY-MEN OF THE GUN CLUB.



unparalleled calibre. Still, in default of practical experience, what was the value of mere theories? Consequently, the club-rooms became deserted, the servants dozed in the antechambers, the newspapers grew mouldy on the tables, sounds of snoring came from dark corners, and the members of the Gun Club, erstwhile so noisy in their séances, were reduced to silence by this disastrous peace and gave themselves up wholly to dreams of a Platonic kind of artillery.

"This is horrible!" said Tom Hunter one evening, while rapidly carbonizing his wooden legs in the fire-place of the smoking-room; "nothing to do! nothing to look forward to! what a loathsome existence! When again shall the guns arouse us in the morning with their delightful reports?"

"Those days are gone by," said jolly Bilsby, trying to extend his missing arms. "It was delightful once upon a time! One invented a gun, and hardly was it cast, when one hastened to try it in the face of the enemy! Then one returned to camp with a word of encouragement from Sherman or a friendly shake of the hand from M'Clellan. But now the generals are gone back to their counters; and in place of projectiles, they despatch bales of cotton. By Jove, the future of gunnery in America is lost!"

"Ay! and no war in prospect!" continued the famous James T. Maston, scratching with his steel hook his gutta-percha cranium. "Not a cloud in the horizon! and that too at such a critical period in the progress of the science of artillery! Yes, gentlemen! I who address you have myself this very morning perfected a model (plan, section, elevation, &c.) of a mortar destined to change all the conditions of warfare!"

"No! is it possible?" replied Tom Hunter, his thoughts reverting involuntarily to a former invention of the Hon. J. T. Maston, by which, at its first trial, he had succeeded in killing three hundred and thirty-seven people.

"Fact!" replied he. "Still, what is the use of so many studies worked out, so many difficulties vanquished? It's mere waste of time! The New World seems to have made up its mind to live in peace; and our bellicose *Tribune* predicts some approaching catastrophes arising out of this scandalous increase of population."

"Nevertheless," replied Colonel Blomsberry, "they are always struggling in Europe to maintain the principle of nationalities."

"Well?"

"Well, there might be some field for enterprise down there; and if they would accept our services—"

"What are you dreaming of?" screamed Bilsby; "work at gunnery for the benefit of foreigners?"

"That would be better than doing nothing here," returned the colonel.

"Quite so," said J. T. Maston; "but still we need not dream of that expedient."

"And why not?" demanded the colonel.

"Because their ideas of progress in the Old World are contrary to



our American habits of thought. Those fellows believe that one can't become a general without having served first as an ensign; which is as much as to say that one can't point a gun without having first cast it oneself!"

"Ridiculous!" replied Tom Hunter, whittling with his bowie-knife the arms of his easy-chair; "but if that be the case there, all that is left for us is to plant tobacco and distil whale-oil."

"What!" roared J. T. Maston, "shall we not employ these remaining years of our life in perfecting fire-arms? Shall there never be a fresh opportunity of trying the ranges of projectiles? Shall the air never again be lighted with the glare of our guns? No international difficulty ever arise to enable us to declare war against some transatlantic power? Shall not the French sink one of our steamers, or the English, in defiance of the rights of nations, hang a few of our countrymen?"

"No such luck," replied Colonel Blomsberry; "nothing of the kind is likely to happen; and even if it did, we should not profit by it. American susceptibility is fast declining, and we are all going to the dogs."

"It is too true," replied J. T. Maston, with fresh violence; "there are a thousand grounds for fighting, and yet we don't fight. We save up our arms and legs for the benefit of nations who don't know what to do with them! But stop—without going out of one's way to find a cause for war—did not North America once belong to the English?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Tom Hunter, stamping his crutch with fury.

"Well then," replied J. T. Maston, "why should not England in her turn belong to the Americans?"

"It would be but just and fair," returned Colonel Blomsberry.

"Go and propose it to the President of the United States," cried J. T. Maston, "and see how he will receive you."

"Bah!" growled Bilsby between the four teeth which the war had left him; "that will never do!"

"By Jove!" cried J. T. Maston, "he mustn't count on my vote at the next election!"

"Nor on ours," replied unanimously all the bellicose invalids.

"Meanwhile," replied J. T. M., "allow me to say that, if I cannot get an opportunity to try my new mortars on a real field of battle, I shall say good-bye to the members of the Gun Club, and go and bury myself in the prairies of Arkansas!"

"In that case we will accompany you," cried the others.

Matters were in this unfortunate condition, and the club was threatened with approaching dissolution, when an unexpected circumstance occurred to prevent so deplorable a catastrophe.

On the morrow after this conversation every member of the association received a sealed circular couched in the following terms:—





MEETING OF THE GUN CLUB.



“BALTIMORE, Oct. 3.

“The President of the Gun Club has the honour to inform his colleagues that, at the meeting of the 5th instant, he will bring before them a communication of an extremely interesting nature. He requests, therefore, that they will make it convenient to attend in accordance with the present invitation.—Very cordially,

“IMPEY BARBICANE, P.G.C.”

## CHAPTER II.

### PRESIDENT BARBICANE'S COMMUNICATION.

ON the 5th of October, at 8 p.m., a dense crowd pressed towards the saloons of the Gun Club at No. 21, Union Square. All the members of the association resident in Baltimore attended the invitation of their president. As regards the corresponding members, notices were delivered by hundreds throughout the streets of the city, and, large as was the great hall, it was quite inadequate to accommodate the crowd of *savants*. They overflowed into the adjoining rooms, down the narrow passages, into the outer courtyards. There they ran against the vulgar herd who pressed up to the doors, each struggling to reach the front ranks, all eager to learn the nature of the important communication of President Barbicane; all pushing, squeezing, crushing with that perfect freedom of action which is peculiar to the masses when educated in ideas of “self-government.”

On that evening a stranger who might have chanced to be in Baltimore could not have gained admission for love or money into the great hall. That was reserved exclusively for resident or corresponding members; no one else could possibly have obtained a place; and the city magnates, municipal councillors, and “select men” were compelled to mingle with the mere townspeople in order to catch stray bits of news from the interior.

Nevertheless the vast hall presented a curious spectacle. Its immense area was singularly adapted to the purpose. Lofty pillars formed of cannon, superposed upon huge mortars as a base, supported the fine ironwork of the arches, a perfect piece of cast-iron lacework. Trophies of blunderbuses, matchlocks, arquebuses, carbines, all kinds of fire-arms, ancient and modern, were picturesquely interlaced against the walls. The gas lit up in full glare myriads of revolvers grouped in the form of lustres, whilst groups of pistols, and candelabra formed of muskets bound together, completed this magnificent display of brilliance. Models of cannon, bronze castings, sights covered with dents, plates battered by the shots of the Gun Club, assortments of rammers and sponges, chaplets of shells, wreaths of projectiles, garlands of howitzers—in short, all the apparatus of the artillerist, enchanted the eye by this wonderful arrangement and induced a kind of belief that their real purpose was ornamental rather than deadly.

At the farther end of the saloon the president, assisted by four secretaries, occupied a large platform. His chair, supported by a carved gun-carriage, was modelled upon the ponderous proportions of a 32-inch mortar. It was pointed at an angle of ninety degrees, and suspended upon trunnions, so that the president could balance himself upon it as upon a rocking-chair, a very agreeable fact in the very hot weather. Upon the table (a huge iron plate supported upon six carronnades) stood an inkstand of exquisite elegance, made of a beautifully chased Spanish piece, and a sonnette, which, when required, could give forth a report equal to that of a revolver. During violent debates this novel kind of bell scarcely sufficed to drown the clamour of these excitable artillerists.

In front of the table benches arranged in zigzag form, like the circumvallations of a retrenchment, formed a succession of bastions and curtains set apart for the use of the members of the club; and on this especial evening one might say, "All the world was on the ramparts." The president was sufficiently well known, however, for all to be assured that he would not put his colleagues to discomfort without some very strong motive.

Impéy Barbicane was a man of forty years of age, calm, cold, austere; of a singularly serious and self-contained demeanour, punctual as a chronometer, of imperturbable temper and immovable character; by no means chivalrous, yet adventurous withal, and always bringing practical ideas to bear upon the very rashest enterprises; an essentially New-Englander, a Northern colonist, a descendant of the old anti-Stuart Roundheads, and the implacable enemy of the gentlemen of the South, those ancient Cavaliers of the mother-country. In a word, he was a Yankee to the backbone.

Barbicane had made a large fortune as a timber-merchant. Being nominated Director of Artillery during the war, he proved himself fertile in invention. Bold in his conceptions, he contributed powerfully to the progress of that arm and gave an immense impetus to experimental researches.

He was a personage of the middle height, having, by a rare exception in the Gun Club, all his limbs complete. His strongly-marked features seemed drawn by square and rule; and if it be true that, in order to judge of a man's character one must look at his profile, Barbicane, so examined, exhibited the most certain indications of energy, audacity, and *sang-froid*.

At this moment he was sitting in his armchair, silent, absorbed, lost in reflection, sheltered under his high-crowned hat—a kind of black silk cylinder which always seems firmly screwed upon the head of an American.

Just when the deep-toned clock in the great hall struck eight, Barbicane, as if he had been set in motion by a spring, raised himself up. A profound silence ensued, and the speaker, in a somewhat emphatic tone of voice, commenced as follows:—

"My brave colleagues, too long already a paralyzing peace has plunged the members of the Gun Club in deplorable inactivity.







THE MOON'S DISK.

After a period of years full of incidents we have been compelled to abandon our labours, and to stop short on the road of progress. I do not hesitate to state, boldly, that any war which should recall us to arms would be welcome!" (*Cries of "Hear! hear!"*) "But war, gentlemen, is impossible under existing circumstances; and, however we may desire it, many years may elapse before our cannon shall again thunder in the field of battle. We must make up our minds, then, to seek in another train of ideas some field for the activity which we all pine for."

The meeting felt that the president was now approaching the critical point, and redoubled their attention accordingly.

"For some months past, my brave colleagues," continued Barbicane, "I have been asking myself whether, while confining ourselves to our own particular objects, we could not enter upon some grand experiment worthy of the nineteenth century; and whether the progress of artillery science would not enable us to carry it out to a successful issue. I have been considering, working, calculating; and the result of my studies is the conviction that we are safe to succeed in an enterprise which to any other country would appear wholly impracticable. This project, the result of long elaboration, is the object of my present communication. It is worthy of yourselves, worthy of the antecedents of the Gun Club; and it cannot fail to make some noise in the world."

A thrill of excitement ran through the meeting.

Barbicane, having by a rapid movement firmly fixed his hat upon his head, calmly continued his harangue:—

"There is no one among you, my brave colleagues, who has not seen *the Moon*, or, at least, heard speak of it. Don't be surprised if I am about to discourse to you regarding this Queen of the Night. It is perhaps reserved for us to become the Columbuses of this unknown world. Only enter into my plans, and second me with all your power, and I will lead you to its conquest, and its name shall be added to those of the thirty-six States which compose this Great Union."

"Three cheers for the Moon!" roared the Gun Club, with one voice.

"The moon, gentlemen, has been carefully studied," continued Barbicane; "her mass, density, and weight; her constitution, motions, distance, as well as her place in the solar system, have all been exactly determined. Selenographic charts have been constructed with a perfection which equals, if it does not even surpass, that of our terrestrial maps. Photography has given us proofs of the incomparable beauty of our satellite; in short, all is known regarding the moon which mathematical science, astronomy, geology, and optics can learn about her. But up to the present moment no direct communication has been established with her."

A violent movement of interest and surprise here greeted this remark of the speaker.

"Permit me," he continued, "to recount to you briefly how

certain ardent spirits, starting on imaginary journeys, have penetrated the secrets of our satellite. In the seventeenth century a certain David Fabricius boasted of having seen with his own eyes the inhabitants of the moon. In 1649 a Frenchman, one Jean Baudoin, published a 'Journey performed from the Earth to the Moon by Domingo Gonzalez,' a Spanish Adventurer. At the same period Cyrano de Bergerac published that celebrated 'Journeys in the Moon' which met with such success in France. Somewhat later another Frenchman, named Fontenelle, wrote 'The Plurality of Worlds,' a *chef-d'œuvre* of its time. About 1835 a small treatise, translated from the *New York American*, related how Sir John Herschell, having been despatched to the Cape of Good Hope for the purpose of making there some astronomical calculations, had, by means of a telescope brought to perfection by means of internal lighting, reduced the apparent distance of the moon to eighty yards! He then distinctly perceived caverns frequented by hippopotami, green mountains bordered by golden lace-work, sheep with horns of ivory, a white species of deer, and inhabitants with membranous wings, like bats. This *brochure*, the work of an American named Locke, had a great sale. But, to bring this rapid sketch to a close, I will only add that a certain Hans Pfaal, of Rotterdam, launching himself in a balloon filled with a gas extracted from nitrogen, thirty-seven times lighter than hydrogen, reached the moon after a passage of nineteen hours. This journey, like all the previous ones, was purely imaginary; still, it was the work of a popular American author—I mean, Edgar Poe!"

"Cheers for Edgar Poe!" roared the assemblage, electrified by their president's words.

"I have now enumerated," said Barbicane, "the experiments which I call purely paper ones, and wholly insufficient to establish serious relations with the Queen of Night. Nevertheless, I am bound to add that some practical geniuses have attempted to establish actual communication with her. Thus, a few years ago, a German geometrician proposed to send a scientific expedition to the steppes of Siberia. There, on those vast plains, they were to describe enormous geometric figures, drawn in characters of reflecting luminosity, amongst which was the prop. regarding the 'square of the hypothenuse,' commonly called the '*Ass's bridge*' by the French. 'Every intelligent being,' said the geometrician, 'must understand the scientific meaning of that figure. The Selenites, do they exist, will respond by a similar figure; and, a communication being thus once established, it will be easy to form an alphabet which shall enable us to converse with the inhabitants of the moon.' So spoke the German geometrician; but his project was never put into practice, and up to the present day there is no bond in existence between the earth and her satellite. It is reserved for the practical genius of Americans to establish a communication with the sidereal world. The means of arriving thither are simple, easy, certain, infallible—and that is the purpose of my present proposal."



A storm of acclamations greeted these words. There was not a single person in the whole audience who was not overcome, carried away, lifted out of himself by the speaker's words!

"Hear! hear! Silence!" resounded from all sides.

As soon as the excitement had partially subsided, Barbicane resumed his speech in a somewhat graver voice.

"You know," said he, "what progress artillery science has made during the last few years, and what a degree of perfection fire-arms of every kind have reached. Moreover, you are well aware that, in general terms, the resisting power of cannon and the expansive force of gunpowder are practically unlimited. Well! starting from this principle, I asked myself whether, supposing sufficient apparatus could be obtained constructed upon the conditions of ascertained resistance, it might not be possible to project a shot up to the moon?"

At these words a murmur of amazement escaped from a thousand panting chests; then succeeded a moment of perfect silence, resembling that profound stillness which precedes the bursting of a thunderstorm. In point of fact, a thunderstorm did peal forth, but it was the thunder of applause, of cries, and of uproar which made the very hall tremble. The president attempted to speak, but could not. It was fully ten minutes before he could make himself heard.

"Suffer me to finish," he calmly continued. "I have looked at the question in all its bearings, I have resolutely attacked it, and by incontrovertible calculations I find that a projectile endowed with an initial velocity of 12,000 yards per second, and aimed at the moon, must necessarily reach it. I have the honour, my brave colleagues, to propose a trial of this little experiment."

### CHAPTER III.

#### EFFECT OF THE PRESIDENT'S COMMUNICATION.

It is impossible to describe the effect produced by the last words of the hon. president—the cries, the shouts, the succession of roars, hurrahs, and all the varied vociferations which the American language is capable of supplying. It was a scene of indescribable confusion and uproar. They shouted, they clapped, they stamped on the floor of the hall. All the weapons in the museum discharged at once could not have more violently set in motion the waves of sound. One need not be surprised at this. There are some cannoncers nearly as noisy as their own guns.

Barbicane remained calm in the midst of this enthusiastic clamour; perhaps he was desirous of addressing a few more words to his colleagues, for by his gestures he demanded silence, and his powerful alarum was worn out by its violent reports. No attention, however, was paid to his request. He was presently torn from his

seat and passed from the hands of his faithful colleagues into the arms of a no less excited crowd.

Nothing can astound an American. It has often been asserted that the word "impossible" is not a French one. People have evidently been deceived by the dictionary. In America, all is easy, all is simple; and as for mechanical difficulties, they are overcome before they arise. Between Barbicane's proposition and its realization no true Yankee would have allowed even the semblance of a difficulty to be possible. A thing with them is no sooner said than done.

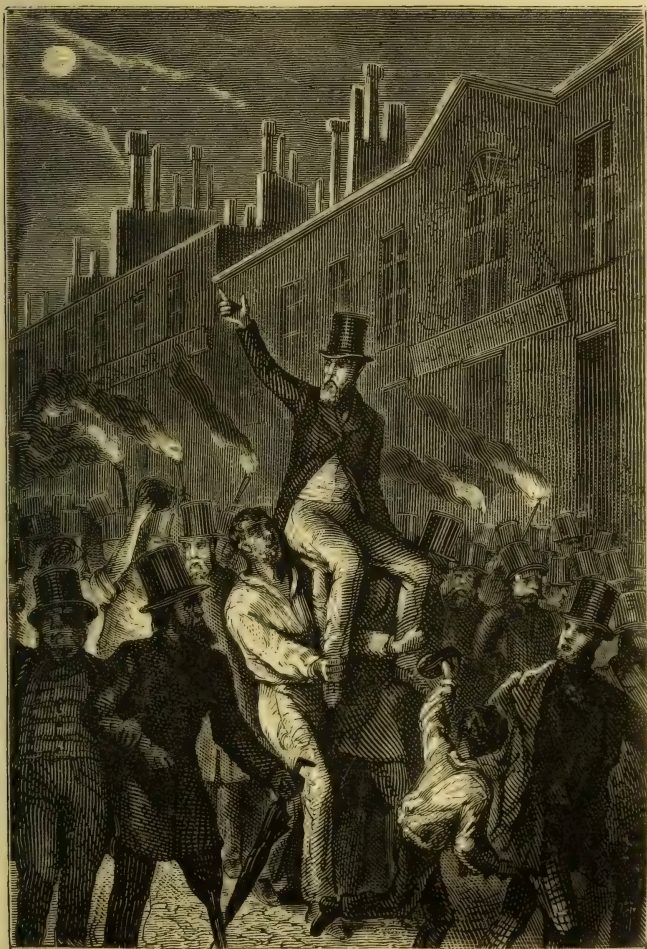
The triumphal progress of the president continued throughout the evening. It was a regular torchlight procession. Irish, Germans, French, Scotch, all the heterogeneous units which make up the population of Maryland shouted in their respective vernaculars; and the "vivas," "hurrahs," and "bravos" were intermingled in inexpressible enthusiasm.

Just at this crisis, as though she comprehended all this agitation regarding herself, the Moon shone forth with serene splendour, eclipsing by her intense illumination all the surrounding lights. The Yankees all turned their gaze towards her resplendent orb, kissed their hands, called her by all kinds of endearing names. Between eight o'clock and midnight one optician in Jones'-Fall Street made his fortune by the sale of opera-glasses.

Midnight arrived, and the enthusiasm showed no signs of diminution. It spread equally among all classes of citizens—men of science, shopkeepers, merchants, porters, chair-men, as well as "greenhorns," were stirred in their innermost fibres. A national enterprise was at stake. The whole city, high and low, the quays bordering the Patapsco, the ships lying in the basins, disgorged a crowd drunk with joy, gin, and whisky. Every one chattered, argued, discussed, disputed, applauded, from the gentleman lounging upon the bar-room settee with his tumbler of sherry-cobbler before him down to the waterman who got drunk upon his "knock-me-down" in the dingy taverns of Fell Point.

About 2 a.m., however, the excitement began to subside. President Barbicane reached his house, bruised, crushed, and squeezed almost to a mummy. A Hercules could not have resisted a similar outbreak of enthusiasm. The crowd gradually deserted the squares and streets. The four railways from Ohio, Susquehanna, Philadelphia, and Washington, which converge at Baltimore, whirled away the heterogeneous population to the four corners of the United States, and the city subsided into comparative tranquillity.

On the following day, thanks to the telegraphic wires, five hundred newspapers and journals, daily, weekly, monthly, or bi-monthly, all took up the question. They examined it under all its different aspects, physical, meteorological, economical, or moral, up to its bearings on politics or civilization. They debated whether the moon was a finished world, or whether it was destined to under-



THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.





go any further transformation. Did it resemble the earth at the period when the latter was destitute as yet of an atmosphere? What kind of spectacle would its hidden hemisphere present to our terrestrial spheroid? Granting that the question at present was simply that of sending a projectile up to the moon, every one must see that that involved the commencement of a series of experiments. All must hope that some day America would penetrate the deepest secrets of that mysterious orb; and some even seemed to fear lest its conquest should not sensibly derange the equilibrium of Europe.

The project once under discussion, not a single paragraph suggested a doubt of its realization. All the papers, pamphlets, reports—all the journals published by the scientific, literary, and religious societies enlarged upon its advantages; and the Society of Natural History of Boston, the Society of Science and Art of Albany, the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York, the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and the Smithsonian of Washington sent innumerable letters of congratulation to the Gun Club, together with offers of immediate assistance and money.

From that day forward Impey Barbicane became one of the greatest citizens of the United States, a kind of Washington of Science. A single trait of feeling, taken from many others, will serve to show the point which this homage of a whole people to a single individual attained.

Some few days after this memorable meeting of the Gun Club, the manager of an English company announced, at the Baltimore theatre, the production of "Much ado about Nothing." But the populace, seeing in that title an allusion damaging to Barbicane's project, broke into the auditorium, smashed the benches, and compelled the unlucky director to alter his playbill. Being a sensible man, he bowed to the public will and replaced the offending comedy by "As you like it;" and for many weeks he realized fabulous profits.

## CHAPTER IV.

### REPLY FROM THE OBSERVATORY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BARBICANE, however, lost not one moment amidst all the enthusiasm of which he had become the object. His first care was to reassemble his colleagues in the board-room of the Gun Club. There, after some discussion, it was agreed to consult the astronomers regarding the astronomical part of the enterprize. Their reply once ascertained, they could then discuss the mechanical means, and nothing should be wanting to ensure the success of this great experiment.

A note couched in precise terms, containing special interrogatories, was then drawn up and addressed to the Observatory of

Cambridge in Massachusetts. This city, where the first University of the United States was founded, is justly celebrated for its astronomical staff. There are to be found assembled all the most eminent men of science. Here is to be seen at work that powerful telescope which enabled Bond to resolve the nebula of Andromeda, and Clarke to discover the satellite of Sirius. This celebrated institution fully justified on all points the confidence reposed in it by the Gun Club.

So, after two days, the reply so impatiently awaited was placed in the hands of President Barbicane.

It was couched in the following terms:—

*“The Director of the Cambridge Observatory to the President of the Gun Club at Baltimore.”*

“CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 7.

“On the receipt of your favour of the 6th inst., addressed to the Observatory of Cambridge in the name of the Members of the Baltimore Gun Club, our staff was immediately called together, and it was judged expedient to reply as follows:—

“The questions which have been proposed to it are these,—

“1. Is it possible to transmit a projectile up to the moon?

“2. What is the exact distance which separates the earth from its satellite?

“3. What will be the period of transit of the projectile when endowed with sufficient initial velocity? and, consequently, at what moment ought it to be discharged in order that it may touch the moon at a particular point?

“4. At what precise moment will the moon present herself in the most favourable position to be reached by the projectile?

“5. What point in the heavens ought the cannon to be aimed at which is intended to discharge the projectile?

“6. What place will the moon occupy in the heavens at the moment of the projectile's departure?

“Regarding the *first* question, ‘Is it possible to transmit a projectile up to the moon?’

“*Answer.*—Yes; provided it possess an initial velocity of 1200 yards per second; calculations prove that to be sufficient. In proportion as we recede from the earth the action of gravitation diminishes in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance; that is to say, *at three times a given distance the action is nine times less.* Consequently, the weight of a shot will decrease, and will become reduced to *zero* at the instant that the attraction of the moon exactly counterpoises that of the earth; that is to say, at  $\frac{3}{2}$  of its passage. At that instant the projectile will have no weight whatever; and, if it passes that point, it will fall into the moon by the sole effect of the lunar attraction. The *theoretical possibility* of the experiment is therefore absolutely demonstrated; its *success* must depend upon the power of the engine employed.

“As to the *second* question, ‘What is the exact distance which separates the earth from its satellite?’

“*Answer.*—The moon does not describe a *circle* round the earth, but rather an *ellipse*, of which our earth occupies one of the *foci*; the consequence, therefore, is, that at certain times it approaches nearer to, and at others it recedes farther from, the earth; in astronomical language, it is at one time in *apogee*, at another in *perigee*. Now the difference between its greatest and its least distance is too considerable to be left out of consideration. In point of fact, in its apogee the moon is 247,552 miles, and in its perigee, 218,657 miles only, distant; a fact which makes a difference of 28,895 miles, or more than one ninth of the entire distance. The perigee distance, therefore, is that which ought to serve as the basis of all calculations.



“ To the *third* question :—

“ *Answer.*—If the shot should preserve continuously its initial velocity of 12,000 yards per second, it would require little more than nine hours to reach its destination ; but, inasmuch as that initial velocity will be continually decreasing, it results that, taking everything into consideration, it will occupy 300,000 seconds, that is 83hrs. 20m. in reaching the point where the attraction of the earth and moon will be *in equilibrio*. From this point it will fall into the moon in 50,000 seconds, or 13hrs. 53m. 20sec. It will be desirable, therefore, to discharge it 97hrs. 13m. 20sec. before the arrival of the moon at the point aimed at.

“ Regarding question *four*, ‘ At what precise moment will the moon present herself in the most favourable position, &c.?’

“ *Answer.*—After what has been said above, it will be necessary, first of all, to choose the period when the moon will be in perigee, and *also* the moment when she will be crossing the zenith, which latter event will further diminish the entire distance by a length equal to the radius of the earth, i. e. 3919 miles ; the result of which will be that the final passage remaining to be accomplished will be 214,976 miles. But, although the moon passes her perigee every month, she does not reach the zenith always *at exactly the same moment*. She does not appear under these two conditions simultaneously, except at long intervals of time. It will be necessary, therefore, to wait for the moment when her passage in perigee shall coincide with that in the zenith. Now, by a fortunate circumstance, on the 4th December in the ensuing year the moon *will* present these two conditions. At midnight she will be in perigee, that is, at her shortest distance from the earth, and at the same moment she will be crossing the zenith.

“ On the *fifth* question, ‘ At what point in the heavens ought the cannon to be aimed?’

“ *Answer.*—The preceding remarks being admitted, the cannon ought to be pointed to the zenith of the place. Its fire, therefore, will be perpendicular to the plane of the horizon ; and the projectile will soonest pass beyond the range of the terrestrial attraction. But, in order that the moon should reach the zenith of a given place, it is necessary that the place should not exceed in latitude the declination of the luminary ; in other words, it must be comprised within the degrees  $0^{\circ}$  and  $28^{\circ}$  of lat. N. or S. In every other spot the fire must necessarily be oblique, which would seriously militate against the success of the experiment.

“ As to the *sixth* question, ‘ What place will the moon occupy in the heavens at the moment of the projectile’s departure?’

“ *Answer.*—At the moment when the projectile shall be discharged into space, the moon, which travels daily forward  $13^{\circ} 10' 35''$ , will be distant from the zenith point by four times that quantity, i. e. by  $52^{\circ} 42' 20''$ , a space which corresponds to the path which she will describe during the entire journey of the projectile. But, inasmuch as it is equally necessary to take into account the deviation which the rotary motion of the earth will impart to the shot, and as the shot cannot reach the moon until after a deviation equal to 16 radii of the earth, which, calculated upon the moon’s orbit, are equal to about eleven degrees, it becomes necessary to add these eleven degrees to those which express the retardation of the moon just mentioned ; that is to say, in round numbers, about 64 degrees. Consequently, at the moment of firing the visual radius applied to the moon will describe, with the vertical line of the place, an angle of sixty-four degrees.

“ These are our answers to the questions proposed to the Observatory of Cambridge by the members of the Gun Club :—

“ To sum up,—

“ 1st. The cannon ought to be planted in a country situated between  $0^{\circ}$  and  $28^{\circ}$  of N. or S. lat.

“ 2ndly. It ought to be pointed directly towards the zenith of the place.

“ 3rdly. The projectile ought to be propelled with an initial velocity of 12,000 yards per second.

“ 4thly. It ought to be discharged at 10hrs. 46m. 40sec. of the 1st December of the ensuing year.

" 5thly. It will meet the moon four days after its discharge, precisely at midnight on the 4th December, at the moment of its transit across the zenith.

" The members of the Gun Club ought, therefore, without delay, to commence the works necessary for such an experiment, and to be prepared to set to work at the moment determined upon; for, if they should suffer this 4th December to go by, they will not find the moon again under the same conditions of perigee and of zenith until eighteen years and eleven days afterwards.

" The staff of the Cambridge Observatory place themselves entirely at their disposal in respect of all questions of theoretical astronomy; and herewith add their congratulations to those of all the rest of America.

" For the Astronomical Staff,

" J. M. BELFAST,

" *Director of the Observatory of Cambridge.*"

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### READING THE LETTER.

THE bugle recalled the various groups, and everybody hurried towards the tent stretched in the space beyond the croquet-ground. As Cecil and Lord George entered with a gay party, they encountered Madame de Hatzfeldt standing quite alone, regardless of numerous invitations offered her.

"I am waiting for Mr. Carteret," she said, in answer to some remark of Lord George's.

She had remained there for the express pleasure of greeting Cecil with those words. Carteret had gone on to the house according to her directions, to pen his note, and she meant to spare the girl no sting petty or great that her malice could suggest.

"How very good of you!" laughed Lord George.

"Is it not?" returned she. "I don't think anybody has ever heard of such an instance of devotion since the Crusaders! But I promised to wait and I must, though goodness knows where he has hidden himself. However, waiting is a new sensation, and I like new sensations, don't you?"

"Most certainly, when I can find them," he said.

"Especially when the old ones are forbidden by the higher powers," she half whispered, but making her voice audible to Cecil. "How well your cousin Alicia looks to-day—almost pretty, dear girl!"

"Confound the woman!" muttered Lord George under his breath; Cecil did not appear to notice little madame's ill-natured efforts.

"We shall get no places at all," he added aloud, "if we don't hurry. Success to your patient endurance, madame!"

"Oh I always succeed," she replied gaily, "always! You may keep seats for us near you. Dear Miss Conway, you look tired!" she added, turning to Cecil.

"How my looks slander me! I never enjoyed a day so much in my life," she replied; then fearing that the words sounded abrupt and sharp, added something complimentary and kind before allowing Lord George to lead her on.



But, neatly as she did her part, Madame de Hatzfeldt was too keen-sighted in her malice to be deceived.

"You are carrying a sore heart under it all, my beauty," she thought, looking after the group as Cecil's laugh floated musically out in answer to some witticism of her companion. It was not that madame meant to be fiendish in her wickedness, or would have worked out a deliberate plan of revenge. But she was bitter and sore, hated Cecil and Carteret with as much energy as she could put into any emotion now-a-days, and the chance to punish them both was too tempting to resist. Besides, like most persons who live on excitement, she was fond of incidents that looked dramatic and made her feel like a woman in a play, for her gilded existence was rather tame and monotonous in spite of the resources within her reach. The whole plan about the note rushed into her head as she saw Carteret standing by the fountain. If she had been obliged to reflect and plot, probably she would have relinquished her scheme of vengeance from sheer indolence; but here it was ready to her hand; she meant to do all the harm she could, and the lack of premeditation kept her from becoming alarmed by any thought that untold misery might grow out of her conduct.

Carteret entered the tent; she beckoned him to follow and moved on towards the tables, choosing a place below the party she had promised to join, though within easy reach of Cecil's eye each time she looked up.

"Have you written the note?" she whispered, as Carteret seated himself by her side.

He nodded; he was gazing at Cecil, and she remained beautifully oblivious of his neighbourhood, as only a woman could, though not a glance or whisper escaped her notice. Madame de Hatzfeldt knew this, and when Carteret handed her the billet he had scribbled, passing it under the table as she bade, she managed to show it, and, though Cecil never deigned a look, madame perceived that her own pretended awkwardness was a success. Cecil thought she must have sat there a thousand years; the whole scene was a hopeless confusion before her eyes—the voices that talked to her sounded far off and indistinct—her own replies and laughter did not seem to come from her. It was as if her soul stood a little way apart and had suddenly grown too stunned and helpless to aid her. She was so unused to suffering that her very self seemed strange; but she bore it all and made no sign.

When she glanced down the table again madame and Carteret had departed. Other people were rising. Lord George was offering his arm, she accepted it, still in the same unrealizing way, and walked on, answering, laughing, conscious the while of trying to think if it was two days or ages since Carteret bent over her in her opera-box and the whole world had looked so beautiful.

She wished she could get home, but there was no chance of that; she could not even catch a glimpse of Miss Dorothy; in any case she

could not have forced herself to go. There was something more to come—what, she did not know; but some dreadful crisis was near and she must wait for its unfolding. She became aware that Madame de Hatzfeldt had joined the group and was looking oddly at her, making some sign of intelligence which she did not comprehend, but everything was so vague and unreal that this might only be a fancy like the rest.

"I want to speak to you—I want you to help me," she heard madame whisper close to her.

The shiver of dislike which she felt as the woman's perfumed breath stole over her face was real enough at all events, but she did not hesitate to bow her head compliantly.

"Miss Conway and I are going to run away; we want you to know how painful it will be to miss us!" madame said to Lord George, as she took Cecil's arm.

Cecil allowed herself to be drawn down one of the garden paths, away beyond a thicket of laurestina that shut them out from view. Madame broke into voluble but incoherent exclamations, half laughing, half crying in a hysterical fashion which seemed much more natural to Cecil in her dazed, bewildered state than any ordinary conduct could have done.

"I'm frightened out of my wits!" cried madame. "I wouldn't dare tell a human creature but you; but I know I am safe—you are too honest and true to be treacherous."

Cecil did not ask what was the matter, never remembered to do it, only gazed straight into madame's face without seeing her, aware that the crisis of which something had warned her was at hand.

"Don't look at me so, else I sha'n't have the courage to tell you!" pursued her companion, laughing anew, but wiping her eyes with her lace handkerchief. "It is too ridiculous! still my husband would be furious—he's awfully strict, and I never mean to flirt—only men will be such idiots!"

"What do you want me to do?" Cecil asked abruptly, though she was as absent as ever. "You wanted something you said."

"No, no—just to tell you—to get away for a little! The man must be mad—and I'm not to blame—do say you think I am not!"

"Not to blame," Cecil echoed dreamily, while her head swam till the laurestinas began to dance an insane jig about the lawn.

"I never did flirt with him—at least not since we met this time—since I was married," continued madame, looking the prettiest picture of distress that could be imagined. "Years ago in America—I was a girl then—he was silly enough to think he cared about me, but I never dreamed he remembered that old nonsense! I thought we were just friends—and I was glad to be. Oh dear, I don't know what to do!"

Cecil could not have asked a question if her life had depended on it, she could only stand still and listen, comprehending with

the first word what madame meant, though the scene was none the more real for that.

"I know people have gossiped," madame went on in her pretty frightened way; "I was told of it only yesterday, and I felt that we mustn't even be friends any more. I couldn't be talked about—I should die!"

She caught Cecil's hands and squeezed them till her diamond rings left cruel red marks on the girl's fingers, but she did not flinch.

"What am I telling?" madame cried. "I can't keep it to myself; I'm such a goose. And you'll not betray me?—promise—swear!"

"I will not betray you," returned Cecil.

"I knew it—I'm not afraid! You'll not even let him suspect that you have heard a syllable?" asked madame eagerly.

"Who? Monsieur de Hatzfeldt?" Cecil inquired.

"No, no!" returned madame impatiently; "Carteret! I know it is a bit of crazy folly; it means nothing—at least it won't last—it's just memory and that sort of romantic sentiment. I wouldn't have him suffer for it, though I'm angry of course. O dear, how odd you look! One would think you did not hear a word."

"I hear and I understand," Cecil answered, and the shrubberies ceased to dance, the earth to reel; she stood cold and still regarding her companion, the confusion gone, perfectly able now to comprehend everything.

"You are the best darling!" cried madame enthusiastically. "Where was I?—my poor wits have quite deserted me!—oh, the note!—"

"You had not said anything about a note," interrupted Cecil.

"But you saw it, my dear, you saw him give it to me at the table! I was so taken by astonishment that I nearly dropped it, and I knew you saw! That was what made me determine to tell you. I couldn't bear that you should think ill of me, and—and—"

"You had no need to offer this explanation," rejoined Cecil, as the other hesitated and began to sob and gasp anew. "I should not have presumed to judge your conduct."

"That's because you're the noblest girl in existence!" said madame, stopping her tragic play to catch Cecil's hands again, but this time they were drawn out of her reach. "You would have thought in spite of yourself, and I want you to love me, and I couldn't bear to have you believe me like so many married women. Indeed, indeed, I may flirt, but I'd cut my fingers off sooner than let a man make love to me! I feel so degraded, so shocked!"

More quivers, more broken exclamations; Cecil remained quiet till the other ceased.

"You're not blaming me?" demanded madame.

"I think not. I think—I don't fully know what has happened, I am very stupid, I fear," said Cecil, still unnaturally composed.

"You shall see it—I'll show it to you," returned madame, pulling



a paper out of her bosom, but she checked herself as she was handing it to Cecil, to add, "You'll never by word or look let him imagine you know anything about it? We are such old, old friends, and I wouldn't like him to be angry or humiliated! It's just a bit of temporary insanity. I oughtn't to tell, but it took me so by surprise—you promise?"

"I have promised already," Cecil replied, "and I shall keep my word." She stepped back as madame drew out the note. She had no desire to read it.

"I know you will; you are one of those rare women whom one feels intuitively can be trusted! This is what he says—you must see. The very first words show that I am not to blame."

Cecil put up her hand, but madame did not heed the gesture; she passed her arm about the girl's waist and held the paper before her eyes, reading aloud the hastily written words,—

"I must speak to you, I cannot wait! By the memory of the days that were so pleasant, I implore you to grant me a hearing. You have avoided me—put off the possibility of explanation: if to prevent giving me pain, it is only a cruel kindness. The report which has reached me since I came here has nearly driven me wild. Give me a chance for just one word—let me at least show you my whole heart, even if your verdict must crush it."

Madame read out the incoherent billet slowly, and Cecil stared at the page as if some horrible fascination rivetted her eyes upon it. She had several times seen Carteret's writing; there was no mistaking the marked chirography.

"The report—he means a story that we were going to leave London," explained madame. "Bless me, I shall have to if he perseveres in this nonsense!"

Cecil shrank away from her embrace, and madame did a little more tragedy, then wiped her eyes and laughed again.

"Did you ever know anything so absurd?" demanded she, hiding the paper. "My dear, you're such a comfort to me—telling you has quite restored my courage! My poor old Fairfax, I'm very sorry for him! Don't be shocked, but really I cannot get up the amount of virtuous indignation I ought. I shall have no scene; I shall give him to understand that if anything of this sort occurs again my doors are closed against him for ever."

Cecil was struggling hard for words; she could not endure the idea that the least perception of her feelings should become apparent to the woman. She heard herself laugh, make some idle response all the while her heart sank down, down, and her whole youth seemed to lie behind her ruined and blighted by this awful blow.

"I do blame myself for the past," madame was saying when she could listen again. "He was very, very fond of me!—Ah my dear, as Adela Livingston I was a little hard-hearted—young girls so often are! Perhaps I did encourage him—I tried to like him. Well, upon my word I don't know why I didn't, only along came my stately Austrian and I forgot everybody else."

Cecil made a tolerable pretence of attending to these words, but her thoughts were drifting back to the golden spring days when they sailed over enchanted seas under Elysian skies, and not a smile from those proud lips, not a meaning syllable that false tongue had uttered, escaped her memory. It was not alone the bitter agony to her heart which she endured; her entire faith in truth and honesty appeared gone. Who could be trusted since this man was capable of such wickedness?

"We must go back," madame said; "we shall be missed. I must get into the house and bathe my eyes. I've cried until I am a perfect fright."

Cecil walked slowly forward, her companion conversing volubly and she trying for answers which were not too incoherent or strained. Madame watched her and knew that the blow had struck home, fairly admiring the courage with which it was borne.

"It will do them both good," she thought. "They may come together, but it will be a long while first! A little suffering is wholesome; and they can't hurt me even if they got at an explanation—bah! he'd have trouble to arrive at that—she's prouder than Lucifer! No doubt she'll end by marrying Lord George. Well, she ought to be obliged to me for helping her to a coronet!"

She broke off in her mental summary to pour out a new torrent of protestations and thanks upon Cecil.

"I never can repay you," said she; "I declare I should have done something idiotic if I had not had you to tell—gone to my husband, and who knows what might have happened then?"

The creature was vain and silly enough to like a duel fought for her sake, Cecil thought; and bitter as she felt towards Carteret, such consummation of his folly was too horrible to contemplate for an instant.

"You'll not do that" she said: "think of the trouble—the misery—worse for you than anybody. Avoid the man—shut your doors against him—but try nothing so insane as that."

"I'll not, dear; indeed, I'll not. I will do just as you tell me; you are the sweetest, the most clear-headed darling!" cried madame enthusiastically, and laughed to herself at the idea of confiding any secret to her Austrian, of whom she stood in wholesome awe. "The matter shall rest between us, and we'll both forget it, won't we?"

"At least we will never speak of it again," Cecil answered.

"That's right and best. I feel so safe with you. I know even your aunt will never hear of it—I am awfully afraid of her!"

"No human being will ever hear a syllable from my lips," was Cecil's reply.

Madame knew she would keep her word; the girl's excessive pride would withhold her if no other consideration did. The dread that any one should suspect her secret would keep her from men-

tion of the man or his affairs, so madame triumphed with unalloyed content.

They neared the crowded lawn ; it was twilight now and people were beginning to depart. Madame wanted something of somebody and was eager to get away from her companion. She lived in a round of little plots and plans, and exhausted as much art and diplomacy over the commonest affairs of life as if she had been a Machiavelli in petticoats.

"I am going into the house," she said ; "I'll see you to-morrow. Good-bye, dearest ; we're sworn friends, remember ! I am so fond of you, I've no words to tell. If ever I can serve you I'd do it at any cost ; always be sure of that—always."

"I thank you," Cecil answered wearily, anxious to escape further expressions of gratitude.

Madame did the dramatic a little longer, then hurried off ; she wanted to discover the old colonel and wheedle him out of flowers enough to decorate her rooms for her next soir  e, and so be able to pocket the money which her husband would give her to pay the supposititious bill from the florist. She was an adept in such artifices, and took a real pleasure in them as proofs of her ingenuity and skill.

Cecil was wondering in a tired, dazed way where she should find Miss Dorothy, fearing to be surrounded again and forced to talk. She longed to reach home and be alone with her misery, even while she dreaded it as the young do dread to face a first suffering. She turned to go, but as she did so a step smote the greensward, and looking up she saw Fairfax Carteret close by her side.

"At last !" he exclaimed eagerly. "I have been searching everywhere for you."

She gave him one angry glance and averted her eyes.

"It is a pity you gave yourself so much trouble," said she coldly.

The look, the voice, both told him his doom. He stood confounded. It was all true ; he had deceived himself ! His hurried, insane note had only roused her anger and contempt ; she was not kind-hearted enough to appreciate his honesty or pity his pain.

"Have I offended you by coming ?" he asked, uttering the first words he could find wherewith to choke back the groan of anguish which surged up from his very soul.

"Offended me !" she repeated with an icy smile. "What an opinion you must have of the importance people attach to your actions when you ask a question like that."

"How can you misunderstand me so cruelly !" he cried. "O Miss Conway, you must know me better ; you—"

He stopped ; she had advanced a step and was regarding him with a face of such scorn, such intolerable and overwhelming contempt, that the sentence died unfinished on his lips. She thought in the worthless vanity and fickleness of his nature he was about to speak words of tender gallantry, and with the lines of that letter still swimming in characters of fire before her eyes it was more than



she could bear. For the instant her wrath mastered the sharp pain at her heart; a marble woman could not have looked more pitiless and cruel.

"I believe I am not in the mood for high comedy or histrionics of any sort," said she, and smiled again. "Do you happen to have seen my aunt, Mr. Carteret?"

He put his hand to his forehead; it throbbed and burned as if he had received an actual physical insult; but he was suffering too keenly to feel anger.

"I left her by the breakfast tent," he managed to answer; "she asked me to find you."

"I am sorry she gave you such unnecessary trouble—"

"Please don't say such things!" he interrupted. "I have been a hopeless maniac—but I don't mean to worry you further."

What he proposed to himself by this ridiculous talk she could not imagine; did he think to dupe her into some betrayal of feeling? It might easily be; she was prepared to believe anything of him now. He might have laid a wager similar to one she had heard of lately, that he would make love to a certain number of women in a given number of hours and receive favourable answers from each. She felt for an instant that if there had been any man at hand on whom she had a right to call she would have bidden him murder the creature before her eyes. The thought flashed like lightning through her mind, long as it takes to write—she was answering before he had hardly finished.

"One meets so many maniacs," she said; "but I never do allow myself to be worried! How pretty the coloured lamps look among the trees, don't they, Mr. Carteret?"

She was not content with wounding him, she wanted to be insolent and harsh in her treatment now that he had plainly revealed his affection in that letter! How could he have so utterly deceived himself in regard to this woman? It was horrible to think of any girl, young and beautiful, utterly hardened, completely given up to worldly ambition! He believed—he said it mentally for the first time—that during those bright days of the voyage she had been softened and touched by a glimpse of the dream which he had guarded as so priceless. But she wanted station—title; she had decided to accept them, and in her anger to think they could never bring her peace, she found a savage delight in trampling ruthlessly upon his heart.

"I shall leave you to make pretty speeches to the next woman you meet," said she; "I am going to find my aunt."

"One moment, Miss Conway, just one," he returned in an odd, repressed voice. "I know of course what this conduct means; but I should like to hear you put it in words; it is not much to ask and would make my part easier."

"I am not good at impromptu charades," said she with a laugh; "I am so dreadfully stupid that I have not the least idea what you mean; but I beg you will not explain."

"There is no need," he said; "I am answered. You might have done it in a kinder fashion, still I will not complain."

"That's very nice of you, I am sure," she replied, sickened by this effort to do sentiment after her showing so clearly that she understood and despised his game. "I will leave you while you are in this amiable mood; it is pleasant to part decorously with people."

"And the parting is for ever?" he said half unconsciously.

"I hope so with all my heart," retorted she, lifting her head proudly as again that letter flamed before her eyes.

"And I echo the hope," he said; but even now he could not speak angrily—he uttered the words from a dreary consciousness that the one favour destiny could grant was never to look in her face again.

"Really this would all be very pretty on the stage," observed Cecil, "but I am at a loss to know why two ordinary acquaintances—acquaintances for a brief space—need be heroic about saying good-night."

"We have not been ordinary acquaintances, Miss Conway," he said sternly. "You know that. From the first I showed too plainly what my feelings were for us to be placed on that footing."

"Are you going to talk about your feelings?" demanded she. "After all, you ought to do it well; people frequently talk best of what they know the least."

There was no good in exposing himself to these insults; it was grief enough to know he had lost his hope of earthly happiness; he need not add the misery of seeing this creature who had seemed to him little less than an angel of purity, show in these revolting colours.

"Believe me I have no such intention," he answered. "Shall we go and find your aunt?"

"Thanks—I need not trouble you. I see Lord George Wharton coming this way," she said with a graceful bow.

"I may not have another opportunity—let me congratulate you now," cried he, determined to be decently courageous under his pain.

"Mr. Carteret," said she sharply, "there are limits even to *persiflage*—I beg you not to pass them! You may at least congratulate me on the fact that in Lord George's society I shall not be exposed either to a mawkish attempt at sentiment or an affectation of intimacy which is an impertinence."

She turned and left him without another word. He saw Lord George hurry forward to meet her, saw her take his arm, look up smilingly in his face, and rushed away with such bitter anguish and wrath in his heart that he thought he must go mad.

"Miss Dorothy is determined to take you home," said his lordship.

"A very sensible determination," exclaimed Cecil. "This certainly has been the longest day I ever spent in my life!"

"Now that's not complimentary! However, I shall think you mean it to apply to this tête-à-tête with Carteret."

"A good deal of it may," she replied energetically. "There is a person I never wish to speak to again as long as I live, if I can avoid it."

It seemed a fitting opportunity to utter the words his lady-mother decreed, but he did not feel equal to the task. He was thinking of Alicia—of the distant Australian lands he had taken insanely to dreaming about of late—and he lacked energy to woo the heiress with proper warmth.

Cecil was sorry for the words as soon as they were spoken; she had not meant to say so much about the man to anybody. She began talking of other things, to laugh and jest; Lord George was glad to follow her lead and get away from the dangerous ground which he knew must be attempted one day or another. The countess saw them approach and felt perfectly satisfied with the appearance of affairs, actually growing so tender of Cecil that she arranged a stray curl for the young lady with her own aristocratic fingers. But Miss Dorothy, further than ever from sharing the countess's content, said,—

"The carriage is waiting, Cecil; we must have all caught severe enough colds by this time."

"Always practical—always judicious, dear Miss Conway!" sighed her ladyship. "And you are very right to take care of your treasure. My dear," turning to Cecil with her most overpowering manner, "this day adds to your triumphs—even his Highness had no words to express his admiration."

His Highness was an offshoot of Austrian royalty who had graced the fête with his presence for a short half-hour. In the midst of her trouble and heartache Cecil could not help thinking what a humiliation it was to be admired by a man with such a nose and under-jaw as the prince possessed.

They got away at last, the countess to the end persevering in her manifestations of affection to so great an extent that Lord George grew uneasy lest she should render herself and him ridiculous; but Cecil was too much preoccupied to notice and Miss Dorothy determined not to mention any subject to her niece connected with mother or son so long as she could possibly restrain her indignation.

The very next day old Knowles brought the spinster news which startled her afresh. Carteret had thrown up his diplomatic appointment and left England. Cecil, writing notes at a little distance, did not appear to heed what was said.

"Left England!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy. "Why what on earth—he never said a word about it yesterday!"

"He has gone at any rate," insisted Knowles. "I met him this morning; he seemed in a great hurry and I could not make head or tail of what it was called him off so suddenly."

Miss Dorothy glanced at her niece with suspicion.



"Cecil," she cried, "do you hear? Mr. Carteret has gone away."

"Very well, aunt; London must try to support his absence," she replied carelessly.

"Humph!" said Miss Dorothy, and gave her ear a sharp tweak. "Did you know he was going?"

"I am sure I don't remember—so many people are always going, or coming, which is worse."

"I think it very odd he did not at least say good-bye," persevered Miss Dorothy, still eyeing her niece sharply and pulling the unfortunate left ear. "Very odd indeed!"

Cecil shrugged her shoulders with easy contempt; at least the gesture gave Miss Dorothy an excuse to find fault, and at this moment, suspecting her niece as she did of being in some way the cause of his departure, that was a sort of comfort.

"I wish you would leave those foreign graces to Madame de Hatzfeldt," said she. "I don't know what you mean by lifting your shoulders—I'm too old to learn signs and grimaces."

"My dear Aunt Dor, I only meant that Mr. Carteret's going did not seem worth wondering about," replied Cecil good-humouredly.

"He's worth a score of these foreigners with their ridiculous drawl and their titles!" cried the spinster.

"He is a very fine fellow," added Knowles, anxious to appease Miss Dorothy's inexplicable irritation. "He is about the best specimen of a clever, cultivated American one could find."

"Oh, if you both mean to get violently patriotic I shall run away," laughed Cecil. "I know you are going to flutter the star-spangled banner, Mr. Knowles—please don't!"

"I hope I never shall be ashamed of my patriotism," observed Miss Dorothy drily.

"But it's too precious to waste on ordinary occasions," said Cecil teasingly; "it ought to be kept for the Fourth of July and public meetings and other monstrosities that everybody avoids."

"You may overpower me with your wit, but you can't change my opinion," returned the spinster, still pulling her ear.

She looked more distressed than angry, and Cecil knowing very well what was the matter had no wish to worry her.

"You dear old Aunt Dor," said she, "I'll not be wicked another minute; I'll go out and buy an enamelled eagle and wear it to prove my patriotism!"

She rose from the table, went to Miss Dorothy, and stood smoothing her grey hair with a tenderness the spinster could not resist.

"I'm not cross," said she, shaking her head, "but you're a bad girl."

"Well, she's a mighty handsome one at all events!" cried old Knowles with an honesty which made both ladies laugh.

"That deserves my prettiest curtsy," said Cecil.

"But all this doesn't tell me why Fairfax Carteret flew off in that crazy fashion," added Miss Dorothy.

"Perhaps he has been sent on some secret mission," hazarded Mr. Knowles; "indeed, I shouldn't wonder."

"I should," said Miss Dorothy, and gave Cecil another sharp glance, but Cecil had returned to her seat and did not catch it. "Private mission indeed!—private insanity more like!"

"Somebody says all people are insane more or less," said Cecil from the table where she was busy sealing and directing her letters. "Perhaps your friend Mr. Carteret has suddenly developed more than his share."

"Why I always fancied the young gentleman was a great admirer of yours, Miss Cecil!" said Knowles.

"Do you offer the fancy as a proof of his insanity?" laughed she.

"No, no—but then—"

"My dear Mr. Knowles, be easy on that score; I am innocent of blame."

"I didn't mean to blame you; I suppose you can't help turning all their heads."

"Good gracious, you are so gallant this morning I don't recognize you!" cried Cecil. "I wish the countess might appear—her presence would soon reduce you to order."

"What an awful woman!" shivered Knowles.

"She is a little overpowering, but so is Mont Blanc; and so very grand—like Mont Blanc again," returned Cecil, still keeping up her pretence of nonsensical gaiety with undiminished spirit.

"I wish with all my heart she were the thing itself; I'd never take a journey to look at her, I promise you," pronounced Miss Dorothy, glad of a subject which gave her an opportunity to explode.

"Now Aunt Dor, that's dreadfully unkind when the countess is so good! She thinks us very American, but she overlooks that; and just consider what a favour her society is! Why twenty lessons in deportment from the best masters would not be so improving as one half-hour with her ladyship!"

"She is the most outrageously impertinent woman I ever met in my life," cried Miss Dorothy. "Don't talk about her or I shall turn into a vinegar-pot at once!"

"It gives me a cold chill just to think of her," groaned Knowles. "Now there's the son, he seems a nice enough fellow, eh, Miss Cecil?"

"I like him very much," replied Cecil.

Miss Dorothy sniffed, but offered no remark. She was greatly troubled by Carteret's departure; she had hoped after his return from the Continent that she could lay by her fears in regard to Lord George; that the little romance which, spinster-like, she had woven during the sea-voyage for Cecil and her old friend's son might be realized. Now, without warning, without so much as the ceremony of an adieu, he was gone, and there Cecil sat jesting, smiling, provokingly indifferent to everything which concerned him;

not enough energy in speaking to solace Miss Dorothy with the idea that her conduct might arise from pique. The old maid felt bitterly disappointed, but there remained nothing to be said or done. In regard to her future, Cecil was a girl to act for herself; she might accept her aunt's advice, giving the due weight it merited from the affection that dictated it, but all the same Miss Dorothy knew she would act and choose for herself.

The day dragged on, and Cecil had never a moment for solitude or reflection. Mrs. Hungerford came for her before old Knowles left, to go to somebody's concert. Miss Dorothy pronounced herself too utterly worn out after yesterday to be fit for anything this morning except to doze in her easy-chair, though the poor soul did not doze much. Once alone, she could not help thinking and trembling for Cecil's future. She wished almost that they had not come abroad, because then the girl might never have been tempted into selling herself; Miss Dorothy would put it in this light; no power could have made her believe that Cecil really liked the earl's son. Then her dreary fancies drifted away back into the past, to her own desolate youth, to Philip and his wasted life. Then up came thoughts of Valery and the yearning once more to see the girl which had been in the spinster's heart day and night through all these years, though she so seldom uttered her name.

Poor Miss Dorothy! Like most of her class, there was nothing left her now but a sort of vicarious existence; she had no more to hope or anticipate where her own fate was concerned, and this rendered doubly hard the fact that she could do so little to secure the happiness of the young hearts she loved so fondly.

Madame de Hatzfeldt was at the concert, and the instant she could get near Cecil, whispered,—

“He has gone—left this morning.”

“Let us be thankful he showed a gleam of decency, honour, and right feeling,” returned Cecil, more severely than madame had ever heard her speak.

“How stern you are!” cried she with a volley of French ejaculations; “absolutely Spartan in your severity! Well, dear, I'm glad too he has gone; I never could have breathed easily while he remained; I told him he must go.”

“Yes,” Cecil assented, thinking that straightway after trying to enact sentiment for her benefit he had gone back to do dramatics with madame.

“He followed me home,” pursued madame, inventing her lie as she went on with perfect ease. “We had a sad quarrel; that is, I made one. I told him he had no right to insult and compromise me by such conduct. Poor fellow! he was white as a ghost; I could see he suffered dreadfully; but he was very submissive—never said a word that was wrong.”

“Let us hope he may recover,” answered Cecil contemptuously, no more believing he had been earnest in his protestations to madame than she believed he felt the scene he attempted to play with her.



Really, he was too contemptible to think about; she wondered that she felt any pang—could be weak enough to give his memory the slightest place in her mind.

Still it was not possible to obliterate the recollection of her dream; she might know her imagination had bowed before an ideal, that the real man was totally unlike the creation of her fancy, yet this knowledge did not quiet her heart. She told herself that it was worse than folly, but the pain would not be banished, it would keep with her and take the bloom off every enjoyment, casting a shadow of suspicion between her and all faith in humanity, harder to bear than the suffering itself.

## SCRAPS FROM RECOLLECTION.

BY SIR GEORGE L'ESTRANGE,

FORMERLY OF 31st REGIMENT, LATE ON HALF-PAY OF THE SCOTS  
FUSILIER GUARDS.

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### No. V.

THREE weary months slowly passed away since the excitement of the last battle in the Pyrenees. Nothing could be more monotonous than our lives; we reoccupied our old camp; we had nothing to excite or employ us. All fear of attack from the front had vanished. Even the Emperor's Lieutenant, Marshal Soult, with all his energy and soldierly qualities, could not again organize an army to take the offensive. When we strolled out on the fields in which we had been so hotly engaged fighting so short a time since, nothing remained but the little mounds of earth hastily thrown over the dead, but so lightly, that in many instances an arm, a foot, or perhaps a leg was exposed: and a hideous stench polluted and infected the air near these scattered graves. These were but melancholy promenades. The bodies, we knew, had all been stripped, for even the lofty tops of the mountain where they fell did not protect the dead from the heartless and often murderous camp-followers, whose trade it is to rifle the dead of their clothing, and it must be feared not unfrequently shortening the term of the mortal suffering of the wounded who have the misfortune to fall into their merciless hands. I can scarcely recall to my "Recollections" the manner in which we passed this uninteresting period. We had ample time to discuss the various scenes of danger and bloody strife through which we had passed; to recall to memory and lament the friends we had lost, and talk over their noble deeds and their failures; and those who smoked—of whom in those days I was not one—puffed their pipes or cigars, by way of passing their time; until at length came the month of November, with a snow-storm which I shall never forget. Our camp equipage, and especially our tents, had come out from England at the beginning of the year; they had therefore been a long time in store, and consequently the tent-cloths were rather decayed, which was unpleasant indeed, for when the snow begins to fall on the top of the Pyrenees it comes with a vengeance. I fancied myself very comfortable in my tent, with a stretcher and mattress, under a pair of blankets, when, about the middle of the night, or towards the morning, I felt something uncommonly heavy, very wet and cold, descend upon me. I was for

some time in doubt of what had happened, and half asleep, half awake, knew not what to do. The snow had fallen very heavily on the tent, and a sudden gust of wind, added to the weight of the snow, had forced the pole of the tent through the top of it. I did not exactly like my position, and with considerable difficulty crawled from under the *débris*, and sought shelter in a neighbouring tent belonging to a brother officer, and having ensconced myself, as I thought, comfortably in my blankets, which I had managed to bring with me, fancied I was all snug again. I had not, however, been more than ten minutes in my new quarters, when an exactly similar catastrophe occurred. I therefore gave up, as hopeless, making any improvement in my condition for that night, beyond a partial propping up; and when I arose in the morning, and looked out, there was scarcely a single tent in the camp standing. Our position now became untenable; we were not long kept in suspense; our good general, Sir John Byng, soon heard of the position we were in, and early in the morning we were greeted by an order to descend immediately to Roncesvalles. We were alert in obeying this order, and reached the bottom of the hill before nightfall. There we found our battalion under the command of that gallant Scotchman, Colonel, afterwards Sir James Leith. The 31st was about the only regiment which carried on the appearance of a mess during the campaign. It consisted of the field officers, the captains, the Adjutant Bolton, Lieutenant Elwyn (an exceedingly well-informed English gentleman), and myself. When the light companies returned from their elevated perch, we found a sort of mess-room erected of branches of trees, and covered with the fresh skins of the animals lately slaughtered for our rations; these made a tolerable roof as long as the fine weather lasted, but when two or three feet of snow rested on this roof the internal heat from the dinner-party, the dinner, and the cigars, which were constantly burning, naturally melted the snow on the top of the fresh sheep or goatskins, and a ruddy drop kept perpetually falling into our *potage* or our glasses of grog. I thought this might be a good time to try what game there was to be shot, particularly as I heard the note of the wild goose, as I lay in my bed one moonlight night, passing very near over our heads on their migratory southern passage. I was rather disappointed not seeing one after a long walk with my gun the next day; but I got a shot at a woodcock, and bagged him, and, on examination, I found that he had lost a leg either by shot or trap; but the wound was perfectly healed, and must have happened in the previous season at latest. It was impossible that we could remain much longer in this position. A report was current that an outlying picket had been lost in the snow-storm, and I believe there was a life or two lost. At all events we were obliged to abandon a couple of our field-pieces on the summit of the mountain; the snow totally prevented their removal. The next morning our General received orders to move to the left, in the direction of the valley of Bastan. We made an early start, and had much difficulty in making our way through



the almost impervious, wooded mountain-side, upon mere goat-herds' pathways ; but, after a march of six or eight hours, we had descended out of the region of snow, and found the weather very pleasant, though cold ; this was, I think, upon the 9th of November. We reached the valley towards nightfall, close to the Maya Pass ; the moon was at the full, and really as bright as day. We then had a night-march, crossed over the summit of the pass, and began to descend into the territory of the enemy. Our generals knew well that the French army occupied an entrenched camp in our front. It was an important point that it should not be discovered that we were descending on them. The bright shining of the muskets, which, though called "Brown Bess," were as bright as steel, or the large brass plates worn in those days in front of the soldiers' caps, might betray us to the enemy on that bright night. Our men were therefore ordered to turn the brass plates on their caps to the rear and to reverse their arms, and march as silently as possible ; the battle of the Nive was before us.

Early in the morning Lord Hill's *corps d'armée* formed in close columns at the French foot of the Pyrenees. It was a sight to be remembered. We were going to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country ; in fact, to invade the so long overbearing country, the mighty French Empire, with its still unvanquished Emperor at its head, and still in command of enormous armies. His first General (Soult) he had appointed his Lieutenant, and placed him at the head of what remained of the Army of Spain ; and nobly did he do his duty to his Emperor and his country. Defeated time after time, his army dispersed and fugitive, he rallied them in a most wonderful manner, and fought the four last general actions of the campaign and several minor ones with consummate ability and courage.

Shortly after daybreak on the 10th of November Sir Rowland Hill's fine corps marched past, the officers saluting, and we soon heard distant firing on the left, and could see the flashes from the artillery and musketry ; by degrees it advanced nearer, and we could observe that the French army, notwithstanding their entrenched position, were being driven back. The position occupied by the French was a low range of hills, the left of the French army resting behind their entrenchments exactly in our front ; and very soon the left of the British army had established themselves on the position abandoned by the French, and were rapidly advancing towards the front of our division, and, taking the French on their flank, were apparently gaining an easy victory ; the French seemed unable to resist them. Our General of Division (Sir William Steward) apparently feared that the victory would be gained without his assistance, and that our names would not be mentioned in the despatch. At all events he gave orders to us to advance and attack that part of the French position in our front. Rather fearful loss of life ensued. The Frenchmen were posted behind a deep trench, the bank being thrown up

on their side of the ditch. This gave them great protection; and, besides this, about one hundred yards in their front, they had cut down trees and placed other obstacles, forming an abatis, through which we had to approach them almost in single files, and the consequence was that our men were shot down almost as fast as they emerged, like woodcocks from their cover. The cannonballs were passing over our heads from both sides, and in less than ten or fifteen minutes the ground was covered with our killed and wounded; how I escaped is a marvel to me to the present day. My captain, however—poor Girdlestone, who had only just rejoined us from the rear, recovered from his second wound in the Pyrenees—was again severely wounded. His left arm was so shattered that he wore it in a leather case for the rest of his life; it would have been better if it had been amputated on the spot. I never saw him but once afterwards in London, his arm still suspended in its leather case: a braver soldier never stepped, or a more perfect gentleman. Several other officers and men fell in this short but sanguinary encounter. How I reached the ditch and got over it I cannot say, the moment was too exciting for “Recollections,” but I did get over with a very few of my men, and thought it my duty, in the absence of any orders, for I was again my own commanding officer, to advance after the retiring French, trusting to being followed by what remained of my gallant light company. As I proceeded I saw a French soldier, who, in the act of running away, turned and fired his musket. He was then about a couple of hundred yards before me. I suddenly felt a blow in the upper part of my leg that astonished me. I had heard that a wound at first did not inflict much pain; I found it quite the reverse with a contusion, for I felt it very sorely, clapped my hand on my thigh, and expected to see it covered with blood; but no, it was only a severe contusion, breaking the skin on the spot it had struck, the mark of which I still retain, and my leg was next day black from my knee to my hip. At the very moment I received the blow a mounted officer rode up to me and said, “Hallo, George, are you much hurt?” It was my before-mentioned cousin Edmund, then aide-de-camp to Sir Denis Pack, whose division it was that was chasing the French before them, and would soon have cleared our front had our general had the patience to wait for them. Edmund put his hand into his holster and produced a sandwich, which he gave me. I said to him, “There is the rascal that fired the shot that hit me,” pointing to a Frenchman some distance in our front. He put spurs to his horse and went at best speed after him, and soon came up to him; the Frenchman in the mean time had time to reload. As Edmund came up to him he turned round and fired his musket in his face. Edmund rode leisurely back to me and said, “That fellow will never fire at you again.” He had cut him down; but he said, “Look here,” the whole of the front of his cocked hat which the staff wore in those days, fore and aft, was blown off and singed with the powder of the Frenchman’s musket,—a close

shave rather. We continued to advance, and passing by the rows of French huts which were built in regular line, I went into one of them from curiosity. I had a pair of white Russian ducks on, and when I came out of the hut I looked down and saw the lower part of my ducks perfectly black. They were covered with fleas, with which the huts abounded. We proceeded in our advance until we arrived at a sort of *tête-de-pont*. The bridge, however, was blown up, and the French army, with several pieces of artillery, was on the other side. This was the bridge of Cambo, so well known to many of our officers. A sort of cannonade was kept up from both sides until the evening closed in, and we of course halted for the night, and tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and await the events of the coming day with as much patience as we could command. Amongst those who fell, killed, and were wounded of my acquaintance on this eventful morning, besides Girdlestone's severe wound, Major Acland of the 57th, or old "Die Hards," who had lately been attached to our light companies, died a soldier's death. He was greatly lamented. The next morning at dawn we were all on the alert; with a swollen river in our front (the Nive), the remains of the blown-up bridge upon it, a very deep ford just above the broken bridge, and a French army on the other side, it looked as if we should have something very sharp. We knew that our artillery could keep clear a certain distance from the bridge and the banks of the river, and we advanced with the usual confidence of British soldiers. When we came up to the river it looked formidable enough; a strong stream running, and we did not exactly know the depth of the ford. Mine was the leading company. My general, Byng, desired me to wade before the company descended into it, to prove its depth. I of course obeyed his orders, and found that it took me up to the hips, and thanked my stars when I reached the other side without a volley from our opposite friends, which I fully expected, or even a cannon shot thrown at us. The fact was the French had retreated. My company, with their pouches over their knapsacks, to "keep their powder dry," followed by threes, their arms linked for mutual support, and soon stood by my side. The rest of the division quickly followed, but it was remarkable how much the resistance of so many men in the water increased its force and raised its height, so that they were all pretty well soused, some carried away by the stream, especially the Portuguese, who do not appear to be good waders, and I even saw a dragoon, horse and all, carried down by the torrent, and I conclude they were drowned, though we did not wait to see the result. Being the first to cross, I believe I suffered less from the ducking than the rest of the brigade, and I know on rather a cold day I took a long time to dry, but felt myself considerably warmer from our rapid march; and when we arrived at the pretty village of Vieux Monguerre I shortly afterwards saw some magnificent hogs slaughtered, the hair burnt or singed off by straw fires, and served out to us for rations. I thought I had never eaten such



delicious pork-chops in my life before. We were now close to the celebrated fortress of Bayonne, just out of the reach of the guns, and I shall later have to relate what fighting happened in and about that town, caused by the repeated gallant though unsuccessful sorties made by Marshal Soult on the left and afterwards on the right flank of the British army.

We got into rather comfortable quarters at Vieux Monguerre; at all events we had a roof over our heads, a desirable substitute for our old tents on the mountains, of which we had become tired. Sir John Byng established himself in a very good house at the Bayonne extremity of the town, belonging probably to the lord or squire of the village, and Sir Rowland Hill occupied a tolerably good house in the village, where he also put up his pack of hounds. Our little mess was placed on the best footing possible, and one of the deserters who joined our regiment in the Pyrenees became our messman, and, considering his knowledge of the country and French customs, it was judicious our appointing him. We had not many duties to interfere with our amusements, which were chiefly shooting-parties, though we were not rewarded with any great amount of game. I generally carried my gun on my shoulder in case of a chance shot. The most unpleasant part of our duty was the standing-to-arms an hour before daylight and remaining there till we could see a grey horse a mile off. We had also unpleasant night pickets on the bank of the river Adour on our right, by which river provisions, &c. were conveyed into Bayonne in boats; these always moved at night with muffled oars, and our duty was to fire into them as they passed, if we could find out in what direction to take our aim; but we could seldom ascertain whether our fire had produced effect, the river was wide and rapid and the nights were very dark. We had also another unpleasant duty, which was the outlying pickets about a mile from the town in the direction of Bayonne, and of course kept up communication with those in the rear, in case of any alarm from the front. Nearly a month passed away very speedily, and the middle of December was reached, during which period the French Marshal Soult was indefatigable in reorganizing the remains of the French army, raising recruits and reinforcements in every possible way. The British army was cut in two by a considerable river, the Nive. Lord Wellington's left rested on the sea, his right upon the above-named river. Lord Hill's corps and another division lay between two rivers, the Nive and Adour: the right, being our brigade, was protected by the river I have before designated, the Adour. Here was a fine opportunity for Soult attacking our army in detail, which he was not long in availing himself of. He moved the right of his army through Bayonne, and commenced a furious assault on the British left, but after a severe conflict the French were defeated. We could plainly hear the guns and the firing during this action. But though Soult was defeated, he did not despair. On the night of the 12th December I was in command of the most advanced outlying

picket, not very far from the walls of Bayonne. I was very much on the alert, as I felt I was in a responsible position, and took no rest that night, for I heard a rumbling noise going on during the whole period, from the movement, it appeared to me, of guns and waggons through the strongly-fortified town. So convinced was I that there was something in the wind, that I sent my corporal to say what I had observed and heard, and to communicate the intelligence at the proper quarter in the rear. Nor was I mistaken, the Marshal had moved nearly the whole of his army through Bayonne in the night, and the first ray of light in the morning assured me that an attack was meditated. Shortly after daylight our pickets were called in, and very shortly afterwards a tremendous attack was made on our portion of the army, and never did that army distinguish itself more than repelling so gloriously this assault. The French came on in heavy column; Sir John Byng had moved his brigade to the left, leaving the light companies and some other troops to defend that part of the position in front of Vieux Monguerre. We had some very sharp practice, and, overwhelmed with numbers, were driven through the greater part of the village. Sir John Byng's brigade stood the brunt of this part of the action and highly distinguished itself, particularly by a charge they made on the heavy attacking columns, when he took the king's colour out of the hands of Elwyn who carried it, and headed the charge, for which he has now the colour of the 31st in his armorial bearings and the words "Vieux Monguerre," as supporters two soldiers of the grenadier company of the 31st. Poor Elwyn, who was a very sensitive man, felt this very much, and, as I heard, shed tears, for I was to the right; it would have been my duty to have carried the king's colour as junior lieutenant, had I not been detached with my own light company. Elwyn, who, as I have already said, was a very high-minded and accomplished officer, as brave and bold as a lion, felt it was a sort of slur on his courage, but no other officer or soldier in the brigade had any other opinion of him than that he was everything a soldier ought to be. I am very glad to have this opportunity of speaking of him, though in after-life I never met him, and as he was of rather a delicate constitution, he probably did not live very long; and if he has departed this life, which is only too probable, his friends may not object to the liberty I have taken of sounding his praise. While our brigade was so warmly engaged with the enemy, Colonel Ross's troop of horse artillery arrived at a most opportune moment; nothing could exceed the gallant style in which they went into action; the celerity of their movement, the admirably well-directed fire which they threw into the French column contributed in a great degree to the signal victory we obtained. The French were now again defeated, and retired in the best order they could under the walls of Bayonne. We advanced until our skirmishers were almost mixed together. My little light company occupied a grove of tall elm-trees, which were some protection, for not only musketry, but shot and shell were crashing

through the trees over and about us. I found that my men had exhausted all their ammunition. I went up to Major Cameron, of the Buffs, who commanded us, to tell him so, and that I saw French soldiers in the wood close to us, and what were we to do? "Give them the bayonet if they come on," said the major; "Very well, sir," said I, and returned to my company. At the foot of the tree I was standing by, I saw one of my company lying on his back; I stood over him, and saw him raise his arm, and put his hand to the back of his head; he did this several times, but I saw at once it was all over with him, a musket-ball having entered his forehead and come out at the back, a fearful wound. I then recognized that it was the body of poor McMulty, a man from the county of Sligo, but not one of my original volunteers. I felt very sorry for the poor fellow, he was as brave a soldier as ever walked, and had been all through the war. The only difficulty in action was to restrain him, for he was always pushing himself into danger, and when, on one occasion, I remonstrated with him, and told him he would be surely shot, "Oh, sir," he said, "they will never kill me until I have my pockets full of Frenchmen's gold." A prophecy which was nearly accomplished, for he showed me a watch which he got from a dead Frenchman at Vittoria, and I believe he also got some doubloons, which he did not acknowledge. His great fault was that it was very hard to keep him in order in quarters, he was a very determined fellow, and could not resist the temptation of rum, or still greater, of what is called loot. I was, however, sorry to lose such a man from my now sadly diminished company. Very shortly before this action, a day or two only, a youth joined the Buffs, just sent out from England. I cannot resist mentioning his name, for, though our acquaintance was short, I took a great fancy to him—his name was Blake. I think he came from Norfolk, and when he joined he was appointed to a vacancy in the light company of that gallant old corps, the Buffs. He was very tall, remarkably handsome, well dressed, and evidently a gentleman every inch of him. What was my dismay to see him also stretched on his back in the same wood. I went up to him, and found a cannon-shot had passed through both his thighs. He was carried into Vieux Montguerre, and amputation was performed by a surgeon of his regiment that night, which he bore like a hero; and I heard that he recovered from his very severe wound, and though he lived some time after I never saw him again, save once when I went in to ask him how he was after his amputation. I cannot say how much I felt for this poor young gentleman. Night brought the action to a close. We returned into our old quarters, and refreshed ourselves as we could after this hard day, and waited impatiently the English newspapers, with Lord Wellington's despatch, giving an account of these actions.



## PAUL MAXWELL'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER IX.

ON the eve of his auspicious marriage our hero had been naturally anxious about his future appointment. We believe most young Methodist preachers are pretty much exercised in mind on that subject in the immediate presence of that important crisis in their career. They have wooed and won the affections and devotion of, generally speaking, young ladies belonging to the better sort of Methodist families. Whatever practical and calculating parents may be inclined to feel and say in reference to their daughters entering upon an itinerant, wandering, and, as they think, a homeless career, there can be no doubt that a young, unmarried preacher, eloquently discoursing to an admiring and responsive audience, holds a position extremely fascinating to their youthful daughters. And it is but natural, under all circumstances, that the young man should desire to gratify the young lady's ideal of things, and to take his confiding and hopeful bride, when he shall possess her, to a circuit and home somewhat commensurate with their expectations and mutual deserts.

That Paul Maxwell had a feeling of this kind is evident enough. He was about to marry a young lady who to her personal charms added piety, education, social status, and money; and withal it was an affair of true love. We believe it was admitted, among the well-informed, that, of all the marriages of that year, of about sixty newly-ordained ministers, in a social and temporal sense, Paul Maxwell's was the best; whilst in every other respect nobody could deny the eminent qualifications of Miss Jewell to be a preacher's wife.

Under these circumstances Paul hoped his case would be duly considered in the Conference, and that there would be accorded him a good and suitable appointment, to which he could take his wife from her pleasant home and surroundings with a good heart and countenance.

The Conference was that year held in the city of Bristol; and of course during its sittings, where Paul was present to be ordained, he had frequent private interviews upon the subject with his *representative*.

The "representative" is a great man in Methodism. He is the functionary nominated by the Conference, and formally delegated

by the ministers of his district to look after their interests generally, but more especially in the "Stationing Committee," where the destiny of every man is arranged and fixed. These men are generally the *nominees* of the ruling centre in conference, and that nomination is, as a matter of course, supported by the great majority of preachers there assembled. Thus, by placing friends and sympathizers in these offices, the whole machinery of Methodism may be manipulated with the greatest ease and simplicity, for any and every purpose conceived to be necessary or expedient.

Paul once told me, after years of experience, that he never knew more than one or two thoroughly independent chairmen of districts—that is, "representatives"—who dared act without regard to the *central* dictation. It is therefore obvious that, whatever is thought or designed of a man at the centre, must, as a rule, take effect; and that a man's career under this system is completely out of his own power or belief. That year Paul Maxwell's was one of the weakest and most shifty of all the representatives. The young man had felt pained and annoyed, after several interviews with him, at his vexatious dulness of comprehension as to his urgent requirements, upon which he himself felt so keenly, and that, too, after having been enjoined,—“Tell me frankly and fully, Mr. Maxwell, what you wish me to do for you.”

“Now, Mr. Maxwell, what do you wish? What do you say to this circuit—that is, you know, if I can get it for you?” putting his finger on the name as it stood in the provisional list of stations.

The place was not agreeable to Paul's ideas, and, moreover, it was found to be an unmarried preacher's place.

“And you know, sir,” said Mr. Maxwell, “I am about to marry.”

“Oh, yes—yes—I understand”—eyeing Paul steadily—“yes, yes,—well—hem! Of course, then, you will require a house?”

“Certainly, if it be furnished and suitable:” and here Max explained whom he was about to marry, thinking it might add force to his claim for consideration—a good circuit and house.

“Yes, I see, Mr. Maxwell, it is a *sine qua non* that you have a house.”

“Why, sir, you see, I would not like to take my wife into furnished apartments if I could help it.”

“Certainly not; I will see what can be done. Houses, I know, are scarce just now with us; but I dare say I can find you one.”

The official hastened away, and Paul stood looking him out of sight, anxiously, until he vanished through the chapel aisle into the Stationing Committee-room.

“Confound it!” he said to himself; “I hope he understands me and will be true.” But it was evident Paul had his doubts, and, as he afterwards told me, “he could not help an instinctive feeling of distrust in the man.”

In that year there were a number of sons, nephews, or other rela-

tives of principal men in the Conference, all marrying and to be provided for. To Paul Maxwell it was galling and mortifying in the extreme to see these readily dropped into all the eligible posts opening, and himself and prospective wife suspended in doubt and jeopardy as to where they might fall at last.

"I stood," he said, "in the aisle in the midst of a dense crowd of brethren, pressing towards the platform, whence spake the oracles of destiny. It was a stormy scene. There was evidently something to be gained and something to be lost. Men were pallid, anxious, clamorous. One disputed excitedly the propriety of his appointment, and implored a change. Another asked that, for the sake of his afflicted wife, and for his children's sake, the Conference would send him to a given part, which he said had been pointed out by his medical man."

The only place of opening, however, had been already filled up for the special benefit of one who had a friend at court.

"Pass on! pass on!" exclaimed a dogmatic voice from the platform; and the Conference passed on and left the brother to his disappointment and sorrows.

Then a minister who had been put down for a circuit, where the stipend and the house were both too little by one half to enable him to live with decency with a wife and family of eight children, fell into a passion of trouble and despair. After a long and piteous wail—which Paul declared went to his very heart, and almost made him weep as he stood—in which he asked the Conference if they *would* send him to the place, to vote him an extra allowance from the Contingent Fund to meet the emergency, he was sternly put down by the platform, and told that they could not "sell their circuits, or offer a premium to any one for taking them." Nevertheless, it was well known that that had been done a hundred times.

Then came under review an appointment evidently made as a favour at the instigation of a potent relative; but in the interim the name had been objected to by the circuit concerned. The *representative*, when the name was read out, said with some embarrassment, "Mr. President, I must beg you to pause there." A thrill of curiosity instantly ran through the entire body of the Conference, and mobilized it into silence, amid which a pin might have been heard to fall.

"I regret," continued the speaker, "to have to urge in open conference the objection it was my duty to make in the Stationing Committee. I have received further communications from the stewards of that circuit; and as I entered the Conference this morning, a telegram was placed in my hands, the wording of which I will not read unless, Mr. President, you wish me. I only observe that, if I cannot telegraph to them after this sitting to say that their request is complied with, they announce their intention of being on the spot to-morrow for the purpose of appealing personally against the arrangement."

For several moments there was silence. The President glanced



round to the brother who was the author of the appointment, as much as to say, "You see the state of things: what is to be done?" Then turning to the objecting brother—"Well, Brother Brailsover, what have you to propose?"

"Well, sir, I propose that Brother Tomkins go to Manchester, Brother Namtyre to City Road, and Brother Taber to —— well, I really have not consulted with my brother representing that district. I must leave it with the Conference."

All this time the platform genius, whose *protégé* was in question, was busying his brain for a solution of the problem. At length he had got it. He had noticed a brother down for a superior London circuit, who, he recollected, was there by no special arrangement, but as by accident in the first "draft." The appointment was very acceptable to the circuit interested, and it had formally expressed its concurrence. But, notwithstanding, he advanced to the front of the platform and coolly said, "I think I have a proposition that may meet the case: Brother Taber to London, Brother Namtyre to Manchester, Brother Tomkins to Bodmin, and Brother Bloomsbury to the vacancy at St. Ives."

It was a proposition to which there was nobody there to object; for Brother Tomkins, who was thus hurled from London to Bodmin, was not at the Conference, and his representative was indifferent. So the thing was settled, and poor Brother Tomkins, who was at that moment comforting himself at home with, to him then, the certain prospect of a spell in the great world-city, with the enjoyment of all its incidental and social advantages, was left to a sudden and cruel disappointment, at such time as he may receive the final and confirmed list of stations; whilst Brother Taber, who had been kicked out by the Manchester flock, found himself, through the good fortune of having a relative in power, kicked up-stairs rather than down.

Amidst the excitement Paul's own representative failed to do him any good, if ever he intended it, and, weary and revolted with the whole scene, Max left the Conference that night and hied away northward to take to himself the best thing that God ever gave him in this world—a good, faithful, and devoted wife.

## CHAPTER X.

AFTER a brief honeymoon Maxwell and his bride repaired to the circuit and house the Conference had appointed them. One warm and quiet evening in September, after a quick run by rail from town, and a pleasant journey among the hills of Dorset on the top of a stage-coach, the young couple arrived at their destination,—a small, ancient town, imbedded in rural scenes. The declining sun, gilding a glorious expanse of foliage on the hill-sides and in the valleys, and the delicious smell of ripe orchards and gardens, elicited admiring utterances from the London pleasure-seekers, two or three

little knots of whom were journeying for a holiday to the far west. In about the centre of the little town, in the midst of a crowded graveyard, and overlooking a nest of pleasant houses and tiny shopkeepers, was an old grey stone church, with a notable square Gothic tower. Near it the coach drew up; and just round the corner, hidden in an obscure nook, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell found the Methodist chapel, and preacher's house adjoining.

The house and first experiences therein Paul thus describes:—“An old roomy, family house, with broad hollow-sounding passages; some of the rooms empty, and the others most scantily furnished with old, unsightly, worthless articles. There are colonies of rats and mice, which, by strange noises through the empty rooms and sounding passages at night, have much to answer for robbing us of precious sleep. There is a cabbage-garden at the back, but desolation reigns both within and without. Such is the house that my most solicitous representative ‘did all in his power’ at the Conference to obtain for us! The shadow of Connexional poverty is on every thing. The ‘agitation’ has destroyed us here, and has left us nothing but weakness and misery. The dissenting minister of the town is adverse. He lent his chapel to the ‘Reformers,’ and took the chair at their meeting; declaimed against the Conference as a ‘despotism’ worse than the Papacy, and told the people they would not ‘do their duty either to God or man’ if they did not ‘button up their pockets,’ stop the supplies, and ‘bring the despots to their bearings.’ Such language, with much besides, had its effects. The people simply took the advice, and the Methodist preacher is left to live as best he can. The Vicar, a young Tractarian, who appears to be happily situated, looks out from his snug parsonage upon us with interest, and I believe, from the few words I have had with him, with sympathy and commiseration. We have not unpacked our luggage, and, what is more, we do not intend doing so beyond what is strictly necessary. One year of this will suffice. Clara is bent on making me happy under difficulties and unpleasantnesses; and, I believe, has completely won the affections and best wishes of the few poor people who still remain in the old ship, and all who make her acquaintance. I witness her kind and genial manner towards them all with loving admiration.”

The dull and anxious monotony of this year Paul and his wife contrived to modify with little outings in the adjacent country, and especially to the sea-side, which was reached in four or five miles from their door; and whatever else might have happened through that year's term of trying service, Mrs. Maxwell took in a stock of health which told upon her generally delicate frame for some time after.

The following three years found my friends located in a rich agricultural district, embracing parts of the two counties of Lincoln and York. Here the itinerant scene completely changed; Methodism was strong, the people more wealthy and numerous, and withal more liberal. The season of agitation had been tided

over. The ministerial work, however, was laborious, and not unattended with danger. Very long and frequent night-drives, in all weathers, through narrow roads running between deep unprotected dykes, or through lonely woods. Paul was never an accomplished Jehu. He could do well enough with a quiet animal, but it was cruel to entrust him with a spirited one. But so it happened on one occasion; the horse grew restive, backed, and threw gig, driver, and its struggling self into one of the Lincolnshire dykes, Paul having a miraculous escape with his life. The incident made him nervous for months after in driving along those dark and perilous ways. However, the three years were passed in tolerable domestic and social comfort; and much interest was added to this period by the birth of two fine little daughters within a year and a half of each other.

In referring to this term, Paul frequently spoke in correspondence of the hearty friendliness of the people; the love of good cheer which he found among them, and especially among the rich farmers and cattle-traders of those parts, whom he described as living like princes, not only growing their own beef, poultry, and pork, but enjoying a right of shooting over their farms, and keeping themselves well supplied with game in the season. They "enact wonders in bargaining at the great markets and fairs of the counties, where they regularly congregate to convert the products of their farms into gold and crisp bank-notes. Returning under the exciting effects of business and that conviviality which the Northern farmers are wont to connect with it, they are nevertheless seen at the week-night service in the village chapel, the erection of which is perhaps mainly due to their zeal, leading their neighbours and labourers in singing and prayer, and giving an example of earnest attention to the itinerant's sermon." Paul thought highly of this people, who, he said, "had discovered how to make the best of both worlds better than any people he had ever yet met with."

The inevitable change, however, came: the triennial period terminated; and Paul Maxwell and wife itinerated still farther North, in a circuit divided between Yorkshire and Durham. Here trials appear to have commenced in earnest. The winter was the severest known for a quarter of a century, the house accommodation poor and inadequate, the work heavy. "On Christmas-day," wrote Paul, "I drove twenty miles; preached three times; and as I drove along the iron roads, icicles hung thickly from the nostrils of the horse, and despite every effort, and two pairs of thick gloves, my hands were dead with cold, and I almost dreaded turning into a pillar of ice." During those hours most Englishmen were gathered in festive mood around the blazing hearth; but the Methodist itinerant was plying his arduous task amid the rigours of almost an Arctic winter. Sickness visited his home. One loved child was buried out of sight, and left to rest in distant isolation from those who held her dear. Mrs. Maxwell's health broke down; and, hard to say, Paul was unfortunately linked with a mean-spirited



and envious colleague, who, although a loud professor of "*perfect love*," was destitute of the slightest sympathy, and appeared even to take pleasure in annoyance and persecution. Among other offences, with perverted and malicious wit, he sought to worry Paul, and detract from his fair fame, by publishing in a local newspaper false and scurrilous advertisements. At this point Paul, on public grounds, closed with his adversary, and convened a court to try him upon the charge, according to provisions of Methodist law. The offence was proved by the Editor of the journal in question beyond the possibility of doubt. The man, however, appears to have had friends at court, and was leniently dealt with. He was simply rebuked, and that very tenderly, from the chair, and ordered, in the presence of his assembled brethren, to make an apology to the complainant. This was done and was accepted, and there the matter might have ended; but it would appear, smarting from the humiliation, the offender subsequently wrote insulting letters to Maxwell, in which he virtually revoked the *amende honorable* he had tendered. These Paul forwarded to the Conference, requesting that they might be looked at; but that body did not interfere, except to manifest displeasure at Paul having brought the matter to their attention; and, to show their appreciation of the offender, placed in his hands an important circuit, improving his position, and entrusting to his care the interests of thousands of souls.

Such are some of the anomalies which occur in the administration of close bodies, where, in consideration of narrow private interests, the sense of moral propriety is but too apt to be blunted. Paul's mind was deeply affected with this affair. He wrote, "If it were simply a matter of letting a sinning brother off with as light a punishment as may be, I am prepared for that; but to resent one's prosecuting so gross an offender, proved guilty of an act punishable under the criminal law of the land, and to reward him with a better place, argues such a lapse of disciplinary morality in our chief court, the existence of so reckless a favouritism or nepotism, that my very faith in Methodism trembles. When a minister jeopardizes his own interests by bringing to light a dark and cowardly act of immorality, what hope can there be for an honest and faithful man?"

Let no one suppose that by telling such things religion is dishonoured; it is to the honour of religion that they be told. For it is against all the recognized principles of religion and good government, whether in Church or State, that a convicted offender should not only through misplaced leniency escape with a mere nominal punishment, but even be favoured and advanced as a salve to his wounded feelings; whilst withal the person he has injured, for the mere accident of having to discover him, should be exposed to official resentment and all the possible troubles that may result.

## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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Jan. 31st.—At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., aged 70, the well-known Free Church clergyman of Edinburgh. Dr. Guthrie was educated at the Edinburgh University, and was first licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Brechin; but before entering on the ministry he adopted a somewhat unusual, though advantageous course of study for a clergyman, by going to Paris for the purpose of attending the hospitals there, and learning something of physic and surgery. This he did with the view of being able to give advice and assistance to the sick poor with whom his pastoral duties would bring him into contact. Subsequently, for six or seven years, Dr. Guthrie was minister of Arbilot, in Forfarshire, from which cure, about the year 1836, he was translated to the church of the Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, where his preaching soon attracted much attention, and led to his attainment of considerable celebrity. In 1843 Dr. Guthrie threw himself ardently into the Free Church movement; and he was one of the leaders of that great secession, in which some 400 ministers resigned their livings in the Established Church, and went out from kirk and manse to found their Church anew on the basis of freedom and self-government. Dr. Guthrie was also an enthusiastic leader in all social improvements; he may be said to have been the founder of the first Ragged School in the kingdom, his fervent appeals towards the gathering-in and teaching the young street Arabs of Edinburgh having led to the foundation of the "Ragged Schools" in that city, and eventually to the establishment of similar schools in all the great towns of the kingdom. As an author, Dr. Guthrie was well known by his publication of various volumes of sermons, &c.; he was also the editor of the "Sunday Magazine."

Feb. 26th.—Sir William Fry Channell, one of the Barons of the Exchequer. He had only recently retired from the Bench. The late Baron Channell was called to the Bar in 1827, and became a Serjeant-at-Law in 1840, and in 1857 succeeded Baron Alderson as one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

March 1st.—At Ilfracombe, Sir John Lethbridge, third Bart., of Sandhill Park, Somersetshire, aged 75. The Baronetcy was first conferred on John Lethbridge, Esq., of Westaway House, Devonshire, 1804. The family is of great antiquity, claiming descent from Lothbrock, the Dane.

March 2nd.—At Spains Hall, Ongar, Essex, Stanes Brockett Brockett, Esq., Senior Bencher of the Middle Temple, aged 91. He was called to the Bar in 1812. Mr. Brockett served as High Sheriff for Essex in 1844.

March 6th.—At Bournemouth, the Right Hon. H. T. Corry, M.P., aged 70. He was the First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Disraeli's Government from 1867 to 1868. Mr. Corry was the second son of the second Earl of Belmore, and was first elected for Tyrone in 1826, and continued to represent the county uninterruptedly until the day of his death.

March 7th.—At Ossington, Newark, the Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, first Viscount Ossington, aged 73. He was well known as the late Speaker of the House of Commons, having been elected to the Chair by a unanimous vote of the House in 1857. After fifteen years' service he was raised to the Peerage, on his relinquishing the Chair in February, 1872. The late Lord Ossington first entered Parliament in 1823 as Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme. He subsequently sat for Hastings, Liverpool, Notts, Maldon, and the northern division of Nottinghamshire. Mr. Canning made him one of the Lords of the Admiralty when he formed his Administration, which was the only official position he held previous to his election to the Speaker's Chair. Lord Ossington married Lady Charlotte, third daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland, but leaves no issue, so that the Peerage becomes extinct.

March 8th.—Sir Frederick Madden, late Keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum, aged 73. As Keeper of his department in the Museum, and as an author and editor, Sir Frederick Madden led a laborious life, and the MSS. department was considerably enlarged during his administration by the purchase of numerous rare and valuable works. The list of his own published works is very voluminous, and it is understood that he has bequeathed to the Bodleian Library boxes of MSS. which are not to be opened until the year 1920.

March 9th.—At Addlestone, Charles Knight, the well-known writer and publisher, aged 82. He was born at Windsor, in which town his father was a bookseller in the days when George III. was king, and a story is related that the king, who was accustomed to stroll into Mr. Knight's shop, and sit and read there, on one occasion, to the horror of old Knight, took up the "Rights of Man," then just published, and plunged deeply for a good half-hour into the contents. His London life began in 1824. It is said he came to town by the "waggon"—rather an odd conveyance, according to our advanced ideas, for a Windsor bookseller to choose for a run to the Metropolis; and according to his autobiography he "first settled as a publisher in a newly-built house in Pall Mall East, the next house to the College of Physicians;" and from that



date until 1864 he worked zealously as a publisher, editor, journalist, and historian. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the publication of the "Penny Cyclopædia," on which he spent for literature and engravings the large sum of 42,000*l.*, and in producing which he had to pay to the Excise no less a sum than 16,500*l.*—"Taxes on Knowledge"—an abuse of the past; but, as a contemporary remarks, "it seems scarcely credible that the producers of the soundest and most beneficial literature, were only a few years since subject to such exactions; and it is even more wonderful that, in the face of so extortionate a law, a man could be found brave and hopeful enough to begin and finish such a work." His "Popular History of England" and "Illustrated Shakspeare" were also important works. He was buried in the parish church of Windsor, his native town, in the grave of the Knight family, which is one that has been long and honourably associated with the ancient Royal Borough.

## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS-CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

### CHAPTER LXXIII.

LORD ELLERTON, in the hands of his valet the night of the Hope-town dinner-party, thought over Sir Gregory's tipsy revelations about Mr. Poland standing for Mainshire; and, travelling to London in the train the day following, he was still thinking out the same subject. If Hugh went up for the borough with only Lord William Saunders against him he would be pretty safe. Lord William would be an unsubstantial antagonist, a man of straw, the third soon of a poor duke. Hugh was a poor man too, but he had a rich uncle at his back, who would carry with him the weight of money and the weight of strong county interest, part of whose strength would, in the ordinary course of events, be made up of the Cravenscroft tenantry.

Mr. Craven was a staunch friend and a staunch Conservative. Mr. Poland, on the other hand, would be a staunch Radical and a staunch enemy: an enemy, because he wanted the borough for himself; a Radical, because such men adopt Radicalism to howl themselves into notice.

The fellow was ambitious, jaunty, self-contained—a man of the present day, as Sir Gregory described him; and Lord Ellerton, looking at Poland by the light of the slight knowledge he acquired of him during his stay in Mainshire, felt constrained to admit he was a man to be afraid of. Poland, with the Cravenscroft tenantry at his back; Poland, a man of account, likely to be a large employer, and very certainly a large landholder, was an opponent not to be despised; therefore, looking at him coolly from every point of view, Lord Ellerton wished Mr. Poland could be got rid of; but, then, how was it possible to get rid of him?

And with that difficult question Lord Ellerton was still busy when his train reached the Waterloo Station.

He had telegraphed from Middleton before he started, and a carriage was waiting for him, with Lady Charlotte inside.

"Jane and her aunt had gone to a morning concert," she told him, as they drove over to Grosvenor Square, "and Hugh was better, much better than when he (Lord Ellerton) had left town. He told her to-day the only wish he had was to get away to

Middleton. If he could get away to Middleton he would be all right."

"He shall go to Middleton if he likes," Lord Ellerton assented, readily. "I'll go back with him myself, and you and Jane can remain here if you choose."

"I fancy Jane would like to go too," Lady Charlotte answered.

"Then I suppose we shall all go, unless you elect to stay behind."

"I would not stay in town with my aunt."

Lord Ellerton laughed slightly, and then leaned back in the carriage thinking.

In the drawing-room at Grosvenor Square he took up the Middleton subject again.

"I suppose I may tell Hugh you mentioned what he said about Middleton, Charlotte?"

"Oh yes, papa, it was no secret; I think he intended me to write to you about it."

Lord Ellerton looked surprised.

"Why, I thought Jane was always his interpreter. Have they been quarrelling?"

"Not at all, but Jane does not like Middleton."

"Ah, I see, Jane would have wished him to go to Ferndale, whereas Hugh, with the perversity of illness, prefers Middleton."

"He has been getting quite feverish about it for the past two days," Lady Charlotte said, taking off her gloves, "quite feverish, so that I cannot tell you how glad I am you are come. I did not like to tell Jane about it, because I thought, even if we decided to go with him, the break-up before the season was quite over would not only disappoint her, but it would put my aunt out dreadfully."

"Jane must not make it up to her by bringing her down with us," Lord Ellerton said resolutely; "we would not get rid of her before Christmas."

Lady Charlotte smiled, while Lord Ellerton drew nearer the table where she stood.

"I am going up to have a talk with Hugh, Charlotte." He paused, and stood looking at her a moment, then he asked abruptly, "What do you think of Hugh and Jane?"

Lady Charlotte coloured.

"I really do not know," she said.

"It is time Hugh settled down and married," he observed interrogatively.

"Yes, quite time, I think," Lady Charlotte assented.

"Well, it would be a good thing for Jane," Lord Ellerton said, going on with the subject leisurely.

"Hugh's tastes have been very unstable, very variable," Lady Charlotte answered, looking down at the table.

"But he must settle down some time. The best thing to be done with a man like Hugh is to get him a wife and something to do, the army is no employment."



Lady Charlotte drew the gloves she had taken off slowly through her hands.

"I doubt if Hugh wants to marry; but if he does, I am afraid it is not Jane," she said, lifting her eyes to her father's face with a flush on her cheek which killed its sallowness.

Lord Ellerton's face gathered a frown.

"If that's the case, I don't know who to blame, Hugh, or your aunt, or myself, for not seeing to this before."

"I would not for worlds let Jane think—" Lady Charlotte began, but her father interrupted her.

"That you said a word to me, certainly not. What hour do you expect her back?"

"Half-past five."

"Well, it's almost five now," Lord Ellerton said, glancing at his watch, "I shall go up to Hugh at once, and see what he is made of. I must know where I stand, and the position this troublesome boy means us to hold to each other, before I put my hand to the election plough," Lord Ellerton determined as he reached the door of Hugh's sitting-room. "All alone, eh?" he said, entering. "Well, Hugh, how have you been since I left town?"

Ellerton half raised himself on his sofa, and held out his hand. He looked ill and worn. His always white hands were almost transparent, and his eyes had a languid brilliance in them, as though he were half sleepy, half tired. This was surely not the false lover Maud Craven pictured to herself, vowing vows to Jane Ellerton, sheltering his poverty behind his cousin's wealth.

Maud had heard correctly when she heard Hugh Ellerton was in Grosvenor Square. Lady Jane had told her so much that was true, but she had told no more. Her falsehoods did not lie entirely in telling that which was not the case, but in repressing that which was. She did not tell her Hugh did not know she was in London, and was too ill to have gone to her even if he did. She did not tell her, her name had been always on his lips in the delirium of his fever, in the long night-watches when only she and his nurse were by to hear, until she had knelt at his bedside, and buried her face and stopped her ears, to shut out the unwelcome sound.

"I feel a hundred degrees better this week," Ellerton said, rousing himself up to talk. "I'd be about again in no time if I could get down to Middleton.

"Charlotte mentioned it to me awhile ago, and I think it's the very thing for you."

Hugh's face brightened.

"When can I go?" he asked.

"We shall talk about that presently," Lord Ellerton answered; then he added, "I suppose you heard about Sir Richard Ayre?"

"Yes, and I was very sorry; how are they all at Ayrefield?"

"As well as we can expect. Ayre is in London on some business connected with the estate, leases or something. He has stepped into a good property, and I suppose he will soon find a new mistress

for it. These young fellows, when they get hold of their estate, think they'll never get a wife half soon enough to help them to spend their money," and he looked keenly at Hugh while he spoke.

"I wonder who she will be?" Hugh speculated. "A nice girl, I dare say; ugly fellows like Ayre always pick up a nice girl."

He was sitting upright on his sofa, looking at his uncle, his pale hands idling with his watch-chain.

"I should not mind if it were Charlotte," Lord Ellerton said candidly. "Ayre is a good fellow, and Ayrefield is not to be despised."

"Who will be the new member, I wonder?" Ellerton asked, evidently not disposed to push the question of George Ayre any farther. This was driving up to the point at once, and Lord Ellerton seized on it.

"They speak of Lord William Saunders, and of Poland—that fellow Poland who admired Mrs. Marchmont. But what would you think of going up yourself? I came to town expressly to talk to you about it."

Hugh's eye brightened again.

"I should like it," he said.

"I knew you'd like it. It gives a man an interest in life to be working for his country," Lord Ellerton declared patriotically, "and all your soldiering is only child's play. There is no war now, and if there was a war I should never wish to have you in it again. Get rid of the army, Hugh, and go into Parliament; after that we shall see what is to be done."

"I should think that would be the climax," Ellerton said, wide awake to his new prospects, and more keenly interested than he had been in anything since his illness.

"No, it's only the beginning; when you are in Parliament you must marry, Hugh. There's no foothold for a man until he has got a good home and a good wife."

"Well, well, let me get my seat first, and the home and all that can come afterwards," Ellerton answered evasively. "But about Mr. Poland; what the deuce right has he to stand for Mainshire?"

"In right of Cravenscroft; he has got his fangs on the place through its mortgages. Now I was thinking—" Lord Ellerton paused, and Hugh sat looking at him silently. "Now I have been thinking," Lord Ellerton went on, "that the security being good, as it undoubtedly is, it would be a capital investment for Jane's money, and at the same time drive Poland out of the county. What do you think?"

Ellerton grasped the back of the sofa with one of his pale hands.

"I do not think it will do," he said.

"Why not? It's better than three per cent. in the funds—why not?" Lord Ellerton pressed.

"She might not like it," Hugh answered, fencing.

He knew himself why not, but he tried to ward off saying it. He felt the hour of explanation coming, and he felt the cordon

with which Lady Jane and Lady Jane's aunt had been surrounding him gathering closer. More than once during his illness and his slow recovery he had seen his uncle's eyes go anxiously from him to Jane, from Jane to him again. More than once he had seen the covert smile of Lady Mary Kynaston following that anxious look.

He had lain for days silent on his sofa, feigning to listen to his cousin reading aloud, while he wished feverish wishes for escape to Middleton and Maud Craven. No one told him that the Cravens were in London, and he had never got Maud's letters telling of their journey or her piteous appeal to his constancy. He had been in raging fever when her later letters touched the shores of Malta, on his way home before her last reached its destination, then in the burning throes of a relapse, then in the long, tedious days of recovery.

He had written to Maud only once since his illness, a long letter penned at intervals, and which he had only finished that day and confided to Graves for posting. He had told Maud he was trying to get away from London, and to expect his advent at Middleton within a week. He had scarcely looked for so ready a consent to his journey when he wrote that letter as his uncle had granted, neither had he looked forward to the complications accompanying it, in the offer of Jane Ellerton's money to free Cravenscroft. Jane Ellerton's money, in any case, he could not touch. She was not a woman who could love a man so utterly as to sacrifice her gold and silver to release the property of a rival from the auctioneer's hammer; Ellerton expected no such highflown sentiment, and he was not the man to accept it, even if she were.

He knew his cousin loved him; she had put no shield of maiden modesty over her likings, and it was pleasant enough to have his vanity humoured by her devotion. But if his uncle chose to take the field in his daughter's behalf—chose to think that she was ill-treated or that she had a sort of equitable right to the coronet he was only presumptive heir to—what would become of him then? Every farthing of income he enjoyed outside his pay, and the interest of a few thousand pounds in the funds, was of his uncle's bounty, and his uncle, angry or unforgiving, might see fit to stop his allowance.

The prospect was not alluring. He was not so sure of falling on his feet to-day as he had been eight or nine months ago. In five minutes from the present time his uncle might be calling him a dishonourable scoundrel, an outrager of hospitality, a violator of the claims of kinship.

They were great big words, and Ellerton hurled them at his own head whilst he leant back on his sofa, and told Lord Ellerton Lady Jane might not like the proposed investment.

"Girls are apt to be jealous about their money," he said.

Lord Ellerton mused.

"Hugh does not want to touch this money," he thought; "wife or no wife, he won't touch it. Well, perhaps he is right."



Lord Ellerton himself had taken a woman's money before now, and suffered for it.

"If Jane objects, or if you object, there is another way," he said slowly. "I have some money in my own power, and I could readily get more. I should not like to see Cravenscroft going to the dogs."

He was thinking of his old friend then, and of Maud Craven. The two faces seemed to come to him framed together. The thin, proud, patrician face of the father; the beautiful young face of the daughter, not looking out softly and tenderly from the shade of its golden hair, but proud, and cold, and defiant—a face whose beauty would first grow hard and then grow dim—a face he fancied he could see by-and-by pinched and shrunken under the bitterness of its fallen pride. Hugh Ellerton leant back thinking, with closed eyes.

"I wish to God it was out!" he said mentally. "I wish I had told him at Middleton before I went to Malta."

That was his error; he saw it now, when its coils were round him and the pleasant excitement of concealment was pleasant no longer.

"I say I should not like to see Cravenscroft going to the dogs, Hugh," Lord Ellerton broke in.

"No, nor should I," Hugh said, opening his eyes again.

"You are tired; are you too tired to talk?"

Hugh raised himself upon the sofa, and put his hands in his pockets.

"No, but I am tired of lying here," he said shortly, very much inclined to be irritable, because he found himself in a difficulty. "I am sick of coddling and nonsense, sick of my aunt's drinks and my aunt's soups."

"A patient is getting pretty well when he can afford to quarrel with his nurses," Lord Ellerton said, thinking of what Lady Charlotte had said in the drawing-room. "Well, never mind; when you get on your feet and give up soldiering we shall find you a wife instead of a nurse."

"I don't mind giving up the army if you don't like it," Hugh said, with the air of a man conceding a point.

"And the wife?"

"Well," Ellerton said, taking his right hand from his pocket and passing it over the silky moustache, which had been one of his strongholds of vanity in his days of health. "Well."

"That 'well' sounds ambiguous, Hugh. Why, man, what the deuce are you shifting for?"

"Because," Ellerton said, taking his stand boldly, "a man may want to marry, and he may not want to marry. He may want to marry if he gets leave to choose as he likes, and he may not want to marry if his friends insist on choosing for him."

Lord Ellerton closed on him at once.

"You have chosen, Hugh. Come, who is it? Out with it like a man."

"Maud Craven," Hugh answered, with leisurely distinctness.

"Maud Craven!" Lord Ellerton repeated in surprise.

"Well, it's all out now," Ellerton thought, "and they can't hang me for it, that's a comfort." Then aloud, "Perhaps I should have told you before, but a fellow—"

"You certainly ought," Lord Ellerton broke in. "Perfect candour prevents misapprehension, and here, I fear, there has been some misapprehension."

Hugh thought the thunder was opening about Lady Jane; but Lord Ellerton was a proud man, and his pride held him back from laying bare his disappointment, even to his nephew.

"I don't like things being done in a corner," he said shortly; then more placably, "This is not one of your foolish fancies, Hugh?"

"Did I ever come to you with a fancy?"

"No, you certainly did not, but I heard of more than one fancy indirectly; however, this time I suppose you are in earnest. Are you engaged?"

Yes, Hugh admitted he was engaged.

The dressing-bell rang out through the house. Ellerton's ear caught the rustle of ladies' dresses on the landing, and Jane Ellerton's hand turned the handle of his door.

"Jane, don't; papa is in there; you must not go in," he heard Lady Charlotte's voice say outside, and the door was shut again.

Lord Ellerton ran his hand through his hair.

"I must take time to think about this," he said, standing up. Then, with his shoulder against the mantelpiece, "Are you aware the Cravens are in town, Hugh?"

"No—where?" Ellerton asked eagerly.

Lord Ellerton told him the address.

"They came up about Poland's business, and have been here these two months."

His lordship ran his hand through his hair again.

"I'll go and dine at my club," he said confidentially to himself; "a man's thoughts grow clear over a club-dinner, and I'd rather not see Jane just yet."

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

LATE in the afternoon of the day following George Ayre's arrival in London he called at the Cravens' lodgings, and sent in his card.

With a look of half-lazy surprise Maud glanced from the servant who carried the card to the open door of the dining-room, on whose threshold George stood.

"I did not know you were in town," she said.

He came over and touched her hand—a little, cold, white hand, which had a chill on it like the chill of early winter.

"How cold your hand is, Maud!"

"I am all cold," she said, with a slight shiver. "I think there is an east wind to-day, the July sun notwithstanding."

That was a crotchet certainly, but George did not combat it.

"You heard from Mab?" he said. "She told you about my poor father?"

A tear rose to her eye, but it did not flow over.

"Oh, George, yes; I have heard twice from her. Was it not awfully sudden?"

What was the matter with her that she could not sympathize more hotly in George's loss? Had she grown so soulless and cold of heart that she could experience no pang except for something which touched herself, such as Cravenscroft or Hugh Ellerton?

She felt very grave as she stood at the table beside George Ayre. She felt it was very awful to see him pay his first visit to her, after their short separation, in sombre black. Her eye fixed itself on the deep mourning band round the hat he held in his hand, yet she could find no warmer expression for his ear than that his father's death was awfully sudden. Then there was a long pause, after Maud had made her little speech about the suddenness, which was broken by George.

"I only came to town last night," he said. "I came up partly to take care of Mab, partly on urgent business."

"Ah, I hate business. Papa came here on business, and it has nearly killed him. I wish you would see papa, George, I am sure he would be glad to see you."

She led him out of the dining-room into the room behind it, where Mr. Craven sat propped by cushions, in a heavy leathern chair.

He was better, much better, he said in answer to George's inquiry. Then, with a kindly grasp on the young man's hand,—

"I am deeply grieved for your loss, George. I intended writing to your mother when the bad news reached us here, but my hand feels out at the pen since I've been ill."

"It was awfully sudden," Maud said again, repeating her first speech for lack of a better.

"Awfully sudden! Yes, he dropped down in the gun-room as if he had been shot, and never spoke a word after they lifted him, until he died," George answered gravely.

"I wanted to go down to the funeral," Mr. Craven said, "only Maud and the doctor would not let me go."

They were seated in a little group, Mr. Craven in the centre, with George Ayre on his right hand and Maud on his left; George bolt upright, his angular figure unbent, his strong right hand spread open, palm downwards, on his knee; Maud drooping and pliant, with her elbow on the arm of her father's chair, her small hand doubled up and laid against her head. They sat thus more than an hour talking of Sir Richard and Lady Ayre, of Mab, and of George himself.

"You stand in your father's shoes now, George, and I hope you'll



stick to the Tory interest," Mr. Craven said, "and not let yourself be led away to join Radicals and sham Reformers."

"I'll stick to the Tories of course," George assented, "as far as voting for a Tory member goes, but for myself I've no political ambition."

"The county would return you for your father's sake, if you chose to go forward. There will be a writ out directly," Mr. Craven answered, nosing after the election like an old hound.

"They were talking about it even before I left. A man is hardly in his grave, until people begin to speculate as to who will fill his place. I met Hope at the terminus when we were coming up, and he told me they were naming two men already, Lord William Saunders, and young Ellerton."

Maud's head drooped; she opened out her hand, and spread her fingers across her eyes.

"I would rather Ellerton got in than Saunders. Saunders is a new man in the county, and Ellerton is one of our old stock," Mr. Craven said.

"I don't care a pin between them," George answered bluntly.

Hugh Ellerton was to marry Lady Jane, and be member for Mainshire, Maud thought, with her face hidden behind the shelter of her hands. Mr. Craven and George went on talking, but Maud heard nothing they said after that. The murmur of their voices went on and on, like sounds heard far away, but the sense of what they said was lost, while she seemed to grow suddenly cold and faint, as if the chill of the east wind she fancied was without made her shiver.

With vivid pain, her mind glanced back to that which had been, the passionate fervour of Ellerton's love, to that which was to be, the hurrahs of an election crowd, the ringing of marriage bells, and sallow-cheeked Jane Ellerton coming out of church, leaning on her cousin's arm.

"Would they have tea or coffee?" Maud roused up at the question. The big, black-faced, gilt-figured clock over the front of Quebec Chapel, was striking eight, and Peters was standing in the room curtsying to George Ayre, such a deep, reverential curtsy as no other man in the world who was not a Craven had ever obtained from Peters.

"Peters, you are just like Graham, as regular as a timepiece," Mr. Craven said approvingly. Then turning to George, "We always have tea or coffee at eight o'clock. Which will you have, George?"

Coffee, George decided.

The coffee came in steaming hot, and smelling fresh and pleasant.

"You see we don't make a stranger of you, Ayre," Mr. Craven said. "Maud and I always take our coffee together here, since I've been ill."

Ayre protested he had no wish to be made a stranger of, and

then he rose up gallantly to hand Mr. Craven his cup, with a slim piece of cake in the saucer.

"I wish that poor child was back in the country; she has become like a ghost since she left Cravenscroft. Don't you think she is like a ghost, Ayre?" Mr. Craven said, appealing to George.

Maud was sitting fiddling with her teaspoon, and staring listlessly into her cup. George did think it was a very wan little face which was looking downwards so disconsolately, yet he spoke cheerfully.

"London air always fades country roses, but they will brighten again by-and-by. And talking of roses, what roses you have at Cravenscroft! I was up there the other day, and the flower-beds in the pleasure-ground were ablaze with them."

Here was a burst for George Ayre, quiet, unobservant George, for whom Maud had imagined the beauty of flowers had no charm.

"Why, George, you are quite an enthusiast," Maud said, with a pale little smile, and with that sentence George had to be content until nine o'clock. At nine o'clock she rose and whispered over his shoulder,—

"Papa always goes to bed at nine, George."

He took the hint instantly by rising to his feet, but when he had risen he lingered.

"I'll see you to-morrow, I suppose?" he said uncertainly. "You won't be out, I dare say?"

This was to Maud or to Mr. Craven, neither of them clearly knew which, but Mr. Craven answered,—

"I shan't be out, at any rate. Mr. Andrews is to be here at twelve on a matter of business; after that I shall be delighted to see you."

George drew his left hand across the back of his chair.

"Perhaps I may drop in in the evening," he said, still in the same uncertain way, this time shooting a side glance at Maud; but Maud's head was turned away, and she made no response.

"Ay, the evening is the best time, and you will be sure to catch Maud. She is going over to see Mab in the morning, and I suppose she will not let her away until late."

Then they shook hands, and said good-night, and in a minute after George found himself back in the dining-room with Maud Craven.

There was no light in the room, save the yellow light of the moon, and the glimmering street-lamp. Maud walked over to the window and looked out.

"What a lovely moon!" she said.

The remark was the veriest commonplace; any bread-and-butter school-girl could have raked up a more telling sentence; but George Ayre met it by complete silence—a silence which made Maud turn and look at him curiously.

She remembered it all afterwards. She remembered the expres-

sion of George's face in the moonlight, half abashed, half eager, and she remembered wishing he would go home.

Maud did not care for the clumsy admiration of such clumsy natures as George Ayre. He did not come up to her notion of a lover. He was ugly, and angular, and stupid, but then he was good—yes, she dared say he was very good. Peters held to his virtues, and chronicled his excellencies, with her eye on the Ayre-field rent-roll, like a very worldly Peters as she was; but to Maud, Ayrefield, even when she was free-hearted, had never made George Ayre palatable.

If he could only look different, if he did not get so dreadfully red in the face, and grow so awkwardly embarrassed, when he should be self-possessed, she would like him a great deal better than she liked him now; but as it was, she felt no ambition to sit down in Ayrefield with this rough young country squire, who had been born heir to a baronetcy by an error of nature.

She felt he loved her as well then, in the dingy dining-room in Bryanstone Street, as he had loved her in the ruined splendour of Cravenscroft. But utter ingrate as she was, she but feebly appreciated his simple homage, while she stood there in the moonlight wishing he would go away. But George showed no present intention of obeying the wish, he leant against the window with one hand on the mahogany frame of its wire blind, the other wandering from his pocket to his watch-chain, from his watch-chain to his pocket again, as if he did not know how to employ it.

"I shall see you to-morrow," he said presently, speaking out of that marked silence which Maud was too indolent to break; "but there is something I wish to say to you to-night."

"Shall I ring for lights?" Maud asked, feeling by no means brightened by the threatened prospect of a half-hour's *tête-à-tête* with George Ayre.

"No, no," George interposed hastily, "I won't be a minute; it's only just this." Then more rapidly, "See here, Maud, we all know down in Mainshire about Cravenscroft, and Poland, and all that. Well, what I want to say is, I think I know a fellow, or Slade my lawyer knows a fellow, who will make it all right. Do you understand? Square up Poland's claims and take up the mortgages," said blundering George.

Maud's heart leapt up and fell again.

"Oh, George, if you really did; but then there have been so many people who have come to papa, or Mr. Andrews, about those horrid mortgages, and yet their visits all came to nothing."

"The man I speak of will be different. Slade knows him well. In fact," George admitted, getting very red in the face, "I know him myself, and can answer for him."

"Does papa know him, George?" Maud asked, with inquisitive interest. "Oh, do tell me everything; sit here beside me and tell me."

She cast herself into a low chair by the side of the window—the



chair in which she used to keep her vain watch for Ellerton—and George sat down opposite to her, looking very like a sheep.

“I dare say your papa pretty nearly knows all the people I know. I have no great acquaintance outside Mainshire,” George answered, looking downwards into her eyes, but not sufficiently bewildered yet to betray himself.

“I suppose it’s a secret; one of the ridiculous mysteries you men are so fond of,” Maud said, with a touch of the old pettishness George had so often seen her exhibit in Cravenscroft.

George fidgeted uneasily on his chair.

“Well, it’s not exactly a secret, only he does not wish his name mentioned at present. He told Slade so, and he told me so too,” George declared, feeling dreadfully abashed, lest Maud should wring his own name from his unwilling lips.

To all of which Maud, like a perverse daughter of Eve as she was, answered that she would not believe in this good Samaritan unless she was told the whole story from the beginning to the end.

“It was abominable to be buoyed up with a hope of deliverance, and yet not to know from which of the four corners of the earth to expect the rescue,” she said, with some temper. Then appealingly, “Oh, George, tell me, and I give you my word I’ll not mention it to any one until you wish.”

“It’s a shame to drag at a fellow this way,” George declared, still hugging his secret desperately. “See here, suppose we make a compromise. I’ll tell you every word I can to-night, and to-morrow you shall hear the rest.”

“How much will you tell me, George?”

George smiled.

“That Cravenscroft is safe; that the man who is to find the money is as sure as the Bank. There will be no more dodging about, or blowing cold and hot. Keep up heart, Maud; you shall be back in Cravenscroft before the year is out.”

Maud clasped her hands together gratefully.

“Thank God, thank God!” she cried fervently; and then Eve rose up again within her. “Tell me his name. I’ll not whisper it, I’ll not breathe it, except in my prayers to-night.”

George Ayre’s ears tingled, and his heart leaped with a new delight. Maud Craven praying for him! Maud kneeling with clasped hands, and his name upon her lips!

He could have drawn her to him then, if he had dared. He could have sealed her to himself with kisses, and exchanged the madness of his unspoken love for the yet greater madness of confession, if he had dared; but he did not dare.

Maud sat before him flushed and eager, with softly parted lips and lighted eyes, tenderer, gentler, more deliciously tempting than she had ever looked in her saucy queenship at Cravenscroft. And George Ayre sat by her, longing yet afraid, bewildered by the renewed illumining of the girl’s beauty, confused of sense, silent, restrained.

"You won't tell?" Maud said, looking at the young man's closed lips. "Well, if you won't tell me I must guess. It is some one papa knows, and therefore some one I know." This with an air of serious considering, her head held a little sideways, and her pure oval profile turned towards George Ayre. Then she added suddenly and rapidly, her eyes looking straight into his, "I think I know, George; I am sure I know—Lord Ellerton?"

With questioning eyes Maud watched George Ayre when she uttered her guess—Lord Ellerton.

A shade of disappointment passed over his face, and his hand moved nervously from the pocket of his coat to the pin in his necktie.

"No," he said, "it is not Lord Ellerton."

Her eye detected the pained disappointment in his face, her ear caught it in the inflection of his voice.

"Oh, George, George!" she cried, suddenly stretching out both her hands, with a half-imploring, half-grateful gesture, "it is you—you—whom I never thought of."

Ayre caught her hands in his broad palm, while Maud, with a movement as quick as it was unlooked for, bent her head downwards, until her forehead touched the back of the strong hand which held hers.

She was penitent and ashamed. This was the man whom she had mocked, whose person, and voice, and unpolished manner she had so often jibed at to Peters. Even that night she had been ungracious, cold, and indifferent, eager to cut short his visit, anxious he should take himself back to Bayswater.

"I do not deserve rescue at your hands, George. I cannot take it," she half sobbed out—"I will not take it."

Ayre laid his left hand tenderly on her bent head.

"You are a bad woman of business, Maud," he said. "Don't you see you are pledging land for money? Don't look upon me as a generous friend, but as a cunning usurer, ready to take Cravenscroft as a good investment for his spare capital."

"No, no, George, you must not try to persuade me to that." Then lifting her head, and drawing her hands away from his, "You are sacrificing something to do this, and I am not worthy of the sacrifice; I am not worthy of the impulse whose generosity is carrying you away."

"Impulse! Do you think it was only an impulse brought me here so soon after my father's death?" George broke out. "What I do, I do out of no impulse, Maud, I do it for your sake."

Maud pushed her chair slightly away from him.

"And for papa's," she said hurriedly.

"I do it for you," Ayre repeated stubbornly, "there is no use fencing with the truth." Then, after a moment's pause, during which he rose and stood before her in the moonlight, he went on rapidly, "I'm only a clumsy fellow, Maud, but you need not be afraid that I'd be such a mean rascal as to take you at a disadvan-

tage, though there's not a man on God's earth who loves you better than I love you to-night."

After that there was a dead silence, George standing up straight by Maud's chair, while Maud's eyes were bent down upon her lap, and her fingers kept locking and unlocking themselves together nervously.

"Maud, I must go," Ayre said presently. "Will you give me your hand and say good-night?"

She put it out to him without speaking, and half rose up from her seat.

Not daringly, not presumptuously, not out of the anticipation of a coming triumph, but rather out of the despairing sense of a coming defeat, George Ayre drew Maud over to him with his right hand, while he laid his left upon her waist.

"Only once, Maud," he said; "only this once."

He stooped and kissed her on the hair and on the forehead. Then he suffered her to slide down again from his arm to her seat, and went out into the lighted hall and down the street, the memory of that kiss haunting him with a sense of its unspoken farewell.



## A PROTEST FROM A COLONIST.

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As a Canadian subscriber of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE I have always admired the sentiments expressed therein respecting the union of the Mother Country and her Colonies.

It will be a sad day for England should she ever lose them. They give her strength and renown, and it puzzles me to understand how some visionaries, for I can call them nothing else, can desire to sever the connexion when other countries are endeavouring to strengthen themselves by colonial possessions.

Spain had her colonies, which, had she held them, would have brought wealth and strength to her, but by her rapacious and cruel conduct towards them, has lost almost all, and with them her *prestige*. France had her colonies, but has lost many of them, with what result to her I cannot say, but from the trouble and expense Algeria has given her I should suppose she considers them valuable appendages. The United States are endeavouring to obtain possessions in different parts of the world. Doubtless they think thereby to gain strength and *prestige*, and I believe them to be right. It may be said that the United States will overburden themselves with territory. However that may be with respect to home possessions, those which are in other parts of the world must contribute to their power, for they have to be considered and consulted in the policy of the various nations, thereby gaining respect, which is power.

Shall it be said, then, when others are trying to gain colonies, that England desires to withdraw within herself, and break the parental tie between herself and those colonies to obtain which the blood of some of her greatest sons was shed, and which have shed lustre upon her, and been bright gems in her diadem? I cannot believe that such a wish can be general or popular. I hope it only exists amongst those whose sole desire is the obtaining wealth, and who will part with everything which does not apparently conduce to its increase. England has suffered already from the "peace party," and I hope she will not allow herself to be hoodwinked into the notion that her colonies are only a source of loss and danger to her.

The feeling of the colonists for England is as warm as the love of a mother for her son. Those who have left her and settled in a colony look back with love upon their old home; they talk to their children and fellows of the "Old Country," of "home," with loving regret, and long for the days when they can revisit her. Those who have been born in the colonies hope to see the country of their

parents, that country of which they have heard so much, and of which they feel so proud to be citizens. Is such love to be thrown aside and considered as nought? Rather it should be encouraged and cherished, and England should feel towards her colonies as a mother for an absent child. The hopes and fears of the one should be shared by the other, and the feelings of the colonists should not be so often hurt by seeing and hearing the wish expressed to be rid of them.

At the present time all seem to consider there is strength in union. We see our merchants forming large trading companies at home and abroad, our mechanics and labourers combining together for protection; and all consider there is truth in the motto, "*Vis unita fortior.*"

Is it not well that when some of the inhabitants desire or by their necessities are compelled to leave England, they should have a new England to go to? Is it not preferable to know that the many thousands who leave her shores are still her children, will continue under her flag, will still live on her soil, be proud of their parent country, and glad still to belong to her? Is this not better than their becoming aliens and their children being brought up with feelings of indifference or antagonism to the land of their fathers, growing up to be a weakness instead of a strength to her? Does England expect that when her colonies are gone she will be stronger? that Russia, who considers extension to be strength, that Prussia, who has grown strong by union and has become a power in Europe, will look upon her with greater respect because she is only vulnerable in one spot? If she thinks so she is greatly mistaken, for much of the respect still paid to her arises from the fact of her vast and extensive possessions.

To all who have visited Canada, to our Royal Princes and others, it must have been apparent that her people love England. We watch matters with the same intentness as if we were there. We take part in her joys and griefs, and in every way identify ourselves with the British Empire. I wish those who are so urgent for dissolution, who feel Canada to be a burden, would first pay us a visit, would see what a strong country and people we are becoming, how we may become a tower of strength to our mother country, how earnest our love and loyalty are, and if they are at all open to reason or conviction, will rather wish the tie stronger than destroyed. It is by such men as Sir Charles Dilke that the question of severance is agitated. This gentleman when on this side of the Atlantic had such admiration for our neighbours that we poor Canadians were only considered by his lofty mind as small fish fit only to be swallowed up by them. It is a pity they did not absorb him. It is by the agitations of him and others like him that we have been worsted in the Alabama and San Juan matters. Had those in power studied the American people better, had they learnt a little geography, had they sent out those who were able to compete with the American Diplomats, and thought a little more of their

colonies, we might have had a different ending, or in any event should not have disgraced ourselves so publicly.

Our neighbours have such an opinion of us that they are prepared to take us, and are not at all reticent in expressing their desire to adopt us as a member of their Union. Do you suppose the respect the United States have already shown towards England would be increased if they possessed our Dominion? England would be bullied and outwitted more than she has already been. Ought England to have permitted her dominion to be invaded by the people of a friendly country? Would any other country have allowed her empire to be insulted twice, and leave herself open to a second repetition?

I sincerely hope there will be a change in the feeling towards our Dominion and other Colonies, that all desire to part will die out, that as time rolls on, and the intercourse between us and the Mother Country becomes more frequent, we shall all regret our mutual mistakes, and find out that after all "Blood is thicker than water."

A. H.

*Toronto, February 11th, 1873.*



## THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF "THE  
CONSCRIPT," ETC.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

WINTER set in soon afterwards, a period of snow, during which all engaged in the woods rest within their homes in the village. The very poorest only go out in little companies, to pick up dead wood. Some of the peasantry carry brooms to the nearest city; others make wooden shoes, or plait wicker baskets; but whatever they do to gain a livelihood, they are always in want of wood. The keeper stands waiting for them on the road leading out of the forest, examines their bundles, to see if they have hidden any green wood inside, and then lets them pass.

There were very few delinquents, and legal pursuits were rare occurrences. The truth is, the poor keepers were not averse to remaining in-doors smoking a pipe by their stoves. It was only when they heard the report of a poacher's fowling-piece that they started up to look out for the culprit, and guessed his hiding-place from the echo of the shots in the silent woods. They had then to trudge out through the snow, sometimes beating all round their circuit in order to follow the traces of the poacher to his own door. When his house was searched the game was nowhere to be found, for it was often hidden at a neighbour's, or buried underground in some lone place, or behind a bush until it was convenient to fetch it safely away.

This poaching trade is very perilous: it leads those who practise it, sooner or later, to five or six months' confinement in a prison, at the expiration of which time, if liberated, they go back to their homes, to find their wretched wives and children half starved.

December and January passed over in the usual seclusion; we had alternate wind, snow, sleet, cold gales, and hard frost.

The head-keeper, who was as strict as all young people are on leaving the schools, knew nothing about human misery; nothing but his regulations, books, and accounts. He did not relent in severity towards his men, and exacted a written report every week.

He kept up his music likewise, called on Monsieur Jean, and sang with Louise, while Monsieur Jacques saw all this going on from the windows of his house opposite.

I happened to have to go to the Mairie on a certain morning when sleet was falling thick. Midwife Simonne and woodcutter Nicolas Cerf, people from the place annexed to the parish of Grand-Soldat, had come to register the birth of a child of the male sex. They had but just left, and Monsieur Jacques drew near my chair to sign the certificate. When he had done he sat by my side, with his large snuff-box on the table in front of him, took a pinch of snuff now and then, and looked at the snow-flakes drifting across the window-panes outside. I was busy over some clear copying; the fire crackled in the stove, and Monsieur Jacques, after deep thought, suddenly roused himself and inquired,—

“Does George still go to your house, Monsieur Florent?”

“He does sometimes, Monsieur le Mairie; he generally looks in of an evening.”

“What do you talk about, mostly?”

“Oh, general topics; a little of everything: the official reports, the people who are out of work, timber. One thing is as good as another to get through the evening.”

“You should prevail on George to leave this place,” said he; “it is not a proper thing for a young man who has had a good education, who is well off and of good family, to be seen walking about in a blouse with an inch measure under his arm, counting planks, taking the height of log-stacks, and subjecting himself to the vexatious whims of a beggar, who has not enough to buy a new coat, and who resorts to pettifoggery for the sake of promotion. No; this state of things cannot last. George must go away from Chaumes, or it will end very badly.”

I listened with surprise at the great change in Monsieur Jacques' way of thinking. He had told me a hundred times that the only place to be happy in was home; that his son would succeed to his business, be his own master, conduct his own affairs, look over his own estate; and that the happiest lot was that of a man who ordered people and received orders from no one.

I said nothing in reply, but he, guessing my thoughts, went on as if I had spoken them out,—

“In the time of all the other head-keepers, and in Monsieur Botte's time, one could sit down with them over a pint or two of white wine and a hand at piquet,—the place was bearable; but now, new employés think of nothing but bringing themselves forward, and the more warrants they send in the more they distinguish themselves. We are inaugurating Louis Philippe's new administration, under whom a man who can't shave an egg is good for nothing. This is what they call keeping up with modern times at Saarbours, being progressive and positive. It is their sole ambition to be very positive, and thus they will draw everybody down on them; peasantry, merchants, workmen and all. It will lead to a revolution. It is their business after all. Meanwhile trade is low, sales fetch scarcely anything, and purchasers are going to ruin. You would render me a great service by explaining all this to my son. I

have no particular desire that he should follow one profession preferably to any other, but, in his condition of life, I should try to turn lawyer. It is the best going business now-a-days; lawyers turn into general attorneys, members of parliament, and ministers; they put as much hay in their boots as they can; do or undo governments, and make laws as well. If George objects, he can choose some other career, anything he likes; I don't care, providing he leaves Chaumes. I am getting old, you see, Monsieur Florent; my left leg has troubled me for the last two years; and I should have liked to keep my son with me, to see him take my place and keep up the business: but the Rantzaus are a hot-headed set, they cannot put up with injustice. At the age of twenty I should have broken out long ago; he takes after me; a fatal blow is so soon dealt! you understand? That boy must get out of this place."

I did not know what to answer.

"Try to show him all this, for I will not mention the matter to him. He is not so docile as he used to be; I have rather a loud voice, and besides, I am accustomed to find people do as I tell them. He might fly into a passion, and take it into his head to go over to America. I should never hear anything more of him. We have had such instances in the family. There was an uncle of mine, Jean Baptiste; he had a quarrel with his father, and the next day he was gone, God knows where, to Poland or Turkey I believe; the poor old man never knew, and it was the bitter grief of his remaining days. What would be left to *me*? Nothing but rheumatism and my wife. I should have worked all my life for a set of scoundrels, who at my death would divide all I leave between them. When a man knows his relatives, he should be distrustful even of his own self. Now I have said all I had to say, Monsieur Florent, and all I have been thinking over for some time, only waiting for an opportunity to speak to you alone."

"Do you really think, Monsieur le Maire, George is likely to heed what I say? He knows ten times more than I do."

"I am sure George will be very attentive to what you tell him. He is very fond of you, he knows you are a good man. Just speak to him in your own way. I have great confidence in what you will tell him; you know how to arrange your ideas in proper order, but when I only think of it, I get in a passion. Ah! I wish he were already at Strasbourg, or Paris, anywhere. Were it to cost me as much as five thousand francs a year, I shouldn't mind. But he would not listen to me; to see the way he looks, one would think I meant to cheat him out of his inheritance."

"Oh, Monsieur le Maire!"

"That is only a form of speech; George has neither sisters nor brothers, it will all go down to him. But, to return to your line of conduct, just talk to him; you promise, Monsieur Florent?"

"As you have such trust in my endeavour, Monsieur le Maire, I will do my best."



"Indeed, I have great trust in you. I am glad I have told you all this; you are sure to succeed."

"Perhaps; we shall see."

It had grown dark, and Monsieur Jacques closed the openings in the stove-door, in order to slacken the fire. "It is useless to burn any more wood or light the lamp here this evening. No one will come at this hour; let us be off."

When we were out in the passage I gave the key a double turn in the lock, put it in my pocket, and wished Monsieur Jacques good night. I got home a few moments before supper-time; the cloth was laid, Juliette was in the kitchen, and my wife sitting alone with her work by the table. I related what had occurred as I took off my coat and drew on my knitted jacket. She put down her sewing and listened with the deepest attention. When I came to the promise I had made, she interrupted me.

"What Florent!" she cried, joining her hands; "how can you let any one put such a burden as that on your shoulders? Why could not he speak to his own son? Is it our business? If he wants George to leave, he has but to tell him to go."

"Well, well! I know that as well as you do, Marie-Barbe; it is very annoying, but I have promised."

"You have promised! The boy will never listen to such a thing, he will get in a passion. Let Monsieur le Maire manage his own family concerns."

"I tell you I have promised."

"Never mind if you have. In the name of heaven, Florent, keep out of this. No one knows what it may lead to."

At this point I very nearly lost my temper.

"Now listen to me, Marie-Barbe," said I; "never talk to me in that style again; I will not be spoken to in such a way. A man has but one word; Monsieur Jacques has shown me more than one favour, he has secured my situation, and increased my salary by a hundred francs. I could not refuse my promise, and I mean to keep it."

I had never spoken to Marie-Barbe in so authoritative a tone of voice before, but this was the first time she had ever given me bad counsel. We were very quiet over supper.

Nothing new occurred the following day nor the day after that.

Snow continued to fall; I kept school, and thought the whole week would pass by in the same manner, but on Saturday evening George looked in. My wife got nervous directly; Juliette, who knew nothing, was as lively as ever, she jumped up and brought George a chair, asking him to sit down.

He was, as usual, smoking a long pipe. I do not like the smell of tobacco, and no one ever smoked in my house; but I had made an exception somehow for George, he being one of my old pupils.

"You will allow me?" he asked, smiling, when seated.

"By all means, pray continue; it is very good tobacco."

"It is," said he; "it is caporal, eight sous per packet. We have no other in the village. I can't smoke smuggled German tobacco; they make it out of old cabbage stalks, that is why it smells so."

We then talked of the weather. He complained of the lateness of the season, of the stoppage of the saw-mills, which had left off working on account of the hard frost up in the mountains, the streams being ice-bound. He foresaw the river would swell, and perhaps flood the country. I listened with divided attention, thinking how I was going to begin my discourse.

At length George remarked that life was very dull at Chaumes during winter. I caught at the idea in a moment.

"You are quite right there, George," said I. "What an existence! what a monotonous life! especially if you look forward to spending thirty, forty, or fifty years in the same way. What a prospect! a man gets like a piece of machinery that does the same thing every day without any mental effort at all. I cannot understand how a young fellow of your standing, so well-read and so wealthy, can endure burying yourself alive in such a place as Chaumes! I cannot hide from you that I had formed a very different picture of what you would become when I saw you loaded with wreaths and prizes at Phalsbourg. Here you are, a plain timber-merchant, going about in a blouse through mud, snow, wind, and rain, like Martin the Savoyard, and all the wretched hawkers of his sort! No, I never would have believed it. I fancied you would go up to some of our large cities, to study law, medicine, mathematics, and natural history; that you would hear the learned masters, and after that, make some mark in a scientific career. I looked forward to see the name of George Rantzau recorded in books of deep learning, even in the newspapers! That was my idea of what you would be some day, and it seemed so natural when I heard the good opinion of your masters, grounded on the excellent gifts lavished on you by nature, germs of promise to be properly developed. How many have envied them! How many possess them in common with yourself, but who, for want of means, cannot cultivate them! There is no scope for capacities such as yours in our mountains, where there is nothing to be heard day after day but the low talk of the peasantry, and arguments which—well, arguments such as they are!"

I was getting excited, and spoke with animation as I went on arranging Monsieur Jacques' ideas artistically; George looked at me without moving a muscle, and sideways.

My wife pretended to be deeply interested in her sewing, but I could see she was in mortal terror; even Juliette, who suspected nothing, looked at me in surprise, for it was not my usual habit to make long speeches. I preferred listening to talking any day.

George rose from his chair and walked up and down in silence without saying a word. From time to time he threw out a long

whiff of tobacco smoke, and I saw I had produced some impression on him.

For a good half-hour and more I continued thus working myself up, describing the happy condition of young men who continue their studies ; their brilliant existence in the centre of civilization ; the opera, the theatres, the museums, the libraries, the magnificent collections at the Jardin des Plantes, in fact all I could remember having thought of, according to descriptions I had read, all I could have wished to experience if I had been fortunate enough to come of high birth ; all I had sighed for so many years, knowing I should be deprived of such enjoyments for ever.

I thought I had moved him when he quietly sat down again.

"Yes, Monsieur Florent, that is all very nice," he said ; "you desire all these things for yourself, but I have very different wishes."

"What more can a man wish ? What is it you desire ?"

"To stop at Chaumes ; and, considering I am here, I desire nothing at all, properly speaking."

"But my dear George," said I, "remember all the unpleasantnesses connected with the timber business since Monsieur Lebel has been here ; reflect that, with all your talents and means, you are nobody by his side ; that is what vexes me most. In the space of, let us say, two years spent at Nancy, you will come back with the same degree he has, and you will be able to answer him ; whereas now, you have but to bow your head. He puts you down in his warrants, and you have to pay for them ; he gives the orders, and you have to obey them."

George turned deadly pale. "Monsieur Florent," said he, "let us begin another subject. I hate to hear of that man."

"And so," I attempted again, although nearly subdued by his look, "you will not heed your old schoolmaster, who has nothing but your interest at heart ? You absolutely *will* remain in a place where your capacities, fine qualities—"

"Yes, I will," he cried, interrupting me in a gruff, hard voice ; "I mean to stop where I am."

This was said in a manner which put an end to any further persuasion. It was the firm resolve of the Mayor when in a passion.

My wife looked up as she drew out a long thread. I understood her beseeching glance ; besides, I had done what I could.

"It is all for your good, George," said I ; "but, as you cannot be made to think so, you must bear me no malice."

He was leaning over the hearth, smoking away and staring hard in front of him. He broke the silence by good-humouredly turning round to me, and changing the current of our thoughts.

"We shall soon have spring back, Monsieur Florent, and some scampers up the mountains again. I hope to see you out oftener this year than last, for, say what you may, you are as fond of this old place as I am."

"I don't deny it, George ; but at your age and in your position



—well, we will not lose another word over it—we will go out together as often as we can. I am always happy in your company.”

“Now that is what I call talking common sense,” cried George, with a hearty laugh.

We conversed half an hour longer about the flowers which grow on our heights, the Saarbours valley, &c. It was just as if nothing extraordinary had been said by either of us.

At nine, George rose and shook the ashes out of his pipe.

“You are the best man I know, Monsieur Florent,” said he, holding my hand when we said good-bye. “If ever I grieve you it will go much against me.”

Then, without waiting for a reply, he bid my wife and Juliette good-night.

“We got pretty well over it,” said my wife in a whisper, “but don’t try it again, Florent; he is harder to move than his father!”

“Allons!” I exclaimed, finding Juliette looked alarmed; “as we have so well got over it, we will all go to bed. Our great effort here below should be to do our duty, and even if the result do appear undesirable, our conscience leaves us in peace.”

The next day was Quadragesima Sunday, and I had but a moment’s conversation with Monsieur Jacques. I was just leaving home for church; my wife and Juliette had gone on before me; as I opened the door, there stood Monsieur Jacques in his best sabbath clothes.

“Pray walk in,” said I; “it is cold for you under the house-door.”

“No, thank you; the last peal will soon ring. You saw George last evening? Did you speak to him?”

“I did, Monsieur le Maire; I talked for a whole half-hour. I told him all I could, forgetting nothing, and I even added some very strong arguments.”

“And what is the result? What does he mean to do?”

“His answer was, ‘I remain.’”

“He remains! And why?”

“He gave no reason. He likes Chaumes, that is all.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the old man, looking down very gravely. The expression of his face became melancholy. The bells again chimed.

“I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken,” said Monsieur Jacques, rousing himself and holding his hand out.

“I did it with all my heart; I wish I had succeeded,” I replied.

When I had locked the door, we turned down the street, which was full of snow, walking at about thirty steps’ distance one from the other; he in front, and I behind, as if we were perfect strangers going the same way.

When I entered the church he was already in the Rantzan pew by his brother’s side. I hurried up to the organ, and mass began.

## CHAPTER XIV.

FROM that time forward George did not look in as before. "Good day, Monsieur Florent," he would call out, going by, and that was all we heard or saw of him.

I think he mistrusted me, fancying I was of the same mind as his father; but knowing in what a delicate position I was at the Mairie, and how cautious I had to be, he bore me no ill-will.

I called on Monsieur Jean from time to time and had a little music at his house; for after having been invited I could not keep quite away; but my presence was not agreeable to Monsieur Lebel, who was no friend of mine. He looked vexed as soon as he saw me come in, and treated me with hauteur; he moreover called our most beautiful anthems fusty old tunes, an expression that set me against him. Duets and romances were his *forte*; he played a few chords here and there by way of accompaniment which did not reveal any very deep study in harmony, but his voice was agreeable, and, had his manner not been so repulsive, I should have gone to hear him sing oftener.

Louise was always delighted to see me, but it struck me she had grown pensive and pale. Whenever it was time for me to leave she took me to the gate, holding my hands, as if to delay my departure, saying, with beseeching looks, "Do come oftener, Monsieur Florent; if you only knew how happy I am when you are here!"

These words and her voice impressed me: I imagined she was not very happy, that she did not like singing with Monsieur Lebel. I was not quite sure, but I had an idea there was something amiss.

Winter passed over in this manner. At the beginning of spring my son Paul, who had just obtained a good situation as under-master, at Dieuze, knowing how fond I was of good books, sent me two volumes, which I have read a hundred times since. One was a selection of Benjamin Franklin's "Maxims;" the other a "Discourse on the Transformation of our Globe," by George Cuvier.

I was so happy to spend my leisure over these books, up in my little study, that I forgot everything else. I scarcely marked the return of the fine season, the hill, or the gardens. The orchards had been some time in blossom before I even thought of spending my Thursdays and Sundays out of doors.

What a sensible man that Benjamin Franklin was! Nothing can surpass the wisdom of his precepts, especially to working-men. For instance, he says,—

"Experience is a very dear school; but the only one in which fools learn anything.

"Good mechanics are all desirous to perfect themselves in their business, and they appreciate the advantages of travel. In order to travel with profit, they should let nothing pass over without close examination, and without inquiring,

‘What is this used for?’ If you do not travel in this way it is as well to stop at home, for you can see green trees, white houses, and four-footed animals anywhere.

“When you come to a village full of ruins, you may be sure it is full of loungers and idlers.

“When you meet no ploughmen out in the fields at sunrise you may be certain they sit over beer until midnight.

“Where girls look thin and wan, there is a good deal of dancing, and no work.

“Beware of bankrupts when you see tradespeople take holidays on weekdays.

“You need not apply for work in a place where the roads are ill-kept: go farther on.

“Never stop where you observe working-men make low bows to well-dressed gentlemen: there is a village tyrant in the neighbourhood, and if you do not fall in his clutches, his menials will make what they can out of you.

“When you find yourself thrown among nothing but lawyers and doctors, take good care to avoid being sued, and keep in good health.

“When you come to a place where the roads are in good order; the fields well ploughed, and where no beggars fill the highways; where schools and hospitals are the finest buildings in the city, rest there, my son, you are among a good-hearted and wise population. If, on the other hand, you find poor huts close to fine mansions, hasten on; tears are often shed here.” . . . . .

The whole book could be quoted from beginning to end. A bible for the labouring classes could be made out of Benjamin Franklin’s excellent works. It would be held in less veneration than ours; but it would contain notions on agriculture, trade, industry, science, and everything that is useful and interesting. It would contain precepts on the duties of fathers, sons, citizens, and the examples of those great men whose examples have promoted the cause of civilization. Then there would be no stories in it about Abraham and Hagar, Lot and his daughters, David and Bathsheba, Dinah and the sons of Sichem—stories which schoolmasters find it so difficult to explain, and can only do so by saying these were all holy patriarchs, who gave birth to generations of virtuous descendants.

As to the discourse of George Cuvier, it was so clear, so grand, I thought of it for weeks and months after I had read it. It quite destroyed all my notions of the creation according to Moses. The work of the Almighty appeared infinitely more sublime to me after I had read it than before. I knew that He had not only created the world once, but several times, by renewing the soil, rocks, plants, animals, stars, and everything from the summit of the highest mountains to the lowest depths, making the elements subservient to His wondrous designs; sometimes choosing fire, sometimes water, volcanoes, seas, rivers, lakes, and even unknown agents—all the instruments of His will.

Remains of various kinds of extinct plants, the bones of animals, and traces of what existed long ago, are to be found in every layer of soil and sand. There they are to prove that prodigious transformations have taken place: no one can deny it.

In my opinion the creation, as expounded by Moses, was not so satisfactory as the creation described by Cuvier.

I felt grievously distressed when I reflected that I had for thirty years led my scholars in error. I laid all the fault on those unfor-



fortunate Hebrews, who had not only misled me but the whole world besides.

It was another great comfort to reflect that none of my scholars had retained a word of what they had been taught whenever I had had no tangible proof wherewith to demonstrate my lessons. The way to instruct our children is to say, "Touch!" "Look!" All my explanations on the miracles had not troubled their brains, for they had never tried to make them out, and had forgotten all about them after they left school.

The more I thought of it, it occurred to me that our rectors, inspectors, and professors, who certainly were acquainted with Cuvier's discourse, always recommended the Bible; therefore it was not to be expected that a poor master, having a wife and children, could go and sacrifice himself for the sake of mankind.

These reflections, and others of the same nature, greatly calmed my conscience, and I settled that I would complete my collection of plants by the addition of all the antediluvian specimens I could find in our localities.

Sunny spring was fast advancing. The mountains of Saar-blanche and Saar-rouge were rent by hundreds of gushing torrents or trickling streams that disclosed geological strata, which in some parts were 1200 metres deep, and offered a prospect of rich explorations.

Since the roads had been commenced there were quarries too all over the place, in which some of my old pupils were employed, among whom I was sure to be welcome. I immediately had a long deal table carried into my small study, on which I meant to lay out my discoveries. My old love of science had returned with increased vigour.

No sooner was it daylight every Thursday morning than off I would start, with a piece of bread and my flagon of kirsch in my bag, and my tin box slung under my left arm. I would sometimes go as far as the defiles of the Saar and of Blanc-ru, trudging along under the burning sun, through ravines and hollow beds that had dried up since the floods had ceased. My pursuits no longer led me under the shade of cool woods, over soft moss, through heather and furze; I had to wander about barren rock and in arid, dry spots, containing chalk, sand, and stone in the rawest state.

Large drops of perspiration often trickled down my cheeks. When I felt very much exhausted I used to think of the shoes and coats I had worn out on the old rocks, and then called myself an old fool who did not know how to save his strength, but gave himself up to the allurements of his passions.

Our people by this time all knew I went out to pick up stones, and in spite of their neighbourly feeling they laughed when I came home with an old straw hat on, my legs shaking beneath me, my back bent half double, and my hands, face, and neck burnt as brown as gingerbread.

"Good heavens! Monsieur Florent," exclaimed the reapers, turn-

ing round, "whatever are you looking for at this hour? What is the use of those stones? Come, Monsieur Florent, sit down, and refresh yourself with a draught from our jug!" Saying this they would shake up a heap of new hay and pass me their whey, which was always standing to cool in the stream close by.

I showed them my stores in return, explaining the different traces of leaves on them, and telling them how many thousand years back such vegetation had existed.

They listened, and seemed to understand, but invariably said, when I had done,—

"You must be a very inquisitive man, Monsieur Florent! What can all this signify to us? A hundred years before we were born, or a hundred years after we are buried, will all amount to the same thing in the end. Those who lived in those remote ages will never have the toothache in our days, that's all!"

Thereupon they went on with their work without giving the subject a second thought. I, on the other hand, attached no importance to anything going on in the village. Monsieur Jean's quarrels with Monsieur Jacques, the warrants, and other matters I had thought so important before had ceased to interest me. My attention was all directed to terrestrial commotions, irruptions, cataclysms, inundations. I did not even take time to listen to all my wife told me about the affairs of the every-day world.

It appears, however, that during this period George, having got tired of his father's remonstrances, for he wished him to go on with his studies, had given up coming home regularly. He associated with no one, wandered about the woods, and lived like a kind of savage.

He took after the Rantzaus in one way, nevertheless; and that was their greed in business dealings; there had never been a keener eye among them. He would go from one fell to the other, maintaining the full execution of contracts; pitilessly dismissing any one of his father's men who dared disobey or even answer him. He had come to this in the course of a very few months, so every one in the place was afraid of him.

"He is not only a Rantzau," they said, "but he is the sternest of the whole lot!"

When I thought over this in my leisure time, between lessons, I was much grieved; I could not understand the change in George, I knew him to be good and generous, and his harshness to the poor astonished as well as pained me.

My wife talked of an evening of music parties and the grand dinners given by Monsieur Jean; a vague report was current of a projected union between Mdlle. Louise and the head-keeper.

This is always how an affair of this kind is set on foot; the parties most interested seem to know nothing about such rumours, and all at once they are engaged! There was perhaps no foundation for the story, but, as I say, it went about, and I was sorry for Louise; had I been in her place, Monsieur Lebel would not have been my choice, but there is no accounting for taste; she

was probably under the charm of his fine manners and pretty voice.

One day, towards the end of July, I went to the marble quarries of Frâmont, which were being worked by one of my old scholars, Baptiste Dida. He had had all the *débris* which were marked with shell or leaf tracery put aside for me at the botton of a pit. I admired the deep excavations and regularity of the different strata, one lying over the other in huge slices over fifty metres deep. It was clear these heights had been covered with water for centuries. Then I rested, looking at the quarrymen lifting up blocks of marble with levers and cranes. What with taking an interest first in one thing and then in another, it was two o'clock before I turned homewards, carrying a bag full of curious petrifications with me.

It was a sultry day and the heat was particularly oppressive along the open plain called the Chemin-des-Bornes. I was weary, for my bag was quite a burden, and I got on but slowly, leaning more heavily on my stick than usual; the pine-wood seemed a long way off. The sun sank in the direction of the Lorraine mountains, beyond which the sky was as red as a burning furnace; not one insect, not even the cricket, which bears up against heat, was to be heard rustling among the dry stubble or on the parched ground. I dragged along with such effort that my skin was covered with moisture, and I was in such a state of exhaustion that I had not strength left to think. I was a full hour getting to the path that led off to the pines, but when once there, it sloped down among brambles and brushwood. I could even hear the inviting rush of the river at a distance. The summit of the old trees now turned purple, the small wood beneath was glowing in bright radiance: this gorgeous spectacle and the prospect of rest by the river revived me. I was turning down the meandering path with a quicker step when I suddenly perceived, about thirty steps lower down, the figure of a man wearing a deep-brimmed straw hat that seemed to have been alternately scorched under the sun, then soaked by showers; his shoulders were square, his frame large, and a stick stood between his two knees.

This man's appearance alarmed me. I looked hard at him as I drew nearer, and, to my utter wonderment, I perceived he was George sitting there in apparent torpor, watching the river flow by. What could he be thinking of in the semi-obscurity of light and shade? God knows; but his reverie was deep, for he did not hear me approach, and I had to make a slight stir to attract his attention.

He turned, looking up, grasped his stick meanwhile, and his eyes flashed like those of a wolf.

"Is that you, Monsieur Florent?"

"Myself, George. I have been to the Frâmont quarries, and feel very tired," replied I, continuing my descent.

He came up a few steps and helped me down; but when I passed the place he had been sitting near and scooped my hands



as I leaned over the river, for my thirst was intense, he stopped me.

"Wait a moment," he cried, "you are too warm to drink cold water; here is wine!" In a second he had thrown his gourd down, dipped it in the water to cool, and placed it in my hands. "Sit down," he continued, when I had taken a little.

"No, I must keep in motion; my limbs would stiffen, and I could not get on again."

"Then let me carry your things for you. Dear me, what a load, Monsieur Florent! The bag weighs at least twenty pounds," he said, laying it over his shoulder.

"At least that, George; they are fossils. If I did not think so much of them I should have emptied them out on the road. They are too heavy for me."

He said nothing in reply. As we walked I told him all about the magnificent petrifications I was collecting.

"You are a happy man, Monsieur Florent," said he thoughtfully; "you always have a liking for something or other."

"Yes, that is true. I first had my plants, then my insects, now my fossils." I smiled as I enumerated my pursuits. The cool shade and the wine had done me good. We were walking in the twilight under quivering, leafy boughs. "And then I never complain," I resumed; "but at your age, George, with your fortune, your education, you might lead a pleasant life indeed."

"My life pleasant?" he exclaimed, in a surly, discontented way. "I love nothing, and no one loves me."

"What, George!" I cried, in a tone of reproach; "no one loves you? What do you mean? There is your father, your mother, your friends, myself!"

"I believe you have some affection for me—but—"

"But what?"

"It is nothing like the love you feel for your wife and children."

"Well, that is a singular way of keeping up your argument against friends!" I replied. "Because I love my wife and children, does it ensue that I cannot love others besides? What is there to prevent you from marrying and having the same affections as other people? Merciful God! I do believe young folks want to enjoy everything at the same time; life is long enough to teach them patience."

I was astonished to find George could talk with so little common sense.

"I shall never marry," said he. "I shall be the last of the Rantzaus. When a race produces nothing but monsters it is as well to let it die out."

"Monsters! Who are you talking of?"

"Who, but that old thief of an uncle who is trying to ruin us, who has sworn our death, who is so shameless as to give his daughter away—his own blood—to that miserable head-keeper, with nothing else in view but the prospect of crushing us under

legal documents and of reducing me and my father to misery ! Have you not heard of all this ?”

“ You told me yourself some time ago ; but I never would believe a father could sacrifice his child, his only child, to hatred and revenge ; it is against nature, it is not possible !”

“ Impossible ! Why, the comedian is always there ; there is music every day ; and every day the old man stands bowing and scraping at the door, ‘ Good-day, Monsieur le Garde-Général. I have the honour, Monsieur le Garde-Général. Allow me, Monsieur le Garde-Général. Sit down, Monsieur le Garde-Général. Louise, come down : here’s Monsieur le Garde-Général ! ’”

“ But,” said I, gently interrupting George’s mimicry, “ supposing Louise loved this young man ? ”

“ Louise love *him* ? ” George suddenly stood still and looked at me in a fury. “ Louise love such a coxcomb, such a figure as that ! —a man with a pointed nose, dressed in white from top to toe, who rolls his eyes up to the ceiling and puts his hand on his heart ? You must be out of your senses, Monsieur Florent ! —a Rantzau ? a girl of common sense ? Allons, allons done ! ”

After shrugging his shoulders he walked on again, I following and turning things over in my mind. After a pause, he continued,—

“ She is dying of grief, and she runs away from him every time he puts his foot in the house. The old man has to run after her ; sometimes he calls her over and over again, for she pretends not to hear ; when he finds her, he exchanges words with her while she stands watering the flowers and looking over the hedge, as if in search of some one to come and help her. You do not see all these things. It is a disgrace and an abominable shame ! I sometimes fancy I should enjoy going over the way and throttling the old one or tossing the young one out of window. Ah, if I held Uncle Jean, how I would squeeze him ! he would not laugh long, and Monsieur le Garde-Général would soon stop his cooing. Ah, the villains ! ”

I cast a side-glance at George’s large, firmly-set jaw-bones, his beaked-nose, bright eyes, and clenched fist.

“ Yes, yes, I dare say they wouldn’t like it,” I replied, “ if you once laid your hands on them.”

A strange idea now crossed my mind. I thought it was singular he should be in such excitement about Louise in her troubles after the hard things he had so often said of her.

“ So you really do believe she is unhappy ? ” I asked, after another silence.

“ Unhappy is not the word, she is wretched and ill, very ill ; she is fast declining, getting as white as wax. Do you remember how fresh she looked, how her eyes sparkled, and how pink her lips were when she came home from the convent ? She is half dying now. Monsieur Florent, you really should go and see her now and then, out of charity—were it but out of pity. Since you began your collection you attend to nothing ! She used to be so happy when

you looked in before, and relieved her of her father and the other's company for a little while. It gave her breathing-time. You are not strong; but such wretches as those feel uncomfortable in the presence of good men. You should recommence church music and sing Kyries and Alleluias again, Monsieur Florent."

"I will, George," I replied, greatly moved. "I promise you I will go no later than to-morrow after school. How have things got on in this way? It is perfectly horrible to think of."

"I see how things are going on," said George, "and if they continue much longer in this state—" He did not finish.

We had come to the end of the forest and happened to be standing on the same spot from which we had seen Louise the preceding year run down to the river and hold back the tottering waggon-load with her pitchfork. George remembered the circumstance very probably, for he struck his flint, and stopped to look a long time at the Saar, then walked on by me in silence.

I began to see how matters stood. It was perfectly dark when we reached my house-door.

"Look at that place yonder," said George, pointing to his uncle's house, which rose in perfect darkness at the farther end of the street. "Lively, eh? That is where Uncle Jean makes his daughter so happy! Well, good-night, Monsieur Florent."

He left, and I walked up-stairs.

"So here you are at last, Florent!" cried my wife, relieving me of my bag of fossils. "What a time you have been! Mademoiselle Louise has just left. She waited until seven."

"Louise Rantzau?"

"Yes."

"Indeed! What did she call for?"

"I don't know; she wanted to speak to you. She will look in again to-morrow."

In less than an hour I had got through supper and into bed, being for once completely tired out.



## WORK ; OR CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### COMPANION.

BEFORE she had time to find a new situation, Christie received a note from Miss Tudor, saying that, hearing she had left Mrs. Saltonstall, she wanted to offer her the place of companion to an invalid girl, where the duties were light and the compensation large.

"How kind of her to think of me!" said Christie gratefully. "I'll go at once, and do my best to secure it, for it must be a good thing, or she wouldn't recommend it."

Away went Christie to the address sent by Miss Tudor, and as she waited at the door she thought,—

"What a happy family the Carrols must be!" for the house was one of an imposing block in a West-end square which had its own little park, where a fountain sparkled in the autumn sunshine, and pretty children played among the fallen leaves.

Mrs. Carrol was a stately woman, still beautiful in spite of her fifty years. But though there were few lines on her forehead, few silver threads in the dark hair that lay smoothly over it, and a gracious smile showed the fine teeth, an indescribable expression of unsubmitive sorrow touched the whole face, betraying that life had brought some heavy cross, from which her wealth could purchase no release, for which her pride could find no effectual screen.

She looked at Christie with a searching eye, listened attentively when she spoke, and seemed testing her with covert care, as if the place she was to fill demanded some unusual gift or skill.

"Miss Tudor tells me that you read aloud well, sing sweetly, possess a cheerful temper, and the quiet, patient ways which are peculiarly grateful to an invalid," began Mrs. Carrol, with that keen yet wistful gaze, and an anxious accent in her voice that went to Christie's heart.

"Miss Tudor is very kind to think so well of me and my few

accomplishments. I have never been with an invalid, but I think I can promise to be patient, willing, and cheerful. My own experience of illness has taught me how to sympathize with others, and love to lighten pain. I shall be very glad to try, if you think I have any fitness for the place."

"I do," and Mrs. Carrol's face softened as she spoke, for something in Christie's words or manner seemed to please her. Then slowly, as if the task was a hard one, she added,—

"My daughter has been very ill, and is still weak and nervous. I must hint to you that the loss of one very dear to her was the cause of the illness and the melancholy which now oppresses her. Therefore we must avoid anything that can suggest or recall this trouble. She cares for nothing as yet, will see no one, and prefers to live alone. She is still so feeble—this is but natural; yet solitude is bad for her, and her physician thinks that a new face might rouse her, and the society of one in no way connected with the painful past might interest and do her good. You see it is a little difficult to find just what we want, for a young companion is best, yet you must be discreet and firm, as few young people are."

Fancying from Mrs. Carrol's manner that Miss Tudor had said more in her favour than had been repeated to her, Christie in a few plain words told her little story, resolving to have no concealments here, and feeling that perhaps her experiences might have given her more firmness and discretion than many women of her age possessed. Mrs. Carrol seemed to find it so; the anxious look lifted a little as she listened, and when Christie ended, she said, with a sigh of relief,—

"Yes, I think Miss Tudor is right, and you *are* the one we want. Come and try it for a week, and then we can decide. Can you begin to-day?" she added, as Christie rose. "Every hour is precious, for my poor girl's sad solitude weighs on my heart, and this is my one hope."

"I will stay with pleasure," answered Christie, thinking Mrs. Carrol's anxiety excessive, yet pitying the mother's pain, for something in her face suggested the idea that she reproached herself in some way for her daughter's state.

With secret gratitude that she had dressed with care, Christie took off her things and followed Mrs. Carrol up-stairs. Entering a room in what seemed to be a wing of the great house, they found an old woman sewing.

"How is Helen to day, nurse?" asked Mrs. Carrol, pausing.

"Poorly, ma'am. I've been in every hour, but she only says, 'Let me be quiet,' and lies looking up at the picture till it's fit to break your heart to see her," answered the woman, with a shake of the head.

"I have brought Miss Devon to sit with her a little while. Doctor advises it, and I fancy the experiment may succeed, if we can only amuse the dear child, and make her forget herself and her troubles."

"As you please, ma'am," said the old woman, looking with little favour at the new-comer, for the good soul was jealous of any interference between herself and the child she had tended for years.

"I won't disturb her, but you shall take Miss Devon in, and tell Helen, mamma sends her love, and hopes she will make an effort for all our sakes."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go, my dear, and do your best." With these words Mrs. Carrol hastily left the room, and Christie followed nurse.

A quick glance showed her that she was in the daintily-furnished boudoir of a rich man's daughter, but before she could take a second look her eyes were arrested by the occupant of this pretty place, and she forgot all else. On a low, luxurious couch lay a girl so beautiful and pale and still, that for an instant Christie thought her dead or sleeping. She was neither, for at the sound of a voice the great eyes opened wide, darkening and dilating with a strange expression as they fell on the unfamiliar face.

"Nurse, who is that? I told you I would see no one. I'm too ill to be so worried," she said, in an imperious tone.

"Yes, dear, I know, but your mamma wished you to make an effort. Miss Devon is to sit with you and try to cheer you up a bit," said the old woman in a dissatisfied tone, that contrasted strangely with the tender way in which she stroked the beautiful disordered hair that hung about the girl's shoulders.

Helen knit her brows and looked most ungracious, but evidently tried to be civil, for, with a courteous wave of her hand towards an easy chair in the sunny window, she said quietly,—

"Please sit down, Miss Devon, and excuse me for a little while. I've had a bad night, and am too tired to talk just yet. There are books of all sorts, or the conservatory, if you like it better."

"Thank you. I'll read quietly till you want me. Then I shall be very glad to do anything I can for you."

With that Christie retired to the big chair, and fell to reading the first book she took up, a good deal embarrassed by her reception, and very curious to know what would come next.

The old woman went away after folding the down coverlet carefully over her darling's feet, and Helen seemed to go to sleep.

For a time the room was very still; the fire burned softly on the marble hearth, the sun shone warmly on velvet carpet and rich hangings, the delicate breath of flowers blew in through the half-opened door that led to a gay little conservatory, and nothing but the roll of a distant carriage broke the silence now and then.

Christie's eyes soon wandered from her book to the lovely face and motionless figure on the couch. Just opposite, in a recess, hung the portrait of a young and handsome man, and below it stood a vase of flowers, a graceful Roman lamp, and several little relics, as if it were the shrine where some dead love was mourned and worshipped still.

As she looked from the living face, so pale and so pathetic in its



quietude, to the painted one so full of colour, strength, and happiness, her heart ached for poor Helen, and her eyes were wet with tears of pity. A sudden movement on the couch gave her no time to hide them, and as she hastily looked down upon her book a treacherous drop fell glittering on the page.

"What have you there so interesting?" asked Helen, in that softly imperious tone of hers.

"'Don Quixote,'" answered Christie, too much abashed to have her wits about her.

Helen smiled a melancholy smile as she rose, saying wearily,—

"They gave me that to make me laugh, but I did not find it funny ; neither was it sad enough to make me cry as you do."

"I was not reading, I was"—There Christie broke down, and could have cried with vexation at the bad beginning she had made. But that involuntary tear was better balm to Helen than the most perfect tact, the most brilliant conversation. It touched and won her without words, for sympathy works miracles. Her whole face changed, and her mournful eyes grew soft as with the gentle freedom of a child she lifted Christie's downcast face, and said, with a falter in her voice,—

"I know you were pitying me. Well, I need pity, and from you I'll take it, because you don't force it on me. Have *you* been ill and wretched too? I think so, else you would never care to come and shut yourself up here with me!"

"I have been ill, and I know how hard it is to get one's spirits back again. I've had my troubles, too, but not heavier than I could bear, thank God."

"What made you ill? Would you mind telling me about it? I seem to fancy hearing other people's woes, though it can't make mine seem lighter."

"A piece of the Castle of the Sun fell on my head and nearly killed me," and Christie laughed, in spite of herself, at the astonishment in Helen's face. "I was an actress once: your mother knows, and didn't mind," she added quickly.

"I'm glad of that. I used to wish I could be one, I was so fond of the theatre. They should have consented, it would have given me something to do; and however hard it is, it couldn't be worse than this." Helen spoke vehemently, and an excited flush rose to her white cheeks; then she checked herself, and dropped into a chair, saying hurriedly,—

"Tell about it; don't let me think, it's bad for me."

Glad to be set to work, and bent on retrieving her first mistake, Christie plunged into her theatrical experiences and talked away in her most lively style. People usually get eloquent when telling their own story, and true tales are always the most interesting. Helen listened at first with a half-absent air, but presently grew more attentive, and, when the catastrophe came, sat erect, quite absorbed in the interest of this glimpse behind the curtain.

Charmed with her success, Christie branched off right and left,

stimulated by questions, led on by suggestive incidents, and generously supplied by memory. Before she knew it, she was telling her whole history in the most expansive manner, for women soon get sociable together, and Helen's interest flattered her immensely. Once she made her laugh at some droll trifle, and as if the unaccustomed sound had startled her, old nurse popped in her head, but seeing nothing amiss retired, wondering what on earth that girl could be doing to cheer up Miss Helen so.

"Tell about your lovers—you must have had some, actresses always do. Happy women, they can love as they like!" said Helen, with the inquisitive frankness of an invalid for whom etiquette has ceased to exist.

Remembering in time that this was a forbidden subject, Christie smiled and shook her head.

"I had a few, but one does not tell those secrets, you know."

Evidently disappointed, and a little displeased at being reminded of her want of good breeding, Helen got up and began to wander restlessly about the room. Presently, as if wishing to atone for her impatience, she bade Christie come and see her flowers. Following her, the new companion found herself in a little world where perpetual summer reigned. Vines curtained the roof, slender shrubs and trees made leafy walls on either side, flowers bloomed above and below, birds carolled in half-hidden prisons, aquariums and ferneries stood all about, and the soft plash of a little fountain made pleasant music as it rose and fell.

Helen threw herself wearily down on a pile of cushions that lay beside the basin, and, beckoning Christie to sit near, said, as she pressed her hands to her hot forehead and looked up with a distressful brightness in the haggard eyes that seemed to have no rest in them,—

"Please sing to me; any humdrum air will do. I am so tired, and yet I cannot sleep. If my head would only stop this dreadful thinking, and let me forget one hour, it would do me so much good."

"I know the feeling, and I'll try what Lucy used to do to quiet me. Put your poor head in my lap, dear, and lie quite still while I cool and comfort it."

Obedient like a worn-out child, Helen lay motionless while Christie, dipping her fingers in the basin, passed the wet tips softly to and fro across the hot forehead and the thin temples where the pulses throbbed so fast. And while she soothed she sang the "Land o' the Leal," and sang it well; for the tender words, the plaintive air were dear to her, because her mother loved and sang it to her years ago. Slowly the heavy eyelids drooped, slowly the lines of pain were smoothed away from the broad brow, slowly the restless hands grew still, and Helen lay asleep.

So intent upon her task was Christie, that she forgot herself till the discomfort of her position reminded her that she had a body.

Fearing to wake the poor girl in her arms, she tried to lean against the basin, but could not reach a cushion to lay upon the cold stone ledge. An unseen hand supplied the want, and, looking round, she saw two young men standing behind her.

Helen's brothers, without doubt; for, though utterly unlike in expression, some of the family traits were strongly marked in both. The elder wore the dress of a priest, had a pale, ascetic face with melancholy eyes, stern mouth, and the absent air of one who leads an inward life. The younger had a more attractive face, for though bearing marks of dissipation, it betrayed a generous, ardent nature, proud and wilful, yet lovable in spite of all defects. He was very boyish still, and plainly showed how much he felt, as, with a hasty nod to Christie, he knelt down beside his sister, saying, in a whisper,—

"Look at her, Augustine! so beautiful, so quiet! What a comfort it is to see her like herself again."

"Ah yes; and, but for the sin of it, I could find it in my heart to wish she might never wake!" returned the other gloomily.

"Don't say that! How could we live without her?" Then, turning to Christie, the younger said, in a friendly tone,—

"You must be very tired; let us lay her on the sofa. It is very damp here and if she sleeps long you will faint from weariness."

Carefully lifting her, the brothers carried the sleeping girl into her room, and laid her down. She sighed as her head touched the pillow, and her arm clung to Harry's neck, as if she felt his nearness even in sleep. He put his cheek to hers, and lingered over her with an affectionate solicitude beautiful to see. Augustine stood silent, grave and cold as if he had done with human ties, yet found it hard to sever this one, for he stretched his hand above his sister as if he blessed her, then, with another grave bow to Christie, went away as noiselessly as he had come. But Harry kissed the sleeper tenderly, whispered "Be kind to her" with an imploring voice, and hurried from the room, as if to hide the feeling that he must not show.

A few minutes later the nurse brought in a note from Mrs. Carrol.

"My son tells me that Helen is asleep, and you look very tired. Leave her to Hester, now; you have done enough to-day, so let me thank you heartily, and send you home for a quiet night before you continue your good work to-morrow."

Christie went, found a carriage waiting for her, and drove home, very happy at the success of her first attempt at companionship.

The next day she entered upon the new duties with interest and good-will, for this was work in which heart took part, as well as head and hand. Many things surprised, and some things perplexed her, as she came to know the family better. But she discreetly held her tongue, used her eyes, and did her best to please.

Mrs. Carrol seemed satisfied, often thanked her for her faithful-



ness to Helen, but seldom visited her daughter, never seemed surprised or grieved that the girl expressed no wish to see her, and, though her handsome face always wore its gracious smile, Christie soon felt very sure that it was a mask put on to hide some heavy sorrow from a curious world.

Augustine never came except when Helen was asleep, then, like a shadow, he passed in and out, always silent, cold and grave, but in his eyes the gloom of some remorseful pain that prayers and penances seemed powerless to heal.

Harry came every day, and no matter how melancholy, listless, or irritable his sister might be, for him she always had a smile, an affectionate greeting, a word of praise, or a tender warning against the reckless spirit that seemed to possess him. The love between them was very strong, and Christie found a never-failing pleasure in watching them together, for then Helen showed what she once had been, and Harry was his best self. A boy still, in spite of his one and twenty years, he seemed to feel that Helen's room was a safe refuge from the temptations that beset one of his thoughtless and impetuous nature. Here he came to confess his faults and follies with the frankness which is half sad, half comical, and wholly charming in a good-hearted young scatter-brain. Here he brought gay gossip, lively descriptions, and masculine criticisms of the world he moved in. All his hopes and plans, joys and sorrows, successes and defeats he told to Helen. And she, poor soul, in this one happy love of her sad life, forgot a little the burden of despair that darkened all the world to her. For his sake she smiled, to him she talked when others got no word from her, and Harry's salvation was the only duty that she owned or tried to fulfil.

A younger sister was away at school, but the others seldom spoke of her, and Christie tired herself with wondering why Bella never wrote to Helen, and why Harry seemed to have nothing but a gloomy sort of pity to bestow upon the blooming girl whose picture hung in the great drawing-room below.

It was a very quiet winter, yet a very pleasant one to Christie, for she felt herself loved and trusted, saw that she suited, and believed that she was doing good, as women best love to do it, by bestowing sympathy and care with generous devotion.

Helen and Harry loved her like an elder sister ; Augustine showed that he was grateful, and Mrs. Carrol sometimes forgot to put on her mask before one who seemed fast becoming *confidante* as well as companion.

In the spring the family went to the fine old country-house just out of town, and here Christie and her charge led a freer, happier life. Walking and driving, boating and gardening, with pleasant days on the wide terrace, where Helen swung idly in her hammock, while Christie read or talked to her ; and summer twilights beguiled with music, or the silent reveries more eloquent than speech, which real friends may enjoy together, and find the sweeter for the mute companionship.

Harry was with them, and devoted to his sister, who seemed slowly to be coming out of her sad gloom, won by patient tenderness and the cheerful influences all about her.

Christie's heart was full of pride and satisfaction, as she saw the altered face, heard the tone of interest in that once hopeless voice and felt each day more sure that Helen had outlived the loss that seemed to have broken her heart.

Alas, for Christie's pride, for Harry's hope, and for poor Helen's bitter fate ! When all was brightest, the black shadow came ; when all looked safest, danger was at hand ; and when the past seemed buried, the ghost which haunted it returned, for the punishment of a broken law is as inevitable as death.

When settled in town again Bella came home, a gay, young girl, who should have brought sunshine and happiness into her home. But from the hour she returned a strange anxiety seemed to possess the others. Mrs. Carrol watched over her with sleepless care, was evidently full of maternal pride in the lovely creature, and began to dream dreams about her future. She seemed to wish to keep the sisters apart, and said to Christie, as if to explain this wish,—

“Bella was away when Helen's trouble and illness came ; she knows very little of it, and I do not want her to be saddened by the knowledge. Helen cares only for Hal, and Bella is too young to be of any use to my poor girl ; therefore the less they see of each other the better for both. I am sure you agree with me ?” she added, with that covert scrutiny which Christie had often felt before.

She could but acquiesce in the mother's decision, and devoted herself more faithfully than ever to Helen, who soon needed all her care and patience, for a terrible unrest grew upon her, bringing sleepless nights again, moody days, and all the old afflictions with redoubled force.

Bella “came out,” and began her career as a beauty and a belle most brilliantly. Harry was proud of her, but seemed jealous of other men's admiration for his charming sister, and would excite both Helen and himself over the flirtations into which “that child,” as they called her, plunged with all the zest of a light-hearted girl whose head was a little turned with sudden and excessive adoration.

In vain Christie begged Harry not to report these things ; in vain she hinted that Bella had better not come to show herself to Helen night after night in all the dainty splendour of her youth and beauty ; in vain she asked Mrs. Carrol to let her go away to some quieter place with Helen, since she never could be persuaded to join in any gaiety at home or abroad. All seemed wilful, blind, or governed by the fear of the gossiping world. So the days rolled on till an event occurred which enlightened Christie, with startling abruptness, and showed her the skeleton that haunted this unhappy family.

Going in one morning to Helen, she found her walking to and

fro, as she often walked of late, with hurried steps and excited face as if driven by some power beyond her control.

"Good morning, dear. I'm so sorry you had a restless night, and wish you had sent for me. Will you come out now for an early drive? It's a lovely day, and your mother thinks it would do you good," began Christie, troubled by the state in which she found the girl.

But as she spoke Helen turned on her, crying passionately,—

"My mother! don't speak of her to me, I hate her!"

"Oh, Helen, don't say that. Forgive and forget if she has displeased you, and don't exhaust yourself by brooding over it. Come, dear, and let us soothe ourselves with a little music. I want to hear that new song again, though I can never hope to sing it as you do."

"Sing!" echoed Helen, with a shrill laugh, "you don't know what you ask. Could *you* sing when your heart was heavy with the knowledge of a sin about to be committed by those nearest to you? Don't try to quiet me, I *must* talk whether you listen or not; I shall go frantic if I don't tell some one; all the world will know it soon. Sit down, I'll not hurt you, but don't thwart me or you'll be sorry for it."

Speaking with a vehemence that left her breathless, Helen thrust Christie down upon a seat, and went on with an expression in her face that bereft the listener of power to move or speak.

"Harry has just told me of it; he was very angry, and I saw it, and made him tell me. Poor boy, he can keep nothing from *me*. I've been dreading it, and now it's coming. You don't know it, then? Young Butler is in love with Bella, and no one has prevented it. Think how wicked when such a curse is on us all."

The question, "What curse?" rose involuntarily to Christie's lips, but did not pass them; for, as if she read the thought, Helen answered it in a whisper that made the blood tingle in the other's veins, so full of ominous suggestion was it,—

"The curse of insanity I mean. We are all mad, or shall be; we come of a mad race, and for years we have gone recklessly on bequeathing this awful inheritance to our descendants. It should end with us, we are the last; none of us should marry; none dare think of it but Bella, and she knows nothing. She must be told, she must be kept from the sin of deceiving her lover, the agony of seeing her children become what I am, and what we all may be."

Here Helen wrung her hands and paced the room in such a paroxysm of impotent despair that Christie sat bewildered and aghast, wondering if this were true or but the fancy of a troubled brain. Mrs. Carrol's face and manner returned to her with sudden vividness, so did Augustine's gloomy expression, and the strange wish uttered over his sleeping sister long ago. Harry's reckless, aimless life might be explained in this way; and all that had perplexed her through that year. Everything confirmed the belief that



this tragical assertion was true, and Christie covered up her face, murmuring, with an involuntary shiver,—

“My God, how terrible!”

Helen came and stood before her with such grief and penitence in her countenance, that for a moment it conquered the despair that had broken bounds.

“We should have told you this at first; I longed to do it, but I was afraid you’d go and leave me. I was so lonely, so miserable, Christie. I could not give you up when I had learned to love you; and I did learn very soon, for no wretched creature ever needed help and comfort more than I. For your sake I tried to be quiet, to control my shattered nerves, and hide my desperate thoughts. You helped me very much, and your unconsciousness made me doubly watchful. Forgive me; don’t desert me now, for the old horror may be coming back, and I want you more than ever.”

Too much moved to speak, Christie held out her hands with a face full of pity, love, and grief. Poor Helen clung to them as if her only help lay there, and for a moment was quite still. But not long; the old anguish was too sharp to be borne in silence; the relief of confidence once tasted was too great to be denied; and, breaking loose, she went to and fro again, pouring out the bitter secret which had been weighing upon heart and conscience for a year.

“You wonder that I hate my mother; let me tell you why. When she was beautiful and young she married, knowing the sad history of my father’s family. He was rich, she poor and proud; ambition made her wicked, and she did it after being warned that, though he might escape, his children were sure to inherit the curse, for when one generation goes free it falls more heavily upon the rest. She knew it all, and yet she married him. I have *her* to thank for all I suffer, and I *cannot* love her though she *is* my mother. It may be wrong to say these things, but they are true; they burn in my heart, and I must speak out; for I tell you there comes a time when children judge their parents as men and women, in spite of filial duty, and woe to those whose actions change affection and respect to hatred or contempt.”

The bitter grief, the solemn fervour of her words, both touched and awed Christie too much for speech. Helen had passed beyond the bounds of ceremony, fear, or shame: her hard lot, her dark experience, set her apart and gave her the sad right to utter the bare truth. To her heart’s core Christie felt that warning; and for the first time saw what many never see, or wilfully deny—the awful responsibility that lies on every man and woman’s soul, forbidding them to entail upon the innocent the burden of their own infirmities, the curse that surely follows their own sins.

Sad and stern, as an accusing angel’s voice, that most unhappy daughter spoke,—

“If ever a woman had cause to repent, it is my mother; but she will not, and till she does, God has forsaken us. Nothing can

subdue her pride, not even an affliction like mine. She hides the truth; she hides me, and lets the world believe I am dying 'of consumption; not a word about insanity, and no one knows the secret beyond ourselves, but doctor, nurse, and you. This is why I was not sent away, but for a year was shut up in that room yonder where the door is always locked. If you look in, you'll see barred windows, guarded fire, muffled walls, and other sights to chill your blood when you remember all those dreadful things were meant for me."

"Don't speak, don't think of them! Don't talk any more; let me do something to comfort you, for my heart is broken with all this," cried Christie, panic-stricken at the picture Helen's words had conjured up.

"I *must* go on! There is no rest for me till I have tried to lighten this burden by sharing it with you. Let me talk, let me wear myself out, then you shall help and comfort me, if there is any help and comfort for such as I. Now I can tell you all about my Edward, and you'll listen, though mamma forbade it. Three years ago my father died, and we came here. I was well then, and oh, how happy!"

Clasping her hands above her head, she stood like a beautiful, pale image of despair: tearless and mute, but with such a world of anguish in the eyes lifted to the smiling picture opposite that it needed no words to tell the story of a broken heart.

"How I loved him!" she said softly, while her whole face glowed for an instant with the light and warmth of a deathless passion. "How I loved him, and how he loved me! Too well to let me darken both our lives with a remorse which would come too late for a just atonement. I thought him cruel then—I bless him for it now. I had far rather be the innocent sufferer I am, than a wretched woman like my mother. I shall never see him any more, but I know he thinks of me far away in India; and when I die, one faithful heart will remember me."

There her voice faltered and failed, and for a moment the fire of her eyes was quenched in tears. Christie thought the reaction had come, and rose to go and comfort her. But instantly Helen's hand was on her shoulder, and pressing her back into her seat, she said, almost fiercely,—

"I'm not done yet: you must hear the whole, and help me to save Bella. We knew nothing of the blight that hung over us till father told Augustine upon his death-bed. August, urged by mother, kept it to himself, and went away to bear it as he could. He should have spoken out and saved me in time. But not till he came home and found me engaged did he find courage to warn me of the fate in store for us. So Edward tore himself away, although it broke his heart, and I—do you see that?"

With a quick gesture she rent open her dress, and on her bosom Christie saw a scar that made her turn yet paler than before.

"Yes, I tried to kill myself; but they would not let me die, so

the old tragedy of our house begins again. August became a priest, hoping to hide his calamity and expiate his father's sin by endless penances and prayers. Harry turned reckless; for what had he to look forward to? A short life and a gay one, he says, and when his turn comes he will spare himself long suffering as I tried to do it. Bella was never told; she was so young they kept her ignorant of all they could, even the knowledge of my state. She was long away at school; but now she has come home, now she has learned to love, and is going blindly as I went, because no one tells her what she *must* know soon or late. Mamma will not. August hesitates, remembering me. Harry swears he will speak out, but I implore him not to do it, for he will be too violent; and I am powerless. I never knew about this man till Hal told me to-day. Bella only comes in for a moment, and I have no chance to tell her she must not love him."

Pressing her hands to her temples, Helen resumed her restless march again, but suddenly broke out more violently than before,—

"Now do you wonder why I am half frantic? Now will you ask me to sing and smile, and sit calmly by while this wrong goes on? You have done much for me, and God will bless you for it; but you cannot keep me sane. Death is the only cure for a mad Carrol, and I'm so young, so strong, it will be long in coming, unless I hurry it."

She clenched her hands, set her teeth, and looked about her as if ready for any desperate act that should set her free from the dark and dreadful future that lay before her.

For a moment Christie feared and trembled; then pity conquered fear. She forgot herself and only remembered this poor girl, so hopeless, helpless, and afflicted. Led by a sudden impulse, she put both arms about her, and held her close with a strong but silent tenderness better than any bonds. At first, Helen seemed unconscious of it, as she stood rigid and motionless, with her wild eyes dumbly imploring help of earth and heaven. Suddenly both strength and excitement seemed to leave her, and she would have fallen but for the living, loving prop that sustained her.

Still silent, Christie laid her down, kissed her white lips, and busied herself about her till she looked up quite herself again, but so wan and weak it was pitiful to see her.

"It's over now," she whispered, with a desolate sigh. "Sing to me, and keep the evil spirit quiet for a little while. To-morrow, if I'm strong enough, we'll talk about poor little Bella."

And Christie sang, with tears dropping fast upon the keys, that made a soft accompaniment to the sweet old hymns which soothed this troubled soul as David's music brought repose to Saul.

When Helen slept at last from sheer exhaustion, Christie executed the resolution she had made as soon as the excitement of that stormy scene was over. She went straight to Mrs. Carrol's room, and, undeterred by the presence of her sons, told all that had passed. They were evidently not unprepared for it, thanks to old



Hannah, who had overheard enough of Helen's wild words to know that something was amiss, and had reported accordingly ; but none of them had ventured to interrupt the interview, lest Helen should be driven to desperation as before.

"Mother, Helen is right ; we should speak out, and not hide this bitter fact any longer. The world will pity us, and we must bear the pity, but it would condemn us for deceit, and we should deserve the condemnation if we let this misery go on. Living a lie will ruin us all. Bella will be destroyed as Helen was ; I am only the shadow of a man now, and Hal is killing himself as fast as he can, to avoid the fate we all dread."

Augustine spoke first, for Mrs. Carrol sat speechless with her trouble as Christie paused.

"Keep to your prayers, and let me go my own way ; it's the shortest," muttered Harry, with his face hidden, and his head down on his folded arms.

"Boys, boys, you'll kill me if you say such things ! I have more now than I can bear. Don't drive me wild with your reproaches to each other !" cried their mother, her heart rent with the remorse that came too late.

"No fear of that ; *you* are not a Carrol," answered Harry, with the pitiless bluntness of a resentful and rebellious boy.

Augustine turned on him with a wrathful flash of the eye, and a warning ring in his stern voice, as he pointed to the door.

"You shall not insult your mother ! Ask her pardon, or go !"

"She should ask mine ! I'll go. When you want me, you'll know where to find me." And, with a reckless laugh, Harry stormed out of the room.

Augustine's indignant face grew full of a new trouble as the door banged below, and he pressed his thin hands tightly together, saying, as if to himself,—

"Heaven help me ! Yes, I do know ; for, night after night, I find and bring the poor lad home from gambling-tables and the hells where souls like his are lost."

Here Christie thought to slip away, feeling that it was no place for her now that her errand was done. But Mrs. Carrol called her back.

"Miss Devon—Christie—forgive me that I did not trust you sooner. It was so hard to tell ; I hoped so much from time ; I never could believe that my poor children would be made the victims of my mistake. Do not forsake us : Helen loves you so. Stay with her, I implore you, and let a most unhappy mother plead for a most unhappy child." Then Christie went to the poor woman, and earnestly assured her of her love and loyalty ; for now she felt doubly bound to them because they trusted her.

"What shall we do ?" they said to her, with pathetic submission, turning like sick people to a healthful soul for help and comfort.

"Tell Bella all the truth, and help her to refuse her lover. Do this just thing, and God will strengthen you to bear the con-

sequences," was her answer, though she trembled at the responsibility they put upon her.

"Not yet," cried Mrs. Carrol. "Let the poor child enjoy the holidays with a light heart; then we will tell her, and then Heaven help us all!"

So it was decided; for only a week or two of the old year remained, and no one had the heart to rob poor Bella of the little span of blissful ignorance that now remained to her.

A terrible time was that to Christie, for while one sister, blessed with beauty, youth, love, and pleasure, tasted life at its sweetest, the other sat in the black shadow of a growing dread, and wearied Heaven with piteous prayers for her relief.

"The old horror is coming back; I feel it creeping over me. Don't let it come, Christie! Stay by me! Help me! Keep me sane! and if you cannot, ask God to take me quickly!"

With words like these, poor Helen clung to Christie; and, soul and body, Christie devoted herself to the afflicted girl. She would not see her mother; and the unhappy woman haunted that closed door, hungering for the look, the word, that never came to her. Augustine was all her consolation, and, during those troublous days, the priest was forgotten in the son. But Harry was all in all to Helen then; and it was touching to see how these unfortunate young creatures clung to one another, she tenderly trying to keep him from the wild life that was surely hastening the fate he might otherwise escape for years, and he patiently bearing all her moods, eager to cheer and soothe the sad captivity from which he could not save her.

These tender ministrations seemed to be blessed at last; and Christie began to hope the haunting terror would pass by, as quiet gloom succeeded to wild excitement. The cheerful spirit of the season seemed to reach even that sad room; and in preparing gifts for others, Helen seemed to find a little of that best of all gifts—peace for herself.

On New Year's morning, Christie found her garlanding her lover's picture with white roses and the myrtle sprays brides wear.

"These were his favourite flowers, and I meant to make my wedding wreath of this sweet-scented myrtle, because he gave it to me," she said with a look that made Christie's eyes grow dim. "Don't grieve for me, dear; we shall surely meet hereafter, though so far asunder here. Nothing can part us there, I devoutly believe; for we leave our burdens all behind us when we go." Then, in a lighter tone, she said, with her arm on Christie's neck,—

"This day is to be a happy one, no matter what comes after it. I'm going to be my old self for a little while, and forget there's such a word as sorrow. Help me to dress, so that when the boys come up they may find the sister Nell they have not seen for two long years."

"Will you wear this, my darling? Your mother sends it, and she tried to have it dainty and beautiful enough to please you.

See, your own colours, though the bows are only laid on that they may be changed for others if you like."

As she spoke, Christie lifted the cover of the box old Hester had just brought in, and displayed a cashmere wrapper, creamy-white, silk-lined, down-trimmed, and delicately relieved by rosy knots, like holly-berries lying upon snow. Helen looked at it without a word for several minutes ; then gathering up the ribbons, with a strange smile, she said,—

"I like it better so ; but I'll not wear it yet."

"Bless and save us, deary ; it *must* have a bit of colour somewhere, else it looks just like a shroud," cried Hester, and then wrung her hands in dismay as Helen answered quietly,—

"Ah, well, keep it for me, then. I shall be happier when I wear it so than in the gayest gown I own ; for when you put it on, this poor head and heart of mine will be quiet at last."

Motioning Hester to remove the box, Christie tried to banish the cloud her unlucky words had brought to Helen's face, by chatting cheerfully as she helped her make herself "pretty for the boys."

All that day she was unusually calm and sweet, and seemed to yield herself wholly to the happy influences of the hour ; gave and received her gifts so cheerfully that her brothers watched her with delight, and unconscious Bella said, as she hung about her sister, with loving admiration in her eyes,—

"I always thought you would get well, and now I'm sure of it, for you look as you used before I went away to school, and seem just like our own dear Nell."

"I'm glad of that ; I want you to feel so, my Bella. I'll accept your happy prophecy, and hope I may get well soon, very soon."

So cheerfully she spoke, so tranquilly she smiled, that all rejoiced over her, believing, with love's blindness, that she might yet conquer her malady in spite of their forebodings.

It was a very happy day to Christie, not only that she was generously remembered and made one of them by all the family, but because this change for the better in Helen made her heart sing for joy. She had given time, health, and much love to the task, and ventured now to hope they had not been given in vain. One thing only marred her happiness—the sad estrangement of the daughter from her mother, and that evening she resolved to take advantage of Helen's tender mood, and plead for the poor soul who dared not plead for herself.

As the brothers and sisters said good-night, Helen clung to them as if loth to part, saying, with each embrace,—

"Keep hoping for me, Bella ; kiss me, Harry ; bless me, Augustine ; and all wish for me a happier New Year than the last."

When they were gone she wandered slowly round the room, stood long before the picture with its fading garland, sung a little softly to herself, and came at last to Christie, saying like a tired child,—

"I have been good all day ; now let me rest."



"One thing has been forgotten, dear," began Christie, fearing to disturb the quietude that seemed to have been so dearly bought.

Helen understood her, and looked up with a sane, sweet face out of which all resentful bitterness had passed.

"No, Christie, not forgotten, only kept until the last. To-day is a good day to forgive as we would be forgiven, and I mean to do it before I sleep." Then holding Christie close, she added, with a quiver of emotion in her voice,—*"I have no words warm enough to thank you, my good angel, for all you have been to me, but I know it will give you a great pleasure to do one thing more. Give dear mamma my love, and tell her that when I am quiet for the night I want her to come and get me to sleep with the old lullaby she used to sing when I was a little child."*

No gift bestowed that day was so precious to Christie as the joy of carrying this loving message from daughter to mother. How Mrs. Carrol received it need not be told. She would have gone at once, but Christie begged her to wait till rest and quiet, after the efforts of the day, had prepared Helen for an interview which might undo all that had been done if too hastily attempted.

Hester always waited upon her child at night; so, feeling that she might be wanted later, Christie went to her own room to rest. Quite sure that Mrs. Carrol would come to tell her what had passed, she waited for an hour or two, then went to ask of Hester how the visit had sped.

"Her mamma came up long ago, but the dear thing was fast asleep, so I wouldn't let her be disturbed, and Mrs. Carrol went away again," said the old woman, rousing from a nap.

Grieved at the mother's disappointment, Christie stole in, hoping that Helen might rouse. She did not, and Christie was about to leave her, when, as she bent to smooth the tumbled coverlet, something dropped at her feet,—only a little pearl-handled penknife of Harry's; but her heart stood still with fear, for it was open, and as she took it up a red stain came off upon her hand.

Helen's face was turned away, and, bending nearer, Christie saw how deathly pale it looked in the shadow of the darkened room. She listened at her lips, only a faint flutter of breath parted them; she lifted up the averted head, and on the white throat saw a little wound from which the blood still flowed. Then, like a flash of light, the meaning of the sudden change which came over her grew clear—her brave efforts to make the last day happy, her tender good-night partings, her wish to be at peace with every one, the tragic death she had chosen rather than live out the tragic life that lay before her.

Christie's nerves had been tried to the uttermost; the shock of this discovery was too much for her, and, in the act of calling for help, she fainted for the first time in her life.

When she was herself again, the room was full of people; terror-stricken faces passed before her; broken voices whispered, *"It is too late;"* and, as she saw the group about the bed, she wished for unconsciousness again.

Helen lay in her mother's arms at last, quietly breathing her life away, for though everything that love and skill could devise had been tried to save her, the little knife in that desperate hand had done its work, and this world held no more suffering for her. Harry was down upon his knees beside her, trying to stifle his passionate grief. Augustine prayed audibly above her, and the fervour of his broken words comforted all hearts but one. Bella was clinging, panic-stricken, to the kind old doctor, who was sobbing like a boy, for he had loved and served poor Helen as faithfully as if she had been his own.

"Can nothing save her?" Christie whispered, as the prayer ended, and a sound of bitter weeping filled the room.

"Nothing; she is sane and safe at last, thank God!"

Christie could not but echo his thanksgiving, for the blessed tranquillity of the girl's countenance was such as none but death, the great healer, can bring; and as they looked her eyes opened, beautifully clear and calm before they closed for ever. From face to face they passed as if they looked for some one, and her lips moved in vain efforts to speak.

Christie went to her, but still the wide, wistful eyes searched the room as if unsatisfied, and, with a longing that conquered the mortal weakness of the body, the heart sent forth one tender cry,—

"My mother—I want my mother!"

There was no need to repeat the piteous call, for, as it left her lips, she saw her mother's face bending over her, and felt her mother's arms gathering her in an embrace which held her close even after death had set its seal upon the voiceless prayers for pardon which passed between those reunited hearts.

When she was asleep at last, Christie and her mother made her ready for the grave, weeping tender tears as they folded her in the soft, white garment she had put by for that sad hour; and on her breast they laid the flowers she had hung about her lover as a farewell gift. So beautiful she looked when all was done, that in the early dawn they called her brothers that they might not lose the memory of the blessed peace that shone upon her face, a mute assurance that for her the new year had happily begun.

"Now my work here is done, and I must go," thought Christie, when the waves of life closed over the spot where another tired swimmer had gone down. But she found that one more task remained for her before she left the family which, on her coming, she had thought so happy.

Mrs. Carrol, worn out with the long effort to conceal her secret cross, broke down entirely under this last blow, and besought Christie to tell Bella all that she must know. It was a hard task, but Christie accepted it, and when the time came, found that there was very little to be told, for at the death-bed of the elder sister, the younger had learned much of the sad truth. Thus prepared, she listened to all that was most carefully and tenderly confided to her, and when the heavy tale was done, she surprised Christie by

the unsuspected strength she showed. No tears, no lamentations, for she was her mother's daughter, and inherited the pride that can bear heavy burdens if they are borne unseen.

"Tell me what I must do, and I will do it," she said, with the quiet despair of one who submits to the inevitable, but will not complain.

When Christie with difficulty told her that she should give up her lover, Bella bowed her head and for a moment could not speak, then lifted it as if defying her own weakness, and spoke out bravely,—

"It shall be done, for it is right. It is very hard for *me*, because I love him; he will not suffer much, for he can love again. I should be glad of that, and I'll try to wish it for his sake. He is young, and if, as Harry says, he cares more for my fortune than myself, so much the better. What next, Christie?"

Amazed and touched at the courage of the creature she had fancied a sort of lovely butterfly, to be crushed by a single blow, Christie took heart, and, instead of soothing sympathy, gave her the solace best fitted for strong natures—something to do for others. What inspired her, Christie never knew; perhaps it was the year of self-denying service she had rendered for pity's sake; such devotion is its own reward, and now within herself she discovered unsuspected powers.

"Live for your mother and your brothers, Bella; they need you sorely, and in time I know you will find true consolation in it, although you must relinquish much. Sustain your mother, cheer Augustine, watch over Harry, and be to them what Helen longed to be."

"And fail to do it, as she failed!" cried Bella, with a shudder.

"Listen, and let me give you this hope, for I sincerely do believe it. Since I came here I have read many books, thought much, and talked often with Dr. Shirley about this sad affliction. He thinks you and Harry may escape it, if you will. You are like your mother in temperament and temper! you have self-control, strong wills, good nerves, and cheerful spirits. Poor Harry is wilfully spoiling all his chances now; but you may save him, and, in the endeavour, save yourself."

"Oh, Christie, may I hope it? Give me one chance of escape, and I will suffer any hardship to keep it. Let me see anything before me but a life and death like Helen's and I'll bless you for ever!" cried Bella, welcoming this ray of light as a prisoner welcomes sunshine in his cell.

Christie trembled at the power of her words, yet, honestly believing them, she let them uplift this disconsolate soul, trusting that they might be in time fulfilled through God's mercy and the saving grace of sincere endeavour.

Holding fast to this frail spar, Bella bravely took up arms against her sea of troubles and rode out the storm. When her lover came to know his fate, she hid her heart and answered "No!" finding a



bitter satisfaction in the end, for Harry was right, and when the fortune was denied him young Butler did not mourn the woman long. Pride helped Bella to bear it ; but it needed all her courage to look down the coming years, so bare of all that makes life sweet to youthful souls, so desolate and dark with duty alone to cheer the thorny way, and the haunting shadow of her race lurking in the background.

Submission and self-sacrifice are stern, sad angels, but in time one learns to know and love them, for when they have chastened they uplift and bless. Dimly discerning this, poor Bella put her hands in theirs, saying, like a little child too blind with its own tears to see the way, "Lead me, teach me ; I will follow and obey you."

All soon felt that they could not stay in a house so full of heavy memories, and decided to return to their old home. They begged Christie to go with them, using every argument and entreaty their affection could suggest. But Christie needed rest, longed for freedom, and felt that in spite of their regard it would be very hard for her to live among them any longer. Her healthy nature needed brighter influences, stronger comrades, and the memory of Helen weighed so heavily upon her heart that she was eager to forget it for a time in other scenes and other work.

So they parted, very sadly, very tenderly ; and laden with good gifts Christie went on her way weary but well satisfied, for she had earned her rest.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SEAMSTRESS.

For some weeks Christie rested and refreshed herself by making her room gay and comfortable with the gifts lavished on her by the Carrols, and by sharing with others the money which Harry had smuggled into her possession after she had steadily refused to take one penny more than the sum agreed upon when she first went to them.

She took infinite satisfaction in sending one hundred dollars to Uncle Enos, for she had accepted what he gave her as a loan, and set her heart on repaying every fraction of it. Another hundred she gave to Hepsey, who found her out and came to report her trials and tribulations. The good soul had ventured South, and tried to buy her mother. But "ole missis" would not let her go at any price, and the faithful chattel would not run away. Sorely disappointed, Hepsey had been obliged to submit ; but her trip was not a failure, for she liberated several brothers, and sent them triumphantly to Canada.

"You *must* take it, Hepsey, for I could not rest happy if I put it

away to lie idle while you can save men and women from torment with it. I'd give it if it was my last penny, for I can help in no other way ; and if I need money, I can always earn it, thank God !" said Christie, as Hepsey hesitated to take so much from a fellow-worker.

The thought of that investment lay warm at Christie's heart, and never woke a regret, for well she knew that every dollar of it would be blessed, since shares in the Underground Railroad pay splendid dividends that never fail.

Another portion of her fortune, as she called Harry's gift, was bestowed in wedding presents upon Lucy, who at length succeeded in winning the heart of the owner of the "heavenly eyes" and "distracting legs ;" and, having gained her point, married him with dramatic celerity and went West to follow the fortunes of her lord.

The old theatre was to be demolished and the company scattered, so a farewell festival was held, and Christie went to it, feeling more solitary than ever as she bade her old friends a long good-bye.

The rest of the money burned in her pocket, but she prudently put it by for a rainy day, and fell to work again when her brief vacation was over.

Hearing of a chance for a good needlewoman in a large and well-conducted mantua-making establishment, she secured it as a temporary thing ; for she wanted to divert her mind from that last sad experience by entirely different employment and surroundings. She liked to return at night to her own little home, solitary and simple as it was, and felt a great repugnance to accept any place where she would be mixed up with family affairs again.

So day after day she went to her seat in the work-room where a dozen other young women sat sewing busily on gay garments, with as much lively gossip to beguile the time as Miss Cotton, the fore-woman, would allow.

For awhile it diverted Christie, as she had a feminine love for pretty things, and enjoyed seeing delicate silks, costly lace, and all the indescribable fantasies of fashion. But as spring came on, the old desire for something fresh and free began to haunt her, and she had both waking and sleeping dreams of a home in the country somewhere, with cows and flowers, clothes bleaching on green grass, bob-o'-links making rapturous music by the river, and the smell of new-mown hay, all lending their charms to the picture she painted for herself.

Most assuredly she would have gone to find these things, led by the instincts of a healthful nature, had not one slender tie held her till it grew into a bond so strong she could not break it.

Among her companions was one, and one only, who attracted her. The others were well-meaning girls, but full of the frivolous purposes and pleasure which their tastes prompted and their dull life fostered. Dress, gossip, and wages were the three topics which absorbed them. Christie soon tired of the innumerable changes

rung upon these themes, and took refuge in her own thoughts, soon learned to enjoy them undisturbed by the clack of many tongues about her. Her evenings at home were devoted to books, for she had the true New England woman's desire for education, and read or studied for the love of it. Thus she had much to think of as her needle flew, and was rapidly becoming a sort of sewing-machine when life was brightened for her by the finding of a friend.

Among the girls was one quiet, skilful creature, whose black dress, peculiar face, and silent ways attracted Christie. Her evident desire to be let alone amused the new-comer at first, and she made no effort to know her. But presently she became aware that Rachel watched her with covert interest, stealing quick, shy glances at her as she sat musing over her work. Christie smiled at her when she caught these glances, as if to reassure the looker of her good-will. But Rachel only coloured, kept her eyes fixed on her work, and was more reserved than ever.

This interested Christie, and she fell to studying this young woman with some curiosity, for she was different from the others. Though evidently younger than she looked, Rachel's face was that of one who had known some great sorrow, some deep experience; for there were lines on the forehead that contrasted strongly with the bright, abundant hair above it; in repose, the youthful, red, soft lips had a mournful droop, and the eyes were old with that indescribable expression which comes to those who count their lives by emotions, not by years.

Strangely haunting eyes to Christie, for they seemed to appeal to her with a mute eloquence she could not resist. In vain did Rachel answer her with quiet coldness, nod silently when she wished her a cheery "good morning," and keep resolutely in her own somewhat isolated corner, though invited to share the sunny window where the other sat. Her eyes belied her words and those fugitive glances betrayed the longing of a lonely heart that dared not yield itself to the genial companionship so freely offered it.

Christie was sure of this, and would not be repulsed; for her own heart was very solitary. She missed Helen, and longed to fill the empty place. She wooed this shy, cold girl as patiently and as gentle as a lover might, determined to win her confidence because all the others had failed to do it. Sometimes she left a flower in Rachel's basket, always smiled and nodded as she entered, and often stopped to admire the work of her tasteful fingers. It was impossible to resist such friendly overtures, and slowly Rachel's coldness melted; into the beseeching eyes came a look of gratitude, the more touching for its wordlessness, and an irrepressible smile broke over her face in answer to the cordial ones that made the sunshine of her day.

Emboldened by these demonstrations Christie changed her seat, and quietly established between them a daily interchange of something besides needles, pins, and spools. Then, as Rachel did not draw back offended, she went a step farther; and one day, when they



chanced to be left alone to finish off a delicate bit of work, she spoke out frankly,—

“Why can't we be friends? I want one sadly, and so do you, unless your looks deceive me. We both seem to be alone in the world, to have had trouble, and to like one another. I won't annoy you by any impertinent curiosity, nor burden you with uninteresting confidences; I only want to feel that you like me a little and don't mind my liking you a great deal. Will you be my friend and let me be yours?”

A great tear rolled down upon the shining silk in Rachel's hands as she looked into Christie's earnest face, and answered with an almost passionate gratitude in her own,—

“You can never need a friend as much as I do, or know what a blessed thing it is to find such a one as you are.”

“Then I may love you and not be afraid of offending?” cried Christie, much touched.

“Yes. But remember *I* didn't ask it first,” said Rachel, half dropping the hand she had held in both her own.

“You proud creature! I'll remember, and when we quarrel I'll take all the blame upon myself.”

Then Christie kissed her warmly, whisked away the tear, and began to paint the delights in store for them in her most enthusiastic way, being much elated with her victory; while Rachel listened with a newly-kindled light in her lovely eyes, and a smile that showed how winsome her face had been before many tears washed its bloom away, and much trouble made it old too soon.

Christie kept her word—asked no questions, volunteered no confidences, but heartily enjoyed the new friendship, and found that it gave to life the zest which it had lacked before. Now some one cared for her, and better still, she could make some one happy; and in the act of lavishing the affection of her generous nature on a creature sadder and more solitary than herself, she found a satisfaction that never lost its charm. There was nothing in her possession that she did not offer Rachel, from the whole of her heart to the larger half of her little room.

“I'm tired of thinking only of myself. It makes me selfish and low-spirited, for I'm not a bit interesting. I must love somebody, and ‘love them hard,’ as children say; so why can't you come and stay with me? There's room enough, and we could be so cosy of evenings with our ‘books, and work, and healthful play.’ I know you need some one to look after you, and I love dearly to take care of people. Do come,” she would say, with most persuasive hospitality.

But Rachel always answered steadily,—“Not yet, Christie, not yet. I've got something to do before I can think of doing anything so beautiful as that. Only love me, dear, and some day I'll show you all my heart, and thank you as I ought.”

So Christie was content to wait, and meantime enjoyed much; for with Rachel as a friend she ceased to care for country pleasures,

found happiness in the work that gave her better food than mere daily bread, and never thought of change; for love can make a home for itself anywhere.

A very bright and happy time was this in Christie's life; but like most happy times it was very brief. Only one summer allowed for the blossoming of the friendship that budded so slowly in the spring; then the frost came and killed the flowers, but the root lived long underneath the snows of suffering, doubt, and absence.

Coming to her work late one morning, she found the usually orderly room in confusion. Some of the girls were crying, some whispering together, all looking excited and dismayed. Mrs. King sat majestically at her table, with an ominous frown upon her face. Miss Cotton stood beside her, looking unusually sour and stern, for the ancient virgin's temper was not of the best. Alone, before them all, with her face hidden in her hands and despair in every line of her drooping figure, stood Rachel—a meek culprit at the stern bar of justice where women try a sister woman.

"What's the matter?" cried Christie, pausing on the threshold.

Rachel shivered, as if the sound of that familiar voice was a fresh wound, but she did not lift her head; and Mrs. King answered, with a nervous emphasis that made the bugles of her head-dress rattle dismally,—

"A very sad thing, Miss Devon—*very* sad, indeed; a thing which *never* occurred in my establishment before, and *never* shall again. It appears that Rachel, whom we all considered a most respectable and worthy girl, has been quite the reverse. I shudder to think what the consequences of my taking her without a character (a thing I never do, and was only tempted by her superior taste as a trimmer) might have been if Miss Cotton, having suspicions, had not made strict inquiry and confirmed them."

"That was a kind and generous act, and Miss Cotton must feel proud of it," said Christie, with an indignant recollection of Mr. Fletcher's "cautious inquiries" about herself.

"It was perfectly right and proper, Miss Devon; and I thank her for her care of my interests." And Mrs. King bowed her acknowledgment of the service with a perfect castanet accompaniment, whereat Miss Cotton bridled with malicious complacency.

"Mrs. King, are you sure of this?" said Christie. "Miss Cotton does not like Rachel because her work is so much praised. May not her jealousy make her unjust, or her zeal for you mislead her?"

"I thank you for your polite insinuations, miss," returned the irate forewoman. "*I* never make mistakes; but you will find that *you* have made a very great one in choosing Rachel for your bosom friend, instead of some one who would be a credit to you. Ask the creature herself if all I've said of her isn't true. She can't deny it."

With the same indefinable misgiving which had held her aloof,

Christie turned to Rachel, lifted up the hidden face with gentle force, and looked into it imploringly, as she whispered, "Is it true?"

The woful countenance she saw made any other answer needless. Involuntarily her hands fell away, and she hid her own face, uttering the one reproach, which, tender and tearful though it was, seemed harder to be borne than the stern condemnation gone before,—

"Oh, Rachel, I so loved and trusted you!"

The grief, affection, and regret that trembled in her voice, roused Rachel from her state of passive endurance and gave her courage to plead for herself. But it was Christie whom she addressed, Christie whose pardon she implored, Christie's sorrowful reproach that she most keenly felt.

"Yes, it *is* true," she said, looking only at the woman who had been the first to befriend, and now was the last to desert her. "It is true that I once went astray; but God knows I have repented, that for years I've tried to be an honest girl again, and that but for this help I should be a far sadder creature than I am this day. Christie, you can never know how bitter hard it is to outlive a sin like mine, and struggle up again from such a fall. It clings to me; it won't be shaken off or buried out of sight. No sooner do I find a safe place like this, and try to forget the past, than some one reads my secret in my face and hunts me down. It seems very cruel, very hard, yet it is my punishment, so I try to bear it, and begin again. What hurts me now more than all the rest, what breaks my heart, is that I deceived *you*. I never meant to do it. I did not seek you, did I? I tried to be cold and stiff; never asked for love, though starving for it, till you came to me, so kind, so generous, so dear—how could I help it? Oh, how could I help it then?"

Christie had watched Rachel while she spoke, and spoke to her alone; her heart yearned towards this one friend, for she still loved her, and loving, she believed in her.

"I don't reproach you, dear; I don't despise or desert you, and though I'm grieved and disappointed, I'll stand by you still, because you need me more than ever now, and I want to prove that I am a true friend. Mrs. King, please forgive, and let poor Rachel stay here, safe among us."

"Miss Devon, I'm surprised at you! By no means; it would be the ruin of my establishment; not a girl would remain, and the character of my rooms would be lost for ever," replied Mrs. King, goaded on by the relentless Cotton.

"But where will she go if you send her away? Who will employ her if you inform against her? What stranger will believe in her if we, who have known her so long, fail to befriend her now? Mrs. King, think of your own daughters, and be a mother to this poor girl for their sake."

That last stroke touched the woman's heart; her cold eye



softened, her hard mouth relaxed, and pity was about to win the day, when prudence, in the shape of Miss Cotton, turned the scale, for that spiteful spinster suddenly cried out, in a burst of righteous wrath,—

“If that hussy stays, *I* leave this establishment for ever!” and followed up the blow by putting on her bonnet with a flourish.

At this spectacle, self-interest got the better of sympathy in Mrs. King's worldly mind. To lose Cotton was to lose her right hand, and charity at that price was too expensive a luxury to be indulged in ; so she hardened her heart, composed her features, and said impressively,—

“Take off your bonnet, Cotton ; I have no intention of offending you or any one else by such a step. I forgive you, Rachel, and I pity you ; but I can't think of allowing you to stay. There are proper institutions for such as you, and I advise you to go to one, and repent. You were paid Saturday night, so nothing prevents your leaving at once. Time is money here, and we are wasting it. Young ladies, take your seats.”

All but Christie obeyed, yet no one touched a needle, and Mrs. King sat hurriedly stabbing pins into the fat cushion on her breast, as if testing the hardness of her heart.

Rachel's eye went round the room ; saw pity, aversion, or contempt on every face, but met no answering glance, for even Christie's eyes were bent thoughtfully on the ground, and Christie's heart seemed closed against her. As she looked her whole manner changed, her tears ceased to fall, her face grew hard, and a reckless mood seemed to take possession of her, as if, finding herself deserted by womankind, she would desert her own womanhood.

“I might have known it would be so,” she said abruptly, with a bitter smile, sadder to see than her most hopeless tears. “It's no use for such as me to try ; better go back to the old life, for there are kinder hearts among the sinners than among the saints ; and no one can live without a bit of love. Your Magdalen Asylums are penitentiaries, not homes ; I won't go to any of them. Your piety isn't worth much, for though you read in your Bible how the Lord treated a poor soul like me, yet when I stretch out my hand to you for help, not one of all you virtuous, Christian women, dare take it and keep me from a life that's worse than hell.”

As she spoke Rachel flung out her hand with a half-defiant gesture, and Christie took it. That touch, full of womanly compassion, seemed to exorcize the desperate spirit that possessed the poor girl in her despair, for, with a stifled exclamation, she sank down at Christie's feet, and lay there weeping in all the passionate abandonment of love and gratitude, remorse and shame. Never had human voice sounded so heavenly sweet to her as that which broke the silence of the room as this one friend said, with the earnestness of a true and tender heart,—

“Mrs. King, if you send her away, I must take her in ; for if she does go back to the old life, the sin of it will lie at our door,

and God will remember it against us in the end. Some one must trust her, help her, love her, and so save her, as nothing else will. Perhaps I can do this better than you—at least, I'll try; for even if I risk the loss of my good name, I could bear that better than the thought that Rachel had lost the work of these hard years for want of upholding now. She shall come home with me; no one there need know of this discovery, and I will take any work to her that you will give me, to keep her from want and its temptations. Will you do this, and let me sew for less, if I can pay you for the kindness in no other way?"

Poor Mrs. King was much tumbled up and down in her own mind;" she longed to consent, but Cotton's eye was upon her, and Cotton's departure would be an irreparable loss, so she decided to end the affair in the most summary manner. Plunging a particularly large pin into her cushioned breast, as if it was a relief to inflict that mock torture upon herself, she said sharply,—

"It is impossible. You can do as you please, Miss Devon, but I prefer to wash my hands of the matter at once and entirely."

Christie's eye went from the figure at her feet to the hard-featured woman who had been a kind and just mistress until now, and she asked anxiously,—

"Do you mean that you wash your hands of me also, if I stand by Rachel?"

"I do. I'm very sorry, but my young ladies *must* keep respectable company, or leave my service," was the brief reply, for Mrs. King grew grimmer externally as the mental rebellion increased internally.

"Then I *will* leave it!" cried Christie, with an indignant voice and eye. "Come, dear, we'll go together." And without a look or word for any in the room, she raised the prostrate girl, and led her out into the little hall.

There she essayed to comfort her, but before many words had passed her lips Rachel looked up, and she was silent with surprise, for the face she saw was neither despairing nor defiant, but beautifully sweet and clear, as the unfallen spirit of the woman shone through the grateful eyes, and blessed her for her loyalty.

"Christie, you have done enough for me," she said. "Go back, and keep the good place you need, for such are hard to find. I can get on alone; I'm used to this, and the pain will soon be over."

"I'll not go back!" cried Christie hotly. "I'll do slop-work and starve, before I'll stay with such a narrow-minded, cold-hearted woman. Come home with me at once, and let us lay our plans together."

"No, dear; if I wouldn't go when you first asked me, much less will I go now, for I've done you harm enough already. I never can thank you for your great goodness to me, never tell you what it has been to me. We must part now; but some day I'll come back, and show you that I've not forgotten how you loved and helped and trusted me, when all the others cast me off."

Vain were Christie's arguments and appeals. Rachel was immovable, and all her friend could win from her was a promise to send word, now and then, how things prospered with her.

"And, Rachel, I charge you to come to me in any strait, no matter what it is, no matter where I am; for if anything could break my heart, it would be to know that you had gone back to the old life, because there was no one to help and hold you up."

"I *never* can go back; you have saved me, Christie, for you love me, you have faith in me, and that will keep me strong and safe when you are gone. Oh, my dear, my dear, God bless you for ever and for ever!"

Then Christie, remembering only that they were two loving women, alone in a world of sin and sorrow, took Rachel in her arms, kissed and cried over her with sisterly affection, and watched her prayerfully, as she went away to begin her hard task anew, with nothing but the touch of innocent lips upon her cheek, the baptism of tender tears upon her forehead to keep her from despair.

Still cherishing the hope that Rachel would come back to her, Christie neither returned to Mrs. King, nor sought another place of any sort, but took home work from a larger establishment, and sat sewing diligently in her little room, waiting, hoping, longing for her friend. But month after month went by, and no word, no sign came to comfort her. She would not doubt, yet she could not help fearing, and in her nightly prayer no petition was more fervently made than that which asked the Father of both saint and sinner to keep poor Rachel safe, and bring her back in His good time.

Never had she been so lonely as now, for Christie had a social heart, and having known the joy of a cordial friendship even for a little while, life seemed very barren to her when she lost it. No new friend took Rachel's place, for none came to her, and a feeling of loyalty kept her from seeking one. But she suffered for the want of genial society, for all the tenderness of her nature seemed to have been roused by that brief but most sincere affection. Her hungry heart clamoured for the happiness that was its right, and grew very heavy as she watched friends or lovers walking in the summer twilight when she took her evening stroll. Often her eyes followed some humble pair, longing to bless and to be blessed by the divine passion whose magic beautifies the little milliner and her lad with the same tender grace as the poet and the mistress whom he makes immortal in a song. But neither friend nor lover came to Christie, and she said to herself, with a sad sort of courage,—

"I shall be solitary all my life, perhaps; so the sooner I make up my mind to it, the easier it will be to bear."

At Christmas-tide she made a little festival for herself, by giving to each of the household drudges the most generous gift she could afford, for no one else thought of them, and having known some of the hardship of servitude herself, she had much sympathy with those in like case.



Then, with the pleasant recollection of two plain faces brightened by gratitude, surprise, and joy, she went out into the busy streets, to forget the solitude she left behind her.

Very gay they were with snow and sleigh-bells, holly-boughs, and garlands below, and Christmas sunshine in the winter sky above. All faces shone, all voices had a cheery ring, and everybody stepped briskly on errands of good-will. Up and down went Christie, making herself happy in the happiness of others. Looking in at the shop-windows, she watched with interest the purchases of busy parents calculating how best to fill the little socks hung up at home, with a childish faith that never must be disappointed, no matter how hard the times might be. She was glad to see so many turkeys on their way to garnish hospitable tables, and hoped that all the dear home circles might be found unbroken, though she had place in none. No Christmas-tree went by, leaving a whiff of piney sweetness behind, that she did not wish it all success, and picture to herself the merry little people dancing in its light. And whenever she saw a ragged child eyeing a window full of goodies, smiling even while it shivered, she could not resist playing Santa Claus till her purse was empty, sending the poor little souls enraptured home with oranges and apples in either hand and splendid sweeties in their pockets for the babies.

No envy mingled with the melancholy that would not be dispelled even by these gentle acts, for her heart was very tender that night, and if any one had asked what gifts she desired most, she would have answered, with a look more pathetic than any shivering child had given her,—

“I want the sound of a loving voice, the touch of a friendly hand.”

Going home, at last, to the lonely little room where no Christmas fire burned, no tree shone, no household group awaited her, she climbed the long, dark stairs, with drops on her cheeks, warmer than any melted snow-flake could have left, and, opening her door, paused on the threshold, smiling with wonder and delight, for in her absence some gentle spirit *had* remembered her. A fire burned cheerily upon the hearth, her lamp was lighted, a lovely rose-tree, in full bloom, filled the air with its delicate breath, and in its shadow lay a note from Rachel.

“A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Christie! Long ago you gave me your little rose; I have watched and tended it for your sake, dear, and now, when I want to show my love and thankfulness, I give it back again as my one treasure. I crept in while you were gone, because I feared I might harm you in some way if you saw me. I longed to stay and tell you that I am safe and well and busy, with your good face looking into mine, but I don't deserve that yet. Only love me, trust me, pray for me, and some day you shall know what you have done for me. Till then, God bless and keep you, dearest friend. Your Rachel.”

Never had sweeter tears fallen than those that dropped upon the little tree as Christie took it in her arms, and all the rosy clusters leaned towards her as if eager to deliver tender messages. Surely her wish was granted now, for friendly hands had been at work for her. Warm against her heart lay words as precious as if uttered by a loving voice, and nowhere, on that happy night, stood a fairer Christmas-tree than that which bloomed so beautifully from the heart of a Magdalen who loved much and was forgiven.

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

## IN ROME.

THE gorgeous light of late afternoon—it was late in May too—streamed over Rome, brightened the gloomiest nook and glorified the distant hills till it was like catching a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains to watch their changing hues.

John Ford stood on the summit of the Janiculum, surveyed the panorama spread out beneath, and gave himself up to the inexplicable charm of the scene. Close at his feet lay the huddled, narrow streets of the Trastevere, the yellow Tiber creeping sluggishly on; and beyond, the full sweep of modern Rome, with the green beauty of the Pincio for its limit, the Alban hills shutting in the view miles and miles away. To the north, the long line of the Vatican and the mighty dome of St. Peter's blending into one vast mass; farther to the left appeared glimpses of the ruins; and yet farther, the white stretch of the Appian Way—Metella's tomb, the last object distinguishable in the golden haze, towering up like some giant vessel becalmed in a purple sea.

The eternal city had been home to him for many years; no matter whither he wandered, his feet always strayed back, and not a spot, from distant Soracte—shining now like a broad door which might give entrance to a heavenly Eden—to the most distant pile of broken fragments that had been a stately town when Rome was young, was unfamiliar to him. Yet the scene never grew hackneyed; there was always something new and unaccustomed in its beauty; past and present mingled in such inseparable charm that he could never feel he stood in the common light of to-day and lived wholly in the prosaic round of modern times.

A young lady came out of the church—erected, Papist legends would have us believe, on the spot where Peter met the death by which "he glorified the Lord." Lost as he was in his reverie, Ford could hear that step and turned his dreamy face, rendered fairly handsome by its slow, grave smile, as she approached.



"I am afraid we ought to go home, Mr. Ford; your cousin will begin to think we are lost."

"Then I suppose we must get back and relieve her mind," he answered, "else she will be ordering poor old Giovanni to have the Tiber dragged. The last time we went wandering she conceived the idea that we must have got buried in the house of Nero, and wanted him to find the consul, and have excavations commenced at once."

They both laughed a little, then for a few moments forgot his relative and her fears in watching the dazzling line of yellow light which gave token of the coming sunset. Luckily they were brought back to a sense of their duty by the appearance of the old blind beggar and his mate who have haunted the hill since the memory of man.

"I've no soldi left, Valery," said Mr. Ford, after a vain search in his pockets, from whence he produced pencils, tubes of colour, scraps of paper, and all sorts of things which had no business to cumber the intricacies of any sane man's attire.

"Of course not," she replied, smiling; "we have been out several hours, and if you had brought a copper mountain with you there'd not be a vestige by this time."

Mr. Ford's shameful weakness in the matter of beggars was a fact so thoroughly established that he had not a word to say in his own defence. But he looked so wretched at the indignant cry the blind man set up when his spouse informed him what poor success their pleadings were likely to meet, that Valery was glad to console both friend and mendicant by producing some coins from her purse.

"And now we really must go," she said, taking Mr. Ford's arm and leading him resolutely on. "If we look back we are lost—that light is too bewitching!"

"Ah, Valery," said he, shaking his head, "it is enough to make one forswear palette and brushes for ever."

"I don't know that," she replied; "it leaves one very hopeless, but at the same time one feels that it is better to have tried and failed than have lived content never to make the effort."

"You are a brave girl," he said, with another of his rare smiles. "Well, you are right to be courageous. Did you read the London papers I sent into your room this morning?"

"Yes; how odd it seemed that it could be my work they were talking about! But I can see it so plainly, and see so many faults which I did not while it was on the easel, that I rather wonder how I dared send it."

"As long as you work as conscientiously as you do now, you need not be afraid to exhibit your efforts; they may not satisfy you or anybody else, but you will have done your best."

"That is not very encouraging or very clear, but I know what you mean," she answered.

"Are you capable of walking home?" he asked after a pause. "If not, we may as well take this little carriage."

"I'm not in the least tired; I would much rather walk," she replied.

So they descended the hill, took the street which winds past the Corsini Palace and threaded the narrow alleys of the Trastevere. They soon crossed the bridge and were deep in the heart of modern Rome, passing under the frowning fronts of the Spada and Farnese Palaces, that looked as if they had grown grim and sullen from keeping for so many centuries the secrets of the two ancient families now vanished from their shelter for ever.

John Ford was no talker, but he and Valery were never at a loss for conversation, and the girl unconsciously retained her childish habit of telling him every thought in her mind as freely as if he were a favourite elder brother.

The five years gone by since she left Miss Dorothy's protection had altered her somewhat, but it was the same face still, matured into womanhood, with a strength and power, and an expression of sweet patience, better than any ordinary beauty. These years so full of change and earnest labour had carried her out of the morbid sadness which threatened at one time to enfeeble and warp her whole character. She owed much of this alteration to Ford's influence, and was glad to know it, for any feeling which formed a new bond of affection between them was pleasant to her.

When she forsook Miss Dorothy's house, determined to lose herself so completely that no trace of her whereabouts could distract her old friend from the line of conduct which Valery felt to be the only right one, she hurried down to New York, meaning to follow John Ford over to Europe. But he had not sailed, owing to a fortunate business delay, and she enjoyed his companionship on the voyage. He approved thoroughly of her resolution, offered every assistance in his power, and made the whole plan of her future simple and easy.

"You will live with my cousin and me," he said. "I must stay in England for a while, and long before we reach Rome Dorothy will have written to Mrs. Sloman and have had her answer that nothing is known about you, which will end all inquiries."

The competency which Philip had settled upon his child—the one thoughtful act of his whole life—was deposited in English funds, and Valery entered into possession of an income more than sufficient for her wants, large enough to seem an absolute fortune to her moderate tastes.

They did not reach Rome until the winter. Valery lived so secluded a life that there was no danger any mention of her name should get back to America. She worked faithfully and diligently, and gradually there came the belief that she was fulfilling her destiny in this servitude to art, and the thought helped her on towards content and happiness. After a few months the three went away; and though Ford's paintings were regularly forwarded to London and New York, his most intimate friends knew very little of his whereabouts. A whole year was spent in Greece; another in the East;

a twelvemonth in wandering about Spain; and it was not until the previous autumn, which completed the five years of absence, that the artist once more found himself definitely established in his beloved city.

Valery had been a hard student, and was beginning now to reap the fruits of her patient industry in the favour accorded the pictures she despatched nameless to foreign exhibitions. Naturally enough, no notice of her had crept into the gossiping records of those sworn destroyers of peace and privacy—newspaper correspondents, so that during the whole time no clue reached Miss Dorothy whereby to trace her.

Since the pictures were sent, Ford had learned of Mr. Denham's death; Cecil was nearly of age now, and no great harm could grow out of Valery's discovery if it must come. They were talking of the possibility as they walked home through the sunset, and Valery said in answer to some remark of his,—

"Miss Dorothy will have become so attached to Cecil that she could not leave her. Only I hope we may not meet; to have Cecil know—to see her shrink from me—hate me! I have not grown brave or strong enough to bear that!"

"The chances are ten to one she will never hear; there are things the most wicked or stupid people don't tell," he said. "But if she did—"

"No, no; I cannot contemplate the possibility!"

"I mean that if she could have a harsh thought in her mind she would not be worth caring for," he said.

"I hope I should never blame her—I am sure I should not! But if everything may only remain as it is—I can recollect that she was fond of me—that she kissed me and said I should always be dear."

"You are not unhappy, Valery?"

"I, my friend? Look at me!"

She raised her face towards his, and smiled; his grave mouth stirred a little; his dreamy eyes caught a sudden shadow from some secret emotion. He knew the feeling well, but he was accustomed to guard against it. He drew her arm through his again and they walked on. No matter what moments of weakness he might have, no sign of them would ever be allowed to startle Valery out of her unconsciousness and bring the slightest change into their daily habits. It was a life of constant repression and trial to Ford, but he was used to that. Since this girl became his care existence looked fuller of interest and pleasure than it had done for years; he would not yield to any insanity, however strong, which might result in depriving him of the partial content this close companionship afforded. He was like a brother to her, and he could never be anything more; he knew that and kept silence, shutting his heart close over his love, lest he should bring some disturbing element into the quiet of their days.

I hold self-abnegation and sacrifice, in whatever form they



may be shown, the noblest heroism weak humanity can display ; so in spite of his grizzled hair and his forty-four years, old John Ford, as irreverent friends had called him almost since boyhood, was a hero to me from the hour I learned the secret of his cheerful, laborious life. The secret was always there, it haunted his waking hours, followed him into his dreams, never once ceased to be a bitter pain, but was borne so patiently, so nobly, so beautified and glorified his every thought and act, that plain and simple as he walked among men, the angels knew no warrior's triumph ever excelled his in this steadfast mastery of himself.

Close to one of the tranquil piazzas which lie between the Corso and the Quirinal Hill, a spot the birds and the sun and the black-robed priests and Ford's favourite beggars all sought and loved, stood a mediæval palace with blackened walls and scores of dark galleries and numberless stately rooms, where long since Ford had selected his abode. He chose a suite of lofty chambers rather high up, artist-like, and filled them with quaint old-world furniture and decorations, which were the constant worry and delight of his cousin. The deep-set casements gave a view of the piazza with its towered church, and the long stretch of a palace which fronted on the Corso and turned its back contemptuously upon the little square. It often made Ford—fond of odd fancies—smile to think how like humanity the house was in seeming to despise the stillness and thrusting its ugly face out towards the rush and noise of the street beyond.

Valery had her own private haunt on the same floor, painting-room and all, and though she lived with her friends was enabled at will to enjoy the privacy which is dear to any man or woman who serves art truly, whatever may be the chosen form.

Between them both, and what Mrs. Sloman was pleased to call their "vaggeries," the good soul lived in a continual state of bustle and care, and as they knew she liked it they would no more have interfered with her sense of responsibility than have dreamed of correcting her when she chose to adopt and persist in some strikingly original pronunciation of the commonest word, though she was as well acquainted with the rules of grammar and custom as most people.

It was growing dusk as the pair returned ; old Giovanni, Ford's factotum and tyrant, had already announced that dinner would be utterly spoiled, and he and Mrs. Sloman had groaned over the unreasonableness of the absent ones and been quite happy in their grumbling and discontent.

"I knew you wouldn't be back in time," she said, looking up from her never-ended knitting as they entered ; perfectly cheerful and good-natured as she proceeded to pour out a string of complaints. "I told Giovanni you wouldn't be back, and I ordered dinner at exactly six o'clock, and it's half-past now."

"Did you order dinner because you knew we wouldn't be here?" asked Ford laughing, while Valery laid a bunch of violets in the old lady's lap.

"Now, John, you know that wasn't what I meant! Dear me, Valery, I'm sure there's all sort of creeping things in these weeds; everything is full of them in Rome! John Ford, you've been among the beggars! I'll wager anything you haven't a penny left in your pocket, and I can smell them; I always can when you've been out; and Mr. Staunton has been here to see you and would go into the studio, and I never was so ashamed! I might dust till I was blacker than a chimney-sweep, and it would only be thicker than ever, and I said that if I had to live my life over I'd never be an artist, no matter what was offered."

She was more beautifully vague than usual, so Ford pitied her and said he would just go to his room and get rid of all trace of the beggars and be ready for dinner at once.

"Now don't hurry, else you'll have no appetite! There's fish to-day; I went away over to the Forum nearly myself, and it must be burnt up by this time."

"I didn't notice any sign of a conflagration in that quarter," observed Ford with a sly smile.

"Now you are woolgathering as usual," replied Mrs. Sloman. "Valery, he's mixed things up till he thinks I mean it's the Forum that has burned; you always do, John! And such a heap of rubbish as it is! I hope when Victor Emanuel gets here he'll pull it all to pieces and put up some decent houses instead; if he's got any nose he will, that's certain; I mean, if he has any smell in it, for it's quite a deformity in his pictures I'm sure, though you never can believe in them of course."

"That is not hopeful for John and me," said Valery laughing.

"O mercy, I didn't mean you! I'm sure you do beautifully, Valery, and you'd never think of doing the Forum with such a nose—I mean Victor—but there, my work is all in a snarl, and don't speak to me, for I'm counting."

Ford went away to his room, but while getting ready for dinner his thoughts were busy with the subject which his cousin's mention of the king had roused. There was something he had intended to speak about for several days past, and when they were fairly seated at table he tried to bring the matter up gently enough not to startle Mrs. Sloman out of her senses.

"Valery, you have never seen Tuscany," he said, rousing himself from his reverie and unconsciously interrupting a monologue of his relative's that had been going on for the last ten minutes.

"I'm talking about custard, not Tuscany," said she. "John, you get worse and worse every day!"

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Jem; I did not notice you were speaking. But about Tuscany—we'll take the custard later on, if Giovanni doesn't spill it before he gets to the table."

"No, I've not seen it yet," Valery said. "I mean Tuscany."

"It isn't time; we haven't finished the chicken," murmured Mrs. Sloman, but Ford knew if he stopped to set her straight he should never get at what he wished to say.

"It would be a lovely place to spend the summer," he continued. "Later, one could run up to Venice, perhaps even get on and have a peep at those wonderful Dolomites you were reading to me about the other day, Valery."

"Yes, that would be very nice," she said.

"How would you like it, Aunt Jem?" he asked.

"Oh, dear me, I've lived topsy-turvy so long that it doesn't make any difference," she sighed. "There's fleas here, and there'll be fleas there—I'm sure Giovanni has dropped something!—and, unless we want to die of malaria we must go somewhere, and I'd rather end like a Christian if there's a decent disease to be found in Italy, which one couldn't expect, for just to see the amount of sour bread they eat is enough to turn one pea-green."

"Then Tuscany it shall be," said Ford; "you two shall go quietly off there next month, and I'll join you later. My own opinion is that Rome will be besieged before a great while."

"Then we have got to starve!" broke in Mrs. Sloman, glancing down the table as hopelessly as if this were the last meal they were likely to share for an indefinite time; "and nothing on earth in the house but a ham, only the dinner! Mercy on us, there's a cannon—Victor Emanuel has come! Get an American flag, John, they'll never dare fire on that! What on earth we're here for nobody knows; and not so much as a poker in the house that's worth calling by the name!"

But her companions' irrepressible burst of laughter brought her back to her senses. Ford had known that whenever the communication was made she would be quite beside herself, and it might as well come now as later.

"Now, Aunt Jem, there's nothing the matter! Before autumn the Italians will come in here, probably quietly enough, but I'd rather have you away for the time."

"Away? I should think so! I'd like to start to-night."

Valery repressed a feeling of disappointment at having to go. Like most enthusiastic people, regeneration and union was her pet dream for her beloved Italy. She would have been glad to stay and see the national flag planted on the Capitol, but remembering what a cruelty it would be to keep Mrs. Sloman, or send her off alone, she relinquished the thought. She and John drank to united Italy in a flask of extra Monte Fiascone produced for the express purpose; and Mrs. Sloman, having satisfied herself that the cannonading had not actually begun, grew quite jubilant over the idea of meeting sundry old Florentine friends again.

"You must tell everybody to go, John," she said, rushing with her customary abruptness to another view of the case. "I never did like Antonelli, but I feel as if I'd be glad to send him an anonymous letter or something and tell him to hide in the cellar or under St. Peter's; and it's my opinion he'd be more out of mischief there than anywhere else, for all he's so polite."

"You must tell nothing to anybody, Aunt Jem; we might get



into very serious difficulty," said Mr. Ford firmly, and when he spoke in that tone the good soul was always sufficiently impressed not to forget his caution, however confused she might become.

"I sha'n't open my mouth," returned she, dropping her voice to an awful whisper. "Hush John, there's Giovanni! Talk about something else; we might all be arrested in a minute! Yes, Valery, yes, Victor Emanuel—no, no, I didn't mean that! Gracious mercy, can't either of you help talk about something so that Giovanni won't suspect? you're ready enough when there's no occasion, the dear knows!"

As soon as they could stop laughing they reminded her that Giovanni did not understand a word of English, though he had several phrases which he was accustomed to fling at his mistress's head during their frequent arguments, about as unlike any human language as Mrs. Sloman's efforts in Italian.

"I never did trust him; you can't tell what he knows," she said, regarding suspiciously the old servant as he busied himself in changing the plates. "He's as like a Jesuit as a Jesuit is like a black cat, for all he wears a brown coat.—Giovanni!"

"Si, signora."

"Amata molto il Pope, io!—There, I'll put him off the scent if he did suspect; I'm not going to be spied and put about at my own table!—Molto amo Popy, Giovanni!" she continued, bursting again into what she believed Italian.

Giovanni made a wry face; he was a desperate old Liberal, as Valery and Ford knew, but it was useless to explain to Mrs. Sloman; the shortest way was to let her exhaust the subject, then it would speedily pass out of her mind.

"Io Americano, Giovanni!—How do you say Yankee Doodle, John?—Doodle-do, Giovanni!—Oh dear, he's spilling the gravy! the stupidest old thing! Do speak to him, one of you; tell him to basto, or whatever it means that he's done enough and to go."

Giovanni went on about his business composedly, so much accustomed to the old lady's peculiarities and brief seasons of appearing a little astray in her head that he paid no attention whatever. Her small stock of Italian had deserted her when she first began, as it always did if she got in the least excited; presently her mastery of her own language followed suit, and she could only gasp and roll her eyes in a manner suggestive of suffocation. Valery and Ford went on talking quietly of Florence, regardless of her nods and winks and broken ejaculations to Giovanni, and at last, having finished his duties, he departed. By-and-by she came up to the surface once more and broke in upon a discussion about Fra Angelico, to exclaim,—

"Yes; that apartment of old Fiorelli's in the Via della Scala will be the very thing!" She seemed so confident that she was assenting to some remark of Ford's and nodded her head so amiably that he had the fortitude not to look provoked, though she had broken in upon one of his pet theories which he was explaining.

"I should think it would do nicely," he answered; and slight as the thing was Valery could not help admiring the man's patience. "You can have the dinners sent in and be quite comfortable."

"What do you mean by talking as if you were not to be with us?" she asked. "Now if you mean to stay here and be bombarded and starved and shot at and goodness knows what, just say so John Ford—I'd always rather know what is coming and nobody can say I'm not always prepared and so I well may be after all these years here in Italy.—There's no currant jelly for the mutton! If I've ever tried to make Giovanni remember anything it's that jelly when we have mutton, but he never will! Now just say what you mean to do, John! If you intend to get bombarded, then I shall be bombarded too and we'll send Valery off with somebody; it's not likely anybody but us will stay to be shelled out of our senses."

"My dear Jem I've no intention of remaining," Ford said; "you know I never do spend the summers in Rome."

"There might be worse places," she replied briskly; "I can see its imperfections as well as the rest, but I'm not one to be always grumbling, though the minute the mosquitoes come my arms and neck will be such a sight! I know perfectly well if they'd build something over the Forum things wouldn't be so bad."

"I mean to make a little excursion into Germany," continued Ford calmly. "I shall join you late in the summer wherever you may be. By the way, Valery, you might go to the Baths of Lucca; it's as pretty a place as one could easily find."

"The name makes me think of poor Shelley," said Valery. "What is that little poem about the Serchio?"

"My dear," cried Mrs. Sloman pleadingly, "I wouldn't try to remember! Those poets were all a sad lot, but he was rather worse than most of them—having himself burnt alive after running away with the coffee-maker's daughter! And whatever's taking you off into Germany, John Ford, I really cannot imagine."

"I think you might stay with us," added Valery. "But after all that is shabby and selfish, when you are always so thoughtful and kind."

"So he is, Valery; so he is!" cried Mrs. Sloman, and knocked his glass of wine up his sleeve in reaching forward to pat his hand. "There, John, that stain won't come out—put some salt on it at once—dear me, you artist-people are so heedless!"

Ford righted the glass and wiped his arm, saying, "I'll not run away for long, but I have promised to join Starvelt and a party on a little jaunt."

He did not add what was the truth, that sometimes his task of repression and patience grew too hard to bear, and he was obliged to absent himself for a season lest he should disturb Valery's peace by a perception of the secret he had guarded so long.

"I think we must let him go, Jemima," Valery said, smiling.

It was unreasonable he knew, but it hurt him to see that she could allow him to depart without a single complaint.

"We shall be very, very glad to have you back though when you are tired of pleasuring, shall we not, Mrs. Sloman?"

"Oh, yes—glad in a quiet, unemotional way!" He was ashamed of himself for thinking the words rather bitterly and hastened to get back to a better state of feeling.

"Of course we shall," Mrs. Sloman was saying rather indignantly. "I hope after all these years nobody means to accuse me of wishing to have John go away! I've lived in Italy a good while, but I'm human yet—if I have been bitten and—and smelled out of my seven senses!"

"You are just what you always were, Jem, the dearest old soul in the world!" exclaimed Ford warmly, as he pushed his chair back from the table. "Now I mean to smoke, so I would advise you both to take flight."

But the idea of his departure left them more inclined even than usual to pet him. They insisted that he should go and smoke in the *salon* and be comfortable.

"The curtains will get an improper and immoral odour, Jemima," he urged; "and to-morrow if some old tabby comes to see you she'll be dreadfully shocked."

"I don't care for any old tabby that ever lived, not if she were the Grand Mogul's daughter," Jemima declared belligerently, and he was forced to give way.

So the evening passed pleasantly, and after a while Ford could regain his ordinary quiet and be thankful as he watched Valery sitting by his hearth, that at least Fate had granted him so much pleasure; it was better than not to have her at all. But that time must come too. He often thought of it of late, and shuddered and turned cold at the idea of life deprived of Valery's presence, though it was only another form of the old pain, and he was used to pain.

After a while two or three fellow-artists strayed in, and they had tea and were very bright and cheery. When they were gone Mrs. Sloman dropped into one of her gulfs of silence, for her inconsequent chatter was liable to such, and sometimes they lasted for days together. So while she knitted or dozed or wove her own homely fancies, the other two talked of many things in a frank, open way, talked as the best friends can seldom do, and when bed-time came Ford had recovered his cheerfulness.

He kept Valery's hand in his own for a little as she was bidding him good-night, and said abruptly,—

"Are you sure you are happy, my child?"

"Quite sure, John," she answered earnestly. "I may thank you for it too; if you had not taught me I should never have learned to overcome my wicked, morbid disposition! I never can even tell you the half I owe you."



“If you are happy, that is enough! Good-night, Valery. God bless and keep you always!”

She stole away, touched and softened by the unusual show of tenderness, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of the wonderful future. But John Ford kept his lonely watch in the old parlour for hours, trying to be thankful that it had been in his power to make her girlish life bright and pleasant. It was something to have done! For himself, what mattered a little suffering more or less—he was used to that.

## SCRAPS FROM RECOLLECTION.

BY SIR GEORGE L'ESTRANGE,

FORMERLY OF 31ST REGIMENT, LATE ON HALF-PAY OF THE SCOTS  
FUSILIER GUARDS.

## No. VI.

VERY shortly after this a general order came out from Lord Wellington's head-quarters, which caused some sensation in the army at the time. The commanding officers of three regiments in our division were given leave to return to England. The regiments were the Buffs, the 71st, and the "Die-Hards," or 57th Regiment.

It was easy to account for two of these being sent home, the officers commanding the Buffs and the 71st. Our General had met one of them going to the rear during the action, and on asking him where he was going to, he said he was going to the rear to order up ammunition.

The 71st Regiment, commanded by the other, had become much demoralized since the death of their celebrated colonel (Cadogan) at Vittoria; but why was old McDonald, of the "Die-Hards," included in this order? He certainly had one misfortune—he had grown too old in the service, and perhaps it was time that he should be relieved from duty—but he was as hard as nails, as full of fight as any Irishman or Scotchman, and that he was highly respected, I may say adored, in his regiment; and we all felt hurt, and he, I believe, more than any of us, that his name appeared in such company. I believe he did not long survive it. Though I recollect the names of the other two, I do not, after what I have just said, wish to make them public, and perhaps wound the feelings of their relatives, if they have any left.

We remained peacefully and unmolested for a considerable time at Vieux Monguerre after the actions. My General was very kind to me, and often had me to dinner at his villa. Between that and Bayonne was a very woodcock-looking piece of cover, which I had a great hankering after. One day, strolling out with my gun on my shoulder, a gentleman in a blue frock-coat and round hat, was riding past, when he asked me if I could tell him where General Hill resided in this village. Though I had scarcely ever seen him before, I could not be mistaken in those marked features and eagle-

eye. I said, "Oh, my lord, I shall be happy to show you!" It was Lord Wellington himself. I walked beside his horse and pointed out the house he inquired for, when he thanked me, and left me as proud as a peacock after having a conversation with our great commander. He did not remain more than half an hour or so. I hung about the town in hopes of seeing him again, and shortly after his departure Sir Rowland Hill came riding by with his pack of hounds at his heels. With his invariably kind and almost bashful manner, he said, "I am going to put my hounds into this little wood; they may perhaps flush a woodcock, and you get a shot." This was exactly the thing I longed for, and, feeling elated by being spoken to by the two great men of the army, I followed the hounds to the cover-side; but, alas! no woodcock made its appearance, to my no small disappointment.

Shortly after this my cousin Edmund, whom I have often mentioned, rode into our village, called on me, and said his division (the 6th) was within a few miles; "You must come over and dine with my General (Pack), and we will make you a shakedown for the night." I lost no time in going to our Colonel (Leith) to ask his permission; and, though rather rough, there was not a warmer-hearted fellow in the army. He at once gave me permission to go, and I ordered out my steed, who had actually grown fat and sleek on the bruised goss or furzes, which was nearly his only forage, and which abounds in that district. Edmund and I started for General Pack's head-quarters; he received me cordially, and soon put me at my ease. We had a good dinner and a pleasant party. The officers on his staff were particularly conspicuous by their extremely handsome appearance and their splendid Hussar uniforms—that of the 10th Hussars, at that time the crack cavalry regiment of the army. Their names were the Count de Grammont and Captain Synge. I never saw two finer specimens of what a soldier ought to be—magnificent-looking fellows; the Count, I believe, afterwards became Duc de Guise. I often saw Colonel Synge in Ireland afterwards. They quite eclipsed my little cousin Edmund l'Estrange, an especial favourite with Pack, who left a written record of his worth, which was sent to me afterwards by his successor, and which I still preserve. After looking over the field of action and the particular points and circumstances, and listening to a detail of what took place from Edmund, I returned to my old quarters and companions, rather proud of the distinguished individuals I had been visiting.

There was a considerable lull in our warlike operations after these severe and sanguinary actions. We had no apprehension from the front; we knew the French army had pretty nearly had enough of it, and were not likely to renew the contest or be the assailants.

The English newspapers began to bring tidings from the great Emperor's army in the north of Europe, of disasters in Russia, of the burning of Moscow, and the commencement of that sad and



fearful retreat. Discomfited by Russia, France lay before us. The so frequently defeated army which had occupied Spain, notwithstanding the exertions made by their newly-arrived General, Field-Marshal Soult, was dispirited. Our troops had gained so much confidence in their commander and the gallant generals in command of divisions and brigades that they were irresistible. The Spaniards themselves were reorganized, clothed, and equipped by British capital, and now presented a formidable and efficient force; but their hatred to France, their irrepressible tendency to plunder the country, drew forth the most stringent orders from the Commander-in-chief, who was forced to keep them very much in check and towards the rear, lest their atrocities should rouse the French nation against us; our commander's game being to gain them to our side, which they showed they were well disposed to. Very severe notice was taken of any act of plunder on the part of our own men; and I recollect an order, written on half a sheet of paper, with reference to two men who had been detected by our commander himself in the act of plunder, viz. "Private so-and-so, of blank regiment, now in charge of the Provost-Marshal of the second division, will be hanged to-morrow morning, in presence of such troops as can be conveniently assembled." I saw the order carried into execution.

The winter had now nearly passed away, and the fine weather so peculiar to the South of France seemed to have set in. Our cavalry and the other horses and mules of the army had recovered their condition; reinforcements had come out from England. In fact, we were in prime order to commence another campaign, and in full expectation to receive the order to advance.

Soult was no despicable general, notwithstanding all his reverses, and was full of resources. The order at length came to move. A strong detachment of the army was left in the rear to blockade Bayonne. The commander of that fortress we knew would defend it to the last, which he did, and made his celebrated and sanguinary sortie, when the Guards lost so many brave officers and men, when the war had virtually come to an end, and after the battle of Toulouse. Our army started in a southern direction towards Tarbes and Pau. We had to cross several of the gaves or streams that descend from the Pyrenees. We had as yet not seen the face of our enemy, but we knew they were not far off. As we approached Tarbes an order was passed, "Cavalry to the front." In a short time a brigade of light dragoons came rattling past us at a great pace, their sabres drawn, and evidently eager for the fray. We drew up on one side of the narrow road to give them room to pass, and were not a little splashed by the mud they threw up as they went by. I heard a soldier remark to his comrade, "Never mind, they will soon come back again," an observation which was very soon fulfilled, as the order for "Infantry to the front" was passed, and we soon went by the cavalry again. The ground was not fit for cavalry action, and, after some slight skirmishing, in which our

light cavalry showed that they were ready for anything, we advanced to the front, but found that the enemy had "skedaddled," to use a Yankee expression. Our next march was then to the charming little town of Pau, situated in a lovely country with its beautifully-trained vineyards. We would willingly have halted here for a few days, to enjoy the delights of what is now become such a fashionable watering-place, but that was not our destiny; *en avant* was the word of the British army, and we at once commenced our advance. At the end of a long day's march, late in the evening, we came into what appeared an admirable bivouac, plenty of wood and water, and our baggage well up. Just as we reached the camping-ground I saw a woodcock, and thought I marked him down. I lost no time in communicating this important piece of information to my friend and chum and invariable shooting companion, Stepney St. George, of the 66th. We lost not a minute in getting our guns together and proceeding in pursuit of our doomed game. We had not an idea that there was a Frenchman within five miles of us; but just as we got to the spot where I expected to find the woodcock, we heard the bugles of the brigade sounding the assembly. We of course hurried back to our respective regiments, and just arrived in time to fall into our places when we were ordered to advance. A terrible sharp piece of work we had of it. Exactly in our front was a hill of considerable height, sparingly covered with trees and very steep, on the top of which was a division of the French army, under the command of General Harispe. They had just come up from Barcelona, where they had only to contend with the troops of Sir John Murray, and did not know what it was to get the worst of it.

In less than fifteen minutes after leaving our camp we found ourselves hotly engaged with this new corps. They stood their ground like men, and even crossed bayonets with a battalion of our division, which I think was the 39th, in General O'Callaghan's brigade. This, though one of the shortest, was one of the most sanguinary actions of the campaign. It was not what is called a general action, but was styled the battle of Garris. When I got to the top of the hill it was so dark I could scarcely discern whether the stems of the trees were not Frenchmen. Just at the point at which we arrived was a single, solitary-looking house, which none of us had the time or curiosity to look into. I was in the front of this house, looking towards where the enemy ought to be, and trying to form my scattered company. I had just moved from the left flank to the right, when I saw a rush of soldiers. They were a party of twenty or thirty Frenchmen, who had concealed themselves in this house, and, in the dusk, made a rush down and wounded the left-hand man of my company. We managed, however, to give them a parting volley as they rushed down the hill, but whether with effect I never ascertained or went to look.

I forgot to mention that after the battles near Bayonne, &c., I was considered too young an officer to be left in command of the Light

Company, and Captain Edward Knox was appointed to it. On this evening poor Knox received a severe wound through the shoulder-blade-bone, and it was found necessary to take the arm out at the socket. I frequently met him in after-life. He was an excellent good fellow, and could do more with his one arm that was left than most people could do with two. The command of the company was not taken from me again until the end of the war.

My poor shooting companion and great friend, Stepney St. George, came to great grief on this eventful evening. As I said before, being always well mounted, he generally acted as aide-de-camp when we were engaged. How he managed to ride up this steep hill I cannot conceive, but he did so; and just as he arrived at the summit he received a musket-ball in his left arm, and, as he fell from his horse, his head came in contact with the point of the bayonet of one of his own men, and pierced his skull; for this he was afterwards trepanned when he came to England. He was carried down by bullock-waggon to Cambo, where there was an hospital, and he has often related to me the miseries and the torture he underwent; and his recovery was miraculous. He did, however, recover, and afterwards married my youngest sister, by whom he left a large family who are still all alive, and I hope comfortably settled for life.

Another fine fellow also fell in this action, Colonel Fearon, a brother of our lieutenant-colonel. He commanded a fine battalion of Portuguese in the brigade of that noble fellow Sir John Buchan, who was a most intimate and kind friend of mine. We remained on the field that night, and made the best of it, but it was uncomfortable enough. Some of our soldiers cut pieces from the bodies of the dead Frenchmen, and carried it into the Portuguese lines, calling out, "Carné de Poerco por Rhomé." The Portuguese, being hungry and short of rations, willingly parted with their rum for the more substantial ration of what they thought was pork. It was a disgraceful proceeding. The next day we moved in the direction of Orthes, where the celebrated battle was on the eve of coming off.



## THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

JANUARY 22, 1873.

AGAIN another last farewell,  
 And hurried, fond embrace,  
 And now she's off—for time and tide  
 To mortals ne'er give place.

Now loudly rings the parting cheer,  
 Now o'er the water rolls,  
 As speeds the ship from England's shore,  
 With twice two hundred souls.

In winter drear, the fated craft  
 To distant lands is bound,  
 Where oft have Britain's humbler sons  
 New home and fortune found.

Within her wooden walls there dwell  
 Secure, as yet, from fear,  
 The labourer and the navvy strong,  
 The wife and children dear.

With slender store, but eager hearts,  
 Depart these sons of toil,  
 Their watchword "Progress"—and their field  
 Tasmania's fruitful soil.

As pioneers they onward go,  
 To clear the rugged way,  
 The blessing of steam-power to bring,  
 The road of iron to lay.

But soon, alas! the gathering clouds,  
 And ever-freshening blast,  
 Far o'er the restless ocean wide  
 Their sullen warning cast.

No longer now the angry wind  
 Its fury deigns to hide,  
 And rolling billows higher roll  
 On each successive tide.

Four days, by stress of weather foul,  
She lingers off the land,  
Then on the fifth bears up, and rides  
Hard by the Kentish strand.

An hour or more ere midnight toll'd,  
At anchor in the bay,  
And shelter'd from the raging storm,  
All taut and snug she lay.

Ah! little dream the slumbering ones  
Of danger close at hand:  
How little think the watchful crew  
So near to death they stand!

All sudden, through the veil of night,  
The anchor-watch descry  
A steamer, on her outward cruise,  
Towards them drawing nigh.

Though loud they shout, yet nought she slacks  
Her engines' deadly force;  
Unheeded is the warning cry,  
Unalter'd still her course.

With mighty crash, and awful shock,  
She dire collision makes,  
Then frees herself, and—can it be?  
The sinking ship forsakes.

For aid, a hundred eager tongues  
Burst forth in frenzied cry,  
And oft repeated is the prayer,  
"Oh! leave us not"—"Stand by!"

The timbers on the starboard side  
Protection give no more,  
And quickly through the dreadful breach  
Fierce floods of water pour.

The brave commander at his post  
With dauntless courage stands,  
And promptly rallies and directs  
A few, but willing, hands.

All vain his efforts to restrain  
The scared and struggling throng;  
In vain for young and weak he claims  
Assistance from the strong.

Across the deck they madly rush  
With loud and horrid scream,  
The man who could such frenzy quell  
Would more than mortal seem.

But still the captain strives to send  
The women first to land,  
And at the bulwarks mounting guard  
(A pistol in his hand),

In accents stern he bids the men  
Stand back, and clear the way,  
And threatens death to him who first  
His word shall disobey.

A moment—and the selfish crowd  
Their chieftain thrust aside ;  
Deaf to his warning voice, they choose  
Confusion for their guide.

A flash—a loud report—and swift  
The bullet whistles by—  
Prone in his place one truant falls,  
Clasping his wounded thigh.

In furious haste they overcrowd,  
And cut adrift, the boats ;  
And here and there, on plank and spar,  
Some drowning victim floats.

Alas ! the signals fail to bring  
The rescue that they ask,  
For many think those rockets call  
The pilot to his task.

The timely help that might have saved,  
By mischance they withhold,  
And but a few small coasting craft  
Set forth on mission bold.

With desperate zeal the gallant men  
Their noble work pursue ;  
No dastard thought of self deters  
These sailors brave and true.

Full well the captain knows and sees  
Of coming death the signs,  
His *bride* unto the boatswain's care,  
*Himself* to fate resigns.



No pallor blanch'd his manly cheek,  
He show'd no sign of fear,  
"She's sinking fast," he cried; "push off,"  
"Pull hard"—"The land is near."

And as the crowded boat sets forth,  
To cross the billows high,  
He utters loud the touching words,  
"God bless you all!" "Good-bye!"

Across the breakers' hoary crests,  
And through the tempest's roar,  
The boatswain brings his sacred charge  
In safety to the shore.

But o'er the ship and captain brave  
The foaming waters close,  
As settling down, to ocean's bed  
A hopeless wreck she goes.

One brief half-hour alone sufficed  
To make the work complete:  
The waves on which she once rode safe,  
Around her masts now meet.

Alas! of all that humble throng,  
How few see land again!  
For of *four hundred* souls that sail'd,  
*Fourscore* alone remain.

## MR. SHINDY'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### MR. SHINDY DESCRIBES HIMSELF.

LET me begin the story of my experiences by telling who I am. My name is John Abraham Shindy. My father was a manufacturer in Birmingham, and left me at his death above a hundred thousand pounds, which I have not dissipated. I have for ten years represented on Radical principles, the borough of Great Swindleton; and year after year the conviction has strengthened itself in my mind that Great Swindleton is a very corrupt place. It returns a Tory as well as a Radical, and has been made corrupt, like too many other boroughs in England, by the pernicious influences of the aristocratic system under which the country is misgoverned. I have made up my mind to sit for Great Swindleton no more. Its voice counts for nothing in the councils of the nation, because my vote is neutralized by my colleague's. My soul is sick of it. My purse is emptied by it. I detest its ravenous attorneys, its pompous bankers, its rancid saints, and its cosy and oily sinners; its extortionate publicans, and its "free and independent electors," who clamour for the Ballot because they are not free, and who are too dependent upon the shop to be independent of anything else. The politics of Great Swindleton are almost wholly local. Their voters, venal or unvenal—the last in a woeful minority—think more of their parochial squabbles, or which I may call the politics of the gas, the pump, and the town improvements, than of the great business of the world, which they do not understand, or of the nation, which they think they understand—and which they invariably measure by the Great Swindleton standard—to such a degree that if the real welfare of England were in one scale of the balance of Fortune and the supposed welfare of Great Swindleton in the other, they would cast the whole weight of their adiposity and stupidity in favour of Great Swindleton, though England might go to—(never mind where) as the result of their action. If there be anything good and sound in the borough, it is among the hard-working people who have no votes, and whose show of hands is always in favour of the honest candidate—and of *me*.

I am not satisfied with the liberty enjoyed by my fellow-countrymen, or with such shams and make-believes of liberty as exist in Continental Europe. In fact, it seems to me that "Liberty," and its logical corollaries "Equality" and "Fraternity," so much spoken of, and at times so eagerly sought by the sorely-oppressed people of the Old World, are only to be found in the New. Holding these opinions, it seems to me that it is the duty of every man who aspires as I do—in spite of Great Swindleton—to a seat in the British Legislature, to study the institutions of the United States in their actual working, and for that purpose to visit our brothers across the Atlantic, and learn from their bright example the course that England ought to pursue, if she would hold her place in the great commonwealth of Christian nations, which she has so long run the risk of forfeiting under the pressure of the Church, the Tories, and the aristocracy.

It was early in the year 1864 that these thoughts passed through my mind, and that I vacated my seat for Great Swindleton, or, to use the correct parliamentary slang of our monarchical and aristocratic system, that I accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds—an office that does not exist—in a place that may be in the moon or in cloudland, for all I know to the contrary. I resolved to employ the leisure thus acquired in a visit to the United States of America, that I might extend if not complete my political education, and see how a people said "to be born to the inestimable blessing of self-government, and the theory and practice of popular sovereignty had re-adjusted the government, during a terrible civil war, and of one of the noblest struggles for the emancipation of a long-oppressed race, that had ever shed glory upon human annals, and whether the two hostile sections of the union engaged in their bitter struggle would be able to snatch liberty out of the ruins of the old constitution. If they remain free in the struggle of national existence, liberty is theirs; if there are no differences of rank, and every man is as good as any other man, they have equality; and if, instead of despising the negro, they accept him as a brother, and shed their blood and treasure in his behalf, theirs most certainly is the true, the only land of fraternity." My mind was speedily made up. I completed my arrangements, received my letters of introduction to Americans distinguished in political, commercial, and literary life, engaged my passage on board the *Scotia*; and while two-thirds of the Tories and aristocrats were longing for the day when they might set forth to slaughter grouse on the Scottish moors, to angle for salmon in Norway, and spread themselves over Europe in search of excitement, health, or dissipation, I was steaming over the broad Atlantic in search of political liberty in the only place in the world where I was likely to find it.



## CHAPTER II.

## FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

IT was my first long sea-voyage, and I paid the usual penalty to the demons of the deep. They were all, after painful throes, exorcised and got rid of; and by the time we reached Queenstown, and lay by to receive the mails, I found, to use a common phrase, "my sea-legs," and became aware of the fact that I was both hearty and hungry. There was no business to be done; no wearisome letters to be sent, received, or answered; no applications from mercenary villains in Great Swindleton for loans of money which they never intended to repay, or for clerkships in the Custom-house or Post-Office for their incompetent or idiotic sons or nephews, to be refused at the risk of the loss of my personal popularity, or of so many votes at the next election;—nothing to do but to inhale the invigorating breezes of the ocean, to pace the deck and interchange ideas with such congenial fellow-travellers as I could discover, and to eat, drink, and be merry. And how those who escaped sea-sickness *did* eat and drink was, as an American acquaintance informed me, "*a caution!*" I enjoyed the voyage amazingly. And when the good ship finally balanced herself on the swell of the Atlantic, and rose and fell with the monstrous billows, and the faint, dim outlines of the Irish hills grew fainter and fainter on the eastern horizon, my farewell to the Old Country took the form of an unspoken soliloquy. "Farewell," I thought, "for a little while to pauperism and crime! Farewell to a pampered and bloated aristocracy, monopoliser of place and power, and all the pickings, plunderings, and patronage of the State! Farewell to the land where the farm-labourers are serfs, if not slaves, and are treated with less regard than the farmer's oxen; and where, by the combined operation of land laws, poor laws, game laws, and laws of entail and primogeniture, the peasant is ground into hopeless poverty, an ill-paid drudge in his youth and prime, a wretched pauper in his old age and infirmity! Farewell to the land where bishops have ten thousand a-year and curates only fifty! Farewell to the land where hundreds of thousands of people who can neither read nor write, and who have no means of maintaining themselves, much less a family, rush into marriage to breed paupers! Farewell to the land that claims to be at the head of civilization, but in which the great question of the age is, what to do with the seething, pullulating masses of the unemployed and criminal population! Farewell to the land where the poor who are not criminal are dirty, drunken, hopeless, and debased; to the land where the shopkeepers, intent upon the till and the means of filling it, cheat the miserable poor by short weight and measure and poisonous adulteration; to the land where the middle classes worship a lord or a duke if he have money and they can plunder him, and despise him if he have

none; to the land where a born idiot may be a born legislator, if he be the first son of his father, and that father a peer! Farewell to old worn out Europe and all its shams and rottennesses! and welcome to that new land of liberty and progress, the future mistress of the world, compared with whose triumphs yet to be, the triumphs of Greece and Rome in the ancient days, and the triumphs of France and Great Britain in our own, are but moonshine unto sunshine, or as swipes unto champagne! Welcome to the new and greater Britain of the West, where men of the British race enjoy for the first time in their history a full, fair, free field for the exercise of all their faculties, and where the poorest starts in the race of life unweighted by the grievous burdens that our political system and our maggoty civilization impose upon the multitude who are not born to wealth and position! Welcome to the land where there is no monarch, but the freely-elected chief-magistrate of the people, who holds office for too short a time, and receives too small a salary, to have the opportunity or the means of playing either the aristocrat or the despot: to the land where the will of the majority is the law; where every man by virtue of his manhood has a share in the government and in the manufacture of the laws which he is compelled to obey; where there is no rapacious nobility, with its gewgaws, and titles, and worn out paraphernalia of humbug and imposture, to monopolize the land and its fruits; where the trade of religion is free, and stands upon its merits like any other without support from the State, or from any one who does not choose to contribute towards it; where bishops are hard-working clergymen, not lords of Parliament; where law is cheap, and the judges are chosen by the people for their virtue and knowledge, and not appointed for corrupt political purposes by the Minister of the day; where pauperism is unknown: where every one is so well fed that there is no crime but that which springs from strong drink and ungovernable passions; where everybody can read and write except the newly-arrived immigrants from England and Ireland: to the land where, although there be no tax for the support of religion, there is a heavy tax for education, and where that tax is cheerfully paid even by the poorest; and where the religious sects of all denominations agree that it is better to educate the young to fit them for the duties of citizenship in a great and progressive country, than to fill their minds with the chopped straws of theology, that teaches them little else than to be contented with the position of life in which it has pleased Providence to place them, and fails in its objects! Hail, Columbia! Land of the free! Welcome, America! mistress of the world—at the day, perhaps not so very far distant, when the New Zealander shall sit on the ruined arches of London Bridge, and muse over the fate of a land that was destroyed by its aristocracy!”

These expressions of my admiration, fervent as they were, might have been qualified a little, a very little, if I had uttered them a week later, and when I had enjoyed the acquaintance of General

Squash of California, a very estimable gentleman, though he chewed tobacco and spat abominably—the sole defects, if defects they really were, in an otherwise great mental and philosophical character.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GENERAL SQUASH.

THE General and I exchanged cards before we had been two days on the ocean. I am not demonstrative myself, and am slow to make friends, or I might have made his acquaintance earlier. I am afraid that I must have expressed by my face, unwittingly and unintentionally, though certainly not in words, some little degree of surprise at the name of my new friend, Hiram Elijah Squash, for such were the words upon the card.

“Yes,” said the General, instinctively divining my thought, “the name is uncommon, and a little too remarkable for my taste. I should have been obliged to my father if he had given me a simpler one. But in our new country we love to throw off the old ideas of Europe; and parents give their children newer and more suggestive names than the eternal John, Thomas, Edward, Henry, William, Charles, and James of the English. Our people ransack the Bible for names, and call their sons Solomons, Hiram, Enochs, Elijahs, Aarons, Moseses, Elihus, Jehoshaphats, and many others that they pick out at random from the Old Testament. Others, again, go to ancient Greece for names for their children. I know half-a-dozen people called Ulysses; and am acquainted with Solons, Homers, Lycurguses, Epaminondases, Socrateses, and Pericleses. I know one man ‘out west,’ and a very good man too in spite of his ridiculous name, who is called Shakspeare Milton Lippincott. He is not in the least degree poetical, and deals largely in pork. It is said on behalf of such names that they inspire the youthful mind with a desire to imitate the virtues, or emulate the high character of their original bearers. I know, however, that in my case it is a failure. How can I emulate Hiram or Elijah, I should like to know? My father was a poor man in Connecticut; his name was Jehoshaphat, and he sought, I suppose, to give me a name more ridiculous than his own. Hiram is a very good name, and would have satisfied me without the Elijah, but he didn’t ask my consent, and here I am placarded as you see. Nevertheless, my singular appellation has done me no harm that I know of; and if anybody chooses to laugh he may. The laughter of a fool does not hurt me, and a good man can make any name respectable. There is nothing very prepossessing about the name of Longfellow—it might have been Shortfellow or Bigfellow—yet our poet has contrived to make it great and famous. And your Dickens has a name that might once have suggested the ludicrous or the profane, but by the light of his genius he has rendered it illustrious. And Squash may be as distinguished as any other, if I can make it so by my virtues and abilities.”



I gave the General to understand that I considered his name of Squash to be quite as good as my own name of Shindy, although I thought the son had a great deal more sense than his father as regarded the Hiram Elijah. The General, I found, was a self-educated as well as self-made man. He had received the rudiments, or tools of knowledge, at the primary schools in a little village or city (the words are almost synonymous in America) of his native Connecticut, and had ceased to attend school at the early age of twelve. He was then thrown upon the world fatherless, to earn his own subsistence as best he might. His first employment was that of an errand boy in a grocery store. He next became a hawker of newspapers, periodicals, apples, and sweet-stuff, "on board," as he called it, of a railway train between New York and Boston. He read not only newspapers of all shades of opinion, but every book he could lay hold of by borrowing or buying, and stored his mind with a very miscellaneous assortment of poetry, romance, history, metaphysics, law, and current politics. Finally, when he had attained the age of twenty, he "concluded," as he expressed it, to study law, intending to devote himself to it as a profession. He wrought hard at it early and late, supporting himself by the day's work of peddling his literary and other wares; and by robbing night and morning of their sleep, and his health of the recreation and exercise necessary to sustain it, he succeeded by the time he was four-and-twenty in establishing himself as the junior partner in an eminent legal firm in his native city.

"I thought myself some pumpkins in those days," said the General. (Some pumpkins is an American phrase for which I know no English synonym, unless it be "somebody," which is not so rich and expressive). "But although I owed a good deal to my natural industry and to my determination to get on, I owed my vantage more particularly to my possession of the 'gift of the gab,' without which no man can do anything for himself in law or politics in our country. There is no gratuitous work in America as there is in England, where your rich aristocracy devotes itself to politics, and shuts out the poor man from public life. Not so with us. We pay our legislators, and pay them enough to live upon. At twenty-five I was a member of the Legislature of Connecticut. I did not, however, find scope sufficient for my energies and my ambition in that small state, so I resolved to emigrate."

"To emigrate?" inquired I.

"Yes," he replied; "to emigrate beyond the Rocky Mountains to a new country—to California—where there was room for the superabundant population of the Atlantic sea-board."

"Do you mean," I inquired, "that any portions of the United states are overpeopled?"

"Most certainly," he replied. "The New England states continually throw off their exuberant swarms of the young, the active, and the enterprising, to possess and civilize the Far West. We have room beyond the Rocky Mountains for a population of a hundred

millions, and to carve out half-a-dozen states, each as large as Great Britain. Ours is a great country, sir, a very great country."

I confessed it was, though I had never before realized in my mind its physical magnitude, or the immensity of the resources which it possessed. The General continued his little autobiographical sketch—and here let me say once and for all, that although he had a little, a very little nasal twang, and drawled in his speech, he did not at all resemble the stage Yankee with whom we are all familiar in England. He did not say "*wall*" for "*well*" or "*de-u*" for "*do*," or interlard his conversation with "*I guess*," "*I reckon*," or "*I calculate*." I could have discovered that he was not an Englishman; yet his English was correct, and nearly, though not entirely, free from the Yankeeisms which play-writers and others put into the mouths of the traditional Americans. At times he used words which were new to me, and which it took me some trouble to understand. I found afterwards that these words were acquisitions to the language, although they seemed vulgar at first.

"If a man," said the General, "have any energy in him, there is nothing like a new country for affording him good chances. I had not been in California for twelve months before I was elected a State Senator. The gift of the gab was my friend; and my political position very greatly aided my legal business. I speculated in 'town lots;' and was successful, as a good half of a considerable city—you might call it a town in England—stands upon my land, and yields me a very comfortable income. My law business is prosperous. I have sat in Congress. I have been offered the embassy to London and to Paris, but have accepted neither; and have sometimes thought that I would make as respectable a President as any we have lately had, and a little better even, I think, than Abraham Lincoln. However I don't want to say anything ill of him. He is not a great man, but he means well and is honest. He has been raised by an unhappy fatality to a position that is too hot and too heavy for him to hold if he value his present peace of mind, or his future place in history."

I asked the General how he obtained his military rank.

"Oh," said he, with a smile, "generals are plentiful in our country. We have no dukes and earls and marquesses, and all that trumpery; yet we like some sort of a title. Every one who has once sat in the local legislature of a state, or been a member of Congress, governor or lieutenant-governor of a state, or filled any diplomatic office, from ambassador to consul, been elected to a judgeship, or any other office in the gift of the people, is called Honourable during his term of office, and all his life afterwards. To be a general or colonel of militia is the easiest thing possible to any one who desires the rank, though since the war we have real generals on both sides who fight well. I am not exactly a 'bogus' general, simply a general of militia; and it is a title I would be glad to drop if my fellow-citizens would permit me. All of us who

move in political life are honourables, generals, judges, or governors. It is a kind of aristocracy in its way ; but it is official and personal, and not hereditary. Anyhow, it does no harm."

"I see," said I, "that you put no title upon your card."

"There is no need," he replied. "We never do. Everybody knows what to call us; and a man can no more drop 'the honourable' prefix which belongs to him, even if he were inclined to do so, than he can drop his nose."

I began to think, after this explanation, that there is an aristocratic feeling, or I might call it instinct, in all countries; and that, as the General, said there was no great harm in it, unless it were hereditary, as it is in England. And even if it be more or less ridiculous in the Americans to bedub themselves with such small titles in default of greater ones, much should be forgiven to so noble a people, to so uncorrupt and incorruptible a system of government as theirs, in which the good of the people is the sole object of the national existence. "General," I said, somewhat suddenly, after reflecting on these and other things, "your history and career seem to me to be alike honourable to yourself and to your country. Such a career would be simply impossible in our lord-encumbered and duke-bedizened England, where every influence, social and political, is exerted to keep down such men as you were when you began life."

"Well," said the General, turning his quid in his mouth, and deliberately squirting to leeward "though it does not seem right in me to contradict an Englishman when he discourses about his own country, which he ought to understand better than any stranger, I cannot help thinking that you are unjust to your institutions, aristocratic as they may be. Was not Cardinal Wolsey the son of a butcher? and was not a recent Lord High Chancellor the son of a barber? Correct me if I am wrong."

I had to confess that the General was right, and that there was at least one career, that of the law, open in England at the present day to the aristocracy of brains. I trust it is one of my characteristics to know when I am beaten, and to yield with grace at the proper moment. I yielded on this occasion, which I might well do, considering that the profession of the law, and I should add that of medicine, are but exceptions to the English aristocratic rule; and that there are no prizes in the Church, the army, or the diplomatic service, that are not reserved for the younger sons and dependents of the aristocracy. The General turned his quid again, gave another squirt, and seemed not to think so ill of England as I did.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A WARNING AGAINST BEING "PUT THROUGH."

"You will find a great deal to admire in our country, Mr. Shindy," said the General, when we had arrived within a day's voyage of



New York, "and you will also find very much that is not at all worthy of your admiration. As you are, or have been, a member of the British Parliament, the wire-pullers of both our great parties will strive to get you into their guidance and possession, and to make 'political capital' out of you. Keep them at arm's length. They will allow you only to see the one side of the political question that suits their own views. They will try 'to put you through,' as the phrase is; but don't you be 'put through' by either of them. He who wants to know our country and study our institutions, to find out what is good in them and what is bad, must be patient, cool, collected and use his own eyes, and bring his own understanding to bear on different points, and not take his opinions at second hand. We are a great people in many respects, as you will discover; but we are a very rough people at the same time, and we lack many things which it would be better for us if we possessed. My advice to you is to keep as private as possible, and let no one 'button-hole' you."

"Well," I replied, "I go to study, to observe, and to form my opinions out of the best material I can command. At present my mind is a sheet of blank paper."

"Are you sure?" asked the General, with a scarcely perceptible wink, turning his quid in his mouth at the same time—"sure that you do not think that all our institutions are better than those of your country?"

"Perhaps not all. I may be enthusiastic in favour of the United States, but I am not bigoted. I live to learn."

"Have you ever spoken or written about America in the course of your public life? Have you, for instance, said anything about the great civil war?"

"Not much, though I think at a public meeting of the Liberals of Great Swindleton I may have expressed my belief that it was better for the North to allow the South to depart in peace and thus wash its hands of the guilt of slavery, than to shed a drop of blood, or waste a sixpence to coerce an unwilling partner. I may have expressed the fear lest the forcible emancipation of the blacks, before they were ready for freedom, might involve the virtual enslavement of the minority of your white people in the South." I was careful, however, to add "that my remarks were always guarded by the caution that the noblest people in the world were not to be measured by rules applicable to such effete old aristocracies as England. As a Radical, I am bound to acknowledge the sacred right of rebellion. Your General Washington, whom, all in all, I consider the noblest, purest, and most unselfish patriot who ever lived, was no more than a rebel until his rebellion became successful. Logically I am compelled to look upon Mr. Jefferson Davis in the same light."

"Not logically," said the General; "for as yet you must remember that the last element in the calculation is wanting. But as you have spoken out on the subject, Mr. Shindy, I think you have

made a mess of it. Both parties will attack you as soon as your arrival is announced. Mark my word, if they don't."

"But some of your own leading men have said the same thing," I replied, somewhat disconcerted, "Mr. Seward, Mr. Horace Greely, and Mr. Wendell Phillips among the rest."

"Oh, but," said the General, "all these gentlemen have long ago eaten their words; and if words were very indigestible, would not nine-tenths of our public men very speedily die of the several forms of dyspepsia? They have all been carried away by the passion of the hour, and think no more of their past opinions than you may do of the breakfast you may have eaten ten years ago. The first attempts at the disruption of the Union came from Northern men like those you have named, and now there are none so fierce as they in insisting that the South shall be laid waste with fire and sword, rather than that the right of secession shall be allowed. Keep clear of the war question if you can, Mr. Shindy. There is bad blood in it and about it. And don't talk,—listen! Above all, don't be 'put through.' If you must be 'put through' (it is very difficult for a stranger of any distinction not to be 'put through'), try and be 'put through' by both parties; and 'put yourself through' afterwards. Thus you shall be three times tried in the crucible, and then truth may come into you like a quintessence."

"General," inquired I, "are you a Democrat or a Republican?"

"A Democrat straight out, and have been ever since I could read or think. I shall not endeavour to convert you or to bias your mind. Judge for yourself after you have been a few months amongst us. You will find both parties very violent, and both in some respects very wrong, as violent people usually are. I had many prejudices against England before I went there. Many, if not all of them, have been weakened or removed. And I don't think your Government is quite so bad as I once believed it to be, or that ours is quite so perfect as I was taught in my youth. At one time I thought England was a poor decrepid old grandmother. I have travelled over the length and breadth of the land, lived six months in it, and think that, so far from being effete or worn out, she is in the very prime of her existence."

I began to think that the General was a Tory at heart; but I said nothing, and hoped that my countenance did not convey the idea that I was losing faith in him.

## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE ROMANCE OF THE MOON.

AN observer endued with an infinite range of vision, and placed in that unknown centre around which the entire world revolves, might have beheld myriads of atoms filling all space during the chaotic epoch of the universe. Little by little, as ages went on, a change took place; a general law of attraction manifested itself, to which the hitherto errant atoms became obedient: these atoms combined together chemically according to their affinities, formed themselves into molecules, and composed those nebulous masses with which the depths of the heavens are strewed.

These masses became immediately endued with a rotary motion around their own central point. This centre, formed of indefinite molecules, began to revolve round its own axis during its gradual condensation; then, following the immutable laws of mechanics, in proportion as its bulk diminished by condensation, its rotary motion became accelerated, and these two effects continuing, the result was the formation of one principal star, the centre of the nebulous mass.

By attentively watching, the observer would then have perceived the other molecules of the mass, following the example of this central star, become likewise condensed by gradually accelerated rotation, and gravitating round it in the shape of innumerable stars. Thus was formed the *Nebula*, of which astronomers have reckoned up nearly 5000.

Amongst these 5000 nebulae there is one which has received the name of the Milky Way, and which contains eighteen millions of stars, each of which has become the centre of a solar world.

If the observer had then specially directed his attention to one of the more humble and less brilliant of these stellar bodies, a star of the fourth class, that which is arrogantly called the Sun, all the phenomena to which the formation of the Universe is to be ascribed would have been successively fulfilled before his eyes. In fact, he would have perceived this sun, as yet in the gaseous state, and composed of moving molecules, revolving round its axis in order to accomplish its work of concentration. This motion, faithful to the laws of mechanics, would have been accelerated with the diminution of



its volume ; and a moment would have arrived when the centrifugal force would have overpowered the centripetal, which causes the molecules all to tend towards the centre.

Another phenomenon would now have passed before the observer's eye, and the molecules situated on the plane of the equator escaping, like a stone from a sling of which the cord had suddenly snapped, would have formed around the sun sundry concentric rings resembling that of Saturn. In their turn, again, these rings of cosmical matter, excited by a rotary motion round the central mass, would have been broken up and decomposed into secondary nebulosities, that is to say, into planets. Similarly he would have observed these planets throw off one or more rings each, which became the origin of the secondary bodies which we call satellites.

Thus, then, advancing from atom to molecule, from molecule to nebulous mass, from that to a principal star, from star to sun, from sun to planet, and hence to satellite, we have the whole series of transformations undergone by the heavenly bodies during the first days of the world.

Now, of those attendant bodies which the sun maintains in their elliptical orbits by the great law of gravitation, some few in their turn possess satellites. Uranus has eight, Saturn eight, Jupiter four, Neptune possibly three, and the Earth *one*. This last, one of the least important of the entire solar system, we call *the Moon* ; and it is she whom the daring genius of the Americans professed their intention of conquering.

The moon, by her comparative proximity, and the constantly varying appearances produced by her several phases, has always occupied a considerable share of the attention of the inhabitants of the earth.

From the time of Thales of Miletus, in the fifth century B.C., down to that of Copernicus in the fifteenth and Tycho Brahé in the sixteenth century A.D., observations have been from time to time carried on with more or less correctness, until in the present day the altitudes of the lunar mountains have been determined with exactitude. Galileo explained the phenomena of the lunar light produced during certain of her phases by the existence of mountains, to which he assigned a mean altitude of 27,000 feet. After him Hévelius, an astronomer of Dantzic, reduced the highest elevations to 15,000 feet ; but the calculations of Riccioli brought them up again to 21,000 feet.

At the close of the eighteenth century Herschell, armed with a powerful telescope, considerably reduced the preceding measurements. He assigned a height of 11,400 feet to the maximum elevations, and reduced the mean of the different altitudes to little more than 2400 feet. But Herschell's calculations were in their turn corrected by the observations of Halley, Nasmyth, Bianchini, Gruithuysen, and others ; but it was reserved for the labours of Bøer and Mædler finally to solve the question. They succeeded in measuring 1905 different elevations, of which six exceed 15,000 feet, and twenty-

two exceed 14,400 feet. The highest summit of all towers to a height of 22,606 feet above the surface of the lunar disc. At the same period the examination of the moon was completed. She appeared completely riddled with *craters*, and her essentially volcanic character was apparent at each observation. By the absence of refraction in the rays of the planets occulted by her we conclude that she is absolutely devoid of an atmosphere. The absence of air entails the absence of water. It became, therefore, manifest that the Selenites, to support life under such conditions, must possess a special organization of their own, must differ remarkably from the inhabitants of the earth.

At length, thanks to modern art, instruments of still higher perfection searched the moon without intermission, not leaving a single point of her surface unexplored; and notwithstanding that her diameter measures 2150 miles, her surface equals the 1-15th part of that of our globe, and her bulk the 1-49th part of that of the terrestrial spheroid—not one of her secrets was able to escape the eyes of the astronomers; and these skilful men of science carried to even greater degree their prodigious observations.

Thus they remarked that, during full moon, the disc appeared scored in certain parts with *white* lines; and, during the phases, with *black*. On prosecuting the study of these with still greater precision, they succeeded in obtaining an exact account of the nature of these lines. They were long and narrow furrows sunk between parallel ridges, bordering generally upon the edges of the craters. Their length varied between ten and 100 miles, and their width was about 1600 yards. Astronomers called them chasms, but they could not get any farther. Whether these chasms were the dried-up beds of ancient rivers or not they were unable thoroughly to ascertain.

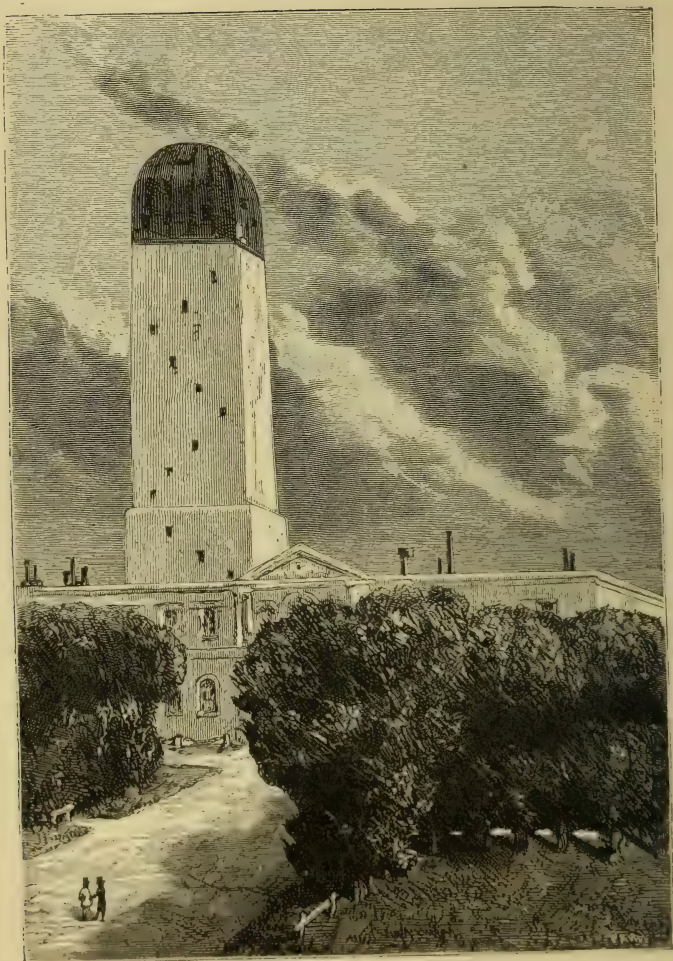
The Americans, amongst others, hoped one day or other to determine this geological question. They also undertook to examine the true nature of that system of parallel ramparts discovered on the moon's surface by Gruithuysen, a learned professor of Munich, who considered them to be "a system of fortifications thrown up by the Selenitic engineers." These two points, yet obscure, as well as others, no doubt, could not be definitively settled except by direct communication with the moon.

Regarding the degree of intensity of its light, there was nothing more to learn on this point. It was known that it is 300,000 times weaker than that of the sun, and that its heat has no appreciable effect upon the thermometer. As to the phenomenon known as the "ashy light," it is explained naturally by the effect of the transmission of the solar rays from the earth to the moon, which give the appearance of completeness to the lunar disc, while it presents itself under the crescent form during its first and last phases.

Such was the state of knowledge acquired regarding the earth's satellite, which the Gun Club undertook to perfect in all its aspects, cosmographic, geological, political, and moral.







CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE PERMISSIVE LIMITS OF IGNORANCE AND BELIEF IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE immediate result of Barbicane's proposition was to place upon the orders of the day all the astronomical facts relative to the Queen of Night. Everybody set to work to study assiduously. One would have thought that the moon had just appeared for the first time, and that no one had ever before caught a glimpse of her in the heavens. The papers revived all the old anecdotes in which the "sun of the wolves" played a part; they recalled the influences which the ignorance of past ages ascribed to her; in short, all America was seized with seleno-mania, or had become moon-mad.

The scientific journals, for their part, dealt more especially with the questions which touched upon the enterprise of the Gun Club. The letter of the Observatory of Cambridge was published by them, and commented upon with unreserved approval.

Until that time most people had been ignorant of the mode in which the distance which separates the moon from the earth is calculated. They took advantage of this fact to explain to them that this distance was obtained by measuring the parallax of the moon. The term parallax proving "caviare to the general," they further explained that it meant the angle formed by the inclination of two straight lines drawn from either extremity of the earth's radius to the moon. On doubts being expressed as to the correctness of this method, they immediately proved that not only was the mean distance 234,347 miles, but that astronomers could not possibly be in error in their estimate by more than 70 miles either way.

To those who were not familiar with the motions of the moon, they demonstrated that she possesses two distinct motions, the first being that of rotation upon her axis, the second that of revolution round the earth, accomplishing both together in an equal period of time, that is to say, in  $27\frac{1}{3}$  days.

The motion of rotation is that which produces day and night on the surface of the moon; save that there is only one day and one night in the lunar month, each lasting  $354\frac{1}{3}$  hours. But, happily for her, the face turned towards the terrestrial globe is illuminated by it with an intensity equal to the light of fourteen moons. As to the other face, always invisible to us, it has of necessity 354 hours of absolute night, tempered only by that "pale glimmer which falls upon it from the stars."

Some well-intentioned but rather obstinate persons, could not at first comprehend how, if the moon displays invariably the same face to the earth during her revolution, she can describe one turn round herself. To such they answered, "Go into your dining-room, and walk round the table in such a way as always to keep your face turned towards the centre; by the time you will have achieved one

complete round you will have completed one turn round yourself, since your eye will have traversed successively every point of the room. Well, then, the room is the heavens, the table is the earth, and the moon is yourself." And they would go away delighted.

So, then, the moon displays invariably the same face to the earth; nevertheless, to be quite exact, it is necessary to add that, in consequence of certain fluctuations of north and south, and of west and east, termed her libration, she permits rather more than the half, that is to say, five-sevenths, to be seen.

As soon as the ignoramuses came to understand as much as the Director of the Observatory himself knew, they began to worry themselves regarding her revolution round the earth, whereupon twenty scientific reviews immediately came to the rescue. They pointed out to them then that the firmament, with its infinitude of stars, may be considered as one vast dial-plate, upon which the moon travels, indicating the true time to all the inhabitants of the earth; that it is during this movement that the Queen of Night exhibits her different phases; that the moon is *full* when she is in *opposition* with the sun, that is, when the three bodies are on the same straight line, the earth occupying the centre; that she is *new* when she is in *conjunction* with the sun, that is, when she is between it and the earth; and lastly, that she is in her *first* or *last* quarter, when she makes with the sun and the earth an angle of which she herself occupies the apex.

Regarding the altitude which the moon attains above the horizon, the letter of the Cambridge Observatory had said all that was to be said in that respect. Every one knew that this altitude varies according to the latitude of the observer. But the only zones of the globe in which the moon passes the zenith, that is the point directly over the head of the spectator, are of necessity comprised between the twenty-eighth parallels and the equator. Hence the importance of the advice to try the experiment upon some point of that part of the globe, in order that the projectile might be discharged perpendicularly, and so the soonest escape the action of gravitation. This was an essential condition to the success of the enterprise, and continued actively to engage the public attention.

Regarding the path described by the moon in her revolution round the earth, the Cambridge Observatory had demonstrated that this path is a re-entering curve, not a perfect circle, but an ellipse, of which the earth occupies one of the *foci*. It was also well understood that it is farthest removed from the earth during its *apogee*, and approaches most nearly to it at its *perigee*.

Such then was the extent of knowledge possessed by every American on the subject, and of which no one could decently profess ignorance. Still, while these true principles were being rapidly disseminated many errors and illusory fears proved less easy to eradicate.

For instance, some worthy persons maintained that the moon was an ancient comet which, in describing its elongated orbit round the







BARBICANE HOLDS FORTH.

sun, happened to pass near the earth, and became confined within her circle of attraction. These drawing-room astronomers professed so to explain the charred aspect of the moon—a disaster which they attributed to the intensity of the solar heat; only, on being reminded that comets have an atmosphere, and that the moon has little or none, they were fairly at a loss for a reply.

Others again, belonging to the genus *funker*, expressed certain fears as to the position of the moon. They had heard it said that, according to observations made in the time of the Caliphs, her revolution had become accelerated in a certain degree. Hence they concluded, logically enough, that an acceleration of motion ought to be accompanied by a corresponding diminution in the distance separating the two bodies; and that, supposing the double effect to be continued to infinity, the moon would end by one day falling into the earth. However, they became reassured as to the fate of future generations on being apprised that, according to the calculations of Laplace, this acceleration of motion is confined within very restricted limits, and that a proportional diminution of speed will be certain to succeed it. So, then, the stability of the solar system would not be deranged in ages to come.

There remains but the third class, the superstitious. These worthies were not content merely to rest in ignorance; they must know all about things which had no existence whatever, and as to the moon, they had long known all about her. One set regarded her disc as a polished mirror, by means of which people could see each other from different points of the earth and interchange their thoughts. Another set pretended that out of one thousand new moons that had been observed, nine hundred and fifty had been attended with remarkable disturbances, such as cataclysms, revolutions, earthquakes, the deluge, &c. Then they believed in some mysterious influence exercised by her over human destinies—that every Selenite was attached to some inhabitant of the earth by a tie of sympathy; they maintained that the entire vital system is subject to her control, &c., &c. But in time the majority renounced these vulgar errors, and espoused the true side of the question. As for the Yankees, they had no other ambition than to take possession of this new continent of the sky, and to plant upon the summit of its highest elevation the star-spangled banner of the United States of America.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HYMN OF THE CANNON-BALL.

THE Observatory of Cambridge in its memorable letter had treated the question from a purely astronomical point of view. The mechanical part still remained.

President Barbicane had, without loss of time, nominated a



Working Committee of the Gun Club. The duty of this Committee was to resolve the three grand questions of the cannon, the projectile, and the powder. It was composed of four members of great technical knowledge, Barbicane (with a casting vote in case of equality), General Morgan, Major Elphinstone, and J. T. Maston, to whom were confided the functions of secretary. On the 8th of October the Committee met at the house of President Barbicane, 3, Republican Street. The meeting was opened by the president himself.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have to resolve one of the most important problems in the whole of the noble science of gunnery. It might appear, perhaps, the most logical course to devote our first meeting to the discussion of the engine to be employed. Nevertheless, after mature consideration, it has appeared to me that the question of the projectile must take precedence of that of the cannon, and that the dimensions of the latter must necessarily depend upon those of the former."

"Suffer me to say a word," here broke in J. T. Maston. Permission having been granted, "Gentlemen," said he, with an inspired accent, "our president is right in placing the question of the projectile above all others. The ball we are about to discharge at the moon is our ambassador to her, and I wish to consider it from a moral point of view. The cannon-ball, gentlemen, to my mind, is the most magnificent manifestation of human power. If Providence has created the stars and the planets, man has called the cannon-ball into existence. Let Providence claim the swiftness of electricity and of light, of the stars, the comets, and the planets, of wind and sound—we claim to have invented the swiftness of the cannon-ball, a hundred times superior to that of the swiftest horses or railway train. How glorious will be the moment when, infinitely exceeding all hitherto attained velocities, we shall launch our new projectile with the rapidity of seven miles a second! Shall it not, gentlemen—shall it not be received up there with the honours due to a terrestrial ambassador?"

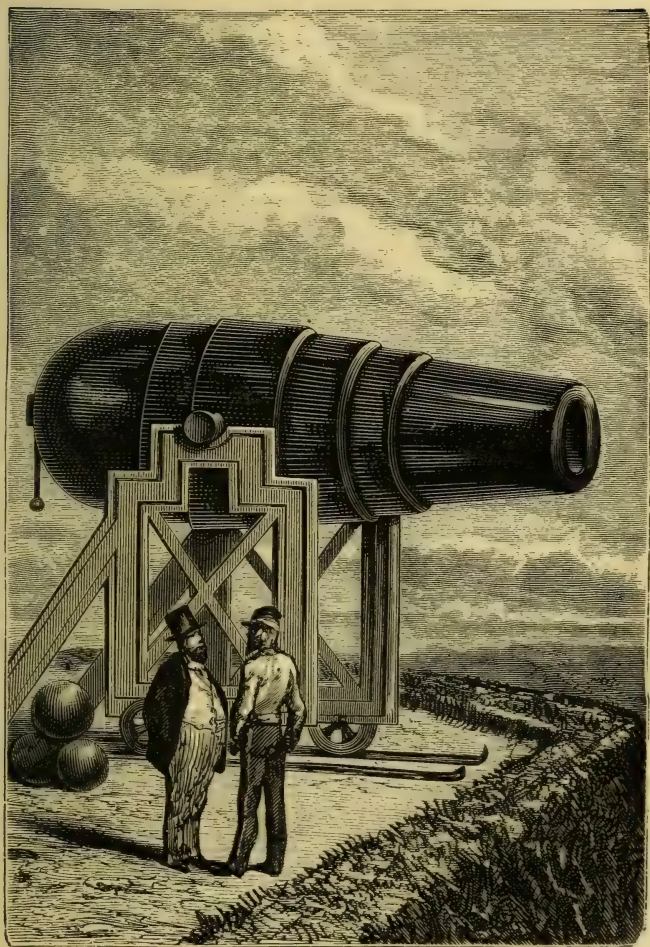
Overcome with emotion the orator sat down and applied himself to a huge plate of sandwiches before him.

"And now," said Barbicane, "let us quit the domain of poetry and come direct to the question."

"By all means," replied the members, each with his mouth full of sandwich.

"The problem before us," continued the president, "is how to communicate to a projectile a velocity of 12,000 yards per second. Let us at present examine the velocities hitherto attained. General Morgan will be able to enlighten us on this point."

"And the more easily," replied the general, "that during the war I was a member of the Committee of experiments. I may say, then, that the 100-pounder Dahlgrens, which carried a distance of 5000 yards, impressed upon their projectile an initial velocity of 500 yards a second. The Rodman Columbiad threw a shot



THE RODMAN COLUMBIAD.





weighing half a ton a distance of six miles, with a velocity of 800 yards per second—a result which Armstrong and Palisser have never obtained in England.”

“This,” replied Barbicane, “is, I believe, the maximum velocity ever attained?”

“It is so,” replied the general.

“Ah!” groaned J. T. Maston, “if my mortar had not burst—”

“Yes,” quietly replied Barbicane, “but it did burst. We must take, then, for our starting-point this velocity of 800 yards. We must increase it twenty-fold. Now, reserving for another discussion the means of producing this velocity, I will call your attention to the dimensions which it will be proper to assign to the shot. You understand that we have nothing to do here with projectiles weighing at most but half a ton.”

“Why not?” demanded the major.

“Because the shot,” quickly replied J. T. Maston, “must be big enough to attract the attention of the inhabitants of the moon, if there are any?”

“Yes,” replied Barbicane, “and for another reason more important still.”

“What mean you?” asked the major.

“I mean that it is not enough to discharge a projectile, and then take no further notice of it; we must follow it throughout its course, up to the moment when it shall reach its goal.”

“What?” shouted the general and the major in great surprise.

“Undoubtedly,” replied Barbicane, composedly, “or our experiment would produce no result.”

“But then,” replied the major, “you will have to give this projectile enormous dimensions.”

“No! Be so good as to listen. You know that optical instruments have acquired great perfection; with certain telescopes we have succeeded in obtaining enlargements of 6000 times and reducing the moon to within forty miles’ distance. Now, at this distance, any objects sixty feet square would be perfectly visible. If, then, the penetrative power of telescopes has not been further increased, it is because that power detracts from their light; and the moon, which is but a reflecting mirror, does not give back sufficient light to enable us to perceive objects of lesser magnitude.”

“Well, then, what do you propose to do?” asked the general. “Would you give your projectile a diameter of sixty feet?”

“Not so.”

“Do you intend, then, to increase the luminous power of the moon?”

“Exactly so. If I can succeed in diminishing the density of the atmosphere through which the moon’s light has to travel I shall have rendered her light more intense. To effect that object it will be enough to establish a telescope on some elevated mountain. That is what we will do.”

“I give it up,” answered the major. “You have such a way of

simplifying things. And what enlargement do you expect to obtain in this way?"

"One of 48,000 times, which should bring the moon within an apparent distance of five miles; and, in order to be visible, objects need not have a diameter of more than nine feet."

"So, then," cried J. T. Maston, "our projectile need not be more than nine feet in diameter."

"Let me observe, however," interrupted Major Elphinstone, "this will involve a weight such as—"

"My dear major," replied Barbicane, "before discussing its weight, permit me to enumerate some of the marvels which our ancestors have achieved in this respect. I don't mean to pretend that the science of gunnery has not advanced, but it is as well to bear in mind that during the middle ages they obtained results more surprising, I will venture to say, than ours. For instance, during the siege of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1543, stone shot of 1900lbs. weight were employed. At Malta, in the time of the knights, there was a gun of the fortress of St. Elmo which threw a projectile weighing 2500lbs. And, now, what is the extent of what we have seen ourselves? Armstrong guns discharging shot of 500lbs., and the Rodman guns projectiles of half a ton! It seems, then, that if projectiles have gained in range, they have lost far more in weight. Now, if we turn our efforts in that direction, we ought to arrive, with the progress of science, at ten times the weight of the shot of Mahomet II. and the Knights of Malta."

"Clearly," replied the major; "but what metal do you calculate upon employing?"

"Simply cast iron," said General Morgan.

"But," interrupted the major, "since the weight of a shot is proportionate to its volume, an iron ball of nine feet in diameter would be of tremendous weight."

"Yes, if it were solid, not if it were hollow."

"Hollow? then it would be a shell?"

"Yes, a shell," replied Barbicane; "decidedly it must be. A solid shot of 108 inches would weigh more than 200,000lbs., a weight evidently far too great. Still, as we must reserve a certain stability for our projectile, I propose to give it a weight of 20,000lbs."

"What, then, will be the thickness of the sides?" asked the major.

"If we follow the usual proportion," replied Morgan, "a diameter of 108 inches would require sides of two feet thickness, or less."

"That would be too much," replied Barbicane; "for you will observe that the question is not that of a shot intended to pierce an ironplate: it will suffice, therefore, to give it sides strong enough to resist the pressure of the gas. The problem, therefore, is this—What thickness ought a cast-iron shell to have in order not to weigh more than 20,000lbs.? Our clever secretary will soon enlighten us upon this point."



CANNON AT MALTA IN THE TIME OF THE KNIGHTS.





"Nothing easier," replied the worthy secretary of the Committee; and, rapidly tracing a few algebraical formulæ upon paper, among which  $n^2$  and  $x^2$  frequently appeared, he presently said,—

"The sides will require a thickness of less than two inches."

"Will that be enough?" asked the major doubtfully.

"Clearly not!" replied the president.

"What is to be done, then?" said Elphinstone, with a puzzled air.

"Employ another metal instead of iron."

"Copper?" said Morgan.

"No; that would be too heavy. I have better than that to offer."

"What then?" asked the major.

"Aluminium!" replied Barbicane.

"Aluminium?" cried his three colleagues in chorus.

"Unquestionably, my friends. This valuable metal possesses the whiteness of silver, the indestructibility of gold, the tenacity of iron, the fusibility of copper, the lightness of glass. It is easily wrought, is very widely distributed, forming the base of most of the rocks, is three times lighter than iron, and seems to have been created for the express purpose of furnishing us with the material for our projectile."

"But, my dear president," said the major, "is not the cost price of aluminium extremely high?"

"It was so at its first discovery, but it has fallen now to nine dollars the pound."

"But still, nine dollars the pound!" replied the major, who was not willing readily to give in; "even that is an enormous price."

"Undoubtedly, my dear major; but not beyond our reach."

"What will the projectile weigh then?" asked Morgan.

"Here is the result of my calculations," replied Barbicane. "A shot of 108 inches in diameter, and 12 inches in thickness, would weigh, in cast-iron, 67,440lbs.; cast in aluminium, its weight will be reduced to 19,250lbs."

"Capital!" cried the major; "but do you know that, at nine dollars the pound, this projectile will cost—"

"One hundred and seventy-three thousand and fifty dollars (\$173,050). I know it quite well. But fear not, my friends; the money will not be wanting for our enterprise, I will answer for it. Now what say you to aluminium, gentlemen?"

"Adopted!" replied the three members of the Committee.

So ended the first meeting. The question of the projectile was definitely settled.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HISTORY OF THE CANNON.

THE resolutions passed at the last meeting produced a great effect out of doors. Timid people took fright at the idea of a shot weigh-

ing 20,000lbs. being launched into space; they asked what cannon could ever transmit a sufficient velocity to such a mighty mass. The minutes of the second meeting were destined triumphantly to answer such questions. The following evening the discussion was renewed.

"My dear colleagues," said Barbicane, without further preamble, "the subject now before us is the construction of the engine, its length, its composition, and its weight. It is probable that we shall end by giving it gigantic dimensions; but however great may be the difficulties in the way, our mechanical genius will readily surmount them. Be good enough, then, to give me your attention, and do not hesitate to make objections at the close. I have no fear of them. The problem before us is how to communicate an initial force of 12,000 yards per second to a shell of 108 inches in diameter, weighing 20,000lbs. Now when a projectile is launched into space, what happens to it? It is acted upon by three independent forces, the resistance of the air, the attraction of the earth, and the force of impulsion with which it is endowed. Let us examine these three forces. The resistance of the air is of little importance. The atmosphere of the earth does not exceed forty miles. Now, with the given rapidity, the projectile will have traversed this in five seconds, and the period is too brief for the resistance of the medium to be regarded otherwise than as insignificant. Proceeding, then, to the attraction of the earth, that is, the weight of the shell, we know that this weight will diminish in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance. When a body left to itself falls to the surface of the earth, it falls five feet in the first second; and if the same body were removed 257,542 miles farther off, in other words, to the distance of the moon, its fall would be reduced to about half a line in the first second. That is almost equivalent to a state of perfect rest. Our business, then, is to overcome progressively this action of gravitation. The mode of accomplishing that is by the force of impulsion."

"There's the difficulty," broke in the major.

"True," replied the president; "but we will overcome that, for this force of impulsion will depend upon the length of the engine and the powder employed, the latter being limited only by the resisting power of the former. Our business, then, to-day is with the dimensions of the cannon."

"Now, up to the present time," said Barbicane, "our longest guns have not exceeded twenty-five feet in length. We shall therefore astonish the world by the dimensions we shall be obliged to adopt. It must evidently be, then, a gun of great range, since the length of the piece will increase the detention of the gas accumulated behind the projectile; but there is no advantage in passing certain limits."

"Quite so," said the major. "What is the rule in such a case?"

"Ordinarily the length of a gun is 20 to 25 times the diameter of the shot, and its weight 235 to 240 times that of the shot."



"That is not enough," cried J. T. Maston impetuously.

"I agree with you, my good friend; and, in fact, following this proportion for a projectile nine feet in diameter, weighing 30,000lbs., the gun would only have a length of 225 feet, and a weight of 7,200,000lbs."

"Ridiculous!" rejoined Maston. "As well take a pistol."

"I think so too," replied Barbicane; "that is why I propose to quadruple that length, and to construct a gun of 900 feet."

The general and the major offered some objections; nevertheless, the proposition, actively supported by the secretary, was definitively adopted.

"But," said Elphinstone, "what thickness must we give it?"

"A thickness of six feet," replied Barbicane.

"You surely don't think of mounting a mass like that upon a carriage?" asked the major.

"It would be a superb idea, though," said Maston.

"But impracticable," replied Barbicane. "No; I think of sinking this engine in the earth alone, binding it with hoops of wrought iron, and finally surrounding it with a thick mass of masonry of stone and cement. The piece once cast, it must be bored with great precision, so as to preclude any possible windage. So there will be no loss whatever of gas, and all the expansive force of the powder will be employed in the propulsion."

"One simple question," said Elphinstone: "is our gun to be rifled?"

"No, certainly not," replied Barbicane; "we require an enormous initial velocity; and you are well aware that a shot quits a rifled gun less rapidly than it does a smooth-bore."

"True," rejoined the major.

The Committee here adjourned for a few minutes to tea and sandwiches.

On the discussion being renewed, "Gentlemen," said Barbicane, "we must now take into consideration the metal to be employed. Our cannon must be possessed of great tenacity, great hardness, be infusible by heat, indissoluble, and inoxydable by the corrosive action of acids."

"There is no doubt about that," replied the major; "and as we shall have to employ an immense quantity of metal, we shall not be at a loss for choice."

"Well, then," said Morgan, "I propose the best alloy hitherto known, which consists of 100 parts of copper, 12 of tin, and 6 of brass."

"I admit," replied the president, "that this composition has yielded excellent results, but in the present case it would be too expensive, and very difficult to work. I think, then, that we ought to adopt a material excellent in its way and of low price, such as cast iron. What is your advice, major?"

"I quite agree with you," replied Elphinstone.

"In fact," continued Barbicane, "cast iron costs ten times less

than bronze : it is easy to cast, it runs readily from the moulds of sand, it is easy of manipulation, it is at once economical of money and of time. In addition, it is excellent as a material, and I well remember that during the war, at the siege of Atlanta, some iron guns fired one thousand rounds at intervals of twenty minutes without injury."

"Cast iron is very brittle, though," replied Morgan.

"Yes, but it possesses great resistance. I will now ask our worthy secretary to calculate the weight of a cast-iron gun with a bore of nine feet and a thickness of six feet of metal."

"In a moment," replied Maston. Then, dashing off some algebraical formulæ with marvellous facility, in a minute or two he declared the following result :—

"The cannon will weigh 68,040 tons. And, at two cents a pound, it will cost—?"

"2,510,701 dollars."

Maston, the major, and the general regarded Barbicane with uneasy looks.

"Well, gentlemen," replied the president, "I repeat what I said yesterday. Make yourselves easy; the millions will not be wanting."

With this assurance of their president the Committee separated, after having fixed their third meeting for the following evening.

## COLLECTORS' TASTES AND ARTISTS' PALETTES.

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A PECULIAR circumstance, which it is not necessary here to explain, qualifies me more than most people for being a good listener! and I flatter myself I am one. Necessarily, therefore, I like talkers. Most of my friends are talkers, or, if they are not, they are the cause of talking in others, which serves my purpose as well.

In proof whereof I, not so very many years ago, overheard a mightily diverting colloquy and lecture, and which, instructive as it was, set at rest many a wondering which until this occasion had possessed me, whenever I frequented my favourite haunts the picture-galleries, a wondering not only about what became of the pictures when the exhibitions close (a great social problem by the way) but about how people first began to buy pictures, what put the notion into their heads, and by what small and indirect beginnings our most noteworthy private collections have been brought together.

My old friend Peter Taunpitt, Esq., is now celebrated for the modern pictures which crowd his spacious dwellings in town and country. And it is alone from my association with him, and the use I have made of my ears, that I have been enabled to understand how from the most anti-artistic early surroundings he has appeared to develop into a good judge, and to display the refined taste which his collection warrants us in believing he possesses. He is a type of thousands, I believe, of thousands who form the *clientèles* upon which that fraternity of middle-men called dealers exist and fatten. And, after all, as a listener I may be permitted to inquire why should they not? They supply a want evidently, as, in my limited judgment, may be made plain by the following scene, at which I was accidentally present, soon after the picture-buying mania had seized upon Taunpitt.

I drop into luncheon with him, as is my habit occasionally. Beyond the *portière* and in the front dining-room, he is engaged in conversation with that eminent purveyor of art, Mr. Hobbema Knobb, whose voice I immediately recognize, and who always, as now, when airing his ideas, talks so loudly that nothing he utters can escape any ears within twenty yards. I take a seat in the adjoining room, where the meal is laid, and where my friend, I am told, will join me immediately; and thus involuntarily I assist at Knobb's lecture. Evidently he is just beginning it, for he says,—



"Taste, my dear sir, is a commodity, a commodity just as marketable as hay and corn, or hides and tallow. Now, I deal in taste, and you, forgive my saying so, not meaning the expression offensively, require taste. What more reasonable than that you should come to me, who supply it? You have money, and desire to decorate your house and rooms with works of art, pictures, but the taste essential is not forthcoming. Taste is the result of education, thought, study, and is as progressive in its development as every other acquirement. Good! I shall educate you, I shall sell you the commodity I deal in, and I shall not be extravagant in my charges. As an example. Here have you been wasting your money upon a lot of worthless productions, bad copies, or feeble originals, from unknown and incompetent hands. Having a surplusage of capital, you think it right to lay some of it out in pictures, not so much, perhaps (pray forgive my saying so) because you care very much about pictures, but because you think the possession of them would stamp you as a man of taste, give you a reputation, associate you with men of genius, and cast upon you, as it were, a reflection from the brilliant light of their works. If these which you have bought were to come to the hammer to-morrow, they would not fetch shillings where you have given pounds, and all because you have lacked taste in your selection."

Now I knew Mr. Hobbema Knobb, Picture-Dealer, of Berners Street, Oxford Street, to be a clear-eyed, sharp-featured, smooth-faced, thin-haired man, spare of figure, and simple and precise of costume. He had delivered himself of the above remarks with his usual sharp and rapid utterance, and with that crispness of speech and tone, the result of a long-practised habit of trying to hide a slight foreign accent, and a certain tendency to an Hebraic lisp. Equally I knew Taunpitt to be a thin, tall man in spectacles, with very thick white and black hair, mutton-chop whiskers, high shirt collar, and sloping shoulders; having a sort of semi-clerical air, which was increased by his long black frock-coat and trowsers, deliberate speech, and pedantic manner. Therefore, although in the adjoining room, I had no more difficulty in realizing the appearance of the *dramatis personæ* than I had in listening to the dialogue.

"Do I understand you, then, to imply," I heard Taunpitt say, as Knobb paused, "that you are not prepared to allow me as much for these pictures, which I propose to give you in part payment for the Millais, as they cost me?"

"Oh, dear no!" said the dealer; "why, some of them are hardly worth my taking away."

"What? Not this Sidney Cooper?" went on Taunpitt. "Mr. Cooper, I believe, is an R.A., and, I was told, our first cattle-painter; and surely *his* works are valuable."

"Bah! my dear sir. Mr. Cooper never set eyes on that picture! If he had painted it, small though it is, I should have been glad to have given you 300*l.* for it: it is not worth 300 pence."

"Not painted by Mr. Cooper? Why, it is the gem of my col-

lection!" exclaimed Taunpitt. "I gave more money for that than for any picture on my walls; I gave 30*l.* for it."

"Yes, very likely; and that is a proof of what I say. Had it been genuine, you would not have got it for 300*l.*"

"Indeed, I shall not accept that as a proof," remonstrated the would-be connoisseur with some warmth; "perhaps it is only a proof that I have made a good bargain."

"Ah! my dear sir, my dear sir," continued Mr. Hobbema Knobb, in a pitying and half-patronizing tone, "forgive my saying so, but it is just what I tell you—you require education in these things. Discernment, the result of education; taste, the result of discernment. Now see here," and I heard him walking across the room as if taking the picture to the window; "if you had discernment and taste, you would know at a glance that those touches could never have been put on by a master's hand. The cows are badly drawn, the execution without quality; but for the present (forgive my saying so) you do not understand these things. So I will give you a proof that will be quite clear to you that it is a worthless copy. Mark! the signature (a forgery) is dated 1836. I turn the picture, and I see it is painted on a canvas manufactured and sold by Lechertier Barbe of Regent Street. Now Barbe, I know for a fact, was not in business in England at that time; he could not have sold the canvas to Mr. Cooper, or anybody, in 1836. Ergo, that is not a genuine date, but, like the picture, only the copy of one."

This was an argument, which appealed directly to the commercial instincts of Peter Taunpitt, Esq. He saw that if Knobb spoke the truth, he had been indeed taken in, and reluctantly admitted that it was possible.

"Undoubtedly," acquiesced the voluble dealer; "but never mind, this sort of thing is inevitable when one begins to cultivate taste. We must pay for our experience, and really for a gentleman of your wealth, what is twenty or thirty pounds more or less? When you have allowed me to place a few works by our leading artists on your walls, you will very soon begin to see what rubbish you have hitherto been buying, and you will wonder that you ever could admire these inferior productions. When your eye has become accustomed to the work of such men as Millais, Frith, Philip, Hook, Calderon, Marks, and the rest that you have seen at my gallery, you will discover, as I have said, how progressive a thing is taste. Look at us through life, look at our early acquisitions in the way of art, if we have a leaning that way. As boys, we admire at first the coarse and vulgar woodcuts, representing our theatrical heroes, in the "penny plain" and "twopence coloured" style, adding not unfrequently a little tinsel, copper foil, or silk and satin to their dresses and trimmings. By degrees we take to cutting out and collecting, from illustrated books and newspapers, a purer sort of engraving, and are contented with simple black and white, foregoing our aspirations after gaudy colour. As we attain to the dignity

of rooms of our own, we frame a few steel engravings, perhaps ordinary impressions, a long while "after letters;" then we become more fastidious, we must have proofs, nothing but proof-copies will satisfy us, talking learnedly about the relative merits of "mezzotint" and "line." By and by we display our progress in the cultivation of taste, and will only endure specimens after the best masters. If our means enable us, by this time we think about acquiring a few good water-colours, and an odd oil or two, and even then we go on, gradually getting more and more exclusive as we grow critical. Where we were once contented with an original Lauder or Brooks, we must now have a Millais or a Rosetti; where we were contented with a Gastineau or a Harding, we must now have a Turner or a Boyce. Thus, I say, it is with those who have had the time, means, and inclination to indulge in the acquisition of works of art; but with you, my dear sir (and pray forgive my saying so) it is different. As I understand, you have only latterly been in a—in a—position to—to, you will not misunderstand me,—you have, in short, hitherto had overwhelming business to attend to. Plunging, therefore, out of a world of commerce into one of æsthetics, you are naturally a little at fault; you have not had the time to create this taste for yourself; you are beginning to see that you can do nothing without it; you very wisely come to me to be supplied with it ready made."

Taking advantage of the pause which followed this flow of eloquence, Mr. Taunpitt said, with some anxiety in his tone, "Doubtless you are right, but the acquisition of such works as you suggest I should purchase involves a heavy outlay, it becomes a serious investment of capital."

"Truly," said Knobb, "but a most admirable investment, one which in these days cannot be bettered. Buy in the right market, with taste (which I supply), and if you ever want to sell, you may make fifty or a hundred per cent. profit, whereas, by frittering away contemptible sums on this sort of rubbish" (and I have no doubt Mr. Knobb glanced contemptuously round the walls, which I knew to be covered by Wardour Street art,) "you are absolutely throwing your money into the gutter. However, I will take the whole lot away, and see what I can allow you; meanwhile I will send home the Millais, the Hook, and the Calderon, and, with your permission, I will come round to-morrow and show you where they should be hung. May I ask your servant to fetch me a cab?" And so Mr. Hobbema Knobb departed.

"That fellow is a plausible humbug," said my friend, coming into the room where I was sitting. "I suppose you have heard what we were talking about, yet there is something in what he says, no doubt; but he'll *do* me, if I give him a chance. Still I think I am right to get the 'Millais' and the 'Hook,' don't you? But I am not sure about the 'Calderon.' Who is Mr. Calderon? Will that be a safe investment, do you think?"

I replied that I knew Mr. Calderon by reputation, but being



merely a listener, with no opinions of my own, I could not venture to express one on the wisdom of such a speculation. No, indeed, no opinions from me; statements I *may* make and inquiries, and I would therefore inquire very modestly whether the antecedents of my friend do not closely resemble those of thousands who, as I before said, have now the reputation of connoisseurs in virtue of their fine collections of modern pictures. I need hardly say that I reveal no secrets; I only happen to draw attention to facts when I describe Taunpitt, and say that since he had entered on the dangerous ocean of picture-buying, he had run on many a shoal and quicksand, and had been buffeted about by many an adverse gale. He was now only beginning to understand that, if he aspired to the reputation of a collector, he must expend far heavier sums on the hobby than he had ever contemplated. He saw that acquisitions made in Wardour Street of undoubted Michael Angelos and guaranteed Titians, or of Sidney Coopers and Clarkson Stanfields, at about an average of 15*l.* a-piece, could not lead to a satisfactory result. He was just beginning to learn that artists of reputation made handsome incomes, and had no difficulty in disposing of their pictures for large sums of money as fast as they could produce them.

When, after a while, he had made up his mind to go in for a better class of work, he was somewhat astonished at discovering it was not so easy always to obtain it. He was surprised moreover to find that nearly all the pictures from eminent hands were usually sold even long before they were exhibited. His self-importance was greatly shocked, as this truth dawned upon him one day at the Royal Academy, whither he had gone probably for the first time in his life, a few months before the foregoing conversation took place.

As Mr. Knobb had delicately hinted, Peter Taunpitt, Esq., had been much occupied in business. Indeed in early life he had had a very hard fight for it, and had only achieved his present wealth through the most untiring industry over a period of thirty years. The commercial world of hides and tallow had not conduced to the development of artistic qualities, and his necessarily close application to business left him no time to think even of such matters; and it was not until a partnership in the firm had given him considerable leisure and more money that he bethought himself of what to do with either the one or the other. The blank walls, however, of his newly-purchased mansion in Great Ore Street, suggested pictures; pictures, to his mind, suggested shop-windows; into these, therefore, he had begun to look, and had gone on, stage by stage, with obscure dealer after obscure dealer, bartering and exchanging his acquisitions at intervals, as he began to see the necessity of improving the quality of his collection. I was aware that through an advertisement put forth by that astute purveyor of art, Mr. Hobbema Knobb, inviting connoisseurs and collectors to inspect, at his gallery, his very fine collection of works by, &c., &c., open from

ten o'clock till dusk, admission by address card, Taunpitt had been led to seek his assistance. Meanwhile he had felt his dignity somewhat hurt at the thought that a dealer should be able to obtain the works of artists which were denied to him, let him visit the Royal Academy as often as he might, and with any amount of money in his pockets. Nevertheless he had called in Berners Street, and the interview, part of which I overheard, was the result. Mr. Taunpitt had negotiated for the purchase of some important masterpieces, and Mr. Knobb was to accept, as I gleaned, in part payment, some of the mistakes of the collector's early ventures.

With the irresolution of a weak, yet conceited and somewhat purse-proud man he could not bring himself in the early days of their acquaintance to put his affairs pictorial in the dealer's hands. Suspicious of his intentions, yet admitting the force of much that he had said, Taunpitt nevertheless had a hankering after that same disputed Sidney Cooper, and therefore withdrew it.

And I know to this day he keeps it locked up, not daring to expose his reputation for taste to a doubt; but nevertheless I believe secretly admiring the spurious production.

The celebrity of his collection at the present time is patent of course to the little world concerned in such matters. We all know what a good judge he is, and how his society is courted by artists, but we may not all know what a heavy percentage he has had to pay for that ready-made article called taste, supplied by Mr. Hobbema Knobb and his fellows. And is it, I would again gently inquire, so very wrong of these gentlemen to sell such a commodity when there is so great a demand for it? Do the artists suffer very seriously in consequence? or is it just possible that they are gainers in the long-run by the attempted education of the Taunpitts and other picture-buyers by such professors as Hobbema Knobb and his brethren?

## A NIGHT ON THE "BITTER LAKE."

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"AND they say it don't rain in Egypt!" growls our skipper, wiping the last drops of the departing squall from his bushy beard and bluff English face. "Let 'em just come here and try, that's all!"

"This is our sixth squall since we got into the Canal," remark I; "pretty well for one morning's work! No getting to Suez to-night, eh?"

"We'd ha' done it right enough if they'd let us go full speed, but half speed's the rule here. We'll be gettin' into the Bitter Lake 'bout sun-down, and there I'll anchor for the night, and go on to Suez to-morrow."

We are by this time about midway through the famous Canal, and have had time to get somewhat used to a panorama which is utterly new to us both. Our first feeling (as is the case, I should judge, with every one who has seen it) is one of disappointment; for, great achievement as it undoubtedly is, it is so utterly dwarfed and overshadowed (like the Don and Volga Railway, or the "Nicholas Column" at Ibraila) by the limitless desolation which surrounds it, that the statistics of its expense and labour appear actually fabulous. Nor has it even the element of beauty to recommend it. Two interminable ridges of yellow sand, growing gradually higher as we advance southward; a huge dredger, every now and then, lying like a castle upon the water, with its clamorous freight of blue-shirted workmen and red-capped boys, who rush to stare at us as we pass; a few little stations, consisting chiefly of one hut a-piece, with a resident population of two men and a dog; an occasional passenger-steamer from Ismailia, so diminutive that you almost expect to see "Complete at 10s. 6d." labelled upon its bulwarks—such are the leading characteristics of the famous international thoroughfare. But as we gradually realize the utter barrenness of the whole country, void alike of food and of shelter, the treacherous nature of the soil, the merciless heat, which presses sorely upon us even in April, we begin to admire, in our own despite, this little ribbon of light-green water drawn athwart the dull, brassy yellow of the everlasting desert, and to appreciate the magnitude of the task which, begun by an Egyptian king<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pharaoh-Necho, under whom (according to Herodotus) 120,000 men perished in digging the canal.



nearly thirty centuries ago, has received its completion in our own day from the hand of a French engineer<sup>2</sup>.

"Here comes another o' them 'Puffin' Billies!'" remarks the skipper, with grand contempt, as a little toy-steamer skims past us with accommodation for one passenger, provided he were a thin one. "They're al'ays a-tryin' to haggravate us by passin' us that way; but if we could only put on steam, we'd show them fun! Only this mornin', when you was below writin', one on 'em cum by, and the skipper hollers out to me, 'Shall I throw out a rope and tow you?' and I says to him, says I, 'No, thankee, it's only blind men as is towed by dogs!'"

And with an approving chuckle at his own sledge-hammer wit, the worthy skipper walks aft.

The black rain-cloud has vanished as suddenly as it came, and the sun looks down upon us once more in all his merciless splendour from the bright, cruel, cloudless sky. There is a hot, dreamy languor in the air, and a silence as of utter exhaustion. The long, lazy ripple in our wake dies without a sound upon the thick, lifeless sand; the very shadow of our steamer seems to drag after us like a spent runner. Two black skeletons suddenly appear on the right bank, moving slowly along the water's edge with their long, noiseless stride; and the sight of a living being in this great sepulchre of nature startles us like an apparition. Then comes a momentary glimpse of the world of life and action, as we swing round a projecting corner into the great basin along which rise the towers and minarets of Ismailia, "the City of Ismail Pasha." The pilot-boat flits alongside like a firefly, whisks away our Port Saïd pilot, and replaces him with a lithe, swarthy, keen-eyed half-caste; and then the desert engulfs us once more as we head southward, on towards the Bitter Lake.

Mid-day changes to afternoon, afternoon wanes into evening; and at length there rises before us a boundless waste of smooth water, all a-flame with the splendour of the sunset; the far-famed Bitter Lake, which is perhaps the one spot of the Canal that, in an age of railways and telegraphs, wears the living impress of a time when the Pharaohs still reigned in Memphis, and when the white-robed priests of Isis watched the stars from the summit of the Great Pyramid. Smooth, tideless, lifeless, it stretches from sky to sky, in all its weird and desolate beauty; and, far to the west, wave after wave of purple hills surge up against the burning sky; while to the east, far as the eye can reach, extends—dim, and vast, and unknown—the mighty desert, beyond which lie Mecca and Jerusalem.

As we swept into the Lake, the sun *goes out* (no other word will express it), and, in a moment, earth and sea and sky are one great shadow. In the gathering darkness and overwhelming silence, the captain's hoarse call sounds indescribably strange and unearthly,—

"Stand by your anchor!"

<sup>2</sup> The greatest depth of the Suez Canal is 26½ feet; the mean breadth 70 feet, and in the sidings 100. Its total length is about 79 miles.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go!"

The rattle of the chain, the splash of the falling anchor, break upon the stillness for a moment with unnatural loudness, and then the silence returns like a wave. The isolation is now complete. I have seen the frozen Neva at midnight, and the Dead Sea in the grey of the early morning; but a ghostlier sight than the Bitter Lake in the dim interval between sunset and moonrise I have never yet seen. However, the ghostly dimness does not endure long. Sudden as a flash of lightning there falls across the shadowy waste of water a broad silver sheen, and up rises the full moon in all its splendour (such a moon as one only sees in tropical skies) glorifying the whole panorama at one stroke. Behind us, tall and white and spectral, rises the lighthouse that guards the entrance, with its solitary eye of fire. To right and left, far as the eye can reach, the huge, cross-barred signal-posts that mark the channel boom out like a line of phantom sentries. In the background, the curving hills stand out black as night against the unearthly splendour; while the faint ripples made by the night breeze break upon our bows in rings of living fire, flashing, quivering, and bursting incessantly. And now the sense of utter loneliness and separation becomes overwhelming. Land-locked as we are, it is as though we were becalmed in mid-ocean, far away from sight or sound of human life, a feeling intense enough to overpower even the sense of companionship. With five and thirty men close beside me, I am as utterly alone as if I were upon a desert island.

And so the night wears on, the weird impressiveness of the wonderful panorama becoming more intense with every hour that passes; till at length, when I fall asleep under the lee of the quarter-boat, with my head pillowed on a spare sail, and a fold of the canvas pulled over my face as a shield against the moon,<sup>3</sup> my dreams are haunted by a confused phantasmagoria of figures from the remotest ages: black-browed Sesostrius driving his team of chained monarchs along the shouting banks of the Nile; and towering Ninus hounding on his endless files of Assyrian spearmen to sack the temples of Memphis; and Moses, with the light of a solemn triumph in his deep, earnest eyes, leading forth a free nation over the corpses of the Egyptian firstborn; and Persian Cambyses, "master of all who live," marshalling his best and bravest to a death of lingering agony in the depths of the Great Desert. From these and other historical nightmares I am aroused by a hearty slap on the shoulder, and a jolly English laugh close to my ear,—

"Lucky *you* aint the officer o' the watch, sir; you sleeps as sound as a peeler on dooty! Come, tumble up and take your six buckets; the steward's pretty nigh laid breakfast already."

Laid it is, sure enough, with the traditional beefsteak smoking in the middle. The sunrise is just lighting up the purple hill-tops; the steam is on for our final run to Suez; the nineteenth century asserts itself once more; the visionary romance is gone.

<sup>3</sup> This precaution is indispensable in the tropics.

## INTERVIEWING NIMROD.

BY STEPHEN J. MACKENNA,

AUTHOR OF "OFF PARADE," "PLUCKY FELLOWS," "KING'S BEECHES,"  
ETC.

A GLORIOUS spring morning. The bright sun flooding the green fields with warmth and light, save when great fleecy masses of milk-white cloud sail lazily across the pure blue vault, and intercept for a few brief moments the broad beams glancing earthwards. Up from the south-west comes a soft balmy breeze, kissing the tops of stately beech-trees and flirting with the blue rising smoke from cottage chimneys—much as it breathes over the heat-misted Solent, toying with the mast-head pennants of dainty yachts in the pleasant September month when the year is near its fall. Brilliant diamond drops glisten on every bud, every blade of grass, every point where the night's dew had formed a resting-place. Birds pipe and call to their mates, warbling, as they dart hither and thither in the glad service of nature, delicious notes of bright enthusiastic thanksgiving for the new-found vigour of the happy seeding-time. Rivulets murmur along their emerald-bound beds on their way to swell the laughing brook, joyously swirling to join the mighty river on its stately journey down to the all-absorbing sea. The air is brisk, elastic, and (as we drink it down in great draughts, rejoicing in creation's chiefest stimulant) life-giving—firing our sluggard aspirations to nobler deeds of honour and daring—flaming our fancy with the glowing heroism of the ancient gods, who scorned not the shock of earth-battles for love of the too fair daughters of men—and intoxicating our hearts with the bounding joy of existence. Truly a glorious spring morning! One to be treasured in the deep wells of memory and, miser-like, to be gloated over in the coming dark days when the spring shall be no more, the summer of youth passed away, and the dread winter hastening its cruel steps—that winter that shall know no spring other than that absence of time which men call Eternity.

So break the conceits of this day on us as we push our way across the germinating fields to see a famous pack of stag-hounds meet. Soon we come to the appointed place—a fair-set farmhouse, looking out on the one side over a broad vale with its immense undulating green meadows, its ample islands of growing timber, its eye-relieving tracts of brown plough-land, and its gleaming belts



of silvery brooks; on the other, facing sloping pastures dotted with sheep and cattle, framed with beech-trees in the low grounds near the farmhouse, and crowned with pine woods on their summits. A few peasant lads are idling about the approaches, lounging against gates and palings, or indulging in rough horse-play while they crack unwieldy jokes. A sprinkling of natty grooms are walking famous hunters up and down on the grass, or backing them into littered barns to put such finishing touches to their toilets as the spoiled darlings may require—flicking imagined dust from saddle or bridle—gently removing minute road-stains of mud—tenderly smoothing the already silky coat—or delicately wiping the ears, eyes, and nostrils with a pocket cloth, the while they whistle softly or murmur that low “sh-whi-sh” peculiar to grooms. Presently out from under a railway bridge emerges a black vehicle (not unlike a small police-van), drawn by two well-bred grey horses, and makes its way at a round, steady trot along the tree-shaded road to the open gate leading to the farm-house. This is the deer-cart; and as it comes noiselessly over the meadow-land there is the faintest approach to sensation that the bucolic mind is capable of, and a bumpkin, gifted above his fellows, remarks as it passes through the yard and draws up in the great field in front of the house, “She be in there!” while his mates assemble round the cart and unmeaningly concentrate their dull eyes on its black panels. Next come some half-dozen inhabitants of the neighbouring town, well mounted on nags that look like going, dressed in modest, well-cut black, with the regulation boots and breeches.

Not a few of them will “ride boldly and well” though they *are* only tradesmen, and will perhaps show up as fresh—all things considered—at the finish as they do at the start. Here trot up from cross-country tracks some fair specimens of the English “bone and sinew”—sturdy farmers and yeomen, who would astonish many a studied politician of the clubs with sound, clear, out-spoken views on the state of government affairs at home and abroad after their weekly market dinner. Look at that fine, old, rosy-faced John Bull sitting his hunter like a statue; his coat is the old roomy cut of half a century back; his breeches are of snowy cord, his boots adorned with splendidly coloured brown tops, and his hat a miracle of height and *brimminess*; he “hunts cunning,” does this hearty old chap; is friends with every gap and cut for thirty miles round, and knows much better (judging from wind and locality) than the stag does himself the inevitable line the hunt must take that day. By his side a rake-helly young sucking-farmer bestrides a cunning-looking mare up to any work, from ploughing and spinning along under a high-wheeled dog-cart, to timber and water jumping; his coat is a wonderful production of the tailor’s art; breeches and boots he despises—affecting pantaloons and light yellow tight gaiters; he is mouthing a black cigar, and cocks his napless hat over his eye in knowing fashion. His eyes tell tales of billiard-rooms in the adjoining town and much brandy-and-

water, but he will "cut down many of the nobs," as he expresses it, in the forthcoming run; while in the chase of life sharp competition and many tumbles and troubles will give him the ballast he requires, and some twenty years hence he will be just such a jolly old boy as his father is now. More grooms keep constantly turning up from all sides, some of them leading, others riding, their master's hunters; while all wear that ineffable air of stuck-up contempt for all things human and divine (save horses, huntsmen, and hounds) so inseparable from your genuine hunting groom. Somehow they don't look like *men*, these light-weight horsemen, but like some strange animal-parasites of horses, and are totally unrecognizable away from hunters. They are dressed to the perfection of neatness, shaved as only grooms can shave—so snow-white are their scraped cheeks; unobservant of all but what strictly appertains to their profession, and silent as mutes as they sit their horses like—grooms.

Now there is a bustle. Instinctively every one turns towards the road down which came the deer-cart. Yes! here comes, trotting steadily down the lane (for they are a little late), the neatest pack of staghounds in the kingdom. The dogs work their way along in a business-like style, and with much the same air that your city man wears when briskly pushing up Ludgate Hill on his daily road to fortune, their heads, ears, and tails wagging in unison, and all keeping together in a close body that a table-cloth would cover. The pack is a small one, but amply sufficient for the work to be done. To an unprofessional eye they look a rough and commonplace lot of dogs enough; but we know they are superb and boast of long pedigrees of blue blood that would make many a *parvenu* earl hang his head with very shame. The hounds seem to understand thoroughly what they are about and what is in store for them; and when we see with what eagerness they turn after the whipper-in to the grass-land, we can well realize the story of the old fox-hunter defending his sport—"The dogs like it, the horses like it, the men like it, and no one is sure but what the fox likes it too!" In his proper place, in rear of his pack, rides the huntsman, surrounded by some score of gentlemen in pink, and not a few in black. Calmly he surveys his field; self-respecting and respectful he recognizes with grave dignity the salutes and greetings that are liberally extended to him by the familiar members of the hunt; while with a brief nod of his head he directs his whipper-in to the exact spot where he wishes his dogs to stay until the throw-off. Both these servants are splendidly mounted and do full justice to the noble animals that carry them. The whip is not such a polished creation as his superior (who administers such necessary rebukes as the outrageous conduct of "galloping snobs" from cockneydom not unfrequently provokes, with a cool sarcasm that may not be gainsaid), but is very plain and decided in his language, with a rough and harsh voice and a habit of treating every one as he would an ill-conditioned hound, and hoarsely "rating" whoever

infringes hunting-laws in the slightest degree. Up to these comes the occupier of the land, a fine, hale, elderly man of the best style of his class—dressed with scrupulous care, as a farmer only—polite as any gentleman in the land, by reason of nature's politeness—profuse in his offers of hospitality and taking no denial. All must dismount and have a mouthful and a glass of sherry; and all do dismount and enter the comfortable and tasty villa-farm, where the "mouthful" turns out to be a capital repast, half breakfast, half lunch (it is only eleven o'clock), and the "glass of sherry" a choice of wines and spirits.

All this time men and horses have been arriving at a rapid rate, and the house is filled full of guests, all talking, laughing, prosing, or boring, as they eat and drink. The good wife has got over her first trembling flutter for fear "things" would not go right, and has her hands full attending to her guests, looking particularly after the ladies, of whom there are a few present, and pressing her ample hospitality on all. The sons are in and out every moment, watching eagerly for all fresh-comers and having them in, be they high or low—"Just a nip of sherry before you start, you know!" Here is a noble duke, on whom the strawberry-leaves sit lightly as they do gracefully, hobnobbing with a strong yeoman from an adjoining county; there a young earl, the sheen of whose coronet is as yet unsullied by more than a few months' wear, taking earnest counsel with a sporting banker as to the chances of the run; and yonder jolly-looking old sixteen-stone gentleman, who you would swear was the squire of the manor, is a mighty financier whose fiat might tumble a throne or build up an empire. High and low, all for the nonce commingle, all are hail-fellow-well-met, all affable and eager to serve, all under the influence of a glorious hunting morning.

Outside the press of riders, horses, footmen, and idlers has vastly increased. Horses are crowded in a dense mass of beauty, blood, bone, and breeding—a rare picture to look on. Occasionally a sharp squeal and a lash out behind sends a rush of servants, pink and black, flying to the palings, and the vicious one is promptly moved out of the throng. Here is a pretentious swell who has just discovered his hunter is dead lame, and his piteous countenance as the groom confirms the fact excites the laughter of heartless bystanders. The inevitable man—lithe and wiry of build, and long-winded as a hound—in the old red coat and hunting-cap, without whom no hunt can be considered perfect, is of course prominent in the yard; picking up a shilling here, half-a-crown there, as he holds a horse for a moment, tightens a saddle, or adjusts a bridle; he attends every meet, and is as well known as the huntsman himself. Generally speaking he has been a "whip" at some remote period, but a fall, a too great weight, a taste for "the drink," or what not, has incapacitated him, and he has sunk to be a mere hanger-on. There is, also, the equally inevitable shambling, ill-conditioned half-idiot, who does nothing but attend meets, and



who, with stick in hand and tight-girded waist, will follow the hounds, or rather keep joining them by a perfect knowledge of the country and of hunting, and see quite as much of the sport as half the swells on two-hundred-guinea hunters.

Now the meet grows fast and furious. Late risers gallop up on cover hacks and shout loudly for "Jackson!" "Thompson!" or whoever their grooms may be. A pair of ponies drawing an elegant phaeton trot rapidly into the yard. A lady and gentleman smothered in furs cast their skins and emerge in exquisitely tasty hunting apparel. The gentleman is a well-known landlord, the lady is his sister. She is a light-weight and yet always has her second horse out, and never leaves the hounds as long as they run. She rides beautifully and daringly, and enjoys the chase as few do. She deserves her enjoyment, for all the country side rings with her praises; and there is not a cottager but what will tell you warm tales of her love, her kindness, her intimacy, and generosity when trouble has been inside the door. Other ladies there are—some bold, dashing, brazen, perhaps; or timid, bashful, and anxious to avoid rather than court notice. Roystering ones, who would swear and smoke if they were encouraged; who make no delicacy about displaying an ample amount of breeched and top-booted leg when mounting, or whenever they get the chance; who rally young men in no maidenly style; and whose hands and manners are completely warped since "the girl of the period" put in an appearance. Nervous ones, who go in for assistance at gates, and that sort of thing—hunting, in fact, for husbands, and not unfrequently bagging them. Here is a type of the old school. A portly gentleman on a stately horse. His get-up is in the style of thirty years ago; his coat tailed and brass-buttoned; his choker white and well-up the back of his head; his cap the old-fashioned one. We will warrant he is a fine old crusted Tory landowner, with a pedigree reaching to the Conquest and prejudices as strong and black as the old oak staircase in his ancient hall. Behind him is the exquisite of the new school, a "curled darling" of society, with blonde features, yellow hair, and moustache with twisted ends, and a vapid, meaningless sneer that he fancies looks aristocratic. Then there is the quiet gentlemanly guardsman, who says little but will go the pace with the best; the boisterous dragoon, who gushes all over with effusion and jollity, and looks indeed as if he required an uncommonly long run to work off the effects of "too much Long's Hotel on the brain."

Of course, the "gent" or "galloping snob" is in pretty strong force as the meet unfortunately is only a couple of hours from London, rendering himself offensive by his assurance and attempted familiarity, and the eagerness with which he proffers his hospitality, in the shape of cigars, lights, or brandy, on all who have the misfortune to be considered "nobs" in his estimation. The horse-breaker keeps at a distance, sitting yon wild-eyed colt only as a professional can sit a saddle, and will tumble the hot-blooded

youngster over all manner of places, bull-finches, timber, water, any mortal thing he can see, and yet return home with his neck unbroken and the colt unharmed. Presently, a youth with the "pasty face of the period" emerges from behind some hay-stack riding a good-looking animal and leading a regular clipper. The lad is affectedly dressed, and at first we cannot say if he is a light-weight groom to ride a gentleman's second horse or what they call in Ireland a "squireen" or "half-sir" with too much money. To him enters a quiet gentleman in the soberest of attires, whom we had previously seen walking about the yard, and had imagined he had been about his congenial occupation of "devil-dodging," as some wild wag has called it; but he quietly mounts his horse now that the throng has moved out for the throw-off, and we will wager our best hat he will, over the port wine in the snug vicarage after dinner, give the best account of the whole run from beginning to end.

Up dashes a travelling brougham at a furious pace, and as the horses are suddenly reined up at the door of the farmhouse every one takes off his hat; the ladies bow kind smiles as a portly gentleman, followed by a younger one, gets down from the carriage; girths are tightened; bridles adjusted; horses hurriedly mounted. It is the master of the hounds. He shakes the farmer warmly by the hand, enters for a few minutes for a glass of sherry, as a matter of courtesy, and then the enormous crowd rides out into the great field in front of the house. The hounds are taken away behind the yard out of sight; the deer-cart is thrown open, and, amidst the whoops and yells of the yokels who throng to see "her," out bounds a fine stag with a mighty jump, and, tossing his head wildly as he lashes out his hind-quarters, springs away direct over the wide pasture-land. On, on, straight as an arrow he flies as the yells pursue his frightened ears; with a mighty leap he clears the fence, and away at top speed up the steep opposing plough-land, until he gains the crest and disappears from view. Timid men, sneaks, and second-horse men start after him at once by devious routes, and the foot-people take up such points of vantage as they deem best. Twenty minutes afterwards the hounds are laid on, pick up the scent directly, and race along the track at a rattling pace, followed by the great mob of pink, scarlet, and riding-habits, that makes the field. In five minutes they have galloped clean out of sight, and in ten the farm is deserted by footmen and all, and returns to its normal state of dull existence. Truly a glorious spring morning!

## “PER MARE, PER TERRAS.”

BY THE EDITOR.

AFTER a somewhat severe campaign, in which the enemies to a United Empire have been partially discomfited, we begin to breathe somewhat more freely. We are well-nigh tired of protests, treaties, arbitrations, not to speak of humiliations, and now look around us to see if some practical ideas cannot be gathered from facts which have been thrust upon our notice by men from all parts of our wide-spread Empire, who are beginning to think, speak, and act on the policy the Mother Country has been pursuing of late to some of her Colonies.

It will be a great point gained when our statesmen begin to admit that their time and thoughts can be as profitably employed in consolidating our great Empire as in meddling in the affairs of foreign nations, when neither their nor our interests seem to demand the exclusive attention of our Government. Our present rulers, whatever their failings may have been, have made one good hit in the policy of federation which they have successfully urged upon some of our colonies. Canada has, more than any other, felt the benefit of this policy, the good fruits of which are yearly appearing not only as regards her financial prospects, but from the fact that her politicians are being daily educated to aspire to the higher rank of statesmen, and to take broader views of questions that must in future be of great interest not only to themselves and their particular colony, but to the empire at large, of which they form a no mean part. It is idle to hope, from studying the lessons of the past, that our present rulers will ever of themselves initiate a policy that will satisfy the cravings of colonists or their well-wishers at home; and we may hope that the Government that must sooner or later assume the reins of power will carry out such a conciliatory and progressive policy towards our colonies in every quarter of the globe, as may convince them that we at home are in earnest in our wishes and endeavours to consolidate rather than disintegrate the great coalition of the Anglo-Saxon race that is fast becoming, if it has not already become, the ruling power on the face of the earth.

Our cosmopolitan cousins may well be left to take care of themselves in the consideration of this unity of the English-speaking nation; and when we say that they have little in common, save their language, with the British Empire, no suspicion of the



slightest hostility in any sense of the word must of course be understood. The proximity of the Canadian Dominion to the States of the American Republic may be a bugbear to a few old-fashioned statesmen here at home, but the idea of necessary antagonism grows weaker day by day as Canada grows stronger in population, enterprise, and commerce.

Our thoughts at home should be concentrated on the necessity of affording some aid to our struggling brethren by guiding and assisting the migration of our surplus population to strengthen the hands of those who rule on the other side of the water. It will, however, take no little trouble and time to convince many of our legislators that a judicious emigration policy will tend to diminish the pressure put upon employers of labour here by trades unions, to the detriment of commerce, the creation of semi-paupers, the unnatural and undesirable equalization of wages which bears so hard upon the willing and skilled workman; and it will take likewise no little time and trouble to convince the more advanced statesmen of the new Dominion that their policy is not to accredit agents for Immigration who are discredited in England, but rather to appoint some high official who is entirely above suspicion as to party politics or any kind of underhand jobbery, who will have an undisputed authority in all these matters, and over all their agents, and to whom well-wishers of the Dominion may appeal in case of want of advice, or advise in cases where advice may be tendered. The Australian colonies have pursued this plan, and have found the benefit therefrom. We should then hear of no one line of steamship having an advantage in carrying emigrants over another; we should have some better supervision of the provision made to convey steerage passengers across the Atlantic, some better ventilation of the steamers than now exists; and the various scandals that sometimes emanate from rumours, and grow to serious proportions, if not checked and exposed, would be avoided, and all parties ultimately benefit by the arrangement. At present chaos reigns supreme, and the curious history of Canada's immigration policy has yet to be written.

In connexion with this subject it may not be uninteresting to notice the effect of the haphazard method now pursued in attracting labour to Canada. The Colonial papers are already beginning to discuss the future necessity of “legal provision for the poor,” as they rightly argue, “a mournful necessity, the fruitful parent of idleness, improvidence, and vice.” Our immense and lamentable system of workhouses, guardians of the poor, vestrymen, and low contracts—which too often mean failure on the part of contractors, causing distress and disease among the poorer districts, and increased taxes on the ratepayer—should be a warning to our Colonial friends. They admit that the statistics they produce at present “show an amount of pauperism not by any means manageable. It proves also that it is chiefly among newcomers,” the Irish being ten to one, “and that a large portion of it is induced

by the degrading and enervating influences of the poor laws in other lands. It would be an injury, then, to the independence, aye and to the benevolence of the country, to talk of poor-rates in Canada, for generations to come." Let us hope so; let ourselves and the Canadians work together in serving each other, and neither country will have reason to fear the beneficial result to the Empire.

Turning to another colony, the continent of Australia, it is instructive to mark the result of the Conference between the different Provinces that has lately terminated. As must be expected in a country where every province is growing so rapidly in wealth and population, a rivalry exists which may stimulate each colony to better itself at the expense of its neighbour; but it will take time for their legislators to appreciate the fact that there are quite as important interests in other parts of the world to be considered as their own; and though we cannot be surprised at Victoria asserting its pre-eminence, we should have been more surprised if New South Wales had allowed such a claim to pass unchallenged. The postal and fiscal arrangements of the Australian Colonies they are at liberty to discuss and settle as they please, but if they expect the Mother Country to assist in a yearly subsidy to the former, it is quite just that our Home Government should demand that some amount of reason should be exercised in making any grant from the Imperial exchequer.

In the meantime, while such matters are being settled by discussion and the experience of other and older countries, we can but point out the vast field of enterprise opened to such of our people here who can scrape up enough to enable them to reach those shores of plenty. Some districts of New Zealand, especially about the valleys watered by the Waikato River, present a splendid opening to the adventurous. New gold-fields are being discovered, and we may without exaggeration say that immense tracts of land have never been even scratched, which will assuredly some day be teeming with a thriving and contented population. Most of the Colonies wisely keep a well-informed and trusted Agent-General in this country, and they are beginning to see that information and assisted if not free passages are the proper methods for attracting settlers from this and other countries to their own shores.

A most instructive and interesting companion is Mr. Trollope, as he wanders through the Australian group of colonies; and though he does not bore us with too many political considerations, many a truth will be gathered from his vivid descriptions of society which point a great moral—and one which the radical disintegrators of our Empire at Downing Street might well consider before they again attempt to treat their daughters, who were born free, as bondwomen or apprentices, to be discarded at any time, for any reason, and in any manner.

What England wants and will want for some time to come is customers for her manufactures. The more prosperous our Colonies become the more prosperous will the Mother Country continue to

be: the ignorance of her population as regards her colonies is gradually being dispelled; and if knowledge be power, assuredly will an amicable and wisely-fostered Unity be a tower of strength to both home and Colonial interests.

We have hopes that at no distant date the history of our acquisition of our Indian Empire and its geography, as also that of our South African possessions, may be taught in every school in Great Britain, and that our legislators or such of them who are young enough to keep their eyelids from closing, or who are not entirely blinded by the cottonocratic disease, may make a beginning in this direction by listening to and taking an active share in the debates that relate to our dependencies and colonies, instead of shunning such subjects as uninteresting and almost foreign to their vocation as legislators of a great Empire.



## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

March 13th.—At Eton, Henry Arthur Hew, 12th Earl of Carnwath, in the Peerage of Scotland, aged 15. The family of Dalzell is of high antiquity, and stated by some genealogists to derive the name from the barony of Dalzell, county of Lanark. Thomas de Dalzell was one of the Scottish Barons who swore fealty to Edward I. 1296. Nisbet and other Scotch genealogists ascribe a different origin to the name; their romantic story is, that a favourite and near kinsman of King Kenneth II., having been taken prisoner by the Picts, was slain, and exposed hanging on a gibbet. The king, grieved at this indignity, offered a large reward to any one who would undertake to recover the body, and the ancestor of the family coming forward, said to the King, “Dall zell,” which in the ancient Scottish language signified “I dare;” and having successfully performed his undertaking took Dalzell for his name, and a naked body of a man on a gibbet for his armorial ensign. The peerage was first conferred on Robert Dalzell, who was created Baron Dalzell 1628, and Earl of Carnwath, 1639. The family was always eminently loyal to the House of Stuart, from which they derived their honours. The 2nd Earl was fined £10,000 by the Estates of Scotland, for giving information to Charles I. of their intention to take up arms against him. He subsequently attended Charles I. in the field, and was present at the battle of Naseby. The 3rd Earl was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and remained in captivity for some years. These troubles over, it remained for Robert the 6th Earl to complete the disasters of his house. He joined the standard of James Stuart in 1715, and having been taken prisoner at Preston, was impeached and sentenced to death. Pardon of his life was, however, obtained for the unfortunate man, but his titles were forfeited, and only restored to his descendant Robert Alexander, who became 8th Earl on the reversal of the attainder, by Act of Parliament, which received the Royal Assent 26th May, 1826. The late Earl is succeeded by his uncle, Lieut.-General the Hon. Arthur Alexander Dalzell, Colonel of the 48th Regiment—now the 13th Earl of Carnwath. The family still bear the remarkable coat of arms alluded to (minus the gibbet), described in heraldic language “Sable, a naked man in pale proper,” which, with their motto, “I dare,” affords some ground for the origin of the name as stated by Nisbet.

March 20th.—At Athens, Sir Richard Church, G.C.H., C.B., aged 87. He entered the army in 1800 as ensign in the 13th Regiment, and having served in the expedition to Ferrol, Malta, and Egypt, was at the battle of Maida and the defence of Capri, where he was wounded. Subsequently he raised a Greek corps, with which he

saw good service during the War of Independence. Sir Richard became a lieutenant-colonel in the army in 1812.

March 22nd.—The death of the Marquise de Boissy, better known as the Countess Guiccioli, with whose name the last days of Lord Byron in Italy were so much associated is announced. It is more than half a century since, in 1819, that Byron first met this lady in Venice, and Moore gives the following account of the young Countess.

“The fair object of this last and (with one signal exception) only *real* love of Lord Byron’s whole life was a young Romagnese lady, the daughter of Count Gamba of Ravenna, and married, but a short time before he first met with her, to an old and wealthy widower of the same city, Count Guiccioli. Notwithstanding his age and a character, as it appears by no means reputable, his great opulence rendered him an object of ambition among the mothers of Ravenna, who, according to the too frequent maternal practice, were seen vying with each other in attracting so rich a purchaser for their daughters; and the young Teresa Gamba, then only eighteen, and just emancipated from a convent, was the selected victim.”

The lady in very “choice Italian” described to Moore her own impressions of their first meeting:—

“I became acquainted with Lord Byron in the April of 1819. He was introduced to me at Venice by the Countess Benzoni at one of that lady’s parties. This introduction, which had so much influence on the lives of us both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only from courtesy. For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening, on account of the late hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances, alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences, on being requested by the Countess Benzoni to allow himself to be presented to me, refused, and at last only consented from a desire to oblige her. His noble and exquisite countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day.”

From Venice Lord Byron followed the lady to Ravenna, and in a letter to Mr. Hoppner, dated June, 1819, he gives the following account of the position:—

“*She* manages very well; but if I come away with a stiletto in my gizzard some fine afternoon, I shall not be astonished. I can’t make him out at all. He visits me frequently and takes me out (like Whittington the Lord Mayor) in a coach and *six* horses. The fact appears to be that he is completely governed by her—for that matter, so am I.”

This led to an entanglement between the parties, and it would appear that no scandal arose until the Countess went to reside with her lover at his villa on the Brenta. The Venetian ladies then began to cry out, and told poor Tom Moore that he must speak seriously to his friend, for up to the time of the Countess quitting her husband’s roof Lord Byron had behaved “so well!” Moore was then at Venice, and, partly at his instigation, the Countess returned home again; but, failing ill, her husband sent for Lord Byron, and things for some time went on pleasantly enough

again at Ravenna. It was not in Byron's nature, however, to play the part of a "tame cat," and the drives with the old Count in his coach and six were too much for him. The result was a great row and a separation between husband and wife, an event which entirely scandalized all Italian society. The Countess Guiccioli and Lord Byron spent the closing months of their love at Albano, near Genoa; thence he embarked for Greece, and his death occurred at Missolonghi in April, 1824. Some years since the Countess married the Marquis de Boissy. In her new condition of life she is said never to have ceased to worship the lord and poet whom she had enthralled. Byron's portrait adorned her saloon, and the matured "Marquise," standing rapt before it, would often murmur, with a sigh extracted by old memories, "*Qu'il était beau! Mon Dieu, qu'il était beau!*"

March 28th.—At Ripon, General Sir William Bell, K.C.B. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1804, and served at the capture of St. Thomas and St. Croix in 1807; was at Martinique and Guadeloupe in 1809-10; also, throughout the Peninsular war, at Bayonne and Toulouse, where he was wounded; and served at Quatre Bras and at Waterloo, and was also present at the capture of Paris. At the end of the war he received a silver medal and five clasps, also the Waterloo medal.

March 31st.—At 22, St. James's Place, Sir William John Alexander, Bart., Q.C., aged 70. He was called to the Bar in 1825, made a Queen's Counsel 1844, and at the same time became a Bencher of the Middle Temple. In 1854 he was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and in 1863 was made a member of his Royal Highness's Council. Sir William Alexander was never married, and is succeeded in the Baronetcy by his next brother, now Sir John Alexander, 4th Baronet. The Baronetcy was first conferred on Alderman Alexander, of Dublin, December, 1809. The family is of Scotch extraction, said to be derived from the ancient clan of MacDonald, and settled in Ireland early in the seventeenth century.

April 1st.—At Florence, the Right Hon. John Alexander Hope, 6th Earl of Hopetoun. The name of Hope is an ancient one in Scotland. John de Hope, the immediate ancestor of the family, is said, however, to have come from France to that country, about the year 1537, and his son Edward, a considerable merchant in Edinburgh, was a great promoter of the Reformation. From him the Hopes of Amsterdam and the Hopes of Hopetoun derive their descent. The Scotch Earldom was first conferred on Charles Hope, of Hopetoun, 1703. Sir John Hope, who became 4th Earl of Hopetoun, was a General in the Army and Colonel of the 42nd Regiment, and saw much service in the Peninsula. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Corunna, 16th January, 1809, when in consequence of the death of Sir John Moore and the dangerous wound of Sir David Baird, the command of the British army devolved upon him, and his ability and exertion contributed



much to the success of the day. Subsequently he served in Ireland ; and during the Peninsular war was present at the battles of Bayonne, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, for all of which mentioned service he was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, as Baron Niddry, in 1814. The well-known crest of the Hope family, a broken terrestrial globe surmounted by a rainbow, with its appropriate motto, "At spes non fracta" is another example of the antiquity of "canting" heraldry, which has been frequently derided by some heralds, and particularly by Sir Walter Scott, who was learned in the art.

April 5th.—Charles Alerton Collins, aged 46. He was a younger son of the late William Collins, R.A., and brother of Wilkie Collins. In early life Mr. Collins followed his father's profession, and contributed some very good pictures to the Royal Academy, amongst which may be mentioned, "Convent Thoughts," exhibited 1851, "May in the Regent's Park," the "Devout Childhood of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," "The Good Harvest," &c., which appeared in subsequent exhibitions down to 1855, at which period he abandoned painting and took to literature. His marriage with Miss Kate Dickens, a daughter of Charles Dickens, very probably influenced him in this course. Perhaps the best of his literary works is an amusing chronicle of a journey through France by way of some of the old deserted post-roads, called "A Cruise upon Wheels," published in 1863.

April 5th.—The death of M. Amélie Thierry, the French historian, is announced, aged 76. His chief work, "L'Histoire des Gaulois," which obtained for him the Chair of History at the College of Besançon, was published so long ago as 1828. He was also the author of a "A History of Gaul under the Romans," "A History of Attila," "A Life of St. Jerome," and other works. M. Thierry was Prefect of the Haute-Saône, and became a member of the Council of State in 1838, and a Senator in 1860.

April 5th.—In Burlington Gardens, General the Hon. Henry F. Compton Cavendish, Colonel of the 2nd (the Queen's) Regiment of Dragoon Guards, aged 84. He was the third and last surviving son of the 1st Earl of Burlington, and, having entered the army in 1808, served in the Peninsula on the staff as aide-de-camp to General Lord William Bentinck ; was present at the battle of Corunna, where he was wounded, and also in the actions of Sahagun and Benevento, for which service he received the Peninsular medal with two clasps. General Cavendish served many years in the 1st Life Guards, and commanded that regiment until he became a major-general in 1846.

April 7th.—At Greenwich Hospital, Captain Henry Parker, R.N., aged 86. He was signal midshipman and aide-de-camp to Captain Hargood in the "Belleisle," at the battle of Trafalgar, and nailed the colours to the stump of the mizen when five of the enemy's line-of-battle ships were firing into the dismantled ship. In 1808 he was made Lieutenant, and served on the North American Station, taking part in the various operations during the

war, and for some time served as flag-lieutenant to Admiral Sir John Warren, the Commander-in-Chief. At the peace of 1814 he was made a Commander, and after a service in the Irish Coast Guard was appointed in 1853 to Greenwich Hospital, of which royal foundation he was the last officer of the original establishment.

April 8th.—The death of two Brazilian Patriarchesses is announced. Anna Maria do Espirito Santo, aged 103, died at Páo d'Alho, Pernambuco, on the 15th January, leaving 62 descendants; 13 grandchildren, 44 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren. She was an only daughter. Another Patriarchess, Ignacia Maria de Andrade, died at the same place, and in the same house a week later, aged 108, having had 103 descendants; 5 sons, 42 grandchildren, and 56 great-grandchildren.

April 13th.—At Addison Road, Kensington, General Charles Richard Fox, Colonel of the 57th Regiment, aged 77. General Fox was son of the 3rd Lord Holland, and grandnephew to Charles James Fox. In early life he served in the Royal Navy, and was present at the siege of Cadiz in 1810, and Tarragona in 1813; being then a midshipman in the "Malta," under Vice-Admiral Sir B. Halliwell. He subsequently entered the army as ensign in the 85th regiment, and served at the Cape, where he commanded a company of Hottentots, and on his return joined the 34th regiment. In 1829 he commanded that regiment at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and in 1830 he exchanged into the Grenadier Guards as lieutenant-colonel. In 1832 he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and subsequently secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance. For several years General Fox sat in the House of Commons, having been first elected member for Calne, in 1831. He was subsequently elected member for Tavistock and Stroud, but only sat for a short time as M.P. for the latter borough, as Lord John Russell, who was then Secretary of State for the Home Department, sustained a defeat for the Southern Division of Devonshire, in 1835, and Colonel Fox accepted the Chiltern Hundreds to make room for him in that borough. At the general election of 1841 General Fox was returned for the Tower Hamlets, and represented that borough until 1847, when he was defeated by Mr. George Thompson. General Fox was well known as a numismatician, and since the collection of the Duke de Luynes became the property of the government, his cabinet of Greek coins is supposed to be the finest collection in the world. He was an extremely benevolent, kindhearted man. A contemporary justly remarks of him, that "he was always trying to help others, and his was no ostentatious, indiscriminating charity, administered through the machinery of societies and paid agents. He liked to be his own almoner, and devoted his life to this good work. His ready sympathy did not blind his judgment, and his bounty was enhanced by the tender and considerate manner in which it was bestowed."

## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS-CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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### CHAPTER LXXV.

PETERS, bending over the banisters, heard George Ayre go out. Ever since Maud and George had left Mr. Craven's room Peters had been on guard about the landings; at first desirous to satisfy herself as to how long George would stay with Miss Craven, and then, as the time went on, wondering what they were saying.

That long hour's talk boded well, Peters thought, for the success of her plans and projects. There was no doubt in the world that unless Miss Maud was foolish enough to stand in her own light, she could take Cravenscroft out of the teeth of the Polands, and be one of the first ladies in the county, as it became a Craven to be.

Peters was very certain the new master of Ayrefield had come up to London for no other purpose than to do something for Cravenscroft. With a full sense of the benefit to accrue to her dear young mistress from the devotion of George Ayre, Peters had curtsied her profoundest curtsy and called up her blandest and most respectful smile when she found him sitting in Mr. Craven's room. But neither the profoundness of her curtsy nor the blandness of her smile prevented her feeling inwardly disconcerted at seeing Maud's listless indifference to George's presence.

"Why could she not rouse herself up and talk to him as other young ladies talked to gentlemen, whether they cared for them or not? It was very bad manners of Miss Maud," Peters thought to herself, while she carried in the steaming coffee, "to sit bent in two like a willow wand, with her head on her hand, instead of sitting up straight and making herself agreeable. Any one to see Miss Maud would think Sir George"—Peters smacked her lips over the title—"was an old crony of her father's, who had come there to talk politics or discourse about dogs and horses, instead of a fine young gentleman wanting to lay fifteen thousand a year in her lap. She had seen her capersome enough," she reflected with some asperity, "when that red-coated chap used to come to Cravenscroft. She was always ready to sing songs for him, or go out on the lawn, or down into the wood," where, Peters thought to this day, she had no business to go. "Well, he had seen his sport out, and had marched off with himself; and Miss Craven had seen



her foolishness out," Peters devoutly hoped, though it did cross her brain sometimes that Maud's mind was wandering after the absent officer, but so long as he did not stand as a barrier between her young lady and Ayrefield, Peters did not care very much about that.

Notwithstanding that Peters was the loudest hymn-singer, and uttered the most fervent "Amen" heard in the congregation of Wesleyan Methodists which she favoured in Cravenscroft, I cannot say her principles were golden in all the transactions of life. She was a despiser of small sins, a merciless scorner of subterfuges, an honest, truth-speaking woman in her every-day dealings with mankind; but in the interest of Maud Craven, it would have troubled her conscience very little if Maud had married George Ayre under false pretences.

"I cannot marry George Ayre; I don't care about him," Maud had reiterated to Peters a hundred times.

"Well, what harm?" Peters would retort, "it won't hurt him so long as he doesn't know it;" or, "That's nothing, there's plenty of happy marriages made that aren't love marriages. Why, Miss Maud, there's many an earnest preacher of God's word has taken a wife by lot before now; just trusting to what the Lord would send him like."

That had been long ago in Cravenscroft, or in the early days of their coming to London, but now things were different. Cravenscroft was a doomed place, Mr. Craven was broken in health, and half broken in heart because of it, and surely Miss Maud would not be a fool against her own interest. George Ayre was just the man Peters had been praying Maud's beauty might snare some day, while Maud was still a golden-haired child, running careless amidst the loveliness of Cravenscroft; and now in their extremity the Lord had taken away Sir Richard Ayre out of their path and sent his son to be their deliverer, Peters decided, as she leant over the banisters, listening to the murmur of voices in the dining-room, and watching for George Ayre's departure.

Peters always fell back upon the Lord, even in her most worldly schemes for Maud's aggrandizement, like many another worthy follower of her tenets, as if God looks down from heaven on the children of men for no other purpose than to prosper their earthly ambitions.

At length she saw George Ayre pass out, she heard the door close behind him, and knew that Maud was alone.

"Darling Miss Maud! She would come up-stairs presently and tell Peters every word that had passed between her and Sir George, while she helped her to undress or brushed out her hair." But a quarter of an hour passed without Maud making her appearance, then another quarter slipped away, to find Peters' brown hands still clinging to the banisters, Peters' eager eyes still bent on the closed door of the dining-room. She heard the people below stairs, the landlady and her servants, bustling about, making ready for bed, and suddenly the light disappeared from the hall. Then

Peters crept down-stairs in the dark, groped her way along the hall and opened the dining-room door. At first she thought the room was empty, but a second glance showed her Maud's figure gathered together in a little dark heap in the low chair where George Ayre had left her. Peters walked straight up to her and laid her hand lightly on her shoulder.

"Miss Maud, dear, are you asleep?"

"Peters, don't tease me; go to bed," Maud answered, without raising herself from her crouching position in the chair.

"Do you think I'll go to bed and leave you lying here, Miss Maud?" Peters said, stooping down over her young mistress, and drawing her bent head up with gentle force; "poor darling Miss Maud, you are trembling like a leaf." Maud was trembling like a leaf, and there were tears on the waxen face Peters held up in the moonlight. "Ain't it a shame for you, Miss Maud, to be sitting here, crying like a baby, when friends who are able to help you are holding out their hands to you?" Peters said reproachfully. "Just to think you should be going on this way, with your papa better, and Sir George Ayre in London, and everything—" Peters went on, leaving a comprehensive margin to be filled up by that word "everything."

"He is a friend in a thousand!" Maud burst forth. "Oh, Peters, he is so good, I can't tell you how good he is!"

"I know it, Miss Maud. Ay, he's the sterling stuff, none of your runagates, none of your weathercocks, one thing to-day, another thing to-morrow."

"He is exactly like Mab," Maud put in. "The same warm-hearted, generous nature, only he is more—" "stupid," she would have said three hours ago, but George's nobleness had conquered her, "more reticent—more reserved."

"Like Miss Ayre, or Mrs. Marchmont, or whatever you call her!" Peters said contemptuously; "like that flighty creature! I wonder at you, Miss Maud, that you would compare Sir George to her! What good did she ever do anybody? Or what is she fit for? Only to run about talking from pillar to post; whereas Sir George, I suppose, is going to put us all on our feet again. The Lord be praised for it!"

Maud drew away her head from Peters' hand and sat up quite straight.

"No, he is not; he wants to take up the Cravenscroft mortgages, and to rescue papa from his difficulties with Mr. Poland—in fact, to do everything a brother, or—or—a relation might be expected to do for us, but I cannot let him."

"Miss Maud, Miss Maud! to think the Lord has sent you a deliverer, and that you should go to throw His mercy back in His face! Only think of what you might do for your papa, if you would hold out your hand to Sir George. It seems like as if Providence cast the chance in your way that you might raise him up to health again. Just think how you will fret next month, Miss

Maud—f Cravenscroft is sold, and them mean Polands are feasting and roystering in it, while you and your papa are out on the cold world—and a cold world it is, Miss Maud, to heads that need shelter.”

“Peters, how you do talk! How am I to save Cravenscroft from these Polands unless I accept George Ayre’s interference, and how am I to accept that without its being understood I am to be his wife?”

“‘Be his wife,’ and why wouldn’t you be his wife? I never heard of such a fighting against Providence in all my days. Why, if such a thing was to fall in the way of half the young ladies in Mainshire they’d go mad with pride.”

“I don’t care about George Ayre, Peters; I can’t care about him. I have tried and tried, sitting here by myself, to think even of the possibility of liking him some time, but it’s no use. There is something about George so—so—I don’t know what—so queer and so clumsy. No, no, Peters, I could not marry George Ayre—I could not.”

And Maud put out her hands as if she were thrusting the very idea away from her.

“Ay, it’s the way all the world over. Hankering after a smooth tongue and a handsome face, which has brought many a woman’s soul down to the bottomless pit,” Peters said with ominous solemnity. “Don’t you know, Miss Maud, the serpent had the gift of a deceiving speech, and that wicked King Saul was a man of goodly presence?”

“It would be me that would have the serpent’s gift of a deceiving speech if I told Sir George Ayre I liked him. How could I stoop to cheat a man who has shown himself too good to be cheated?”

“There is no need to cheat him, Miss Maud. He is not one of the soft sort who like to have their ears tickled with foolish talking. He is a nice, sensible gentleman, who will just take you as you stand, without expecting you to be chattering a heap of rubbish. I tell you the worst thing a lady ever did, Miss Maud, is to be over-fond of any gentleman. The minute he finds it out he begins to dance on her; but with a gentleman like Sir George, who knows pretty well he has the battle to win and will spend all his life winning it, a lady has the best of times.”

“He never can win it—he never can win it!” Maud reiterated. Then with her hands locked despairingly over her eyes, she cried out suddenly, “Peters, I have been to blame, I have been wrong and rash, I have trusted and been bitterly betrayed.”

“Miss Maud, Miss Maud! For God’s sake, my darling—”

But Maud was down upon her knees, her bent head hidden in Peters’ lap, her folded hands still locked over her eyes, pouring out her cherished secret into the astonished ears of Peters.

Quivering, crouching, and sobbing, she gasped out her piteous story. A story which repeats itself day by day, year by year, by



quiet hearths, by modest homesteads, in king's palaces, in rich men's dwellings.

"Put not your faith in princes, nor in any child of man," Peters whispered, with her strong arms wound round Maud's shivering shoulders. "Oh, my child, my child, no wonder my heart grew sick when I saw another of them villanous red-coats set foot in Cravenscroft."

"Oh, Peters, don't blame him, he cannot help it, I am sure he cannot help it. It is all because he is so poor, and I am so poor," Maud cried, looking down into the chasm of poverty where all her happiness seemed lost.

"Fie upon him, fie upon him, if he said such a thing as that. What honest man ever flouted a woman for her poverty?" Peters said indignantly. "He never said it, didn't he?" she went on, catching a murmured protest from Maud. "Well, if he didn't, he hid himself away like a coward, and let his cousin show you what he was. But if I was you, Miss Craven, I'd let him go his ways, and forget all about such a villain. See here, Miss Maud, the youngest day ever I was, I'd no more fall down upon my knees and cry my heart out about any man than I'd cut my head off. Cry, indeed!" To see an elegant young lady like you, who might have one of the first gentlemen in Mainshire for a husband, troubling herself about Captain Ellerton, a man fit for nothing only twisting his moustache or rattling his sword along the pavement!"

But Maud only crouched closer to Peters' knees, crying inwardly, "Oh, that Jane Ellerton should be so rich, and that I should be so poor!"

The street was astir with carriages. Fine ladies decked in satins and jewels were returning from the opera, or hurrying to crowded assemblies. West-end ball-rooms were gathering in their quota of matrons, their throngs of eager dancers, of anxious young maidens ambitious of high marriages and costly trousseaux.

Ah, this rich London, whose wealthy daughters go about in gorgeous silks and finest laces, whose pariahs wear sackcloth and ashes, and cover their poverty with rags!

Ah, this rich London! The sound of its carriage-wheels, the tramp of its horses, the glitter of its showy harness, are flashing past the dreary lodgings in Bryanston Street, where Mr. Craven dreams of Poland in his sleep, and Maud wails out her trouble on her knees.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE visible wheels of life, the wheels whose action men can see with their outward eyes, go on much the same, whether the heart of man be heavy or light.

George Ayre went into town all the same, notwithstanding his last night's interview with Maud Craven. He got out of her way

with a nice delicacy, before the hour he fancied she would be paying her visit to Mab, and went down to Slade's about the sale of Ashton, or the raising of such money as would be needed on Ayrefield, for the saving of Cravenscroft. He talked the matter over with Mr. Slade quite calmly, and walked down with him in the afternoon to Mr. Andrews' office in Lincoln's Inn, with whom he had a long interview on the subject of Cravenscroft and its mortgages, and then this brave, noble-hearted young man drove out to Bayswater again, having "left all in train," as Mr. Slade expressed it, who was a very gracious Mr. Slade indeed to the young inheritor of Ayrefield, quite a fatherly Mr. Slade, who advised George not to be troubling himself with other people's business, and not to be encumbering his property to save other people's lands, and then sat down after he had gone, with his finger laid against the side of his nose, to calculate in the rough the goodly profit to arise to him from all these sales, loans, and transfers.

Maud had not been to Bayswater, Mab told George on his return from town, hot and tired, but she had had a note, begging Mab to excuse her putting off her visit until to-morrow, and asking her to thank George for all the kind things he had promised the previous evening. She would see George to-morrow, when she had time to think, and time to speak to her papa. In the meantime she prayed him to do nothing. He was very good, and she was very, very grateful, but there were circumstances which Mab knew, which would prevent her reciprocating to the full George's generous interest in her. "She would love him dearly all her life, she would never forget, &c., &c.; but—" and there was the little rock again on which all George's devotion must be wrecked.

"George, what have you been promising?" Mab asked, with Maud's note in her pocket, and her hand on her brother's shoulder.

"Ay, that the worst of you ladies, you can't keep from babbling to one another. Maud is not able to come here to-day, and she must needs write a note to bring you down on a fellow," Ayre answered with a shrug.

"I am not down on you, as you call it; only I want to know."

"Ay, that's it; every woman wants to know."

"If you could do anything for Cravenscroft without ruining yourself, I should be delighted. But Philip tells me Mr. Poland's mortgages are for a hundred thousand pounds, and where would you get that sum?"

"Tell Philip to mind his own business, and you, Mab, look at this. Do you understand figures?"

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket-book and pointed to an array of figures, with a tot at the bottom.

"There are the mortgages, one under the other, and the total below; a hundred thousand pounds, you understand that. Well, the interest on the hundred thousand pounds, at five per cent., would be five thousand pounds. Now I can get money at four per cent.—Slade can put his hand on it—to take up the mortgages,

and there is a clear two hundred a year in my pocket. Don't you see that? Then I begin paying off what I borrowed, and what I'll advance, without borrowing."

"Where will you get it?"

"That's no matter, I'll get it. Look here," and he went over the ground he meant to travel, inch by inch. In such a length of time he would reduce the amount to so much, in such a farther length of time he would hold the mortgages quite free. "Why, it's a speculation, Mab. Take it as a speculation, and it's good."

"Yes, if—" Mab said doubtfully.

"There, I don't want ifs," George said, putting up his pocket-book. "I am hungry and thirsty,—will you get me something to eat and drink?"

The day was burning hot, a glowing July day, the glass eighty-nine in the shade. In the evening came a rippling wind, bringing a cool twilight. The *élite* of London were at dinner, closing it out with closed shutters. The humbler strata of their brothers and sisters were enjoying it in the open parks.

It was half-past eight o'clock, Mr. Craven had had his coffee, and was dozing in his chair near the open window of his room, Maud was sitting alone in the dining-room, quite alone, with her head bent downwards in her hands. She had told Mab she would speak to her father about George's generous offer, but when she spoke what must she say? That she would marry George Ayre for her father's sake, for Cravenscroft's sake, or must she say she would not, and refuse to accept a favour at his hands? She shrank from both alternatives. There was darkness this way, darkness that; and her head ached so horribly she could hardly think.

How deliciously cool the wind! She lifted up her cheek to it an instant, and then dropped it on her hand again. The street was perfectly quiet, save for the step of a stray foot-passenger, and the rattle of a cab along the pavement. It drew up before the door, and the cabman gave a lusty pull at the bell.

Maud looked up listlessly, and saw the outline of a cab, she leant her head down again as listlessly. It was nobody to them, they could have no visitors but George Ayre, and George would not come to-night.

She heard steps come along the hall, and raised her head at the sound of the opening door of the dining-room. She saw the servant standing in the doorway, and then she saw Hugh Ellerton walk past her unannounced. He glanced round to see that they were alone.

"Maud!" he said.

She sat still, staring at him with startled eyes. What had he come for? For pardon or release?

"Maud, my darling!" Ellerton said, coming over closer to her chair.

She rose out of it with a faint cry, and held out her clasped hands.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh!"



He gathered her to him in the twilight, folding his arms round her tenderly.

"My own Maud, you were so near me all this time, and I did not know it."

"I thought you had forgotten me. I thought you were going to marry your cousin."

Ellerton laughed.

"You have been a goose, Maud. Suppose I took it into my head you were going to marry anybody, because you did not let me know you were in London?"

"Don't laugh at me, Hugh," she cried, flinging back her head with a gesture he had often seen her use in Cravenscroft. "Why did you not write to me?"

"My darling, I was not able. Did nobody tell you how ill I was in Malta, or that I had a relapse here?"

The excitement which had been keeping him up was failing, his head began to feel giddy and confused, and he put his hand to his forehead hurriedly.

"Maud, dear, I must sit down."

"Oh, Hugh, what a shame to scold you, and you so ill!" she cried repentantly.

She rang for Peters to bring wine, and, when she heard her coming, went out to meet her in the hall.

"Peters, who do you think is here? Oh, I am so happy, I am so happy! Can't you guess, you good old Peters? Captain Ellerton. Oh, how fierce you look, you are an odious Peters! The same abominable Peters you used to be at Cravenscroft. There, get out of my way; I want wine, but I'll get it myself."

"Ay, it's just the way, there's always a welcome for prodigals," Peters said, with sturdy severity. "What is he up to now, I wonder? Come to do more mischief, to cut out poor Sir George, and then run away again, after he has done it."

They were in a small return room at the end of the hall, which Maud had engaged as a sitting-room for Peters and a store-room in one. Maud was stooping down, unlocking a chiffonier and getting out the wine. Peters was bolt upright, too indignant to help her, too much put out generally to be complacent. Maud laid the decanter on the top of the chiffonier and turned round.

"See here, you cross creature," she said, standing up on tip-toe, and taking Peters' two hard cheeks between her hands, "Sir George may go to Jerusalem."

"Miss Maud, for shame!"

But Maud, delirious with joy as she was, felt no shame.

"Peters you are an affliction," she said, seizing the wine.

"No, no, I'll take it," Peters said, coming down off her stilts. "There, go back to him, if you must go back, and make a fool of yourself. Spoil all the luck that was in your way by taking on again with the red-coats. Cravenscroft will go now, and the master and everything, for sake of a bit of red cloth."

"How do you know, you bad prophet?"

"He'll save it, I suppose!" Peters answered ironically, as she followed Maud along the hall. "He'll sell his bit of parchment, and his sword, and his brass cap!" and then as Maud threw open the door, Peters followed her in, grave, silent, and stiff as a poker, no ways softened to see Ellerton leaning back exhausted against the sofa, with his pale thin hand shading his eyes.

"He's wonderful handsome certainly, wonderful handsome!" she said to herself afterwards, when she sat thinking the matter over. Only what good was his beauty, except for a snare? and Miss Maud was throwing herself away upon him. My lord would be marrying, and bringing a new heir into Middleton. He was not an old man, not to say an old man, and it was natural he should like to see his own son in his place and where would yon dandy be then? she wondered; and poor Miss Maud, where would she be? wearing her life out, wandering through the world like a gipsy.

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

Two years have passed since the events recorded in the last chapter, and none of Peter's awful prophecies have been fulfilled.

Ellerton did not decamp after cutting out George Ayre, neither was Cravenscroft given over to the Polands, and the crimson flags of the Cravens still floated from its tall turrets, to the disgust of Sir Gregory Muskens.

After the first shock of his disappointment about his daughter was over, Lord Ellerton came forward like a generous uncle as he was, and took up the mortgages in the name of Hugh Ellerton, who penitently owned to Maud that his ill-advised secrecy scarcely deserved such a generous reward.

At the beginning of the autumn Lady Jane Ellerton went abroad with her aunt, and before its close, before its mellow light had faded into early winter, Maud Craven and Hugh Ellerton were married in the old church at Cravenscroft, amidst ringing of bells and strewing of flowers.

It is autumn now again, two years later, and Peters is standing in the library window, with Maud's boy in her arms, chirruping to the child, and rattling his coral and bells in as friendly a spirit as if she had never hooted at his father, or quarrelled with the colour of his clothes. That fault, by-the-bye, he has lost, and has become what Peters describes as a godlike member of society.

Ellerton has quite settled down at Cravenscroft. He does not care much about the London seasons now that he has given up his airy flirtations; but he does care a good deal about his wife, from whose fair young face the hardness of pride and the bitterness of poverty has died out for ever. The old love she had for her father has not been lost, but is merged in the love she has for her

husband, and son, a handsomo brown-haired boy, with the soft dark eyes of his father, and the rosy curved lip of his mother.

Lord Ellerton is at Middleton with Lady Charlotte, between whom and young Hope, of Hopetown, people speak of a marriage. Lady Ayre is at Ayrefield, training Raby in the way she should go, and looking after her son's concerns, who, for so far, shows no signs of bringing home a wife to supplant her. True-hearted George Ayre! He is faithful to his old love yet; but let us hope his faithfulness may not outlast the flower of his prime.

Lord Ellerton is still a widower; and during the three years which have elapsed since the death of his wife, people have been gradually coming to the conclusion that he will not marry again. Since Jane Ellerton elected to remain with her aunt—who, by the way, has profited largely by the arrangement—his lordship has been left to pursue his pet project of the model farm in peace, and play chess with Mr. Craven in the evening, or listen to the harmonious sound of Maud Ellerton's voice, on whose young face he no longer looks in wonder and pity, but with admiration and pride.

At first Lady Charlotte was shy of Cravenscroft after Ellerton's marriage, and disposed to do battle for her sister; but by degrees Maud won on her so completely that she became as enthusiastic about Hugh's wife as that still infatuated young man himself. In the same month as Maud and Ellerton were married, Miss Muskings married Mr. Poland. With the amount of the discharged mortgages of Cravenscroft, that disappointed young gentleman purchased a place about fifty miles from London, where his wife rusticates almost alone, solacing herself for her husband's absence by caressing a fair-headed little baby, whose father keeps his rooms at the Albany, and drives his mail phaeton through Mayfair in the season. Patient Mrs. Poland! We sigh for her, as she goes by us for the last time.

And now farewell to Cravenscroft. We part from it in mellow autumn, and leave it fairer than we found it three years ago. The pruners have been amongst its wild undergrowth, and the luxuriance of its uncultivated beauty has yielded to the touch of skilled hands. The boat-house has been repaired, and the rustic bridge over the lake no longer quivers under a footstep. There are horses neighing in its stables, and carriages in its coach-houses, life has come to it again, and its drear stillness has passed away for ever.

Mr. Craven sits in the library, in the plenitude of renewed prosperity, bright eyed and erect, watching his grandson's restless head, moving now to this side, now to that, according to the sounding of his rattling coral.

The evening is falling in, and across the lawn two figures wander slowly, whom Peters watches as she tosses the child's toy to and fro—Maud Ellerton and Mab Marchmont; the tall figure of Mab flanking the slim grace of Maud, who walks on with her head erect, and her eyes strained forward, to watch the returning



figures of Hugh and Marchmont, who had come down to Cravenscroft for the autumn shooting.

And now, as Hugh Ellerton and Marchmont, tired with their day's sport, join the lingering ladies who wait their coming and walk home with them through the park, the autumn evening dies in a mellow sunset; and as the twilight deepens and deepens, until it blots out the old house and the park, and the loitering figures coming homewards through the gloaming, Cravenscroft fades away from us in the gathering darkness, and we see it never more.

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

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### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE RACE FOR LIFE.

WHEN June was at its full, Valery and Mrs. Sloman went away to Florence, leaving Ford still at work in his studio, though he promised in a few weeks to visit them on his journey northward. He had a picture to finish before entering upon his interval of summer leisure, if one could give that name to a season which would be spent in filling his portfolios with studies and hints for future paintings. At least he would have the freedom of change and work in the open air, and artist-like, he called this leisure, whatever idle people might have done.

He had a fortnight's hard toil, however, before he could get off, and for a day or two the picture grew so slowly that he began to have a nightmare sort of feeling in regard to it. Brain and hand, fancy and body, seemed dulled alike, and he suffered from a horrible oppression which painters and writers know so well—the idea that the old creative power had deserted him, that he should have to stop short in his career and let the whole future rest a cold blank. He knew perfectly well how absurd the feeling was; nothing ailed him but overwork and the bitter pain which had mastered his energy for awhile, though it was no easier to bear on that account.

Day and night he was so restless; he could do little save wander about the rooms Valery had lately brightened by her presence, dreaming of the happiness which came so freely to other men, and which fate denied him with cruel pertinacity. But he struggled through the darkness without complaint, forced himself back to his easel, and gradually the self-control of long years asserted its strength over this sudden rebellion against its supremacy.

While the days passed thus drearily with him in his Roman haunt, Valery was sunning herself in the beauty of Florence the fair, sometimes wishing that Ford could partake of her enjoyment, but too full of pleasant hopes and fancies to feel any sense of lone-

liness as she wandered among the priceless treasures of the picture-galleries, or dreamed, pencil in hand, in some green nook by the Arno. Mrs. Sloman was greatly occupied with a couple of old friends who lived in the house with them—two oddities of sisters as inconsequent and crack-brained as herself—and Valery was left to a most enjoyable freedom. The manners and peculiarities of strangers have so long ceased to be a marvel to Italians that Valery could roam about at will unnoticed; the sketch-book under her arm and the pale foreign face were warrant enough for any vagary she might feel tempted to indulge.

In one of her visits to Fiesolè she encountered a child whose beauty so struck her that she began a sketch, then determined to go back the following day and undertake it in colours, as the girl had sheep to watch—and willing as she was to be painted—no time to spend in going down to the city.

The next morning it rained, the next Mrs. Sloman managed to fall down-stairs and hurt herself; not until the third afternoon was Valery able to return to the dark-eyed guardian of the sheep. She left the little cabriolet near the old monastery, with orders to the driver not to wait, but come for her at sunset, and walked on over the hill in search of her model. With the usual contrariety of human nature, the girl had chosen this opportunity to get her face so badly swollen by a cold that she scarcely looked a desirable subject for a picture. So Valery had to content herself with trying a study of some sheep, and found after several hours' labour her efforts in the line of animal painting anything but a success, though she was in a mood so cheerful and happy that she could afford to laugh at the failure. She put up her brushes, talked with the sheep-watcher, whose remarkable dialect was rendered more peculiar than usual by her mishap, strayed into the hut where the girl lived with an old witch of a grandmother, two goats, several rabbits, a cock and his family, and numerous other pets which hardly seemed desirable inmates, and managed to pass the time pleasantly enough.

Sunset was approaching; she left her new friends, and strayed farther up the hill to watch the brightness culminate and fade over the distant mountains. The western sky was all aflame; masses of crimson and gold floated like gigantic ships towards the zenith; lines of dazzling light swept across the horizon; the hills shone like cliffs of molten jewels; the river curved along like a silver belt; and Florence lay basking on the plain, so beautified by the gorgeous radiance that it might almost have served as a model for the pearl-gated city which the prophet saw in his vision.

Then the glory faded—a soft purple spread about the hills—a faint white mist gathered over the distant palaces and towers—a few stars shot up into the sky, and the trembling rim of the young moon touched a group of cypress-trees near with her uncertain light. Suddenly a nightingale hid in the thicket burst into a flood of passionate song, and Valery gazed and listened till the



sense of enjoyment became such ecstatic pain that she could have wept from very happiness.

But the nightingale ceased to sing, the purple shadows gathered more darkly down, and Valery came back enough to reality to recollect that it was growing very late; if she did not turn homewards Mrs. Sloman and the brace of antique maidens would get frightened, and rouse all Florence in their distress.

The path was not too easy in the gloom; a ditch must be crossed and a stone wall climbed; it occurred to Valery that she deserved a scolding for her carelessness. She had an idea there was a better road back to the monastery square if she made her way through into the adjoining field. There was a great gate which she managed to open after much difficulty, then it swung to viciously, and nearly squeezed her in pieces, and when it had fairly shut and all her strength was powerless to reopen it, she perceived that the meadow was full of cattle and horses, and though by no means timid, wished she had been content to cross the ditch and scramble over the stone wall, especially as she saw no signs of the cart-road she expected to find.

While she was looking about for the most practicable mode of egress, the fierce barking of two dogs who had broken into the field higher up frightened the cattle just composing themselves to sleep under the trees. They commenced a frantic race down the hill: the dogs, delighted with the disturbance they had caused, rushed after. The cattle bellowed, the horses neighed—some stray sheep added their plaintive voices to the deafening concert—and on the train dashed, rousing the herd nearer Valery into a panic as mad as their own. It was a regular stampede—she turned to fly, conscious that it was death which menaced her—death in its most horrible form.

The flock of terrified brutes was close upon her, she could see their eyes shine, see the steam of their breath as they pawed the ground and careered onward in that frantic race. There seemed no escape; she turned first in one direction, then another. The frenzied herd surrounded her on three sides, at the back was the lofty wall overgrown with thorny bushes—no means of egress but the firmly-closed gate. Away she darted, keeping as near the wall as possible; her foot caught against a mossy stone, she fell, recovered herself and sped on, though her limbs were so paralyzed with fright that she seemed scarcely to move.

The bare sight of any object running turned the herd in the same direction; there was a fierce chorus of bovine voices, a fresh pawing of the ground; she knew they were all pursuing her as mercilessly as if animated by a desire to trample her under their iron hoofs. On, on—the mad race only lasted a few seconds, but it was like a lifetime to her. No use to shriek—no human help to be had! On, on—only to prolong a little the useless struggle, put off for a few more instants the horrible death. They were gaining upon her; the hot breath of the foremost seemed fairly to burn her cheek. Again she stumbled, this time falling

with such force that she was fairly stunned. She had unconsciously dropped close to another gate, reached in her blind course up the hill. As one despairing cry broke from her lips, it was burst open : in her partial insensibility she felt herself raised in some person's arms and borne away.

When she came to her senses, she was half lying on a stone bench, a rustic well near by, a gnarled orange-tree shivering in the evening air. She tried to raise herself : a voice said in Italian, with a foreign accent,—

"Are you better? Don't be frightened; you are perfectly safe."

She sat up on the bench and looked about; the distant lowing of the cattle made her tremble a little still, but she was able to get her presence of mind slowly back.

"I will bring you some water," the same voice said; then her swimming sight permitted her to see the speaker; she knew that her hat was off and her forehead wet with water he had already brought from the well.

She sat, faint and dizzy yet, watching the man as he filled a travelling-cup from the bucket—a young man, evidently English or American—and as he came back saying, "Drink this, and you will be better; you are not hurt, I trust?" She managed to get her wits enough in order to answer.

"I am not hurt," she said; "I would thank you if I could."

"There is not the slightest reason," he replied; "I am very glad I happened to be near enough to see your danger. You are English, I think."

She laughed in spite of her chattering teeth; somehow there was a sensation of safety in looking up at the brave, frank face which restored her courage.

"An American," said she, "near enough the same family to account for my imprudence."

"Then you are a countrywoman of my own," he answered. "No, don't try to get up yet; you are not fit to walk; rest a little, then I will help you down to your companions."

"I came quite alone," she said, forced into the admission; "I suppose the carriage is waiting for me by the monastery."

"Then we shall do nicely," he said. "Try not to be frightened; there is no possible danger now; we have the wall and gates between us and the cattle."

She could not feel afraid; there was something in the tone of that deep, rich voice, which would have given her courage when her terror was at its height. She had travelled so constantly during the last five years, that it did not occur to her as necessary to be startled or embarrassed at finding herself in this out-of-the-way place with a stranger, so long as his appearance was the warrant for confidence which this man's certainly was.

"I am quite able to go on now," she said, rising; "I have lost my sketch-book, but no matter."

"Indeed, you've not," he replied, laughing a little; "you held it fast even when you fell. There it is on the bench beside you. Are you sure you are able to walk?"

"O yes; I am a little dizzy, but there is no harm done."

He offered her his arm with grave courtesy, and helped her slowly along the rugged path, talking so easily and respectfully that even a fine lady, given to a dread of frogs and unknown men, could hardly have found an opportunity to grow nervous.

"You go back to Florence, I suppose?" he said; "I'd not seen the dear old city for several years until yesterday; it used to be almost home to me."

"This is my first visit," Valery replied; "I like the town, but I shall never be so fond of it as I am of Rome."

"I can understand that, if you are an artist," he said.

"I hope to be one day," she replied quickly, meaning the confession to serve as an excuse for her escapade, of which she felt somewhat ashamed.

"Formerly I knew a great many of the artists there," he continued; "it is quite probable we have mutual acquaintances. Do you know Mr. Ford at all?"

"I live with his cousin and himself," she replied; and though she knew it was not the proper sentiment for a young lady to acknowledge if she meant to obey ordinary rules, she felt that between having saved her life and being an acquaintance of John Ford's, he was almost a friend already.

He uttered some fitting commonplace and they walked on slowly, for Valery was still unsteady in her steps, and he would not let her hurry.

"We are almost down," he said, "there is the monastery," pointing towards the long line of massive masonry to the right, whose darkness was here and there illuminated by the pale gleams of the new moon. "I remember once visiting the place; it seemed so quiet and peaceful I felt almost tempted to ask a refuge."

"I can fancy an old man having that feeling," she said, "but we who are young would have no right to the rest, I think."

"It is certain that most of us don't find much," he returned, with a rather bitter intonation.

Valery stole another glance at him under the shadow of her veil; it was a handsome face, full of force and energy, but restless and stern, as if some great trouble to which he had not yet had time to grow accustomed, were upon him. The moon was near its setting; the stars flamed in the cloudless sky; the city spread faintly out in the distance like some enchanted world; a nightingale commenced to sing, was answered from an adjoining thicket, and the strain taken up still farther on, till the whole air seemed alive and vibrating with the delicious melody.

The stranger moved along in a silence which Valery did not attempt to break. Woman-like, she was pitying him for the bitterness and pain she read in his countenance, and letting her fancy



stray into vague wonderment as to the cause, after a fashion she had—an unprofitable fashion, wise people might say, but God knows I would reflect ere I took from the young that ability to weave dreams, unprofitable as it may be.

They reached the narrow village street, and came out by the convent square. Valery's coachman had proved faithful, the little carriage was waiting in the appointed spot.

"There is Pietro," she said; "he must have thought me lost."

"Is he a coachman you are accustomed to having?"

"Yes; some friends of mine recommended him; he is the faithfulest old creature in the world."

"So much the better, if you often take such long rambles," he said gravely, though in a way which took from the words any thought of intrusive counsel.

"I do beg you will not think it my habit," she said, feeling her cheeks burn in the gloom; "I don't know how I came to forget myself so; I was looking at the sunset; then I had a fancy there was a better road through that dreadful field."

"I had been back on the hills, and happened to pass just as the animals took fright," he explained.

They were near the carriage now. She stopped and held out her hand with a frankness which she had no mind afterwards to regret.

"I have to thank you for my life," she said softly, "and I do."

He did not notice the words, scarcely saw the hand he touched for a second; her tones struck a sudden thrill to his heart, not for their own music, sweet and plaintive, but because so like a voice softer than the songs of angels to his ears—a voice which, dear as it had been, and must ever be, he prayed fervently that God in His mercy would keep him from hearing again.

She wondered anew what his thoughts were during that instant of deep absorption, again felt intuitively that he suffered, and was very sorry for him.

"I wouldn't have liked to die—and such a terrible death!" she continued, more to rouse him from these sombre reflections, whatever they might be, than from any other motive.

"I beg your pardon! To die—no, it is not easy; somebody or something always will save one," he said.

"Do you stay at Fiesolè to-night?" she asked.

"Oh no; my horse is here; I will ride back near the carriage, so that when I see Ford I may be able to tell him I saw his relative home in safety."

"You are very good; and when I write, who shall I tell him saved me from my great danger?"

She wanted to know his name; it would be pleasant to utter it in her prayers: he was sad and in trouble, and Valery believed, like any good churchwoman, in the efficacy of intercessory supplications.

"Tell Mr. Ford it was Fairfax Carteret; I dare say he has not entirely forgotten me."

"No, I am sure not! Again I thank you; I mean I would if I could; good night," she said, turning hastily towards the carriage, for her voice broke, and she began to feel the feminine need of a hearty cry after her excitement.

Once more the tones reminded him of Cecil, and sent a pang to his very soul, but he got back to ordinary perceptions in time to help her into the little vehicle and utter his adieus in a sober, matter-of-fact manner.

Valery could hear the tramp of his horse's hoofs all the miles down the winding descent to the city, and had her quiet cry out with a delightful sense of security. When they reached the gates, he rode past the carriage, bowed another farewell, and was gone.

Valery arrived at Casa Rindi and mounted the stairs in fear and trembling of the scene that awaited her, but nothing ever falls out in this world as one expects. The three old ladies had driven off to visit an acquaintance who owned a villa a few miles beyond the Porta Romana, and were not yet returned. So Valery had ample leisure to dine and rest before they got back, and wisely went to bed without informing Mrs. Sloman of her adventure, lest the good soul should take fright after all, and have her night's sleep spoiled.

She had promised to go the next day with a party of artist acquaintances up to San Miniato; on coming home she found Mrs. Sloman in a state of great agitation, which the old maids shared, Miss Clorinda smelling hartshorn, and Miss Priscilla munching carraway seeds with all her might, according to their habit when nervous or upset. They burst into frantic speech, and at first she could make nothing of the chorus of broken ejaculations which would have led a stranger to believe himself in the presence of three hopeless lunatics.

"O Valery! How could you? To go out to-day! I'm sure she can't use her right arm. What John will say! Oh, my poor nerves!"

Valery sat down in a chair and laughed heartily as the trio poured out these cries at once. The inclination was irresistible, even if they should take mortal offence at her want of decorum.

"Don't laugh!" groaned Mrs. Sloman. "To go chasing mad bulls!"

"When he came in it gave me such a turn!" cried Miss Priscilla, with her mouth full of carraway.

"Oh, my nerves!" moaned Miss Clorinda, with another sniff at the hartshorn.

Valery comprehended that it was not one of the bulls Mrs. Sloman accused her of chasing which had invaded their retreat, as might have been supposed from Miss Priscilla's interruption, but Mr. Carteret, who had called to inquire after her welfare, and she

wished that the friends who persuaded her out had—well, stayed in Rome at least.

"Has Mr. Carteret been here?" she asked; but the trio only fluttered their head-dresses more furiously, and began a new series of strangled squeaks like three mice in a trap.

"I shall dream about it for a week," cried Mrs. Sloman.

"Yes-ye-e-es, he was here," from Miss Priscilla to Valery.

"With such awful horns!" quavered Miss Clorinda, meaning her moan as an answer to Mrs. Sloman.

Then the three together,—

"I can fairly hear him bellow! It all comes of girls taking to sketching; in my day—Yes indeed, unless it was on velvet! I shall tell John it was his fault. Oh, my nerves!"

Valery succeeded in partially quieting them at last, by the assurance that they could see she had suffered no injury, though they would still all talk at once, and Mrs. Sloman said,—

"You never can tell; you might have broken something inside, and not know it yet."

"To be sure," added Miss Priscilla, "there was my cousin when she had typhoid fever, the doctors called it measles ever so long."

"You'd better try a good strong dose of hartshorn," urged Miss Clorinda.

The other two had also remedies to propose, and Miss Priscilla choked herself with the carraway seeds, and required to be thumped on the back, thereby creating a diversion for which Valery was thankful.

"So you had a visit from Mr. Carteret?" she said again, as soon as comparative peace was restored. "I am sorry I was out."

"He is going to Genoa," said Mrs. Sloman. "I wanted him to stay, but he seems a very unsettled sort of man."

"But so like Hamlet," sighed Miss Clorinda, who was of a romantic turn.

"I don't remember him," said Mrs. Sloman, after vainly searching her memory to recall an acquaintance of that name.

"Shakspeare, you know," said Miss Clorinda.

"O dear me! don't go talking out of plays to Valery. I'm sure she and John are queer enough now; if you only knew the trouble I have with their vaggeries."

"There's only one 'g' in it, Jemima," expostulated Miss Priscilla, still black in the face from her recent suffocation.

"All the 'g's' in the alphabet and all the other letters added couldn't begin to express the way they go on!" cried Mrs. Sloman.

"And pronunciation is merely arbitrary," added Miss Clorinda, who sometimes waxed argumentative when nervous.

"I shan't have another minute's peace till we get home," sighed Mrs. Sloman.

"Peace is not for this world," retorted Miss Priscilla, taking gloomy views of life after her attempt at strangulation.



"I never loved a dear gazelle," quoted Miss Clorinda, leaving assertion in favour of romance. "What a handsome man he is, Valery! How beautiful it must have been when the cattle were rushing down on you—"

"You call that beautiful!" broke in Mrs. Sloman.

"To see him appear like—like Mars or Apollo," pursued Miss Clorinda, with a reproachful glance at the interruption.

"Well," said Mrs. Sloman, not energetically, she was always too maundering and slow for that word to apply, "I think he's much too nice a gentleman to be compared to those indecent old wretches, who never wore any clothes but a quiver."

"Do remember that Valery is here," cried Miss Priscilla, bridling.

"Oh, bless me, living among 'em as we artists do, models and all, it's no use to be modest!" sighed Mrs. Sloman. "I declare the way they all go on sometimes about their Venuses and Cupids made my hair stand on end till I got sort of used to it."

"There are things to which I could never grow accustomed," replied Miss Priscilla, with dignity.

"Oh, the artistic soul cannot be trammelled by ordinary laws!" cried Miss Clorinda enthusiastically, who in virtue of sundry extraordinary paintings executed on velvet when a school-girl, often gave herself little airs and graces. "I once did a Cupid in floss silk, with a grass-green mantle and pink shoes. I wish I had it to show you, Valery."

"You always had such talent, Clorinda!" said Mrs. Sloman admiringly.

"Always," added Miss Priscilla. "She used to walk in her sleep and frighten me half to death."

The elder pair recovered their customary amiability in this united praise, and Miss Clorinda beamed, listening to the encomiums with a modest consciousness they were deserved, which was a sight to behold; and it seemed to Valery she regarded the sleep-walking as the most meritorious and remarkable among her varied accomplishments.

"There is no limit to what industry and patience will accomplish, Valery," she said, waving her skinny little hands about, as if to insinuate there was an example of both before her if she had the energy to imitate it.

Miss Clorinda had once been supposed to possess pretty hands and a graceful figure, somewhere away back in the annals of the past, and the sisters clung to the fiction that she possessed them still, and both were frequently put into attitudes for Miss Priscilla to point out to the general admiration. Nowhere in the past was there any memento to be discovered which showed that the elder sister ever had any such claims; but she was considered severely practical, and kept a book of expenses, while Clorinda gloried in an album. One could not help laughing at the pair, but they were the best old women in the world, and long ago had nearly ruined

themselves to save a scapegrace brother from the punishment he richly merited.

For days after, the three ancient birds were fond of referring to Valery's accident; going into spasms of alarm if she proposed venturing out alone. Fortunately Miss Clorinda saw fit to undertake her spring cold, and though by no means seriously ill, she required a great deal of attention, and the other two birds did nothing but hop about her chamber, stir tisanes in small tin pots, and keep up a delightful confusion which the invalid enjoyed as much as they. The marvellous dressing-gowns wherein the watchers arrayed themselves for their amateur sister-of-charity performances were only to be surpassed by the nightcap Miss Clorinda mounted, a pointed structure with innumerable frills, which gave her the air of an amiable cockatoo, and once in the while she pecked slightly at her companions, thereby increasing the resemblance.

They were so fully occupied that Valery was left a good deal to her own devices, and rather a dreamy, visionary season she made of it, but working so faithfully that she was not aware how persistently her thoughts wandered away to elf-land, and recalled the pale, troubled face of the man who had saved her from such deadly peril.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### KEEPING TRYST.

THE summer drifted on. John Ford had paid his brief visit and gone his way north. He saw the change in Valery which no one else remarked, and took with him into his wanderings a new sense of loneliness and discouragement that not all the brightness and freedom of his pleasure-trip could remove.

When July rendered Florence hot and tiresome, Valery and her companion went with the old maids to Spezia for a time; but Valery grew impatient of the seaside monotony, and joined a party of acquaintances who were to spend several weeks at the baths of Lucca. They stayed a day in the quaint old town, hunting up pictures and straying about the cathedral, then drove down to the baths one bright afternoon, along the chestnut-tree shaded road, whose every turn offered a new picture of quiet loveliness and a subtle charm that many a bolder and more picturesque scene would fail to equal.

The ancient reputation of the baths as a fashionable resort in some measure passed away when Tuscany ceased to be a dukedom; still, this season, many Florentines had gathered there, and a host of English and Americans deterred from going north by the war newly broken out between France and Prussia. Balls and concerts were frequented, and to Valery, unaccustomed to the habits of idle

people, it appeared an unceasing round of gaiety. Her friends had secured rooms a little out of the lower of the three villages; Valery's chamber overlooked the Serchio, which seemed to her always repeating Shelley's pretty measures in its rippling song, and, as her companions were good-natured and did not tease her, she was content and happy.

John Ford wrote long, cheerful letters in answer to her own, but never a line from one end to the other which could disturb her peace by the slightest conception of the troubled heart that went with him through his wanderings. Valery was a great deal occupied with a study she was making for a large picture—her first commission—and between this engrossing interest and her vague dreams, not a moment of the lovely season hung heavy on her hands.

Sometimes her friends would urge her to leave her work and join them in a day's pleasuring, and though she rather grudged the interruption, it was enough to remember that she had promised Mr. Ford to keep fresh and strong for the winter's real labour, to make her yield to their persuasions, and as she possessed nothing of the recluse in her nature, dreamer though she was, the hours of idleness and relaxation formed very enjoyable episodes.

There was a ball one night at the *cercle*, and Valery was coaxed into going, though she did not dance, and felt shy and out of place in the brilliant scene. Still, it was pleasant to sit in a quiet nook with Mrs. Granger while the girls amused themselves, and watch the dancers and listen to the music. Before long, to her surprise, she had a group of men about her, and the old lady enjoyed her success immensely.

There were many more beautiful women present, but there was something peculiar in the pale, dreamy face, lit up by those lambent eyes, which could not fail to attract notice. When she talked, her countenance so changed and brightened with excitement that it was pretty indeed to watch her. After awhile a gentleman came up to speak with her chaperone; the sight of him carried Valery away back to her childish days—it was Robert Earle. They had met once since the old time, off in the heart of Syria. Like all people who have led a nomadic life, he was too much accustomed to falling over acquaintances in improbable places to be astonished at seeing her here; indeed he seemed too thoroughly listless and *blasé* to have any capabilities for the sensation left.

"How do you do, Miss Stuart?" he said languidly, as he might have spoken if they had been in the habit of meeting daily, and as if anything beyond the languidest salutation were an exertion to which he was not equal. "So you got back safe from the mountains?"

"As you see," she answered, smiling; "I am rather surprised that you found energy enough for the long journey westward."

"It was no end of a bore," he said, dropping into a seat by her side; "but it had to be done. Ought I to ask you to dance?"



I've given it up long ago, it's so tiresome; still I'll ask you if I ought."

"And I'll refuse," she replied; "not out of good-nature, but because I have never learned the art."

"What a mercy!" he sighed; "you are a positive boon, Miss Stuart! Do let me sit here, and please keep the people at a distance; there's a host of dreadful American girls in search of partners."

His languor, his fatuity, and his drawling speech appeared less absurd than they would in another, for he had a certain grace which redeemed them. He was very handsome still, though the years had given his face a worn, discontented expression, and even the long, drooping moustache could not entirely hide the feeble lines about the mouth, which had always been his unfortunate feature, revealing the indecision, the lack of purpose and will that made his life a failure. Valery did not really like the man; she never forgot anything, so the recollection of the trouble he brought on Hetty Flint was just as distinct as in the days when she gave her friend the uncomprehending sympathy of childhood. But she pitied him too thoroughly for severe censure; his career had failed, and though she could not help feeling contempt for the qualities which caused the defeat, she was sorry for him all the same. He was one of those men who keep always so much of the child in their characters that it is difficult to be as harsh upon their shortcomings as on those of ordinary humanity. Old Mr. Earle, at his death, left the family far from wealthy, and for years Robert had been obliged to work at art as his profession; but he would never be a painter. There was the same want in his pictures that weakened his character, an uncertainty as to the drawing, a feebleness of touch, which not all their merit in point of colour could redeem.

"Have you been here long, Mr. Earle?" asked Mrs. Granger, thinking it proper that conversation should go on, for Valery, not considering it her duty to amuse the gentleman, had subsided into a reverie about the old life, and he looked too listless to originate any efforts in the talking line.

"No; I only came a couple of days ago," he said, barely escaping the rudeness of a yawn by a pull at his moustache. "It's a stupid old place, dreadfully overrated; don't you think so, Miss Stuart?"

"I like it very much, on the contrary," she replied. "I should think you landscape painters could find all sorts of nice studies and bits to fill your portfolios."

"It's such a bore to make studies! I did go out this morning, but I'd forgotten my tobacco-pouch, and that upset me," he acknowledged.

Valery thought she would like to shake a little energy into him, then remembered he was not worth the trouble.

"I am sure that was excuse enough for idleness," she said.

"Oh, of course," quite seriously. "Where is Ford these days? I

think somebody told me he'd gone into the Tyrol; people are always telling one things till one gets the headache. I suppose he drudges away as usual?"

"He works very hard, and is glad to do it," said Valery.

"Yes; dare say! You see he was brought up to it; that makes all the difference in the world," returned Earle, rather brightening, as if he fancied he had uttered a profound remark.

Valery was too weary of his folly to answer. Just then there ensued a slight bustle of excitement; the music stopped for a few moments, and gave everybody leisure to watch a party making so late an entrance that reasonable people were thinking of home.

"That's the old Princess Potaski," said Mrs. Granger. "That tall man is the Duke d'Asti; I heard they had all come to the baths to-day."

"What a pretty woman that is with the duke!" said Valery, glancing towards the group.

"Yes; I don't know who she is; these notables seem very devoted to her; she doesn't look like an Italian."

Robert Earle managed to get his glass to his eye and regard the party slowly approaching.

"How that old Princess wears!" he said; "I suppose the war has driven her back to Florence. If she were a nobody she'd have been sent to the treadmill years ago."

"Why, they say she has more influence than any woman in Europe—in a social way," said Mrs. Granger. "Her approval is enough to make any girl a beauty or any man a lion."

"O yes; it's a world of humbug," drawled Robert. "That don't hinder the fact that she has had more adventures—"

"But who is the lady with her?" interrupted Valery, having no mind that Mr. Earle should indulge in the style of scandalous talk to which, like most weak, envious people, he was rather given.

"Haven't an idea," he said; "my short sight keeps me from seeing clearly, and I've just broken my glass."

Valery sat silently watching the strangers as they moved towards the upper end of the room. The lady of whom she had spoken remained the chief object of interest to her as she was to all those surrounding her. Certainly long past girlhood, though a young woman still; not exactly pretty, but with a mischievous, piquant face that possessed a great charm, and a high-bred air which not one of the titled women near could equal. She was talking and laughing gaily, and the duke, an elegant man, somewhat beyond forty, listened to every word as deferentially as if the smiling lips dropped pearls of wisdom with each syllable.

They were quite close now; even Earle could see her plainly, and he exclaimed, with more animation than Valery had ever seen him betray,—

"It's the oddest thing—I seem to know that woman's face very well, but I can't think for the life of me where I have seen her."

He had uttered the exact thought in Valery's mind, but she was too absent to reply. The party was now nearly opposite the place where Mrs. Granger and her companions sat. A fresh crowd of foreign notables rushed up to greet the Princess and her friends, causing a momentary halt which gave Valery and Earle an opportunity to study more narrowly the countenance that had attracted both by a vague sense of its familiarity. The Princess was presenting people to her—she was the centre of the group and so perfectly at ease in the midst of the general admiration that it was evident such triumphs were no novelty.

"I can't make out who she is," Earle said to Valery. "She must be some Englishwoman of rank from the row they make—probably one has seen her picture somewhere."

But the explanation did not content Valery, though she remained silent. It was no pictured semblance of that brilliant creature which was familiar to her; she had seen the face itself scores of times, but not as she saw it now—the hair gleaming with jewels, the features calm from assured success; yet she knew it perfectly—only when or where? She grew fairly dizzy under the host of perplexing impossibilities that presented themselves to her mind; but, argue as she would, they kept their stand, and she smiled at her own romantic folly. The group moved on; as she neared the bench the lady's eyes wandered by chance towards the three—rested for an instant upon them, then turned away, but it seemed to Valery that, brief as was the glance which met her own, the clear grey eyes gave a sudden eager look, as if something of the puzzled feeling which troubled herself found a response in the stranger's mind.

But she had passed; the music swelled out again in an entrancing waltz and Valery saw the lady whirling down the room encircled by the Duke's arm, and was ready to think her confused fancies a bit of nonsense so excessive that it was a warning not to grow visionary as she had been doing of late.

"Really, I must find out who she is," said Earle, rising lazily; "it's an awful bore to ask questions, but I quite want to know."

He sauntered away, and presently one of Mrs. Granger's daughters came back for an instant to the maternal side and gave the information that the lady attracting so much attention was Mrs. Vinton, an Englishwoman, she believed, any way a great friend of the Princess's, who had brought her down to Italy that she might add to the triumphs won in Paris during the last winter of the ill-fated empire.

The Duke d'Asti was said to be devoted to her, and the Princess had set her heart on a match between the fascinating widow and her old friend, who had hitherto resisted the toils spread incessantly to catch his famous name. Valery listened and put her fancies down as more foolish than ever, and not long after that the girls declared themselves willing to go home; so they all departed.

The next morning Valery went out for a solitary walk; she



crossed the bridge and passed up the steep hill from whence there is a view of the narrow valley, with the Serchio stealing slowly through its midst, as if loath to leave the mountain coolness for the heat of the plains beyond. Not far from the ugly old casino which crowned the summit stood a house that Valery had often remarked, wondering it should stand empty, as the situation was far preferable to the more crowded dwellings lower down. But as she neared the gates she saw from various signs that it had received occupants, and walked on, rather envying them a *gîte* so favourable for studying cloud-bits and the varying effect of lights and shadows. Beyond the villa was a group of chestnut-trees where she meant to rest; but, as she turned out of the path to approach them, she perceived that their shade had already been invaded. A lady was seated on the stone bench, making so pretty a picture in her white draperies and graceful attitude that Valery had leisure for a quaint conceit about a wood-nymph before the sound of steps caused the other to turn her head to see who had disturbed her retreat. Valery met the face which had perplexed her so sorely on the previous night; this time, after one quick glance, the features softened into a smile of mischievous recognition that puzzled her more than ever.

"Good morning," the lady said quietly; "I was thinking about hunting you up, and here you come bodily into my dream."

Valery stood still and stared; she concluded either the stranger or herself must be slightly demented, and could not decide which.

"Dear me!" cried the unknown, with a gay laugh, "how you do stare! Bless me, I hope foreign travel has done more for me than it has for you! What, you don't know me yet? Very well; I am dying to kiss you, but I'll not stir till you can bring me close enough to your heart to remember who I am."

"I seem to know you so well, but I can't think—it can't be—oh, please tell me your name!" stammered Valery, beginning to tremble with excitement, but not yet able to believe her wild fancy real.

"My name is Mrs. Vinton," the other answered, smiling mischievously still, and keeping her seat, though her own voice shook somewhat, and Valery was more at a loss than ever.

"I don't know it," Valery said nervously; "we must both be mistaken; I can't tell what—"

The lady interrupted her by rising quickly; she laughed again, though Valery could see the grey eyes looking so lovingly at her soften into tears. Suddenly she called, in the country dialect which the girl had heard so often in her early days,—

"Hitty, Hitty, the old brindle cow's in the garding—run like a lamplighter—run!"

"It isn't—it can't be—"

"It is Hetty Flint. O Valery, Valery!"

They were in each other's arms, and sobbing so heartily for a

few instants that they could only hold each other fast and utter broken ejaculations of love and wonder.

"I told you we should meet; the last words I ever said to you were that we should meet," cried Hetty, straining her to her breast again, then retreating a step to look at her more closely. "It's the same face—the same sweet, pure face! O Valery, if life had been harder for me than it has, this meeting would repay me!"

"I can't believe my eyes; I can't realize it," sobbed Valery. "Hetty, Hetty!"

"Always Hetty for you, my precious, though I've softened the name into Mabel since I grew into a fine lady," returned she, with another embrace. "There, that's the way I used to hug and pet you when you were a child; you ought to be sure you are not dreaming now."

"I can't believe it; I am so glad, so glad!"

"Glad! and I? Why, Valery, I never really loved anybody but you—never! I knew you last night; I felt sure it was you, and asked your name. You had disappeared, else I should have startled you by speaking, but it was just as well not to make a scene there."

"After all these years—and to meet here—here in Italy!" cried Valery.

"That we dreamed about and talked about while I wiped the dishes and dusted the floors with these two hands; very pretty hands all the same, aren't they, Val? and look as innocent of usefulness as any princess's of them all."

"Do you remember the old house, and Aunt Susan? Poor Aunt Susan, she is dead!"

"I remember everything and everybody as if it had been yesterday; I have forgotten nothing, nothing," replied Mrs. Vinton, and her mobile face darkened as she spoke. "Child, child! best of all has been to remember you, your love, your faith! They have stayed with me in the darkest hours, kept me from yielding when temptation came, given me courage to persevere when the way was dreariest, left me still some faith in humanity and God. O Valery, Valery!"

She covered her eyes with her hands and wept silently for a moment, then looked bravely up and smiled again.

"I needn't cry now it is all over," said she, "and I have found you; nothing so bright has come to me as this."

"But I want to know everything; where you have been, what you have done, so many years, so long."

Mrs. Vinton looked searchingly at her; one could see that the countenance was capable of a certain hardness and stern resolution under all its mischievous playfulness.

"You trust me, Valery; you have always trusted me; never for an instant have you forgotten your parting promise!"

The voice was half a proud demand, half an eager assurance.

"Always, Hetty, always!"

"I knew it, I could not doubt that! Child, there have been seasons in my life when I had no other faith left, here or hereafter, but I believed that!"

"Poor Hetty! Was it so hard? Have you suffered so cruelly?"

"I have had my share," she answered, laughing out again with the reckless gaiety which had always been one of her chief characteristics; "but I don't complain, I never did! My dear, I'm a wretch ever to think of it all except as a cause for thankfulness. Life has borne me as far away from the old days as if I had passed into another world, or been changed in my sleep from Cinderella into a grand princess."

"I want to hear; begin at the beginning," said Valery.

"Oh, it's a musty-fusty old story now; it will keep, but you shall hear it after awhile; don't think there's a day or an hour in the whole record I would not let you see."

"Don't I know it, Hetty?"

"Of course you do—I'm a fool! I'm a little upset this morning, because I lay awake all night thinking of you. I believe I promised the duke to think of him, but no matter."

"O Hetty, they said at the ball you were to marry him."

"Did they? Well, I told you my destiny years ago; either to be an actress or a duchess. I've been the first, and failed dismally enough;" with another laugh; "it remains to be seen how I succeed in the latter capacity, always supposing I undertake it."

"Do you care for him, Hetty?" Valery asked.

"Do I love him, you mean?" returned she, not hesitating over the word which Valery was shy to speak.

"Yes, dear Hetty; else, if he could make you ten times a duchess, it would be worse than anything that has gone before."

"The pretty little preacher! Oh, the sweet sermonizing mouth!" cried Mrs. Vinton, kissing her. "I foresee that you will lecture me as severely as you used!"

"But you don't answer, Hetty."

"My dear, I mean to tell you everything always, but what I don't know I can't tell. Never mind the duke or any of his kind just now. By the way, Robert Earle is here."

"Yes; did he find out who you were?"

"He went away down to the verge of imbecility, my child, and I doubt if he will ever get back," she answered, with another peal of laughter. He knows, but he doesn't believe; it was the drollest sight! Heigho, poor Robert, how fond that absurd Hetty was of him—what a mercy she died!"

"And—"

"Not another question till I've heard about your precious self! My child, I've been dead and buried, and gone into a new existence, and that's all there is to say. Sit down here and let's be



rational; kiss me first—that's right! Now hold my hand fast, so may each be sure the other is here."

They sat there in the soft light of the Italian morning, and Valery narrated what had befallen her in these years, Mrs. Vinton seldom interrupted her with questions, only motioning her to go on when she tried to shorten any portion of the history. While Valery was telling the reasons which had forced her to leave Miss Dorothy, Hetty drew her closer, but offered no other sign of sympathy or approval.

"Well, my dear," she said, as Valery finished, "you have your whole life before you; it will be a pleasant one, mark my words. O child, how patient you have been! what faith and resignation! It makes me feel so wicked to think how I rebelled and raged!"

"But you were always brave and strong," Valery urged.

"Yes, in a way, but it was a bad sort; the stoical desperation of some ancient heathen! Never mind, Valery, you shall teach me to be better. I'm growing old to learn, but I'll try."

"Old!" laughed Valery. "You look as young as I do."

"That don't alter dates. I shall be thirty-one my next birthday; but nobody knows this, except the duke, and he doesn't believe it."

"Not much wonder, Hetty! Do tell me: is he nice? Is—"

"I can't tell you anything about him yet; he's not been put to the proof."

"How do you mean?"

"That he knows me as a rich widow, with great friends and troops of admirers. When I tell him to what I was born, that I have been since that away down into the depths of misery, he may think as ill of me as ever the people in Alstead did."

"But you lived it through, with God's help."

"Ay, with God's help; shame on me that when the darkness was at its deepest, I refused to believe therein!"

She began abruptly the story of her life from the moment she disappeared out of the little neighbourhood in which so many evil tongues were ready to repeat and believe the worst that malice could invent. Her mother had known she meant to go, had always been kept in cognizance of her whereabouts until the day came that Hetty could send for her and the two children.

She went straight to New York to fulfil her girlish dream of becoming an actress. She had the firmest determination to appear as Lady Macbeth; but after months of waiting and effort, during which she lived from hand to mouth as best she might—even selling matches in the streets one winter month—she made her *début* upon the stage of a second-rate theatre, but not in precisely the character she had decreed, or with the overwhelming success she had so often pictured greeting her first effort. She appeared as a supernumerary, to carry a letter to the heroine of the piece, and had exactly two lines to speak, which she proceeded diligently to forget, and, not content with that, trod on the leading lady's red-

satin train and tore it straight across, to her Highness's unbounded wrath.

Poor Hetty was informed, as soon as the brief scene ended, that her services were no longer required, so she wrapped her shawl about her and stepped out into the night, not knowing even which way to seek shelter. The woman in the wretched house where she lodged had told her that she need not return unless she brought money in her hand to pay the debt she owed. She wandered about for hours, and in the grey of the morning sank down in a quiet corner to die, raving in the brain fever which had been threatening her for weeks. Long after, she recovered consciousness in the ward of the hospital to which she had been carried, and the first sane words that she uttered, on getting an idea of her whereabouts and what had befallen her, caused the nurse who watched to think her more hopelessly mad than ever.

"Come," said she, "you're not to be Lady Macbeth, so get well and let your hair grow, my future duchess."

She did get well, and for a time chance threw her into a branch of the theatrical profession, only she stitched the velvet robes and fashioned the tinselled ornaments of tragedy queens instead of wearing them. She pursued this drudgery two whole years, then deciding that she had not given her histrionic abilities fair trial, succeeded in obtaining an engagement as "general utility woman" at a theatre in Memphis. She worked like a dragon, received poor pay, and suffered daily indignities and hardships such as only an unsuccessful actress ever receives in their full horror. But she toiled patiently on. During the last weeks of that dreadful season, a broken-down ballet-dancer stopped at Memphis to die, and Hetty, in the midst of her labours, found leisure to nurse her, and stripped herself of everything except one decent suit, to help the woman to food and shelter, going many a time fasting to bed after a whole day's work to accomplish it.

Before this poor dancer died, there came news that she had inherited a fortune from her family in France, who had discarded her when, a mere child, she ran off with a handsome-eyed Thespian. The money was of no use to her now, except to pay her funeral expenses, but she lived long enough to settle it upon Hetty, then went away to the rest which she had earned, if suffering and trouble here can give any of us a claim to peace beyond.

Hetty's first act was to make her mother comfortable and provide for the education of her brother and sister. Then she went to New Orleans; she knew that Robert Earle was there. She believed still that he loved her, and she went, no more doubting her reception than she doubted her own truth and honour. She found him! She passed slightly enough over the details of the meeting, though, in spite of the years that had passed, of the entire change which had taken place in her mind and heart since then, her voice shook for the only time during the whole recital, and her face turned to an ashen pallor like the hue of death. He saw her far handsomer than

of old ; well dressed, prosperous, and—he never waited to hear the story of her wealth, which she meant to reveal after obtaining the assurance that he still loved her. He judged her by the vileness of his own heart, and Hetty heard from the lips of the man for whose sake always she had lived, struggled, toiled, the words of an insulting offer, which swept out of her soul the last trace of youth and hope as suddenly and surely as a tornado could blight a smiling landscape.

“I buried Hetty Flint that night,” she went on, after a brief pause, forcing her voice back to its usual careless tone ; “I buried her in the dark and the tempest, and there could be no resurrection ; though it was hard work. Dead as she was, she fought still, the idiot ; but I buried her !”

She continued the narrative of her journey, her illness, old Hans' devotion and subsequent death, and the kindness she received from Mr. Vinton, an elderly, sly, studious man, who had looked after her since the earliest days of her struggles.

“I married him at length, my dear ; I was not half worthy even to be his slave, but I tried to prove a good wife. I found how I had learned to appreciate him when he died, two years after ; but it was too late for anything besides regret that I had not done so more fully in the beginning.”

There was little else to tell ; her mother had lived with them in Washington ; her sister formed a good match, and her brother had a fancy for entering the Naval School, from which he finally graduated with many honours. At length Hetty roused herself out of the gloom and discouragement which followed Mr. Vinton's loss, perceiving that even yet life had not come to an end. The old longing to travel came back. She must see foreign lands, visit Europe, find work to occupy her faculties. She established her mother with the younger sister and sailed for France, Mr. Vinton's former position in Washington enabling her to procure numerous favourable letters to people whom she could wish to know.

“Fate is a little like humanity,” she continued ; “when the old dame has a spite against you, she can't abuse you enough ; when she sees fit to pet you, there is no limit to her good nature, and whatever you do is admirably done, and successful.”

“I don't think I would put it just in that way,” said Valery.

“No ; I take it back. A relic of my old heathenish darkness, my dear ! Well, as I had a goodly fortune, of course I added to it. I must have excitement, so I speculated in stocks, and whatever I bought went up like a balloon. Positively, I should be ashamed to tell you how much I gained, or how rich I am. Where was I ? Oh, at last I came to Europe ; I travelled for awhile ; I studied languages. Well, I made myself what I am. You needn't speak ; I understand what you want to say ! But I'm not too *gauche*, eh ?”

“You are like a queen, and you know it,” said Valery.

“I did try for a compliment, after all ! No ; I'm brusque and



uncertain and capricious, but people like that, or pretend to ; as good a *rôle* as any, perhaps ! I settled down in Paris under good chaperonage, and nobody had a gayer life than I during the last years of the dear old Empire. I couldn't tell you how many times I might have been a countess or a marchioness, or some dreadful German thing with a long title."

"Did you never feel inclined ?"

"Oh, I tried often to do it, but somehow I could not bring myself to the point. It wasn't my destiny, I suppose."

"More of the old heathenism, Hetty !"

"I can't help it ; I am like the Bonapartes, and can't avoid believing in my star. Well, this spring, when there were rumours of war, the old princess—the most delightful and wickedest of women—offered to bring me to Italy and give me a success. My dear, it was a fair bargain—my money against her influence—and we get on as well as possible together."

"And where do you spend the winter ? I hope in Rome."

"You may be certain of it, since I have found you," she replied.

"Now you are sure, after my telling everything, that you love me ?"

"Indeed I do ! You're a brave, brave woman, Hetty !"

"I ? the biggest coward that ever lived, in spite of my pretence ! I'm only just to-day cured of one fright."

"And that ?"

"I was always in mortal terror of meeting Robert Earle ; I could not tell but there would be a resurrection of that idiot of a Hetty at sight of him."

"You are satisfied now !"

"Heigho ! I wonder if there is any man worth thinking about ?" she said rather absently.

"Have you already found subject for a new fear ?"

"Upon my word I don't know ! The duke is very charming ; a better man than most of his sort."

"And he loves you ?"

"He has been looking it for some time ; but it is so easy to look it, and say it too. He begins to do that. I am to have leisure to think ; I want to give myself a little rest before I answer ; if I say yes, he must hear the whole story."

"Of course ; you will be so much happier if there is no secret kept back to hang over your head."

"My dear, I shall neither tell lies nor act them ! There he is, coming up the hill now ! No, don't run away ; stay and see what he is like, and help me to decide whether it is worth while to fulfil my destiny as duchess."

She stopped short, and a certain sad, pensive smile settled over her features. Valery knew that she was touched and softened by this recital of her past sufferings and struggles, and left her to herself to recover the high spirits which so seldom failed, and which had borne her gallantly through such bitter trials.





THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER BY THE MONK SCHWARTZ.



## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE QUESTION OF THE POWDERS.

THERE remained for consideration merely the question of powders. The public awaited with interest its final decision. The size of the projectile, the length of the cannon being settled, what would be the quantity of powder necessary to produce impulsion?

It is generally asserted that gunpowder was invented in the fourteenth century by the monk Schwartz, who paid for his grand discovery with his life. It is, however, pretty well proved that this story ought to be ranked amongst the legends of the middle ages. Gunpowder was not invented by any one: it was the lineal successor of the Greek fire, which, like itself, was composed of sulphur and saltpetre. Few persons are acquainted with the mechanical power of gunpowder. Now this is precisely what is necessary to be understood in order to comprehend the importance of the question submitted to the committee.

A litre of gunpowder weighs about 2lbs.; during combustion it produces 400 litres of gas. This gas, on being liberated and acted upon by a temperature raised to 2400 degrees, occupies a space of 4000 litres: consequently the volume of powder is to the volume of gas produced by its combustion as 1 to 4000. One may judge, therefore, of the tremendous pressure of this gas when compressed within a space 4000 times too confined. All this was, of course, well known to the members of the committee when they met on the following evening.

The first speaker on this occasion was Major Elphinstone, who had been the director of the gunpowder factories during the war.

"Gentlemen," said this distinguished chemist, "I begin with some figures which will serve as the basis of our calculation. The old 24-pounder shot required for its discharge 16lbs. of powder."

"You are certain of the amount?" broke in Barbicane.

"Quite certain," replied the major. "The Armstrong cannon employs only 75lbs. of powder for a projectile of 800lbs., and the Rodman Columbiad uses only 160lbs. of powder to send its half-ton shot a distance of six miles. These facts cannot be called in ques-

tion, for I myself raised the point during the depositions taken before the Committee of Artillery."

"Quite true," said the general.

"Well," replied the major, "these figures go to prove that the quantity of powder is not increased with the weight of the shot; that is to say, if a 24-pounder shot requires 16lbs. of powder;—in other words, if in ordinary guns we employ a quantity of powder equal to two-thirds of the weight of the projectile, this proportion is not constant. Calculate, and you will see that in place of 333lbs. of powder, the quantity is reduced to no more than 160lbs."

"What are you aiming at?" asked the president.

"If you push your theory to extremes, my dear major," said J. A. Maston, "you will get to this, that as soon as your shot becomes sufficiently heavy you will not require any powder at all."

"Our friend Maston is always at his jokes, even in serious matters," cried the major; "but let him make his mind easy, I am going presently to propose gunpowder enough to satisfy his artilleryist's propensities. I only keep to statistical facts when I say that during the war, and for the very largest guns, the weight of powder was reduced, as the result of experience, to a tenth part of the weight of the shot."

"Perfectly correct," said Morgan; "but before deciding the quantity of powder necessary to give the impulse, I think it would be as well—"

"We shall have to employ a large-grained powder," continued the major, "its combustion is more rapid than that of the small."

"No doubt about that," replied Morgan, "but it is very destructive, and ends by enlarging the bore of the pieces."

"Granted; but that which is injurious to a gun destined to perform long service is not so to our Columbiad. We shall run no danger of an explosion; and it is necessary that our powder should take fire instantaneously in order that its mechanical effect may be complete."

"We must have," said Maston, "several touch-holes, so as to fire it at different points at the same time."

"Certainly," replied Elphinstone; "but that will render the working of the piece more difficult. I return then to my large-grained powder, which removes those difficulties. In his Columbiad charges Rodman employed a powder as large as chestnuts, made of willow charcoal, simply dried in cast-iron pans. This powder was hard and glittering, left no trace upon the hand, contained hydrogen and oxygen in large proportion, took fire instantaneously, and, though very destructive, did not sensibly injure the mouth-piece."

Up to this point Barbicane had kept aloof from the discussion: he left the others to speak while he himself listened; he had evidently got an idea. He now simply said, "Well, my friends, what quantity of powder do you propose?"

The three members look at one another.

"Two hundred thousand pounds," at last said Morgan.

"Five hundred thousand," added the major.

"Eight hundred thousand," screamed Maston.

A moment of silence followed this triple proposal; it was at last broken by the president.

"Gentlemen," he quietly said, "I start from this principle, that the resistance of a gun, constructed under the given conditions, is unlimited. I shall surprise our friend Maston, then, by stigmatizing his calculations as timid; and I propose to double his 800,000lbs. of powder."

"Sixteen hundred thousand pounds?" shouted Maston, leaping from his seat.

"Just so."

"We shall have to come then to my ideal of a cannon half a mile long; for you see 1,600,000lbs. will occupy a space of about 20,000 cubic feet; and since the contents of your cannon do not exceed 54,000 cubic feet, it would be half full; and the bore will not be more than long enough for the gas to communicate to the projectile sufficient impulse."

"Nevertheless," said the president, "I hold to that quantity of powder. Now, 1,600,000lbs. of powder will create 6,000,000,000 of litres of gas. Six thousand millions! You quite understand?"

"What is to be done then?" said the general.

"The thing is very simple; we must reduce this enormous quantity of powder, while preserving to it its mechanical power."

"Good; but by what means?"

"I am going to tell you," replied Barbicane quietly. "Nothing is more easy than to reduce this mass to one quarter of its bulk. You know that curious cellular matter which constitutes the elementary tissues of vegetables? This substance is found quite pure in many bodies, especially in cotton, which is nothing more than the down of the seeds of the cotton plant. Now cotton, combined with cold nitric acid, becomes transformed into a substance eminently insoluble, combustible, and explosive. It was first discovered in 1832, by Braconnot, a French chemist, who called it xyloidine. In 1838 another Frenchman, Pelouze, investigated its different properties, and finally, in 1846, Schonbein, Professor of Chemistry at Bâle, proposed its employment for purposes of war. This powder, now called pyroxylo, or fulminating cotton, is prepared with great facility by simply plunging cotton for fifteen minutes in nitric acid, then washing it in water, then drying it, and it is ready for use."

"Nothing could be more simple," said Morgan.

"Moreover, pyroxylo is unaltered by moisture—a valuable property to us, inasmuch as it would take several days to charge the cannon. It ignites at 170 degrees in place of 240, and its combustion is so rapid that one may set light to it on the top of ordinary powder without the latter having time to ignite."

"Perfect!" exclaimed the major.

"Only it is more expensive."



"What matter?" cried J. T. Maston.

"Finally, it imparts to projectiles a velocity four times superior to that of gunpowder. I will even add, that if we mix with it one-eighth of its own weight of nitrate of potass, its expansive force is again considerably augmented."

"Will that be necessary?" asked the major.

"I think not," replied Barbicane. "So then, in place of 1,600,000lbs. of powder, we shall have but 400,000lbs. of fulminating cotton; and since we can, without danger, compress 500lbs. of cotton into 27 cubic feet, the whole quantity will not occupy a height of more than 180 feet within the bore of the Columbiad. In this way the shot will have more than 700 feet of bore to traverse under a force of 6,000,000,000 litres of gas before taking its flight towards the moon."

At this junction J. T. Maston could not repress his emotion; he flung himself into the arms of his friend with the violence of a projectile, and Barbicane would have been stove in if he had not been bomb-proof.

This incident terminated the third meeting of the Committee.

Barbicane and his bold colleagues, to whom nothing seemed impossible, had succeeded in solving the complex problems of projectile, cannon, and powder. Their plan was drawn up, and it only remained to put it in execution.

"A mere matter of detail, a bagatelle," said J. T. Maston.

## CHAPTER X.

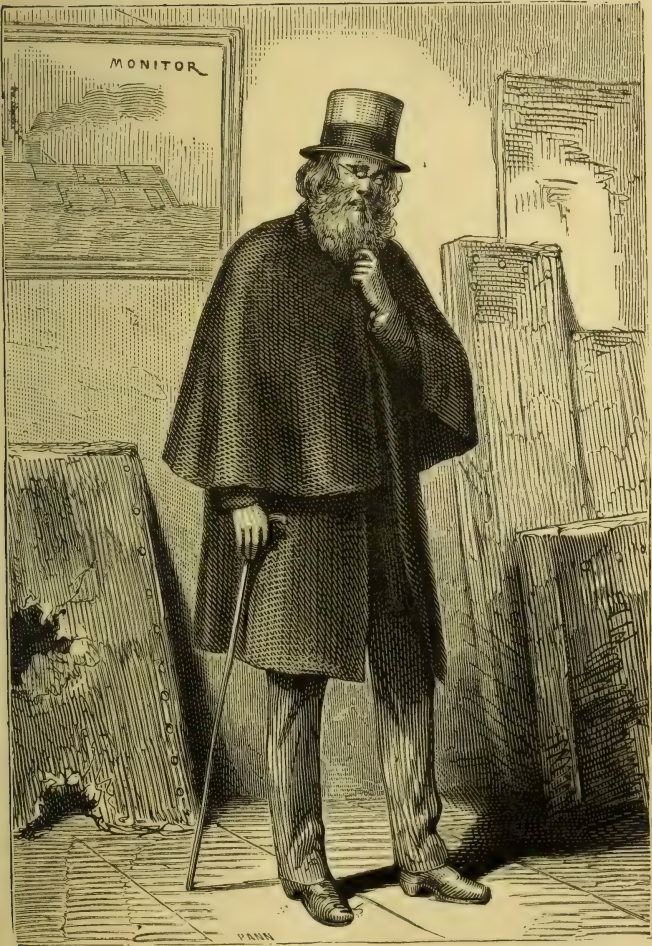
### ONE ENEMY *v.* TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF FRIENDS.

THE American public took a lively interest in the smallest details of the enterprise of the Gun Club. It followed day by day the discussions of the committee. The most simple preparation for the great experiment, the questions of figures which it involved, the mechanical difficulties to be resolved—in one word, the entire plan of work—roused the popular excitement to the highest pitch.

The purely scientific attraction was suddenly intensified by the following incident:—

We have seen what legions of admirers and friends Barbicane's project had rallied round its author. There was, however, one single individual alone in all the States of the Union who protested against the attempt of the Gun Club. He attacked it furiously on every opportunity, and human nature is such that Barbicane felt more keenly the opposition of that one man than he did the applause of all the others. He was well aware of the motive of this antipathy, the origin of this solitary enmity, the cause of its personality and old standing, and in what rivalry of self-love it had its rise.

This persevering enemy the President of the Gun Club had never seen. Fortunate that it was so, for a meeting between the



CAPTAIN NICHOLL.





two men would certainly have been attended with serious consequences. This rival was a man of science, like Barbicane himself, of a fiery, daring, and violent disposition; a pure Yankee. His name was Captain Nicholl; he lived at Philadelphia.

Most people are aware of the curious struggle which arose during the Federal war between the guns and the armour of iron-plated ships. The result was the entire reconstruction of the navy of both the continents; as the one grew heavier, the other became thicker in proportion. The "Merrimac," the "Monitor," the "Tennessee," the "Weckhausen" discharged enormous projectiles themselves, after having been armour-clad against the projectiles of others. In fact they did to others that which they would *not* they should do to them—that grand principle of immorality upon which rests the whole art of war.

Now if Barbicane was a great founder of shot, Nicholl was a great forger of plates; the one cast night and day at Baltimore, the other forged day and night at Philadelphia. As soon as ever Barbicane invented a new shot, Nicholl invented a new plate. Each followed a current of ideas essentially opposed to the other. Happily for these citizens, so useful to their country, a distance of from fifty to sixty miles separated them from one another, and they had never yet met. Which of these two inventors had the advantage over the other it was difficult to decide from the results obtained. By last accounts, however, it would seem that the armour-plate would in the end have to give way to the shot; nevertheless there were competent judges who had their doubts on the point.

At the last experiment the cylindro-conical projectiles of Barbicane stuck like so many pins in the Nicholl plates. On that day the Philadelphian iron-forged then believed himself victorious, and could not evince contempt enough for his rival; but when the other afterwards substituted for conical shot simple 600lb. shells, at very moderate velocity, the captain was obliged to give in. In fact these projectiles knocked his best metal plate to shivers.

Matters were at this stage, and victory seemed to rest with the shot, when the war came to an end on the very day when Nicholl had completed a new armour-plate of wrought steel. It was a masterpiece of its kind, and bid defiance to all the projectiles in the world. The captain had it conveyed to the Polygon at Washington, challenging the President of the Gun Club to break it. Barbicane, peace having been declared, declined to try the experiment.

Nicholl, now furious, offered to expose his plate to the shock of any shot, solid, hollow, round, or conical. Refused by the President, who did not choose to compromise his last success.

Nicholl, disgusted by this obstinacy, tried to tempt Barbicane by offering him every chance. He proposed to fix the plate within two hundred yards of the gun. Barbicane still obstinate in refusal. A hundred yards? Not even *seventy-five*!

"At fifty then!" roared the captain through the newspapers. "At twenty-five yards!! and I'll stand behind!!!"

Barbicane returned for answer that, even if Captain Nicholl would be so good as to stand in front, he would not fire any more.

Nicholl could not contain himself at this reply; threw out hints of cowardice; that a man who refused to fire a cannon-shot was pretty near being afraid of it; that artillerists who fight at six miles' distance are substituting mathematical formulæ for individual courage.

To these insinuations Barbicane returned no answer; perhaps he never heard of them, so absorbed was he in the calculations for his great enterprise.

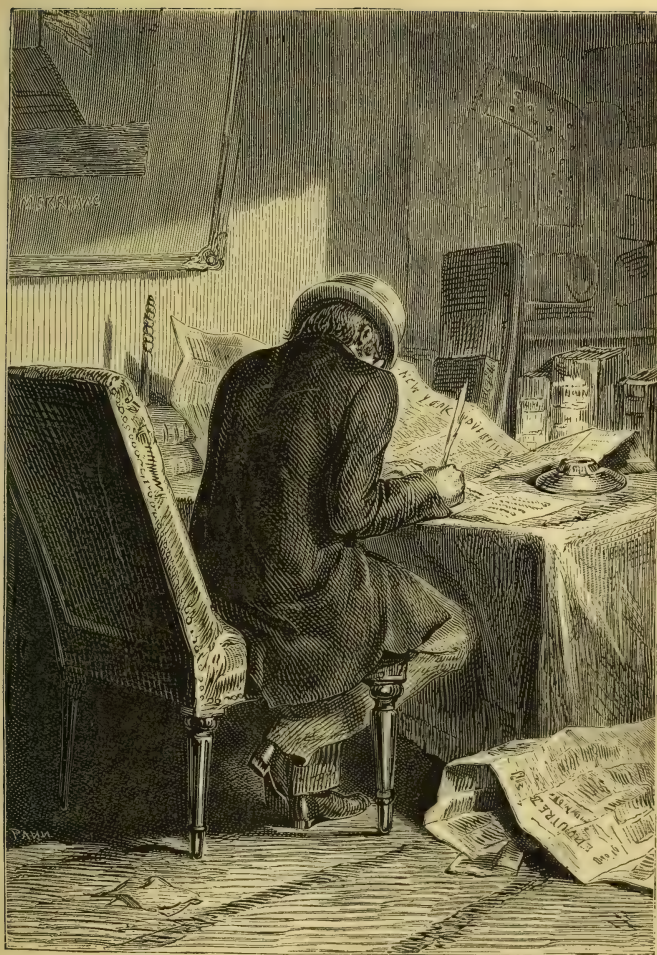
When his famous communication was made to the Gun Club, the captain's wrath passed all bounds; with his intense jealousy was mingled a feeling of absolute impotence. How was he to invent anything to beat this 900-foot Columbiad? What armour-plate could ever resist a projectile of 30,000lbs. weight? Overwhelmed at first under this violent shock, he by and by recovered himself, and resolved to crush the proposal by the weight of his arguments.

He then violently attacked the labours of the Gun Club, published a number of letters in the newspapers, endeavoured to prove Barbicane ignorant of the first principles of gunnery. He maintained that it was absolutely impossible to impress upon any body whatever a velocity of 12,000 yards per second; that even with such a velocity a projectile of such a weight could not transcend the limits of the earth's atmosphere. Further still, even regarding the velocity to be acquired, and granting it to be sufficient, the shell could not resist the pressure of the gas developed by the ignition of 1,600,000lbs. of powder; and supposing it to resist that pressure, it would be the less able to support that temperature; it would melt on quitting the Columbiad, and fall back in a red-hot shower upon the heads of the imprudent spectators.

Barbicane continued his work without regarding these attacks.

Nicholl then took up the question in its other aspects. Without touching upon its uselessness in all points of view, he regarded the experiment as fraught with extreme danger, both to the citizens, who might sanction by their presence so reprehensible a spectacle, and also to the towns in the neighbourhood of this deplorable cannon. He also observed that if the projectile did not succeed in reaching its destination (a result absolutely impossible), it must inevitably fall back upon the earth, and that the shock of such a mass, multiplied by the square of its velocity, would seriously endanger every point of the globe. Under the circumstances, therefore, and without interfering with the rights of free citizens, it was a case for the intervention of Government, which ought not to endanger the safety of all for the pleasure of one individual.

Spite of all his arguments, however, Captain Nicholl remained alone in his opinion. Nobody listened to him, and he did not succeed in alienating a single admirer from the President of the



NICHOLL PUBLISHED A NUMBER OF LETTERS IN THE NEWSPAPERS.





Gun Club. The latter did not even take the pains to refute the arguments of his rival.

Nicholl, driven into his last entrenchments, and not able to fight personally in the cause, resolved to fight with money. He published, therefore, in the *Richmond Inquirer* a series of wagers, conceived in these terms, and on an increasing scale :—

No. 1 (1000 dols.).—That the necessary funds for the experiment of the Gun Club will not be forthcoming.

No. 2 (2000 dols.).—That the operation of casting a cannon of 900 feet is impracticable, and cannot possibly succeed.

No. 3 (3000 dols.).—That it is impossible to load the Columbiad, and that the pyroxyly will take fire spontaneously under the pressure of the projectile.

No. 4 (4000 dols.).—That the Columbiad will burst at the first fire.

No. 5 (5000 dols.).—That the shot will not travel farther than six miles, and that it will fall back again a few seconds after its discharge.

It was an important sum, therefore, which the captain risked in his invincible obstinacy. He had no less than 15,000 dollars at stake.

Notwithstanding the importance of the challenge, on the 19th of May he received a sealed packet containing the following superbly laconic reply :—

“BALTIMORE, Oct. 19.

“Done.

“BARBICANE.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### FLORIDA AND TEXAS.

ONE question yet remained to be decided: it was necessary to choose a favourable spot for the experiment. According to the advice of the Observatory of Cambridge, the gun must be fired perpendicularly to the plane of the horizon, that is to say, towards the zenith. Now the moon does not traverse the zenith, except in places situated between  $0^{\circ}$  and  $28'$  of latitude. It became, then, necessary to determine exactly that spot on the globe where the immense Columbiad should be cast.

On the 20th of October, at a general meeting of the Gun Club, Barbicane produced a magnificent map of the United States. “Gentlemen,” said he, in opening the discussion, “I presume that we are all agreed that this experiment cannot and ought not to be tried anywhere but within the limits of the soil of the Union. Now, by good fortune, certain frontiers of the United States extend downwards as far as the 28th parallel of the north latitude. If you will cast your eye over this map, you will see that we have at our disposal the whole of the southern portion of Texas and Florida.”

It was finally agreed, then, that the Columbiad must be cast on the soil of either Texas or Florida. The result, however, of this decision was to create a rivalry entirely without precedent between the different towns of these two states.

The 28th parallel, on reaching the American coast, traverses the peninsula of Florida, dividing it into two nearly equal portions. Then, plunging into the Gulf of Mexico, it subtends the arc formed by the coasts of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana; then skirting Texas, off which it cuts an angle, it continues its course over Mexico, crosses the Sonora, Old California, and loses itself in the Pacific Ocean. It was, therefore, only those portions of Texas and Florida which were situated below this parallel which came within the prescribed conditions of latitude.

Florida, in its southern part, reckons no cities of importance; it is simply studded with forts raised against the roving Indians. One solitary town, Tampa Town, was able to put in a claim in favour of its situation.

In Texas, on the contrary, the towns are much more numerous and important. Corpus Christi, in the county of Nuaces, and all the cities situated on the Rio Bravo, Laredo, Comalites, San Ignacio on the Web, Rio Grande city on the Starr, Edinburgh in the Hidalgo, Santa Rita, Elpanda, Brownsville in the Cameron, formed an imposing league against the pretensions of Florida. So, scarcely was the decision known, when the Texian and Floridan deputies arrived at Baltimore in an incredibly short space of time. From that very moment President Barbicane and the influential members of the Gun Club were besieged day and night by formidable claims. If seven cities of Greece contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer, here were two entire states threatening to come to blows about the question of a cannon.

The rival parties promenaded the streets with arms in their hands; and at every occasion of their meeting a collision was to be apprehended which might have been attended with disastrous results. Happily the prudence and address of President Barbicane averted the danger. These personal demonstrations found a division in the newspapers of the different states. The *New York Herald* and the *Tribune* supported Texas, while the *Times* and the *American Review* espoused the cause of the Floridan Deputies. The members of the Gun Club could not decide to which to give the preference.

Texas produced its array of twenty-six counties; Florida replied that twelve counties were better than twenty-six in a country only one-sixth part of the size.

Texas plumed itself upon its 330,000 natives; Florida with a far smaller territory, boasted of being much more densely populated with 56,000.

The Texians, through the columns of the *Herald*, claimed that some regard should be had to a state which grew the best cotton in all America, produced the best green oak for the service of the







IT BECAME NECESSARY TO KEEP AN EYE UPON THE DEPUTIES.

navy, and contained the finest oil, besides iron mines, in which the yield was 50 per cent. of pure metal.

To this the *American Review* replied that the soil of Florida, although not equally rich, afforded the best conditions for the moulding and casting of the Columbiad, consisting as it did of sand and argillaceous earth.

"That may be all very well," replied the Texians; "but you must first get to this country. Now the communications with Florida are difficult, while the coast of Texas offers the bay of Galveston, which possesses a circumference of fourteen leagues, and is capable of containing the navies of the entire world!"

"A pretty notion truly," replied the papers in the interest of Florida, "that of Galveston Bay, *below the 29th parallel!* Have we not got the bay of Espiritu Santo, opening precisely upon *the 28th degree*, and by which ships can reach Tampa Town by direct route?"

"A fine bay! half choked with sand!" "Choked yourselves!" returned the others.

Thus the war went on for several days, when Florida endeavoured to draw her adversary away on to fresh ground; and one morning the *Times* hinted that, the enterprise being essentially American, it ought not to be attempted upon other than purely American territory.

To these words Texas retorted, "American! are we not as much so as you? Were not Texas and Florida both incorporated into the Union in 1845?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the *Times*; "but we have belonged to the Americans ever since 1820."

"Yes!" returned the *Tribune*; "after having been Spaniards or English for 200 years, you were sold to the United States for five million dollars!"

"Well! and why need we blush for that? Was not Louisiana bought from Napoleon in 1803 at the price of sixteen million dollars?"

"Scandalous!" roared the Texian deputies. "A wretched little strip of country like Florida to dare to compare itself to Texas, who, in place of selling herself, asserted her own independence, drove out the Mexicans in March 2, 1836, and declared herself a federal republic after the victory gained by Samuel Houston, on the banks of the San Jacinto, over the troops of Santa Anna!—a country, in fine, which voluntarily annexed itself to the United States of America!"

"Yes; because it was afraid of the Mexicans!" replied Florida.

"Afraid!" From this moment the state of things became intolerable. A sanguinary encounter seemed daily imminent between the two parties in the streets of Baltimore. It became necessary to keep an eye upon the deputies.

President Barbicane knew not which way to look. Notes, documents, letters full of menaces showered down upon his house. Which side ought he to take? As regarded the appropriation of



the soil, the facility of communication, the rapidity of transport, the claims of both states were evenly balanced. As for political prepossessions, they had nothing to do with the question.

This dead block had existed for some little time, when Barbicane resolved to get rid of it at once. He called a meeting of his colleagues, and laid before them a proposition which, it will be seen, was profoundly sagacious.

"On carefully considering," he said, "what is going on now between Florida and Texas, it is clear that the same difficulties will recur with all the towns of the favoured state. The rivalry will descend from state to city, and so on downwards. Now Texas possesses *eleven* towns within the prescribed conditions, which will further dispute he honour and create us new enemies, while Florida has only *one* I go in therefore, for Florida and Tampa Town."

This decision, on being made known, utterly crushed the Texian deputies. Seized with an indescribable fury, they addressed threatening letters to the different members of the Gun Club by name. The magistrates had but one course to take, and they took it. They chartered a special train, forced the Texians into it whether they would or no; and they quitted the city with a speed of thirty miles an hour.

Quickly, however, as they were despatched, they found time to hurl one last and bitter sarcasm at their adversaries.

Alluding to the extent of Florida, a mere peninsula confined between two seas, they pretended that it could never sustain the shock of the discharge, and that it would "bust up" at the very first shot.

"Very well, let it bust up!" replied the Floridans, with a brevity worthy of the days of ancient Sparta.

## CHAPTER XII.

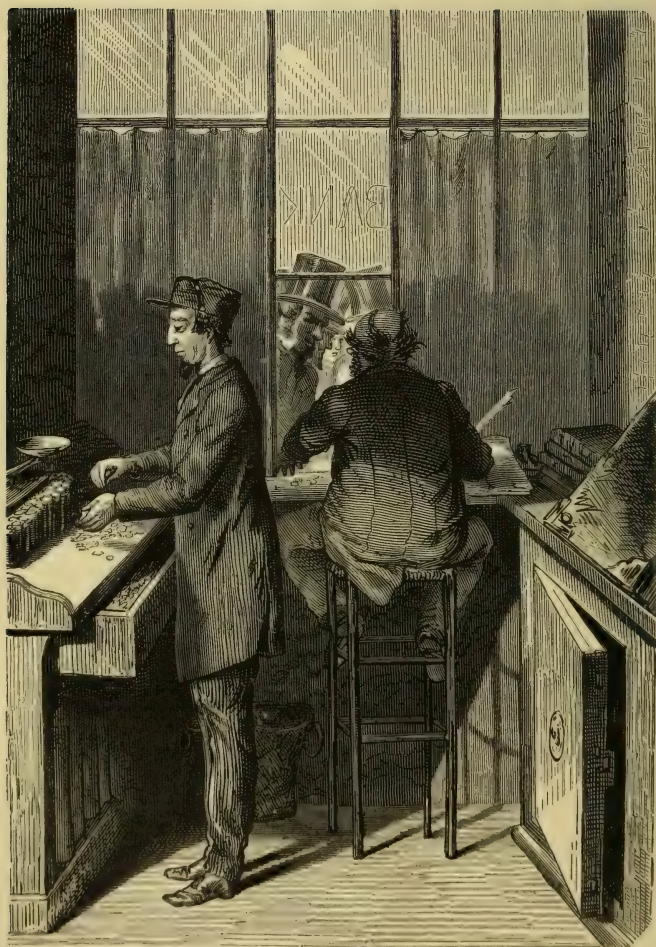
### URBI ET ORBI.

THE astronomical, mechanical, and topographical difficulties resolved, finally came the question of finance. The sum required was far too great for any individual, or even any single state, to provide the requisite millions.

President Barbicane undertook, despite of the matter being a purely American affair, to render it one of universal interest, and to request the financial co-operation of all peoples. It was, he maintained, the right and the duty of the whole earth to interfere in the affairs of its satellite. The subscription opened at Baltimore extended properly to the whole world—*Urbi et orbi*.

This subscription was successful beyond all expectation; notwithstanding that it was a question not of *lending* but of *giving* the money. It was a purely disinterested operation in the strictest sense of the term, and offered not the slightest chance of profit.





THE SUBSCRIPTION WAS OPENED.



The effect, however, of Barbicane's communication was not confined to the frontiers of the United States; it crossed the Atlantic and Pacific, invading simultaneously Asia and Europe, Africa and Oceania. The observatories of the Union placed themselves in immediate communication with those of foreign countries. Some, such as those of Paris, Petersburg, Berlin, Stockholm, Hamburg, Malta, Lisbon, Benares, Madras, and others, transmitted their good wishes; the rest maintained a prudent silence, quietly awaiting the result. As for the observatory at Greenwich, seconded as it was by the twenty-two astronomical establishments of Great Britain, it spoke plainly enough. It boldly denied the possibility of success, and pronounced in favour of the theories of Captain Nicholl. But this was nothing more than mere English jealousy.

On the 8th of October President Barbicane published a manifesto full of enthusiasm, in which he made an appeal to "all persons of good will upon the face of the earth." This document, translated into all languages, met with immense success.

Subscription lists were opened in all the principal cities of the Union, with a central office at the Baltimore Bank, 9, Baltimore Street.

In addition, subscriptions were received at the following banks in the different states of the two continents:—

- At Vienna, with S. M. de Rothschild.
- „ Petersburg, Stieglitz and Co.
- „ Paris, The Crédit Mobilier.
- „ Stockholm, Tottie and Arfuredson.
- „ London, N. M. Rothschild and Son.
- „ Turin, Ardouin and Co.
- „ Berlin, Mendelssohn.
- „ Geneva, Lombard, Odier, and Co.
- „ Constantinople, The Ottoman Bank.
- „ Brussels, J. Lambert.
- „ Madrid, Daniel Weisweller.
- „ Amsterdam, Netherlands Credit Co.
- „ Rome, Torlonia and Co.
- „ Lisbon, Lecesne.
- „ Copenhagen, Private Bank.
- „ Rio Janeiro, do.
- „ Monte Video, do.
- „ Valparaiso and Lima, Thomas la Châmbre and Co.
- „ Mexico, Martin Daran, and Co.

Three days after the manifesto of President Barbicane 4,000,000 of dollars were paid into the different towns of the Union. With such a balance the Gun Club might begin operations at once. But some days later advices were received to the effect that the foreign subscriptions were being eagerly taken up. Certain countries distinguished themselves by their liberality; others untied their purse-strings with less facility—matter of temperament. Figures are, however, more eloquent than words, and here is the official state-

ment of the sums which were paid in to the credit of the Gun Club at the close of the subscription.

Russia paid in as her contingent the enormous sum of 368,733 roubles. No one need be surprised at this, who bears in mind the scientific taste of the Russians, and the impetus which they have given to astronomical studies—thanks to their numerous observatories.

France began by deriding the pretensions of the Americans. The moon served as a pretext for a thousand stale puns and a score of ballads, in which bad taste contested the palm with ignorance. But as formerly the French paid before singing, so now they paid after having had their laugh, and they subscribed for a sum of 1,253,930 francs. At that price they had a right to enjoy themselves a little.

Austria showed herself generous in the midst of her financial crisis. Her public contributions amounted to the sum of 216,000 florins—a perfect godsend.

52,000 rix-dollars were the remittance of Sweden and Norway; the amount is large for the country, but it would undoubtedly have been considerably increased had the subscription been opened in Christiania simultaneously with that at Stockholm. For some reason or other the Norwegians do not like to send their money to Sweden.

Prussia, by a remittance of 250,000 thalers, testified her high approval of the enterprise.

Turkey behaved generously; but she had a personal interest in the matter. The moon, in fact, regulates the cycle of her years and her fast of Ramadan. She could not do less than give 1,372,640 piastres; and she gave them with an eagerness which denoted, however, some pressure on the part of the Government.

Belgium distinguished herself among the second-rate states by a grant of 513,000 francs—about two centimes per head of her population.

Holland and her colonies interested themselves to the extent of 110,000 florins, only demanding an allowance of five per cent. discount for paying ready money.

Denmark, a little contracted in territory, gave nevertheless 9000 ducats, proving her love for scientific experiments.

The Germanic Confederation pledged itself to 34,285 florins. It was impossible to ask for more; besides, they would not have given it.

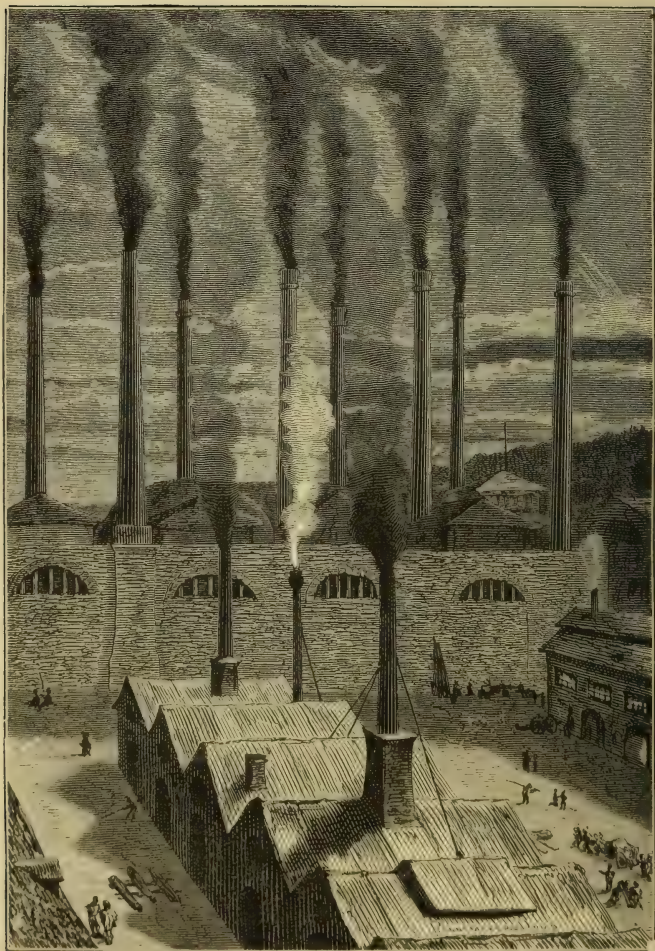
Though very much crippled, Italy found 200,000 lire in the pockets of her people. If she had had Venetia she would have done better; but she had *not*.

The States of the Church thought that they could not send less than 7040 Roman crowns; and Portugal carried her devotion to science as far as 30,000 cruzados. It was the widow's mite—eighty-six piastres; but self-constituted empires are always rather short of money.

257 francs, this was the modest contribution of Switzerland to the American work. One must freely admit that she did not see







THE MANUFACTORY OF GOLDSRING, NEAR <sup>NEW</sup> YORK.

the practical side of the matter. It did not seem to her that the mere despatch of a shot to the moon could possibly establish any relation of affairs with her; and it did not seem prudent to her to embark her capital in so hazardous an enterprise. After all, perhaps she was right.

As to Spain, she could not scrape together more than 110 reals. She gave as an excuse that she had her railways to finish. The truth is, that science is not favourably regarded in that country, it is still in a backward state; and, moreover, certain Spaniards, not by any means the least educated, did not form a correct estimate of the bulk of the projectile compared with that of the moon. They feared that it would disturb the established order of things. In that case it were better to keep aloof; which they did to the tune of some reals.

There remained but England; and we know the contemptuous antipathy with which she received Barbicane's proposition. The English have but one soul for the whole twenty-six millions of inhabitants which Great Britain contains. They hinted that the enterprise of the Gun Club was contrary to the "principle of non-intervention." And they did not subscribe a single farthing.

At this intimation the Gun Club merely shrugged its shoulders and returned to its great work. When South America, that is to say, Peru, Chili, Brazil, the provinces of La Plata and Columbia, had poured forth their quota into their hands, the sum of 300,000 dollars, it found itself in possession of a considerable capital, of which the following is a statement:—

United States subscriptions	.	.	4,000,000 dollars.
Foreign subscriptions	.	.	1,446,675 „
<hr/>			
Total	.	.	5,446,675 „

Such was the sum which the public poured into the treasury of the Gun Club.

Let no one be surprised at the vastness of the amount. The work of casting, boring, masonry, the transport of workmen, their establishment in an almost uninhabited country, the construction of furnaces and workshops, the plant, the powder, the projectile, and incidental expenses, would, according to the estimates, absorb nearly the whole. Certain cannon shots in the Federal war cost 1000 dollars a-piece. This one of President Barbicane, unique in the annals of gunnery, might well cost five thousand times more.

On the 20th of October a contract was entered into with the manufactory of Go'spring, near New York, which during the war had furnished Parrott with the best cast-iron guns. It was stipulated between the contracting parties that the manufactory of Goldspring should engage to transport to Tampa Town, in southern Florida, the necessary materials for casting the Columbiad. The work was bound to be completed at latest by the 15th of October following, and the cannon delivered in good condition under penalty of a forfeit of 100 dollars a-day to the moment when the moon

should again present herself under the same conditions—that is to say, in eighteen years and eleven days.

The engagement of the workmen, their pay, and all the necessary details of the work, devolved upon the Goldspring Company.

This contract, executed in duplicate, was signed by Barbicane, President of the Gun Club, of the one part, and T. Murphison, director of the Goldspring manufactory, of the other, who thus executed the deed on behalf of their respective principals.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### STONES HILL.

WHEN the decision was arrived at by the Gun Club, to the disparagement of Texas, every one in America, where reading is an universal acquirement, set to work to study the geography of Florida. Never before had there been such a sale for works like *Bertram's Travels in Florida*, *Roman's Natural History of East and West Florida*, *William's Territory of Florida*, and *Cleland on the Cultivation of the Sugar-Cane in Florida*. It became necessary to issue fresh editions of these works.

Barbicane had something better to do than to read. He desired to see things with his own eyes, and to mark the exact position of the proposed gun. So, without a moment's loss of time, he placed at the disposal of the Cambridge Observatory the funds necessary for the construction of a telescope, and entered into negotiations with the house of Breadwill and Co., of Albany, for the construction of an aluminium projectile of the required size. He then quitted Baltimore, accompanied by J. T. Maston, Major Elphinstone, and the manager of the Goldspring Factory.

On the following day, the four fellow-travellers arrived at New Orleans. There they immediately embarked on board the "Tampico," a despatch-boat belonging to the Federal navy, which the Government had placed at their disposal; and, getting up steam, the banks of the Louisiana speedily disappeared from sight.

The passage was not long. Two days after starting, the "Tampico," having made four hundred and eighty miles, came in sight of the coast of Florida. On a nearer approach Barbicane found himself in view of a low, flat country of somewhat barren aspect. After coasting along a series of creeks abounding in lobsters and oysters, the "Tampico" entered the bay of Espiritu Santo, where she finally anchored in a small natural harbour, formed by the *embouchure* of the River Hillisborough, at seven p.m., on the 22nd October.

Our four passengers disembarked at once. "Gentlemen," said Barbicane, "we have no time to lose; to-morrow we must obtain horses, and proceed to reconnoitre the country."

Barbicane had scarcely set his foot on shore when three thousand



of the inhabitants of Tampa Town came forth to meet him, an honour due to the president who had signalized their country by his choice.

Declining, however, every kind of ovation, Barbicane ensconced himself in a room of the Franklin Hotel.

On the morrow some of those small horses of the Spanish breed, full of vigour and of fire, stood snorting under his windows; but instead of *four* steeds, here were *fifty*, together with their riders. Barbicane descended with his three fellow-travellers; and much astonished were they all to find themselves in the midst of such a cavalcade. He remarked that every horseman carried a carbine slung across his shoulders and pistols in his holsters.

On expressing his surprise at these preparations, he was speedily enlightened by a young Floridan, who quietly said,—

“Sir, there are Seminoles there.”

“What do you mean by Seminoles?”

“Savages who scour the prairies. We thought it best, therefore, to escort you on your road.”

“Pooh!” cried J. T. Maston, mounting his steed.

“All right,” said the Floridan; “but it is true enough, nevertheless.”

“Gentlemen,” answered Barbicane, “I thank you for your kind attention; but it is time to be off.”

It was five a.m. when Barbicane and his party, quitting Tampa-town, made their way along the coast in the direction of Alafia Creek. This little river falls into Hillisborough Bay twelve miles above Tampa Town. Barbicane and his escort coasted along its right bank to the eastward. Soon the waves of the bay disappeared behind a bend of rising ground, and the Floridan “champagne” alone offered itself to view.

Florida, discovered on Palm Sunday, in 1512, by Juan Ponce de Leon, was originally named *Pascha Florida*. It little deserved that designation with its dry and parched coasts. But after some few miles of tract the nature of the soil gradually changes and the country shows itself worthy of the name. Cultivated plains soon appear, where are united all the productions of the northern and tropical floras, terminating in prairies abounding with pine-apples and yams, tobacco, rice, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, which extend beyond reach of sight, flinging their riches broadcast with careless prodigality.

Barbicane appeared highly pleased on observing the progressive elevation of the land; and in answer to a question of J. T. Maston, replied,—

“My worthy friend, we cannot do better than sink our Columbiad in these high grounds.”

“To get nearer to the moon, perhaps?” said the Secretary of the Gun Club.

“Not exactly,” replied Barbicane, smiling; “do you not see that amongst these elevated plateaus we shall have a much easier work

of it? No struggles with the water-springs, which will save us long and expensive tubings; and we shall be working in daylight instead of down a deep and narrow well. Our business, then, is to open our trenches upon ground some hundreds of yards above the level of the sea."

"You are right, sir," struck in Murchison, the engineer; "and, if I mistake not, we shall ere long find a suitable spot for our purpose."

"I wish we were at the first stroke of the pickaxe," said the president.

"And I wish we were at the *last*," cried J. T. Maston.

About ten a.m. the little band had crossed a dozen miles. To fertile plains succeeded a region of forests. There perfumes of the most varied kinds mingled together in tropical profusion. These almost impenetrable forests were composed of pomegranates, orange-trees, citrons, figs, olives, apricots, bananas, huge vines, whose blossoms and fruits rivalled each other in colour and perfume. Beneath the odorous shade of these magnificent trees fluttered and warbled a little world of brilliantly plumaged birds.

J. T. Maston and the major could not repress their admiration on finding themselves in presence of the glorious beauties of this wealth of nature. President Barbicane, however, less sensitive to these wonders, was in haste to press forward; the very luxuriance of the country was displeasing to him. They hastened onwards, therefore, and were compelled to ford several rivers, not without danger, for they were infested with huge alligators from fifteen to eighteen feet long. Maston courageously menaced them with his steel hook, but he only succeeded in frightening some pelicans and teal, while tall flamingos stared stupidly at the party.

At length these denizens of the swamps disappeared in their turn; smaller trees became thinly scattered among less dense thickets—a few isolated groups detached in the midst of endless plains over which ranged herds of startled deer.

"At last," cried Barbicane, rising in his stirrups, "here we are at the region of pines!"

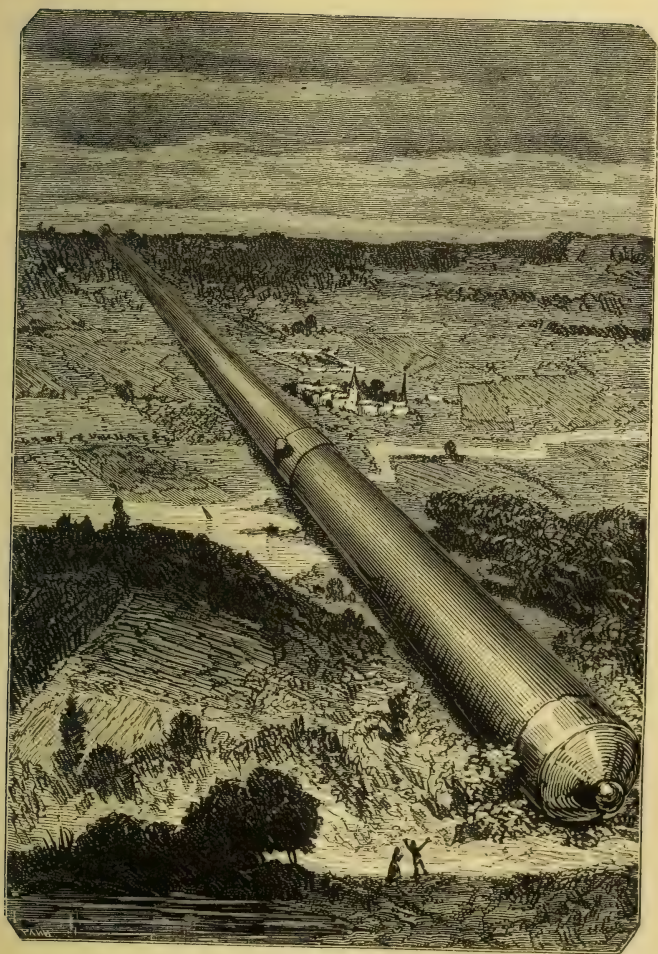
"Yes! and of savages too," replied the major.

In fact, some Seminoles had just come in sight upon the horizon; they rode violently backwards and forwards on their fleet horses, brandishing their spears or discharging their guns with a dull report. These hostile demonstrations, however, had no effect upon Barbicane and his companions.

They were then occupying the centre of a rocky plain, which the sun scorched with its parching rays. This was formed by a considerable elevation of the soil, which seemed to offer to the members of the Gun Club all the conditions requisite for the construction of their Columbiad.

"Halt!" said Barbicane, reining up. "Has this place any local appellation?"

"It is called Stones Hill," replied one of the Floridans.



IDEAL SKETCH OF J. T. MASTON'S GUN.





Barbicane, without saying a word, dismounted, seized his instruments, and began to note his position with extreme exactness. The little band, drawn up in rear, watched his proceedings in profound silence.

At this moment the sun passed the meridian. Barbicane, after a few moments, rapidly wrote down the result of his observations, and said,—

“This spot is situated 1800 feet above the level of the sea, in  $27^{\circ} 7'$  N. lat. and  $5^{\circ} 7'$  W. long. of the meridian of Washington. It appears to me by its rocky and barren character to offer all the conditions requisite for our experiment. On that plain will be raised our magazines, workshops, furnaces, and workmen's huts; and here, from this very spot,” said he, stamping his foot on the summit of Stones Hill, “hence shall our projectile take its flight into the regions of the Solar World.”

## SHADOWS OF OLD LONDON.

## No. II.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS—THE BABINGTON CONSPIRATORS—THE DUKE'S  
THEATRE.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS have been repeatedly threatened. The merciless grasp of improvement has already seized Old Square, where a stately new building has risen among time-hallowed and smoke-begrimed neighbours. And who shall say how long the Fields themselves will be more than a memory, like Holborn Bars, or a tradition, like the Fleet Ditch?

The hopeless lock in Chancery Lane during London's busy season causes wild anathemas as often as the season comes round; and when Carey Street was believed to have won the day against the Thames Embankment as a site for our promised Palace of Justice, Leigh Hunt's old scheme was revived and regarded with considerable favour—that of a grand thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand, carried through the heart of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

An improvement, unquestionably; a thing to make the hearts of lawyers' clerks rejoice, and bank messengers sing for joy. But what thick-coming fancies, what associations linking generation to generation, would be trodden down before that same pitiless march of improvement! Visions of scenes gay and gloomy, deeds tragic and comic, cluster round the old enclosure thickly as the leaves strew its garden paths in autumn. But who will be able to give these shadowy pageants a local habitation and a name when the tide of human life rushes over the old landmarks?

"In this mad-whirling, all-forgetting London," writes Carlyle, "the haunts of the mighty that were can seldom without a strange difficulty be discovered. Will any man, for instance, tell us which *bricks* they were in Lincoln's Inn Buildings that Ben Jonson's hand and trowel laid? No man, it is to be feared—and also grumbled at."<sup>1</sup>

Not which precise individual bricks, perhaps. But, as chroniclers of London memories fondly believe, the conglomerate wall may yet be identified; and we propose to visit it, on our way through

<sup>1</sup> "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," by Thomas Carlyle. Vol. iv. p. 112.



Lincoln's Inn Fields, as well as certain other spots dignified by association with noble names.

We must look back a long way to find the time when Lincoln's Inn took its name from the Earl of Lincoln, *temp.* Edward I., whose "Inn," or mansion, had attached to it so profitable a garden (on the site of that belonging to "the Old Black Friars House, *juxta* Oldbourne") that one year's sale of its apples and pears, nuts and cherries, realized a sum equal to 135*l.* of our currency; who of flowers would have none but roses; and who bought frogs and eels to feed the pike fattening in the pond in his garden's centre<sup>2</sup>—when Inns of Court had nothing to do with students or interpreters of the law, but were merely the town houses of noblemen holding office about the person of the king—and when the Fields were, first a green expanse of ample meadows, and then waste spaces, abandoned to rude sports, wild offences, and barbarous punishments.<sup>3</sup>

When Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, died in 1310, he assigned his mansion and grounds to certain professors of the law, who built an "Inn of Court" on the land so bequeathed, and named it after their noble predecessor.

Law, at that time, freely varied its arduous studies with fun and frolic, and the close neighbourhood of this nursery of jurists can have done little to sober the mad doings in the adjacent fields. Lincoln's Inn had its inevitable "masques, revels, Christmasings," and by an Order made in February of the seventh year of James I., "The under barristers were, by decimation, put out of commons for example's sake, because the whole Bar were offended by their not dancing on the Candlemas-day proceedings, according to the ancient order of the Society, when the Judges were present."<sup>4</sup>

Degenerate descendants these of the dancing dignitaries of the previous reign, in which—

"Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him;  
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,  
The seal and maces danced before him!  
His bushy beard, and shoestrings green,  
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,  
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it!"<sup>5</sup>

The anonymous author of a quaint old book, called "The English Dancing Master, or plaine and easie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tune to each Dance," enthusiastically exclaims—"Who hath not heard of the gentlemen of the Innes of

<sup>2</sup> *Archæological Journal*, 1848, p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> Cunningham's "Handbook," vol. i. p. 483.

<sup>4</sup> Knight's "London," vol. iv. p. 374.

<sup>5</sup> "Poetical Works of Thomas Gray," Cooke's edition. The editor says in a note:—"Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. Brawls were a sort of figure-dance then in vogue, probably deemed as elegant as the *modern cotillion*, or *still more modern quadrille*."

Court, whose sweet and airy activity has crowned their grand solemnities with admiration to all spectators!"

How refreshing it would have been if, during a certain ponderous trial we all wot of, Lord Chief Justice Bovill had occasionally cleared the court for a *brawl*—not forensic, but of that more cheerful character my good Lord Keeper figured in so admirably; while the Attorney-General and Sergeant Ballantine opposed each other—in a Highland Fling—and the Claimant and Mr. Baigent celebrated their happy release by a triumphant *pas de deux* outside!

A mock "King of the Cocknies" presided over the merry-makings at Lincoln's Inn during the time of shrewd King Jamie, and many wild pageants swept through the adjacent Fields, little less grotesque than that strange burlesque of them, the thieves' procession which, in Charles the Second's reign, paraded there the mace and purse of Lord Chancellor Finch, stolen from "the Chancellor's closet" in Great Queen Street. A bitter price Sadler paid for this exploit, "on Tyburn Tree," March 1676-7.

The word Tyburn recalls to us certain tragic associations which Lincoln's Inn Fields dispute with that locality, much earlier in date than Sadler's mock heroics. Not memories of which either spot has reason to be proud, by any means; for though the actors in "the Babington Conspiracy" merited their doom, the crooked ways through which they were tricked to it darken a disgraceful page of English history.

In May, 1586, the Virgin Queen's astute yet pecuniarily disinterested minister, Walsingham—of whom it was aptly remarked, that he "over-reached the Jesuits in their own equivocation and mental reservation"<sup>6</sup>—growing tired of the ceaseless though futile plots with which Mary Stuart vexed the peace of England, determined to entrap her into one so deadly that it should justify that last severity to which, as yet, he had failed to obtain Elizabeth's consent. Instruments in plenty were ready to his hands—some double-dealing as himself, plotters within a plot—others misguided enthusiasts, sincere enough, however erring. There was a half-hidden fire of religious and political discontent smouldering throughout Elizabeth's long reign which any chance breeze might fan into mischievous activity. The young Catholic gentlemen who six years before had welcomed the Jesuit Campian to England, were still restlessly though secretly active; and Walsingham's first step was to seek a go-between, subtle enough to win their confidence, and base enough to betray it to himself. Gilbert Gifford, a cadet of a good Staffordshire family, but trained from his tenth year in a Jesuit seminary at Rheims, fulfilled these requirements. He was the ideal Jesuit of romance—young, accomplished, wily, treacherous, pitiless, and false. Romance, indeed, tinges all the characters and incidents grouped in this section of our history. We have rival Queens—one in the zenith of her power, vain, imperious, swift to punish and slow to pardon,

<sup>6</sup> "State Worthies," pp. 514—516.

yet not wholly without manly sense and womanly attractions—the other a fugitive Circe, fatally beautiful, loyalty to whom invariably ended in love, and love in death; we have a crafty minister, in whose eyes, blinded by state necessity, faith to his sovereign and her country condoned all other faithlessness; we have a cluster of perjured spies, who wrote in cipher for Mary Stuart one day wild treasons which they interpreted for Elizabeth Tudor the next; and finally we have a hot-headed band of rebels, young, well-born, well-educated, who flung aside the honourable careers which lay before them, and, impelled by fanatic devotion to the Scottish Queen, rushed headlong to a predetermined death.

At the time that this scheme dawned on Walsingham's "busy brain" Mary Stuart was at Tutbury, under the strict surveillance of Puritan Amyas Paulet; that Gifford might more easily and naturally open communications with her, Walsingham determined on her removal, still under Paulet's care, to Chartley Manor, in Staffordshire, the house of the young Lord Essex, which was near the family mansion of the Giffords, and as well known to the Jesuit spy, Gilbert Gifford, as his own home.

Chartley had been suggested in the previous year as a suitable residence for Queen Mary, but its youthful master (then only about seventeen years of age) showed a prudent anxiety to avoid receiving so dangerously fascinating a guest. He must either have done violence to the chivalry of youth by treating his beautiful charge as a prisoner, or offended Elizabeth by too great courtesy to her rival, and accordingly begged hard to be excused the duty. In a letter to his grandfather, Sir Francis Knollys, Essex says, "I am so much moved to think my poor and only house should be used against my will, that I make all the means I can to prevent any such inconvenience. . . . It is the only house of him which must, if that be taken, live at borrowing lodgings of his neighbours. I being wished so many ill turns as the foregoing of the use of my house, the spoil of my wood, the marring of my little furniture, the miserable undoing of my poor tenants, I cannot but entreat my good friends to be a mean to the contrary, and, as a chief of them, your honourable self, whose help herein I humbly crave." Knollys forwarded the letter to Walsingham, seconding it with a marginal note, in the course of which he shrewdly remarks, "It is no policy for her Majesty to lodge the Queen of Scots in so young a man's house as he is." Meantime, "To prevent the worst," wrote Essex to Mr. Bagot (his companion and attendant), "and to have it less fit for that use, I would have you and Thomas Newport" (steward at Chartley) "remove all the bedding, hangings, and such like stuffs, to your own house for awhile; and if she come to Chartley it may be carried to Lichfield, or else, she being gone to Dudley, or elsewhere, it may be carried back."<sup>7</sup> But Essex was not compelled to proceed

<sup>7</sup> "Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex," by the Hon. Walter Bourchier Devereux. Murray, 1853. Vol. i. p. 173, *et seq.* The same work contains an interesting view of Chartley as it appeared at the period of Mary's



to these extremities. His own entreaties and his grandfather's wise suggestion averted, for a time, the threatened calamity. In the following year, Essex having gone to Holland, the neighbourhood of the Giffords made Chartley irresistible to Walsingham, and Amyas Paulet, much put about by the task, had to superintend Mary's removal thither. "You would hardly believe," he complained, "the baggage that this Queen and her company have of books, apparel, and other like trash . . . . A hundred carts will not serve the turn, and yet they have no bedding, nor other household stuff, save the Queen's wardrobe, a matter of nothing."<sup>8</sup>

At Chartley Mary sojourned for a time, unsuspecting and almost happy—enjoying more frequent exercise and readier intercourse with her friends—little dreaming that she had been placed there by Walsingham solely to fall more completely into the snare spread for her by Gilbert Gifford.

That clever intriguer found a half-developed plot which ripened rapidly under his skilful manipulation. Its originator was John Ballard, a Jesuit priest, who had long cherished designs against Elizabeth's life, and had obtained Gregory the Thirteenth's papal sanction to her projected murder—a deed, if followed by the penalty of death, "worthy," said that estimable pontiff, "of canonization."<sup>9</sup> This Ballard, calling himself Captain Fortescue, and dressed gallantly in blue velvet and plumed cap, travelled all over England, winning the confidence of Catholic families, and daily enlisting adherents to the cause of treason and regicide. Ultimately a band of young gentlemen, most of them belonging to the court, pledged themselves to assassinate Queen Elizabeth—"even under the cloth of state itself." The best known of this misguided brotherhood were Anthony Babington, a Derbyshire gentleman, who, having been page to the Earl of Shrewsbury when Mary Stuart was under his charge, had formed a romantic passion for her—though never approaching near enough to exchange a word with the object of his idolatry—and Chidiok Tichbourne, of Southampton, belonging to a family said to trace an unbroken line of honourable ancestors back to the Conquest.

Fiction never invented stratagems stranger than those by which the young enthusiasts communicated with their imprisoned heroine. Letters were concealed in a hollow tree in the grounds; a portrait group was painted (some say by Babington himself) to give Mary an idea of the personal appearance of her unknown defenders, with the sphinx-like motto—

"Quorsum hæc alio properantibus?"<sup>1</sup>

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residence there. "It was built round a court," says Mr. Devereux, "curiously made of wood, the sides carved and the top embattled . . . . It was destroyed by fire in 1781."

<sup>8</sup> MSS., Mary Queen of Scots.

<sup>9</sup> Froude's History, vol. xi. p. 45.

<sup>1</sup> "Curiosities of Literature," vol. ii. p. 173. It was added that some one contrived to show the picture to Elizabeth, which enabled her to recognize one

A brewer, who supplied the captive queen's table, was bribed by her to have a sealed box containing letters hidden in one of the barrels of beer, and bribed again by Walsingham (who, with grim irony, dubbed him "the honest man") to let the minister intercept the barrels, open the box, and copy and replace the correspondence; while, finally, "like a true English scoundrel," says Froude, the brewer used his mastery of a double secret to extort a double price for his beer. Never, surely, before or since, can that honest British beverage have been put to baser uses!

When Walsingham considered the plot ripe enough, his emissaries, on August 8th, 1586, made sudden and simultaneous seizures of its chief contrivers. Mary Stuart was hurried away on horseback from a hunting-party—her last glimpse of the wild exercise she so passionately loved—and placed under stricter guard than ever at Tixhall, the seat of Sir Walter Aston, while her apartments at Chartley were searched by Sir Amyas Paulet and Mr. Secretary Wade, who broke open boxes, sealed up desks, and carried letters, papers, and ciphers to Elizabeth. Taking her—if the purloined letters and documents may be credited as untampered with and genuine, and if the *quid pro quo* principle lies at the root of kingly justice—ample warrant for executing her dangerously captivating kinswoman. The tragedy which followed is familiar to us all—Mary's trial; her subtle equivocations while woman's wit compassed any chance of escape; her eloquent appeals for shelter as a fugitive, for pity as a stranger, for justice as a sister queen; and lastly her dignified and devout death

"On the ensanguined block of Fotheringay."

Meanwhile the humbler victims of Walsingham's craft and their own fanatic folly met a speedier doom. Ballard was captured at a tavern revel, in all the bravery of his plumes and blue velvet. Babington, basely hoping to save himself, sent warnings to Walsingham that a serious plot was on foot; but, as Babington had been Walsingham's unconscious tool throughout, he turned queen's evidence a little too late, and alarmed by the manner in which Walsingham received his treachery, fled with four friends to the recesses of St. John's Wood, then "a forest interspersed with farms," and staining their faces with walnut juice, hid in a barn at Harrow. In ten days they were discovered. Tichbourne was arrested in London; Abington in a haystack in Worcestershire; and a short time saw all the conspirators but two, who escaped to France, placed on their trial.

The scene at Westminster was curious and pathetic. The youth and high breeding, the romantic friendship and blind zeal which distinguished the misguided brotherhood, excited pity even in those who could not spare. "Oh, Ballard, Ballard," exclaimed the

of her sworn assassins lurking among the trees of Richmond Park; calling her guards round her, she discovered that not one of them was armed. "Am I not fairly guarded?" she scornfully demanded of their captain.

judge "what hast thou done? A sort of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion." Nearly all confessed their guilt; but showed that fanatic religion, misplaced loyalty, and personal attachment, had in their own minds turned vice to virtue. Some pleaded for relatives and dependants; others asked that their debts might be paid; but none save Babington—consistent in his cowardice—begged for their lives. They were sentenced to death with the judicial barbarity of those days. Dr. Lingard says the sentence was carried into effect in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Mr. Froude, as we before observed, gives the grim preference to Tyburn. But he remarks, "The Inns of Court were still the strongholds of Romanism; the young barristers had been gathering to mass through the summer with unusual audacity;" and this observation strengthens the evidence for Lincoln's Inn Fields, as, according to our old chronicler, the conspirators were all "hanged, bowelled, and quartered in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on a stage or scaffold of timber, erected for that purpose, *even in the place where they used to meete and to conferre of their traitorous practices.*"<sup>2</sup> Each sufferer was allowed to address the throng of spectators, and when Chidiok Tichbourne's turn came he spoke with quaintness and pathos, moving even now. "I had a friend, a dear friend," he exclaimed, "of whom I made no small account, *whose friendship hath brought me to this.* He told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done, but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it; but the regard of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified. I was silent, and so consented. Before this thing chanced we lived together in most flourishing estate. Of whom went report in the *Strand, Fleet Street*, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Tichbourne? And, God knows, what less in my head than matters of state." He went on speaking of "Agnes, my dear wife—the most loving wife alive," a letter to whom, in the same strain of remorseful tenderness, the elder D'Israeli found among the Harleian MSS., accompanied by a poem entitled, "Verses made by Chidiok Tichbourne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for Treason, 1586."

" My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;  
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain.

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<sup>2</sup> Stow's Ann, p. 1236. Lincoln's Inn had a more loyal reputation a few years previously, for we find at pp. 108-11 of the "Egerton Papers" (Camden Society, 1840), the terms of an "Association for the defence of Queen Elizabeth," dated 1584, according to which the members of the Inn bound themselves by oath, attested by their hands and seals, to support their sovereign against "foreign or domestic, open or concealed enemies." This unquestionably originated the idea of the long subsequent "Society for the protection of William of Orange and the Protestant religion."



The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

“ My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,  
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green ;  
My youth is past, and yet I am but young—  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.  
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

“ I sought for death, and found it in the womb,  
I look'd for life, and yet it was a shade ;  
I trod the ground, and knew it was my tomb,  
And now I die, and now I am but made.  
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run ;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.”<sup>3</sup>

D'Israeli says, in a note, that these verses have been printed in one of the old editions of Sir Walter Raleigh's poems, “but could never have been written by him.” Possibly not ; we submit the question to professed experts in literary style. Raleigh left in his Bible, the night before his own execution, a fragment, whose brevity and beauty will excuse its insertion here, though no shadow of its author is specially associated with Lincoln's Inn Fields :—

“ Even such is time, which takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
And pays us naught but age and dust,  
Which in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days !  
And from which grave and earth and dust,  
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.”

One grand distinction will strike the reader of these farewell poems, written under circumstances of such close resemblance. The absolute, bitter, despairing hopelessness of the one, smitten already into the dust of mortality, and the bright Christian faith of the other, triumphing over rapidly approaching doom.

There is no record of any other State execution taking place in Lincoln's Inn Fields till that terrible tragedy, the name of whose victim gives the spot its greatest and saddest interest. But before discussing this we must linger awhile among more cheerful associations.

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn were as fond of their large and beautiful gardens as Earl Henry had ever been, and for their further protection and privacy they had a high wall built, enclosing their turf and trees, shady avenues and secluded walks, from the traffic of Chancery Lane. This is the wall which is said to have

<sup>3</sup> We all remember how impressively the Attorney-General recited part of this poem last year, applying its point and pathos to the presumed early fate of one of the poet's latest descendants.

formed a stepping-stone to fortune for "the most illustrious of bricklayers"—Ben Jonson. "His mother," says Aubrey, "after his father's death, married a bricklayer, and it is generally said that he wrought some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn next to Chancery Lane," adding, "a knight, or benchman, walking through and hearing him repeat some Greek names out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a wit extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College in Cambridge."<sup>4</sup> Fuller says that he had been there before, at St. John's, but poverty had compelled him to resume the bricklaying. "He helped in the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."<sup>5</sup> Robert Bell, in the careful memoir prefixed to his edition of Jonson, corroborates (from Drummond) the bricklaying, but doubts the transition to Cambridge, as no such name is to be found in the University register. He says that, according to Drummond, Jonson was "*taken from school*" and "put to one other craft," and that when he ceased to handle the trowel he entered our army, then serving in Flanders, as a volunteer.<sup>6</sup>

The Fields were first enclosed by Inigo Jones, in 1618, under the supervision of a committee of gentlemen, of whom Bacon was one. Their commission states that the ground called Lincoln's Inn Fields was much planted round with dwelling-houses and lodgings of noblemen and gentlemen of quality, but at the same time it was deformed by cottages and mean buildings, encroachments on the fields, and nuisances to the neighbourhood. These grievances are ordered to be reformed, and the Fields called Cup Fields and Purse Fields to be framed and reduced, both for sweetness, conformity, and comeliness, in such sort, manner, and form as by the said Inigo Jones is or shall be drawn by way of map.

Cup Fields and Purse Fields! only too appropriate, these names, to the riotous revels which then took place in them, when gentlemen who had indulged in far too many cups, were cleverly relieved of their lightened purses.

Pennant states that the great square, only the second square formed in London, was planned to comprise exactly the same extent of ground as that covered by the Great Pyramid, and Leigh Hunt's poetic fancy revels in the idea:—"If the passenger," he says, "stops and pictures to himself one of the huge slanting sides of the pyramid, as wide as the whole length of the square, leaning away up into the atmosphere, with an apex we know not how high, it will indeed seem to him a kind of stone mountain."<sup>7</sup>

Mr. Heneage Jesse, in the recent edition of his "London," repeats Pennant's statement. Cunningham calls Lincoln's Inn "A noble square, stated (but erroneously) to be laid out by

<sup>4</sup> Aubrey's "Lives and Letters," p. 401.

<sup>5</sup> Fuller's "Worthies of England," vol. ii. p. 424.

<sup>6</sup> Bell's "British Poets." Jonson, p. 7.

<sup>7</sup> "The Town," p. 197.

Inigo Jones, in the year 1618, with regard to so trifling a circumstance as to be of the exact dimensions of the base of one of the pyramids of Egypt. 'This,' says Walpole, 'could have been admired in those ages when the keep at Kenilworth Castle was erected in the form of a horse-fetter, and the Escorial in the shape of St. Lawrence's gridiron.' The west side, all that Inigo lived to build upon, was called the Arch Row."<sup>8</sup> It will be noticed that Mr. Cunningham gives no clue to where this quotation from Walpole is to be found, not even the name of the work; but he very ingeniously contrives, without actual garbling, to make the passage inferentially support his own doctrine that the pyramid story is "erroneous." What Walpole really says on the subject is:—"In 1618 a special commission was issued to the Lord Chancellor, the Earls of Worcester, Pembroke, Arundel, and others, to plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields, as it shall be drawn by way of map or ground-plot by Inigo Jones, surveyor-general of the works."<sup>9</sup> And Walpole adds, in a foot-note, "*That square is laid out with a regard to so trifling a circumstance as to be of the exact dimensions of one of the Pyramids.* This would have been admired," &c. It is puzzling to imagine what special personal aversion to the pyramid theory could have betrayed a compiler ordinarily so accurate and conscientious as Mr. Cunningham into such absolute misrepresentation. According to Walpole, Inigo Jones's imagination must have been pyramid-haunted, for, at page 405 of the same work, Walpole remarks, "the great repair or restoration of St. Paul's by Inigo Jones presented a pile of massive ugliness which neither before nor since has been imagined or executed, *resembling the Egyptian Pyramids in style* much more than any ecclesiastical building in Europe."

Inigo Jones also built the mansion of the Earls of Lindsey (afterwards Dukes of Ancaster) on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there first introduced the diminishing pilaster. "Lindsey House," says Walpole, "owes its chief grace to this singularity."<sup>1</sup> From the days of the "Inn" of Earl Henry of Lincoln, the spot had been a favourite one for noble residences; in Charles the Second's time the Earls of Bristol and Sandwich had mansions there. In Portugal Row, Sir Richard Fanshawe, the translator of Camoens, lived before he was sent as ambassador to Spain; and in Holborn Row, on the north side of the Fields, his affectionate biographer and devoted wife (who disguised herself as a cabin boy, in order to remain by her husband's side on deck, when the vessel in which they were proceeding to Spain was attacked by a Turkish galley) spent her long and lonely widowhood.

Milton's house, in Holborn, "opened backward into Lincoln's

<sup>8</sup> "Handbook for London," vol. ii. p. 483.

<sup>9</sup> "Anecdotes of Painting in England," collected by the late George Vertue; digested and published from his original MSS., by Horace Walpole, with additions by the Rev. James Dallaway and Ralph N. Wornum, vol. ii. p. 413 (1862 ed.).

<sup>1</sup> Ibid. Vol. ii. p. 413.



Inn Fields ;”<sup>2</sup> and at No. 24, in the south angle of the great court leading out of Chancery Lane, then called “The Gatehouse Court,” but now Old Square, an incident is said to have occurred, which we recommend to the attention of the next playwright who shall follow the present popular fashion of including “our chief of men” among his *dramatis personæ*. Cromwell’s trusted Secretary, Thurloe, occupied the ground-floor apartments on the left hand at No. 24, and the Protector, coming there privately one night, began to discuss with his Secretary a plot for inducing Charles the Second and his brothers of York and Gloucester to return to England ; they were to land under the promise to meet a loyal army, but to be shot on touching the shore. When nearly the whole of this delectable project had been disclosed, Cromwell suddenly discovered a clerk (afterwards Sir Samuel Morland) apparently asleep at his desk. The Lord Protector drew his sword and would have slain him on the spot but for Thurloe’s assurance that the slumber was sound, as Morland had been at work during the whole of the two previous nights. The sleep, however, is said to have been a pretence which saved four lives ; for Morland, who had heard all, apprised the young Princes of their danger, and they avoided the snare.

The story thus told by Jesse is highly dramatic, and some indisputable facts recorded by earlier chroniclers may be held, according to the reader’s bias, either to support or to have originated it. Morland was certainly, for a time, clerk to Secretary Thurloe, and was subsequently sent by Cromwell on various embassies ; and it is equally certain that he afterwards entered the service of Charles the Second, by whom he was made a baronet. But whether the tie primarily uniting them was actually the disclosure of a design on the young King’s life seems more open to doubt, though there are several versions of the tradition. For instance, Granger’s story<sup>3</sup> is substantially the same as that adopted by Mr. Jesse ; but Echard, while relating the existence of a plot against the royal brothers, and its revelation by Morland, in a very circumstantial manner, says not a word of Cromwell’s drawing his sword with the intention of despatching the seeming sleeper, but being dissuaded from his purpose by the representations of Thurloe.<sup>4</sup>

Pepys, again, says he was told by Morland himself that while Thurloe’s secretary he had informed the exiled Charles of designs against his life ; but he, too, omits all mention of Cromwell’s sword-play.<sup>5</sup>

There is a rumour—repeated by Anthony à Wood, Noble, and some anonymous biographers—that Cromwell himself was “entered of Lincoln’s Inn :” but Carlyle and William Hazlitt the younger dismiss it as unauthenticated, having failed to find the name of the future Lord Protector upon the books of the Inn.

<sup>2</sup> Johnson’s “Lives of the English Poets,” vol. i. p. 100.

<sup>3</sup> Granger’s “Biographical History of England,” vol. iii. p. 357.

<sup>4</sup> Echard’s “History of England.” Jacob Tonson, 1720. Folio edition, vol. i. p. 728.

<sup>5</sup> “Diary.” Bohn’s edition, vol. i. p. 101.

When Cromwell became Lord Protector he protected Lincoln's Inn Fields after a fashion which looks strange to modern eyes.

Jealousy—based on grounds social, sanitary, and political—was always shown by the early rulers of England in regard to the growth of London.

Camden records that, so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a Royal Proclamation forbade the erection of any new dwelling-houses "within three miles of the gates of the city;" and ordered that no more than one family should dwell in one house. These restrictions were said to be demanded by frequently recurring visitations of that terrible scourge—the plague. But, unquestionably, uneasiness at the congregation of vast masses of people who, by virtue of close neighbourhood, could rise at the briefest notice and combine under popular leaders in bodies strong enough to shake the throne itself, was in those stormy times a motive equally powerful.

In that case the prohibition originated with the Crown: in the parallel instance during the Protectorate, with which we are chiefly concerned, individuals appear to have solicited the interference of Government; for we find from that curious and valuable storehouse of historical facts, Burton's "Parliamentary Diary," that in February, 1656-7, the House of Commons resolved to pass a Bill requiring the imposition of a fine on every building erected on a new foundation in or within ten miles of "the suburbs of the City of London" (a rather vague definition) since March, 1620, the fine to consist of a year's rent; with an additional clause prohibiting future buildings under penalties yet more severe.<sup>6</sup>

The following Proclamation, dated "Whitehall, August 11, 1656," shows what influence had been at work to promote the Bill:—

"Upon consideration of the humble petition of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and of divers persons of quality, inhabitants in and about the Fields heretofore called by the several names of Purs Field, Cup Field, and Fitchett's Field, and now known by the name of Lincoln's Inn Fields, adjoining to the said Society, and to the Cities of London and Westminster, and of the inhabitants of other places adjacent to the said Fields, whose names are contained in a schedule unto the said petition annexed, on the behalf of the Commonwealth, themselves, and others, the inhabitants, setting forth, among other things, that divers persons have prepared very great store of bricks and other materials for the erecting of new buildings upon the said Fields: Ordered, by his Highness the Lord Protector and the Council, that there be a stay of all further buildings, as well in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as also in the Fields commonly called St. James's Fields, upon any new foundation; and likewise, of all further proceedings in any such buildings already begun. And that it be recommended to the Justices of the Peace for the City of Westminster and liberties thereof, to take care that there be no such new buildings, nor proceeding in any such building already begun."

In conclusion, this stringent Proclamation (quoted from the *Public Intelligencer*, No. 45, p. 770) enjoins a "speedy and effectual prosecution" of all unlucky speculators who had begun to treat the hallowed precincts of the Fields as "an eligible piece of building-ground."

<sup>6</sup> "Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 to 1659." Edited by John Towill Rutt. Colburn, 1828 Vol. ii. p. 25.

Lincoln's Inn saw a right royal revel in the Merry Monarch's time, when Sir Francis Goodericke, Reader of the Society, invited the king to dine in Lincoln's Inn Hall: "His Majestie made his entrance through the garden, at the great gate opening into Chancery Lane, next to Holborn, where Mr. Reader and the rest of the Benchers and Associates waited his coming, and attended his Majestie up to the tarras walke, next the Fielde, and so through the garden; the trumpets and kettle-drums, from the leads over the highest bay-window, in the middle of the garden building, sounding all the while." When the king's heart was "merry with wine," after dinner, he called for the Admission Book, and "with his own hand entered his royal name therein;" an example followed—somewhat unsteadily—by all his company, from Rupert of the Rhine down to Killigrew the Jester.

In the same reign Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, hoping that absence would make the heart of his lovely, accomplished, incredibly shameless wife grow fonder, started on a very extended foreign tour. He reached England in 1669, and Count Lorenzo Magalotti, one of his suite, who wrote an ample narrative of their experiences, is eulogistic of Lincoln's Inn Fields. "His Highness," writes the Count, "after dinner went out in his carriage to see the city, going as far as Lincoln's Inn Fields, one of the largest and handsomest squares in London, both in respect to the uniformity and the size of its buildings. Its form is quadrangular, and three sides of it are composed of very beautiful houses; before each of these is a court or square enclosed by a low wall, which, besides taking away the view from the ground floor, spoils the prospect, and makes the circumference of the square appear less than it is. On the other side is a college lately built, which takes its name from the square. It contains within its enclosure spacious gardens for walking in hot weather."

Crossing Lincoln's Inn Fields towards evening we shall be pretty sure again to encounter the agile, though somewhat portly, shadow of worthy Mr. Pepys; for, in 1662, Sir William Davenant (Poet Laureate) was licensed to open what he called "the Duke's Theatre," taking for his special patron James Duke of York, in contradistinction to Killigrew's playhouse, on the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre, which was usually called "the King's House." Davenant's Theatre was in Portugal Row, by some authorities supposed to have been the present Portugal Street, by others only a name for the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Davenant, with daring and successful enterprise, distinguished his house by the introduction of women instead of boys for heroines, movable painted scenes, and an orchestra. These brilliant novelties naturally attracted large patronage from the court, and when the court and the stage united their attractions we may be sure our lively gossip was not far behind. Here he sat in ecstasie interest, dividing his delighted

<sup>7</sup> "Travels of Cosmo the Third." Translated from the Italian MS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence, p. 252. London, 1821



attention between the king, surrounded with wits and beauties in the boxes, and the little less dazzling company of wits and beauties on the stage. "It is the finest playhouse, I believe," cries Pepys, after one of these exalted evenings, "that ever was in England." Here, too, our most candid of diarists experienced one of those twinges of tender conscience which intermittently attacked him. "Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields," he says, "observed at the Opera<sup>s</sup> a new play, 'Twelfth Night,' was acted there, and the king there; so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so, after it was done, went home with my mind troubled for my going thither after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her."<sup>9</sup> Four years later the Duke's Theatre was destroyed in the Great Fire, but Lincoln's Inn Fields had another attraction for Pepys in the shape of a wonderful house fitted up by a friend of his:—"With Mr. Povey home to dinner, where extraordinary cheer; and after dinner up and down to see his house; and in a word, methinks, for his perspective in the little closet, his room floored above with woods of several colours like, but above, the best cabinet-work I ever saw; his grotto and vault, with his bottles of wine and a well therein to keep them cool; his furniture of all sorts; his bath at the top of the house, good pictures, and manner of eating and drinking, do surpass all that ever I did see of one man in all my life."<sup>1</sup> Had we had only the testimony of the enthusiastic Pepys to the marvels of Povey's residence we might have suspected exaggeration, but the sober Evelyn records a visit to it in much the same strain:—"Went to see Mr. Povey's elegant house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the perspective in his court, painted by Streeter, is indeed excellent, with the vases, in imitation of porphyry, and fountains; the inlaying of his closet; above all, his pretty cellar and laying of his wine-bottles."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Povey left Lincoln's Inn Fields for a house near Hounslow, called the Priory, where Evelyn used to visit him and partake his "extraordinary" cheer. He moved just before the Great Fire. Whether his Lincoln's Inn residence was burnt with the Duke's Theatre we do not know. But for this removal it is very probable that, standing at his friend's window, Evelyn would have witnessed the shadow of a great judicial murder fall across the square, whose illustrious victim, that "sweet saint" his wife, and his Cause—which, though seemingly lost with his life, yet triumphed with the landing of the Dutch Deliverer at Torbay five years subsequently—shall be the triple theme of our next paper.

<sup>s</sup> "So called," says Cunningham ("Story of Nell Gwyn," p. 12), "from the nature of its performances." It stood at the back of what is now the Royal College of Surgeons, and was originally a tennis-court.

<sup>9</sup> Pepys's "Diary," vol. i. p. 217.

<sup>1</sup> "Diary," vol. ii. p. 129.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i. p. 403.

## FOUNTAINS OF MUSIC.

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WHENCE come the waves of music that o'er my fancy roll,  
Whence are the myriad harmonies that surge upon my soul?

Whence are the changing melodies that throb upon the air,  
Speaking of love and beauty, of sorrow and despair?

Is it the flowers that play them? does the budding rose of June  
Ring from her crimson petals a love-inspiring tune?

Is it the birds who bring them to bless me and to cheer,  
Pouring a rain of sweetness on my enraptured ear?

Is it the solemn cypress and the sad autumnal wind,  
Chanting the mournful music that floats upon my mind?

Or does the restless ocean, when breaking on the shore,  
Teach me the chords of passion that haunt me evermore?

Is it the rolling planets, above me as they shine,  
That whisper Heaven's own secrets in harmonies divine?

Ay truly! questioning spirit; from nature's key-notes flow,  
Passionate chords and octaves, tender and deep and low.

*Thy* duty is to listen! Ay! listen to them well,  
And joy shall be within thee, unseen, ineffable!

The winds, the seas, the planets, their secrets shall reveal,  
And *thou* shalt reannounce them in the solemn organ-peal.

Flowrets and birds their love-tales and tender tunes shall sing,  
And thou shalt reproduce them on the lyre's engoldened string.

The cypress and the yew-tree shall o'er thy wild harp wave,  
And hint of mighty secrets that lie beyond the grave.

And fairy mirth shall visit thee on lightly-dancing feet,  
And teach thee on the harpsichord her measure gay and sweet.

And those who will not listen, or heed thy witching strain,  
*Thou* from thy lofty summit canst view them with disdain.

For mingling in and through it all, far deeper and more clear,  
A grander, nobler harmony shall fall upon thine ear.

In the calm and holy silence of the star-illuminated skies,  
Thou shalt hear the angels playing on their harps in Paradise.

And to make the glory perfect, and the music pure and whole,  
All these and *more* than all of these shall live within thy *soul*!

ROSALIND.

# WORK; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THROUGH THE MIST.

THE year that followed was the saddest Christie had ever known, for she suffered a sort of poverty which is more difficult to bear than actual want, since money cannot lighten it, and the rarest charity alone can minister to it. Her heart was empty, and she could not fill it; her soul was hungry, and she could not feed it; life was cold and dark, and she could not warm and brighten it, for she knew not where to go.

She tried to help herself by all means in her power, and when effort after effort failed she said, "I am not good enough yet to deserve happiness. I think too much of human love, too little of divine. When I have made God my friend, perhaps He will let me find and keep one heart to make life happy with. How shall I know God? Who will tell me where to find Him, and help me to love and lean upon Him as I ought?"

In all sincerity she asked these questions, in all sincerity she began her search, and with pathetic patience waited for an answer. She read many books, some wise, some vague, some full of superstition, all unsatisfactory to one who wanted a living God. She went to many churches, studied many creeds, and watched their fruits as well as she could; but still remained unsatisfied. Some were cold and narrow, some seemed theatrical and superficial, some stern and terrible, none simple, sweet and strong enough for humanity's many needs. There was too much machinery, too many walls, laws, and penalties between the Father and His children. Too much fear, too little love; too many saints and intercessors; too little faith in the instincts of the soul which turns to God as flowers to the sun; too much idle strife about names and creeds; too little knowledge of the natural religion which has no name but goodliness, whose creed is boundless and benignant as the sunshine, whose faith is as the tender trust of little children in their mother's love.

Nowhere did Christie find this all-sustaining power, this paternal



friend and comforter, and after months of patient searching she gave up her quest, saying despondently,—

“I’m afraid I never shall get religion, for all that’s offered me seems so poor, so narrow, or so hard, that I cannot take it for my stay. A God of wrath I cannot love; a God that must be propitiated, adorned, and adored like an idol, I cannot respect; and a God who can be blinded to men’s iniquities through the week by a little beating of the breast and bowing down on the seventh day, I cannot serve. I want a Father to whom I can go with all my sins and sorrows, all my hopes and joys, as freely and fearlessly as I used to go to my human father, sure of help and sympathy and love. Shall I ever find Him?”

Alas, poor Christie! she was going through the sorrowful perplexity that comes to so many before they learn that religion cannot be given or bought, but must grow as trees grow, needing frost and snow, rain and wind to strengthen it before it is deep-rooted in the soul; that God is in the hearts of all, and they that seek shall surely find Him when they need Him most.

So Christie waited for religion to reveal itself to her, and, while she waited, worked with an almost desperate industry, trying to buy a little happiness for herself by giving a part of her earnings to those whose needs money could supply. She clung to her little room, for there she could live her own life undisturbed, and preferred to stint herself in other ways rather than give up this liberty. Day after day she sat there sewing health of mind and body into the long seams or dainty stitching that passed through her busy hands, and while she thought sad, bitter, oftentimes rebellious thoughts.

It was the worst life she could have led just then, for, deprived of the active, cheerful influences she most needed, her mind preyed on itself, slowly and surely, preparing her for the dark experience to come. She knew that there was fitter work for her somewhere, but how to find it was a problem which wiser women have often failed to solve. She was no pauper, yet was one of those whom poverty sets at odds with the world, for favours burden and dependence makes the bread bitter unless love brightens the one and sweetens the other.

There are many Christies, willing to work yet unable to bear the contact with coarser natures which makes labour seem degrading, or to endure the hard struggle for the bare necessities of life when life has lost all that makes it beautiful. People wonder when such as she say they can find little to do; but to those who know nothing of the pangs of pride, the sacrifices of feeling, the martyrdoms of youth, love, hope, and ambition that go on under the faded cloaks of these poor gentlewomen, who tell them to go into factories, or scrub in kitchens, for there is work enough for all, the most convincing answer would be, “Try it.”

Christie kept up bravely till a wearisome low fever broke both strength and spirit, and brought the weight of debt upon her when least fitted to bear or cast it off. For the first time she began to

feel that she had nerves which would rebel, and a heart that could not long endure isolation from its kind without losing the cheerful courage which hitherto had been her staunchest friend. Perfect rest, kind care, and genial society were the medicines she needed, but there was no one to minister to her, and she went blindly on along the road so many women tread.

She left her bed too soon, fearing to ask too much of the busy people who had done their best to be neighbourly. She returned to her work when it felt heavy in her feeble hands, for debt made idleness seem wicked to her conscientious mind. And, worst of all, she fell back into the bitter, brooding mood which had become habitual to her since she lived alone. While the tired hands slowly worked, the weary brain ached and burned with heavy thoughts, vain longings, and feverish fancies, till things about her sometimes seemed as strange and spectral as the phantoms that had haunted her half-delirious sleep. Inexpressibly wretched were the dreary days, the restless nights, with only pain and labour for companions. The world looked very dark to her, life seemed an utter failure, God a delusion, and the long, lonely years before her too hard to be endured.

It is not always want, insanity, or sin that drives women to desperate deaths ; often it is a dreadful loneliness of heart, a hunger for home and friends, worse than starvation, a bitter sense of wrong in being denied the tender ties, the pleasant duties, the sweet rewards that can make the humblest life happy ; a rebellious protest against God, who, when they cry for bread, seems to offer them a stone. Some of these impatient souls throw life away, and learn too late how rich it might have been with a stronger faith, a more submissive spirit. Others are kept, and slowly taught to stand and wait till blest with a happiness the sweeter for the doubt that went before.

There came a time to Christie when the mist about her was so thick she would have stumbled and fallen had not the little candle, kept a-light by her own hand, showed her how far "a good deed shines in a naughty world ;" and when God seemed utterly forgetful of her, He sent a friend to lead her home.

March winds were whistling among the house-tops, and the sky was darkening with a rainy twilight, as Christie folded up her finished work, stretched her weary limbs, and made ready for her daily walk. Even this was turned to profit, for then she took home her work, went in search of more, and did her own small marketing. As late hours and unhealthy labour destroyed appetite, and unpaid debts made each mouthful difficult to swallow with Mrs. Flint's hard eye upon her, she had undertaken to supply her own food, and so lessen the obligation that burdened her. An unwise retrenchment, for, busied with the tasks that must be done, she too often neglected or deferred the meals to which no society lent interest, no appetite gave flavour ; and when the fuel was withheld the fire began to die out spark by spark.

As she stood before the little mirror, smoothing the hair upon her forehead, she watched the face reflected there, wondering if it



could be the same she used to see so full of youth and hope and energy.

"Yes, I'm growing old; my youth is nearly over, and at thirty I shall be a faded, dreary woman, like so many I see and pity. It's hard to come to this after trying so long to find my place, and do my duty. I'm a failure after all, and might as well have stayed with Aunt Betsey or married Joe."

"Miss Devon, to-day is Saturday, and I'm makin' up my bills, so I'll trouble you for your month's board, and as much on the old account as you can let me have."

Mrs. Flint spoke, and her sharp voice rasped the silence like a file, for she had entered without knocking, and her demand was the first intimation of her presence.

Christie turned slowly round, for there was no elasticity in her motions now; through the melancholy anxiety her face always wore of late there came the worried look of one driven almost beyond endurance, and her hands began to tremble nervously as she tied on her bonnet. Mrs. Flint was a hard woman, and dunned her debtors relentlessly; Christie dreaded the sight of her, and would have left the house had she been free of debt.

"I am just going to take these things home and get more work. I am sure of being paid, and you shall have all I get. But for Heaven's sake give me time."

Two days and a night of almost uninterrupted labour had given a severe strain to her nerves, and left her in a dangerous state. Something in her face arrested Mrs. Flint's attention; she observed that Christie was putting on her best cloak and hat, and to her suspicious eye the bundle of work looked unduly large.

It had been a hard day for the poor woman; for the cook had gone off in a huff, the chamber girl been detected in petty larceny, two desirable boarders had disappointed her, and the incapable husband had fallen ill; so it was little wonder that her soul was tried, her sharp voice sharper, and her sour temper sourer than ever.

"I *have* heard of folks putting on their best things and going out, but never coming back again, when they owed money. It's a mean trick, but it's sometimes done by them you wouldn't think it of," she said, with an aggravating sniff of intelligence.

To be suspected of dishonesty was the last drop in Christie's full cup. She looked at the woman with a strong desire to do something violent, for every nerve was tingling with irritation and anger. But she controlled herself, though her face was colourless and her hands were more tremulous than before. Unfastening her comfortable cloak, she replaced it with a shabby shawl, took off her neat bonnet and put on a hood, unfolded six linen shirts, and shook them out before her landlady's eyes; then retied the parcel, and, pausing on the threshold of the door, looked back with an expression that haunted the woman long afterwards, as she said, with the quiver of strong excitement in her voice,—

"Mrs. Flint, I have always dealt honourably by you; I always



mean to do it, and don't deserve to be suspected of dishonesty like that. I leave everything I own behind me, and if I don't come back, you can sell them all and pay yourself, for I feel now as if I *never* wanted to see you or this room again."

Then she went rapidly away, supported by her indignation, for she had done her best to pay her debts, had sold the few trinkets she possessed, and several treasures given by the Carrols, to settle her doctor's bill, and had been half killing herself to satisfy Mrs. Flint's demands. The consciousness that she had been too lavish in her generosity when fortune smiled upon her made the present want all the harder to bear. But she would neither beg nor borrow, though she knew Harry would delight to give, and Uncle Enos lend her money, with a lecture on extravagance, gratis.

"I'll paddle my own canoe as long as I can," she said sternly ; "and when I must ask help, I'll turn to strangers for it, or scuttle my boat, and go down without troubling any one."

When she came to her employer's door, the servant said, "Missis was out;" then seeing Christie's disappointed face, she added confidentially,—

"If it's any comfort to know it, I can tell you that missis wouldn't have paid you if she had been at home. There's been three other women here with work, and she's put 'em all off. She always does, and beats 'em down into the bargain, which ain't genteel to my thinkin'."

"She promised me I should be well paid for these, because I undertook to get them done without fail. I've worked day and night rather than disappoint her, and felt sure of my money," said Christie despondently.

"I'm sorry, but you won't get it. She told me to tell you your price was too high, and she could find folks to work cheaper."

"She did not object to the price when I took the work, and I have half-ruined my eyes over the fine stitching. See if it isn't nicely done." And Christie displayed her exquisite needlework with pride.

The girl admired it, and, having a grievance of her own, took satisfaction in berating her mistress.

"It's a shame ! These things are part of a present the ladies are going to give the minister ; but I don't believe he'll feel easy in 'em if poor folks is wronged to get 'em. Missis won't pay what they are worth, I know ; for don't you see, the cheaper the work is done, the more money she has to make a spread with her share of the present ? It's my opinion you'd better hold on to these shirts till she pays for 'em handsome."

"No ; I'll keep *my* promise, and I hope she will keep hers. Tell her I need the money very much, and have worked very hard to please her. I'll come again on Monday, if I'm able."

Christie's lips trembled as she spoke, for she was feeble still, and the thought of that hard-earned money had been her sustaining hope through the weary hours spent over that ill-paid work. The girl said "Good-bye" with a look of mingled pity and respect, for

in her eyes the seamstress was more of a lady than the mistress in this transaction.

Christie hurried to another place, and asked eagerly if the young ladies had any work for her. "Not a stitch" was the reply, and the door closed. She stood a moment looking down upon the passers-by, wondering what answer she would get if she accosted any one ; and had any especially benevolent face looked back at her, she would have been tempted to do it, so heartsick and forlorn did she feel just then.

She knocked at several other doors, to receive the same reply. She even tried a slop-shop, but it was full, and her pale face was against her. Her long illness had lost her many patrons, and if one steps out from the ranks of needlewomen it is very hard to press in again, so crowded are they, and so desperate the need of money.

One hope remained, and, though the way was long, and a foggy drizzle had set, she minded neither distance nor the chilly rain, but hurried away, with anxious thoughts still dogging her steps. Across a long bridge, through muddy roads and up a stately avenue she went, pausing, at last, spent and breathless, at another door.

A servant with a wedding-favour in his button-hole opened to her, and while he went to deliver her urgent message, she peered in wistfully from the dreary world without, catching glimpses of home-love and happiness that made her heart ache for very pity of its own loneliness.

A wedding was evidently afoot, for hall and staircase blazed with light and bloomed with flowers. Smiling men and maids ran to and fro ; opening doors showed tables beautiful with bridal white and silver ; savoury odours filled the air ; gay voices echoed above and below ; and once she caught a brief glance at the bonnie bride, standing with her father's arm about her, while her mother gave some last loving touch to her array ; and a group of young sisters with April faces clustered round her.

The pretty picture vanished all too soon ; the man returned with a hurried "No" for answer, and Christie went out into the deepening twilight with a strange sense of desperation at her heart. It was not the refusal, not the fear of want, nor the reaction of over-taxed nerves alone ; it was the sharpness of the contrast between that other woman's fate and her own that made her wring her hands together, and cry out bitterly,—

"Oh, it isn't fair, it isn't right that she should have so much and I so little ! What have I ever done to be so desolate and miserable, and never to find any happiness, however hard I try to do what seems my duty ?"

There was no answer, and she went slowly down the long avenue, feeling that there was no cause for hurry now, and even night and rain and wind were better than her lonely room or Mrs. Flint's complaints. Afar off the city lights shone faintly through the fog, like pale lamps seen in dreams ; the damp air cooled her feverish

cheeks ; the road was dark and still, and she longed to lie down and rest among the sodden leaves.

When she reached the bridge she saw the draw was up, and a spectral ship was slowly passing through. With no desire to mingle in the crowd that waited on either side, she paused, and, leaning on the railing, let her thoughts wander where they would. As she stood there the heavy air seemed to clog her breath and wrap her in its chilly arms. She felt as if the spring of life were running down, and presently would stop ; for, even when the old question, "What shall I do?" came haunting her, she no longer cared even to try to answer it, and had no feeling but one of utter weariness. She tried to shake off the strange mood that was stealing over her, but spent body and spent brain were not strong enough to obey her will, and, in spite of her efforts to control it, the impulse that had seized her grew more intense each moment.

"Why should I work and suffer any longer for myself alone?" she thought ; "why wear out my life struggling for the bread I have no heart to eat? I am not wise enough to find my place, nor patient enough to wait until it comes to me. Better give up trying, and leave room for those who have something to live for."

Many a stronger soul has known a dark hour when the importunate wish has risen that it were possible and right to lay down the burdens that oppress, the perplexities that harass, and hasten the coming of the long sleep that needs no lullaby. Such an hour was this to Christie, for, as she stood there, that sorrowful bewilderment which we call despair came over her, and ruled her with a power she could not resist.

A flight of steps close by led to a lumber wharf, and, scarcely knowing why, she went down there, with a vague desire to sit still somewhere, and think her way out of the mist that seemed to obscure her mind. A single tall lamp shone at the farther end of the platform, and presently she found herself leaning her hot forehead against the iron pillar, while she watched with curious interest the black water rolling sluggishly below.

She knew it was no place for her, yet no one waited for her, no one would care if she stayed for ever, and, yielding to the perilous fascination that drew her there, she lingered with a heavy throbbing in her temples, and a troop of wild fancies whirling through her brain. Something white swept by below—only a broken oar—but she began to wonder how a human body would look floating through the night. It was an awesome fancy, but it took possession of her, and, as it grew, her eyes dilated, her breath came fast, and her lips fell apart, for she seemed to see the phantom she had conjured up, and it wore the likeness of herself.

With an ominous chill creeping through her blood, and a growing tumult in her mind, she thought, "I *must* go," but still stood motionless, leaning over the wide gulf, eager to see where that dead thing would pass away. So plainly did she see it, so peaceful was the white face, so full of rest the folded hands, so strangely



like, and yet unlike, herself, that she seemed to lose her identity, and wondered which was the real and which the imaginary Christie. Lower and lower she bent; looser and looser grew her hold upon the pillar; faster and faster beat the pulses in her temples, and the rush of some blind impulse was swiftly coming on when a hand seized and caught her back.

For an instant everything grew black before her eyes, and the earth seemed to slip away from underneath her feet. Then she was herself again, and found that she was sitting on a pile of lumber, with her head uncovered, and a woman's arm about her.

"Was I going to drown myself?" she asked slowly, with a fancy that she had been dreaming frightfully, and some one had wakened her.

"You were most gone; but I came in time, thank God! O Christie! don't you know me?"

Ah! no fear of that; for with one bewildered look, one glad cry of recognition, Christie found her friend again, and was gathered close to Rachel's heart.

"My dear, my dear, what drove you to it? Tell me all, and let me help you in your trouble, as you helped me in mine," she said, as she tenderly laid the poor white face upon her breast, and wrapped her shawl about the trembling figure clinging to her with such passionate delight.

"I have been ill; I worked too hard; I'm not myself to-night. I owe money. People disappoint and worry me; and I was so worn out, and weak, and wicked, I think I meant to take my life."

"No, dear; it was not you that meant to do it, but the weakness and the trouble that bewildered you. Forget it all, and rest a little, safe with me; then we'll talk again."

Rachel spoke soothingly, for Christie shivered and sighed as if her own thoughts frightened her. For a moment they sat silent, while the mist trailed its white shroud above them, as if death had paused to beckon a tired child away, but, finding her so gently cradled on a warm, human heart, had relented and passed on, leaving no waif but the broken oar for the river to carry towards the sea.

"Tell me about yourself, Rachel. Where have you been so long? I've looked and waited for you ever since the second little note you sent me on last Christmas; but you never came."

"I've been away, dear heart, hard at work in another city, larger and wickedder than this. I tried to get work here, that I might be near you; but that cruel Cotton always found me out; and I was so afraid I should get desperate that I went away where I was not known. There it came into my mind to do for others more wretched than I what you had done for me. God put the thought into my heart, and He helped me in my work, for it has prospered wonderfully. All this year I have been busy with it, and almost happy; for I felt that your love made me strong to do it, and that in time I might grow good enough to be your friend."

"See what I am, Rachel, and never say that any more !"

"Hush, my poor dear, and let me talk ! You are not able to do anything but rest and listen. I knew how many poor souls went wrong when the devil tempted them ; and I gave all my strength to saving those who were going the way I went. I had no fear, no shame to overcome, for I was one of them. They would listen to me, for I knew what I spoke ; they could believe in salvation, for I was saved ; they did not feel so outcast and forlorn when I told them you had taken me into your innocent arms, and loved me like a sister. With every one I helped my power increased, and I felt as if I had washed away a little of my own great sin. O Christie ! never think it's time to die till you are called ; for the Lord leaves us till we have done our work, and never sends more sin and sorrow than we can bear and be the better for, if we hold fast by Him.

So beautiful and brave she looked, so full of strength and yet of meek submission was her voice, that Christie's heart was thrilled, for it was plain that Rachel had learned how to distil balm from the bitterness of life, and, groping in the mire to save lost souls, had found her own salvation there.

"Show me how to grow pious, strong, and useful, as you are," she said. "I am all wrong, and feel as if I never could get right again, for I haven't energy enough to care what becomes of me."

"I know the state, Christie ; I've been through it all ; but when I stood where you stand now, there was no hand to pull me back, and I fell into a blacker river than this underneath our feet. Thank God, I came in time to save you from either death !"

"How did you find me ?" asked Christie, when she had echoed in her heart the thanksgiving that came with such fervour from the other's lips.

"I passed you on the bridge. I did not see your face, but you stood leaning there so wearily, and looking down into the water, as I used to look, that I wanted to speak, but did not ; and I went on to comfort a poor girl who is dying yonder. Something turned me back, however ; and when I saw you down here, I knew why I was sent. You were almost gone, but I kept you ; and when I had you in my arms, I knew you, though it nearly broke my heart to find you here. Now, dear, come home."

"Home ! oh, Rachel, I've got no home, and for want of one I shall be lost !"

The lament that broke from her was more pathetic than the tears that streamed down, hot and heavy, melting from her heart the frost of her despair. Her friend let her weep, knowing well the worth of tears, and while Christie sobbed herself quiet, Rachel took thought for her as tenderly as any mother.

When she had heard the story of Christie's troubles, she stood up as if inspired with a happy thought, and, stretching both hands to her friend, said with an air of cheerful assurance most comforting to see,—

"I'll take care of you ; come with me, my poor Christie, and I'll give you a home, very humble, but honest and happy."

"With you, Rachel?"

"No, dear, I must go back to my work, and you are not fit for that. Neither must you go again to your own room, because for you it is haunted, and the worst place you could be in. You want change, and I'll give you one. It will seem queer at first, but it is a wholesome place, and just what you need."

"I'll do anything you tell me. I'm past thinking for myself to-night, and only want to be taken care of till I find strength and courage enough to stand alone," said Christie, rising slowly and looking about her with an aspect as helpless and hopeless as if the cloud of mist was a wall of iron.

Rachel put on her bonnet for her and wrapped her shawl about her, saying, in a tender voice, that warmed the other's heart,—

"Close by lives a dear, good woman, who often befriends such as you and I. She will take you in without a question, and love to do it, for she is the most hospitable soul I know. Just tell her you want work, that I sent you, and there will be no trouble. Then, when you know her a little, confide in her, and you will never come to such a pass as this again. Keep up your heart, dear ; I'll not leave you till you are safe."

So cheerily she spoke, so confident she looked, that the lost expression passed from Christie's face, and hand in hand they went away together—two types of the sad sisterhood standing on either shore of the dark river that is spanned by a Bridge of Sighs.

Rachel led her friend towards the city, and, coming to the mechanics' quarter, stopped before the door of a small, old house.

"Just knock, say, 'Rachel sent me,' and you'll find yourself at home."

"Stay with me, or let me go with you. I can't lose you again, for I need you very much," pleaded Christie, clinging to her friend.

"Not so much as that poor girl dying all alone ! She's waiting for me and I must go. But I'll write soon ; and remember, Christie, I shall feel as if I had only paid a very little of my debt if you go back to the sad old life, and lose your faith and hope again. God bless and keep you, and when we meet next time let me find a happier face than this."

Rachel kissed it with her heart on her lips, smiled her brave, sweet smile, and vanished in the mist.

Pausing a moment to collect herself, Christie recollected that she had not asked the name of the new friend whose help she was about to ask. A little sign on the door caught her eye, and, bending down, she managed to read by the dim light of the street-lamp these words,—

"C. WILKINS, Clear-Starcher.

"Laces done up in the best style."



Too tired to care whether a laundress or a lady took her in, she knocked timidly, and, while she waited for an answer to her summons, stood listening to the noises within.

A swashing sound as of water was audible, likewise a scuffling as of flying feet ; some one clapped hands, and a voice said warningly, "Into your beds this instant minute, or I'll come to you ! Andrew Jackson, give Gusty a boost ; Ann Lizy, don't you tech Wash's feet to tickle 'em. Set pretty in the tub, Victory, dear, while ma sees who's rappin'."

Then heavy footsteps approached, the door opened wide, and a large woman appeared, with fuzzy red hair, no front teeth, and a plump, clean face, brightly illuminated by the lamp she carried.

"If you please, Rachel sent me. She thought you might be able——"

Christie got no farther, for C. Wilkins put out a strong bare arm, still damp, and gently drew her in, saying, with the same motherly tone as when addressing her children, "Come right in, dear, and don't mind the clutter things is in. I'm givin' the children their Sat'day scrubbin', and they will slop and kite 'round, no matter ef I do spank 'em."

Talking all the way in such an easy, comfortable voice that Christie felt as if she must have heard it before, Mrs. Wilkins led her unexpected guest into a small kitchen, smelling suggestively of soapsuds and warm flat-irons. In the middle of this apartment was a large tub ; in the tub a chubby child sat, sucking a sponge and staring calmly at the new-comer with a pair of big blue eyes, while little drops shone in the yellow curls and on the rosy shoulders.

"How pretty !" cried Christie, seeing nothing else, and stopping short to admire this innocent little Venus rising from the sea.

"So she is ! Ma's darlin' lamb ! and ketchin' her death a cold this blessed minnit. Set right down, my dear, and tuck your wet feet into the oven. I'll have a dish o' tea for you in less 'n no time ; and while it's drawin' I'll clap Victory Adelaide into her bed."

Christie sank into a shabby but most hospitable old chair, dropped her bonnet on the floor, put her feet in the oven, and, leaning back, watched Mrs. Wilkins wipe the baby as if she had come for that especial purpose. As Rachel predicted, she found herself at home at once, and presently was startled to hear a laugh from her own lips when several children in red and yellow flannel night-gowns darted like meteors across the open doorway of an adjoining room, with whoops and howls, bursts of laughter, and antics of all sorts.

How pleasant it was, that plain room, with no ornaments but the happy faces, no elegance but cleanliness, no wealth but hospitality and lots of love. This latter blessing gave the place its charm, for though Mrs. Wilkins threatened to take her infants' noses off if they got out of bed again, or "put 'em in the kettle and bile 'em," they evidently knew no fear, but gambolled all the nearer to her for the threat ; and she beamed upon them with such

maternal tenderness and pride that her homely face grew beautiful in Christie's eyes.

When the baby was bundled up in a blanket and about to be set down before the stove to simmer a trifle before being put to bed, Christie held out her arms, saying, with an irresistible longing in her eyes and voice,—

"Let me hold her! I love babies dearly, and it seems as if it would do me more good than quarts of tea to cuddle her, if she'll let me."

"There now, that's real sensible; and mother's bird'll set along with you as good as a kitten. Toast her tootsies wal, for she's croupy, and I have to be extra choice of her."

"How good it feels!" sighed Christie, half devouring the warm and rosy little bunch in her lap, while baby lay back luxuriously, spreading her pink toes to the pleasant warmth, and smiling sleepily up in the hungry face that hung over her.

Mrs. Wilkins' quick eye saw it all, and she said to herself in the closet, as she cut bread and rattled down a cup and saucer,—

"That's what she wants, poor creeter; I'll let her have a right nice time, and warm and feed and chirk her up, and then I'll see what's to be done for her. She ain't one of the common sort, and goodness only knows what Rachel sent her here for! She's poor and sick, but she ain't bad—I can tell that by her face, and she's the sort I like to help. It's a mercy I ain't eat my supper, so she can have that bit of meat and the pie."

Putting a tray on the little table, the good soul set forth all she had to give, and offered it with such hospitable warmth that Christie ate and drank with unaccustomed appetite, finishing off deliciously with a kiss from baby before she was borne away by her mother to the back bedroom, where peace soon reigned.

"Now let me tell you who I am, and how I came to you in such an unceremonious way," began Christie, when her hostess returned and found her warmed, refreshed, and composed by a woman's three best comforts—kind words, a baby, and a cup of tea.

"'Pears to me, dear, I wouldn't rile myself up by telling any werryments to-night, but git right warm inter bed, and have a good long sleep," said Mrs. Wilkins, without a ray of curiosity in her wholesome red face.

"But you don't know anything about me, and I may be the worst woman in the world," cried Christie, anxious to prove herself worthy of such confidence.

"I know that you want takin' care of, child, or Rachel wouldn't a sent you. Ef I can help any one, I don't want no introduction; and ef you be the wust woman in the world (which you ain't), I wouldn't shet my door on you, for then you'd need a lift more'n you do now."

Christie could only put out her hand, and mutely thank her new friend with full eyes.

"You're fairly tuckered out, you poor soul, so you jest come

right up chamber and let me tuck you up, else you'll be down sick. It ain't a mite of inconvenience, the room is kep for company, and it's all ready, even to a clean night-cap. I'm goin' to clap this warm flat to your feet when you're fixed; it's amazin' comfortin' and keeps your head cool."

Up they went to a tidy little chamber, and Christie found herself laid down to rest none too soon, for she was quite worn out. Sleep began to steal over her the moment her head touched the pillow, in spite of the much beruffled cap which Mrs. Wilkins put on with visible pride in its stiffly crimped borders. She was dimly conscious of a kind hand tucking her up, a comfortable voice purring over her, and, best of all, a motherly good-night kiss, then the weary world faded quite away, and she was at rest.



## MR. SHINDY'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

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### CHAPTER V.

#### FIRST GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK.

WE were all at breakfast, on a lovely morning of May, when it was announced that we were passing the Heights of Neversink, in New Jersey, that we should speedily arrive at Sandyhook, and proceed thence in through the Narrows to the beautiful bay of New York. I hastened on deck, and obtained my first glimpse of America, the land so dear to my reason as well as to my imagination. Had I been a poet, instead of a politician and a political economist, I might have broken out into some natural raptures at the realization of a long-formed wish, and prepared myself, like the author of 'Rasselas' on landing at Greenwich, "to kiss the sacred earth,"—not for giving birth to Queen Elizabeth, as that pompous old fogey and Tory expressed it in his slavish adulation, but for giving birth to Liberty, the future queen of the world. To the left of us, on a little promontory joined by a strip of sand to Long Island, stood Fort Lafayette, the celebrated prison for political offenders and traitors—alas, that there should be offenders and traitors in a land where the people rule, and the government derives its only authority, from the consent of the governed, who possess the incontrovertible and indefeasible right of abolishing such government at their pleasure, and on the other side stood the still more massive fortress of Fort Hamilton—not known to fame or quite completed—the two forming the guardians of the "Empire City," and able, by their combined operations, to blow out of the water the largest hostile fleet that should dare to attempt an entrance. The comparatively low shores of Long Island were on the one side, the higher, almost mountainous, ridge of Staten Island was on the other; and right in front, glittering in the morning sunshine and beautiful as a dream, the great city of New York, separated by the Hudson River from the city of Jersey, and by the East River, a strait of Long Island Sound, from the city of Brooklyn,—the three forming the metropolis of the New World, and ranking only second in wealth, importance, and population to London and Paris. A century ago New York was but a village under British rule, dormant in the cold

shade of aristocracy, out of the highway of wealth and commerce, a mere refuge for the destitute, a Cave of Adullam for the discontented—and few there were that went into it; now, I thought, thanks to Democracy, wise, triumphant, powerful, the model city of the world, and the rival of the greatest. The Bay of New York is more beautiful than the Bay of Dublin—which is saying a great deal—and only wants a volcano to be quite as beautiful as the Bay of Naples. Over its broad bosom sped, as we entered, hundreds of white-sailed yachts and fishing-boats, and scores of steam ferry-boats, with what are called walking beams or engines—new to me, and that had as odd an appearance to my mind as a man would have had if his lungs and heart had been working at the top of his head! All around were the evidences of wealth and comfort—there was nothing squalid, nothing mean; though I could have wished, as we steamed past Governor's Island, with a paltry little fort of no imaginable use upon it, that such a magnificent entrance into the city should have been adorned with some grand public building in the shape of a Grecian temple, or of a church like St. Paul's or St. Peter's. We landed, not in New York, but in Jersey City, on the other side of the Hudson, at the Cunard Wharf. Bustle, bustle everywhere! bustle, and shouting and crying and crowding; and amid all the bustle the newspaper boys, conspicuous, ragged, rascally little urchins, impudent as the street Arabs of London.

"Are these boys Americans?" I inquired of General Squash.

"No, sir," he said emphatically; "we don't breed such critters. They are from your country. They are all Irish."

Not from *my* country, thought I; but I am glad nevertheless that they are not Americans. But their children will be Americans, and the race will improve, which is more than could have been said either of them or their progeny if they had remained at home. It was the first time in all my foreign travels—and I thought it hard that I should deem America to be foreign to me, who spoke its language and shared in all its past history as it shared in all the past history of my country—that I had never been asked for a passport. This was highly pleasant to my mind; and I blessed the free institutions of the United States which warranted the Government, even in a time of war and suspicion, in allowing all who chose to come, to come unquestioned. There being no passport system, I imagined that there would be no custom-house examination of luggage. I was deceived. Why, oh why should there be custom-houses? Why should not all free Governments maintain themselves out of the contributions of their own people, without the vexatious, unjust, unc cosmopolitan system of taxing the stranger? The examination lasted long, as long at least as such examinations last in Paris; and when all was over, I sought for a vehicle to convey me and my impedimenta to the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Broadway, to which I had been recommended. There were many applicants to choose amongst. Such a vociferous multitude of coachmen I had never seen before. And such vehicles! I had

thought that in America, the land of progress, I should have found a comfortable commodious cab or carriage for the passenger and his luggage; but the vehicles were like the old hackney coaches of London, almost twice as big and ten times as dirty. I looked in vain for a cab. There are no cabs in New York; no one-horse vehicle of any kind. I chose the least obstreperous among the drivers, pointed out my luggage, had it put, "on board," as he called it, and drove on to the ferry-boat along with a score of similar vehicles, and with swift though almost imperceptible motion, sitting in the "hack," was conveyed across the Hudson. In half-an-hour I was at the door of the St. Nicholas, and had my luggage safely deposited in the lobby. I had now to settle with the driver.

"What is your fare?" I asked.

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars—two pounds sterling! Why, I could have driven the same distance with my luggage in London for half-a-crown."

"Very likely," said the driver saucily, and as if he thought he he was as good as I was—and a great deal better; "but this is New York, not London."

"None of your insolence," said I. "A dollar will more than pay you, and I shall give no more."

Without more ado the fellow shouldered one of my biggest trunks and put it back "on board" of his cumbersome vehicle, and was preparing to do the same by another when I placed myself across his path and dared him to touch it. He put up his fists in a pugilistic attitude, and not desiring to signalize my advent in America by an ignoble contest with a ruffian who, I was certain, could not be an American born, I appealed to the waiters and porters to relieve me of the nuisance, and to the clerk of the house to pay the fellow what was right and put the amount in my bill.

"Did you make no bargain with him?" asked the clerk.

"Not I. I thought that in a civilized country, and in a great city like New York, there was a legal fare, and that the driver would be satisfied with it."

"This fellow is a scoundrel, there is no doubt," said the clerk; "but it will be better to pay him his charge, if you made no special agreement."

"But why? The extortion is so monstrous that I will appeal to the magistrate at any cost."

"It will do no good," said the clerk. "The magistrate won't convict."

"Not if the fellow has grossly cheated and overcharged, and and been violent and insolent to boot?"

"No, I am afraid not."

General Squash arrived at this moment in another hack, and I put the case before him.

"Pay the blackguard the money, and have done with him," said the general, "and put it down in your memorandum-book as your first lesson in American liberty. There are excellent laws in New



York, and the true fare for the service this man has rendered you is a dollar and a half; but the magistrates do not always find it expedient to do justice against a member of a powerful class, for fear of the consequences to himself."

"What consequences?" said I. "They could not surely do him violence on the judgment-seat?"

The general laughed, and turned his quid in his old fashion.

"Worse than that," said he; "they would by their organization prevent his re-election to his office. Ours is a country of universal suffrage, you must remember; and he who depends upon universal suffrage for the situation that brings him his daily bread must walk warily, lest he lose it."

"General," said I, "this is a kind of liberty that I don't appreciate; but I am told this rascal is an Irishman—is it so?"

"Most likely," said the general; "indeed you may be sure of it."

"I am glad he is not an American. Such rapacity could only be bread on the European, aristocratic, monarchical, priest-ridden side of the Atlantic." I paid the fellow ten dollars in the shape of two sovereigns, glad to be rid of him.

"You might have paid him in greenbacks," said the general, when I told him afterwards what I had done. "Gold is at a premium, and ten dollars in greenbacks would not have represented more than twenty-five shillings in English money. Take warning by this little experience. Never trust to the law in any dispute with a hack-man. Make your bargain man to man. If you had done it in this instance, and shown that you were not a stranger—a greenhorn and an Englishman—two dollars would have brought you hither from the wharf, and been cheerfully accepted. I paid that sum, and I paid it in paper."

My reverence for law is not exceeded by that of any man living. My reverence for universal suffrage was once as great. I must, however, see more of its working in America before I finally make up my mind that it is good in America, or that it would be half as good in England.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MR. SHINDY IS NOTICED IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

THE next morning, as I sat at breakfast reading the newspaper, as everybody else at the table appeared to be doing, I was surprised to find my own arrival as that of "the Honourable" Mr. Shindy, an English member of Parliament, announced in the *New York Viper*. Had the announcement been confined to the bare fact, I should not have been surprised; but when the *Viper* proclaimed that I was an enemy, like all other Englishmen, of their "glorious Union," and that I had doubtless come to the country to write a stupid and malignant book about American institutions, which neither I nor any other Englishman could by any possibility understand, I

felt that such an unjust attack against an unoffending stranger was an abuse of the liberty of the press. I, that was notorious at home for my love of American liberty!—I that admired the people and the Government so much, that I had come to the country, a zealot and an enthusiast, with the hope of finding reasons for the strong faith that was in me, to be accused of enmity to the American Union and to American liberty! It was too bad, too abominable, and not to be endured! I showed the article to General Squash. He read and laughed.

“Take no notice of it,” he said, “and be glad that you are deemed of sufficient importance to be abused and misrepresented. The *Viper* has no weight. Its slanders injure nobody, though its praise is dangerous to any respectable man. The editor has been kicked, cowhided, spat upon, bepummelled, and thrashed fifty times oftener than any man living, and only escapes similar treatment for any new offence which he may commit because it is cowardly to kick or even to spit upon a man who has turned seventy years of age. We shall manage to put you right in some other paper without reference to the *Viper* and our people will know who and what you are in due time. A very outspoken people you will find us—a people without reverence for anybody. We are living, too in a time of unusual excitement, and are divided in opinion about the war; and our ordinary plain-speaking is intensified and embittered by party strife.”

I was contented to take the General's advice, and soon found that the *Viper* had no monopoly of discourteous language and want of reverence; for I discovered in a religious paper, edited by a comic clergyman, famous for his fun in the pulpit, that far worse than was said of me was said of others, and that a person in his employ, writing from Washington, had been to see the President, and that he repeated not only his private conversation with that high functionary, but made a very dastardly attack upon the President's wife. I cut out the paragraph from this pious paper and preserved it as a literary curiosity. “I went,” said the correspondent, “to see Lincoln again, and he consulted *me* about various plans that were in prospect. I told him very plainly that ‘we must have a policy; that that policy must be in accordance with the laws of God.’ Said he, somewhat under his breath, ‘I have looked at this question in this light, and I begin to believe you are right. I have always wanted slavery abolished, but I didn't believe we had any constitutional right to touch the matter. The more I look into the consitution, the more I see in it the power to do *anything* to put down a rebellion; and in regard to the slaves —’ Here a shrill voice called out, ‘Abraham! Abraham!’ I recognized the voice of Mrs. Lincoln, and as she and I had always been enemies, I immediately withdrew. *My opinion is that she had been listening at the keyhole.*”

Such confidential intercourse with the chief magistrate of a great nation so improperly divulged, and such an ungentlemanly

charge against a lady, were new both to my personal and my political experience; but I had not been a week in America before I discovered that such outrages on the private life of eminent people were quite usual. One senator was denounced by name as an habitual and incorrigible drunkard. The governor of a state was proclaimed to be a rowdy, a liar, and a traitor; while one judge of a criminal court was accused by name of having taken a bribe of five hundred dollars to procure a verdict of not guilty against a proved murderer, by a one-sided and unfair summing up of the evidence addressed to an ignorant jury! There was liberty of the press with a vengeance! I asked if there were no libel law? Yes, of course, there was a libel law, but what was the use of appealing to it? Nobody cared what the newspapers said. Their condemnation did no harm in the case of any public man, for everybody knew that attacks like these grew out of political rancour; and the judges, senators, governors, and others thus stigmatized were in the habit of using words just as hard against their opponents. "But can the press libel a private citizen, or attack a merchant's probity or credit with impunity?" "No, certainly not," was the reply; "and such things are never done. Attacks upon the private character of public men are always read in a parliamentary or Pickwickian sense; and nobody who is not a fool or an Englishman, or a compound of the two, ever takes the least notice of them." This consoled me somewhat for the unprovoked attack upon me in the *New York Viper*, which journal and its scurrility I forthwith endeavoured to forget.

## CHAPTER VII.

### VISITS, AGREEABLE AND OTHERWISE.

CONSIDERABLE publicity, complimentary for the most part, was given to my arrival; and before I had found time to deliver my letters of introduction, many persons of note in the political world to whom I had no letters and of whose existence I was totally ignorant in England, called upon me, as I imagined, with the view of "putting me through." I suppose that, in consequence of the general's warning, I must have received some of them rather coldly, or at all events without the *empressement* and demonstrativeness which Americans exhibit. I was taken by the general to the bar of the St Nicholas, a very handsome saloon, and answering many of the purposes of a bazaar. At one side was a book-stall, at another a telegraphic office, at another a store for the sale of spectacles, opera-glasses, and cigars; and a table, at which sat a young man, who for a small fee would write your name and address upon a few blank cards as elegantly as a copperplate engraving. The chief feature of the place, however, was the bar, where a smart young fellow, who was always addressed as captain, with a couple of assistants, were engaged in selling, compounding, and



manipulating all sorts of spirituous and vinous drinks for a crowd of people that never ceased to stream into the place. The general, in bringing me here, wished me to see and learn something of the ways of the country, and the free-and-easy manners of all classes. I had heard before of "eye-openers," "bottled lightning," "brandy-smash," "whisky-skin," "mint-juleps," "champagne-cobblers," and the like, but was not prepared to see so large a company of well-dressed men, moving in a respectable sphere of life, so busily engaged in drinking before noon. I was unwise enough to decline to take a drink with a stranger, who was introduced to me as Senator Bunk. He looked surprised, if not angry; but my good friend the general came to the rescue.

"Englishmen don't drink till after dinner, and Mr. Shindy is new to our ways. He will learn them in time! Come, Mr. Shindy, take a drink with the senator and me."

I saw my error, and Senator Bunk was pacified when I accepted a brandy-smash, which he paid for. I had to drink, or pretend to drink, three or four smashes that morning with various individuals of more or less note, who were introduced by others, or introduced themselves to me at the bar—all hospitable men apparently, and tossing about their greenbacks as if money were of no account, and idling their time as if they had nothing in the world to do but to drink and talk and "loaf." This I found was an error, that these were busy men in their professions and pursuits, who made up for this apparently lost time by extra diligence between the hour of their libations and their dinner.

The unusual "smashes" so affected my head that I was fain that afternoon to indulge in a siesta. Awaking refreshed, and remembering that the morrow was the day of the departure of the Cunard steamer with the European mails, I sat down to write my letters. I had been busy over them for about an hour, when Patrick, the waiter, with a brogue that confirmed the nationality of his name, brought me a card on which was written "Linnæus Hooker Miles." He stated that the gentleman wanted to see me. "Show him up," said I, though I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance—though not quite sure that he might not be one of the score or so with whom I had exchanged nods, if not taken a drink in the morning. Mr. Miles was already at the door, having followed the waiter upstairs—to save time, I supposed. He sat down without invitation, looking thoughtful and somewhat embarrassed, but said nothing. I also said nothing for a full minute, though the time seemed longer. I broke silence at last.

"What might be your pleasure with me, Mr. Miles?" and looking at the names on his card, I thought he might be some great botanist. He was a tall, gaunt, bony, lanky man, and I should think exceeded six feet by three or four inches.

"Well," he said, very suddenly and sharply, "I wan't to know what you've come to our country for."

I am not given to blushing, and I do not think I blushed, but I

felt my ears tingle and my cheeks glow as with a rush of blood to the under side of the epidermis, and knew not how to reply to so rude a question.

"Yes, sir," he added, taking advantage of my surprise, "we want to know whether you're a friend or an enemy."

"Who are *we* that you speak for?" I asked, my surprise increasing rather than diminishing.

"Who are *we*? why, *we* are the great American people, sir, engaged at this time in a struggle for our national existence, which we intend to preserve, by God, though hell itself, as well as the brutal and bloody British aristocracy, should go against us. That's what *we* are sir."

"Mr. Miles," I replied, "I do not recognize in you, a stranger to me, any right to intrude into my privacy and to question me in this manner. I decline to answer you. If my opinions are of any interest to you, the New York papers have told your people what they are—all except the *Viper*, which is false as well as malicious. They have also told you, and the *we* that you say you represent, why I have come. Good morning, sir."

I rose from my chair, but Mr. Miles did not imitate my example. He sat with his legs crossed, rocking the upper one violently, as if he were beating time to his angry thoughts. Without looking me directly in the face, but glancing at me sideways, he said, very deliberately,—

"I am not satisfied with those articles in the papers. I have read them, and I have come to the conclusion that you are an enemy of our glorious Union."

"Sir," said I indignantly, "this is too bad, it is too ungentlemanly." He waved his hand. I rang the bell.

"It's my private opinion, Mr. Shindy," he added, "that you have come here for no good, and that at this moment you have Jeff Davis's gold in your pocket."

My blood was fairly up. "And it's my private opinion, Mr. Miles, that if you don't leave the room this moment you'll be kicked out."

Mr. Miles was a strong man and a big man, as I have said, and I am only of the middle size and not particularly muscular or powerful, though there is a very unmistakable spice of the devil in me when I am incensed. I imagined for a moment or two that the end would be a very inglorious personal encounter between us. Whether Mr. Miles had noticed that I had rung the bell, and thought that the waiter might possibly take part in my favour, or that the expression in my eyes convinced him that I was in a dangerous humour, I do not know; but certain it is that Mr. Miles rose from his chair put on his hat, and without saying another word left the room before the waiter made his appearance.

I know I am not a coward, yet I was very much relieved by the peaceable termination of this disagreeable incident.

"Patrick," I said to the waiter, "I shall not be at home to Mr. Miles any more. I don't know him; do you?"

"Sure, and I do. He is always about the bar, collecting news for the *Viper*. He's a reporter."

"Well, I want to have no more to say to him, though I should be glad if I had the opportunity of kicking him—just for once."

"You'll never have the chance, your honour. He'll keep out of your way."

And he did, most probably, for I never saw him again in the flesh, though I received a letter from him asking if I would "loan" him ten dollars. I learned afterwards, to my great satisfaction, that this scoundrel was not an American, except by the fact of his self-expatriation from Ireland, where he was known as one Miles O'Mulligan. Great Britain was responsible for his early training, and not the free institutions of the great and glorious Republic!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

It was two days after I had got rid of Mr. Linnæus Hooker Miles that I accepted an invitation to dinner at Delmonico's from General Squash, to meet his friend the Honourable Cornelius Vanderdoncken. The Vanderdonckens are a great family in New York—descendants of the ancient Dutch settlers of the days when New York was New Amsterdam—are very proud of their Knickerbocker ancestry, and look upon the more purely English and more modern part of the community with that kind of "holier-than-thou" contempt which is not agreeable to those without the charmed circle. Mr. Vanderdoncken was a lawyer, and had been a judge; was a very decided politician, but expressed his opinions temperately and clearly, and had evidently read and studied books as well as men. He neither smoked nor chewed tobacco, nor went into "bars" at hotels or elsewhere for morning or afternoon drinks, and was far more like an Englishman in tone, manner, and conversation than any one I had yet met in America. I did not travel to America in search of good cookery, or I might say much about a dinner at Delmonico's—there is no place half so luxurious in London; but I sought to study liberty, and to learn the opinions of competent Americans on its working among them. I found that Mr Vanderdoncken was not a Democrat, like the general, but a Republican and a "Whig"—not a Whig in our British sense of the word, but in a sense more akin to that of "Tory." The general, however, was the real Conservative, and Mr. Vanderdoncken was to a certain extent a Revolutionist; from which I gathered that American politics were very different from ours at home, and that their nomenclature was very apt to mislead a stranger.



"We have a great destiny before us, Mr. Shindy," said Mr. Vanderdoncken after the cloth had been removed, and the *château margaux* was placed upon the table; "and you don't understand us in England. We are going to come triumphantly out of this war, and to make ourselves a nation for the first time in our history. Until the war we were two nations, or rather we were the rude, rough chaotic mass out of which two nations might have been made. Now we shall be one nation, the greatest ever seen in the world. We are not only in the midst of a war at the present moment;—we are in the midst of a revolution—a revolution that, when accomplished, shall not only make an end of human bondage, but supersede the useless, unworkable, worn-out old Constitution of Washington and the Fathers by one better adapted to our present civilization,"

"Mr. Vanderdoncken," said I, astonished, "I have been accustomed to look upon the American Constitution as the perfection of human wisdom—as one that, if it were introduced into England, would be the salvation of our country, and give it new life in its old age; and it surprises me to hear Americans speak of it with disrespect."

"And me too," said the general "but Mr. Vanderdoncken and I agree to differ. He is opposed to State rights. I look upon them as the only possible foundation upon which the great structure of American liberty can rest securely. Destroy that foundation, and the noble edifice will fall to the ground a mass of ruins. Our forefathers were jealous of increasing the central power. They wisely allowed each State to govern itself after its own fashion, and decreed that the States should be several at home and only one in fact and theory as regards foreign powers, and in questions of international difficulty. If the rights of the States had been respected by the central power, war could not have arisen, and all this horrible bloodshed would have been avoided."

"The baptism of blood is good for nations," said Mr. Vanderdoncken. "All nations have to go through it. There are worse things in the world than war. Slavery, for instance, is much worse than war. What would England have been if it had not been for war? A province of France or of Spain! I believe in fighting, if you fight for a principle."

"I don't," said the general. "I believe in no war that is not waged in self-defence against a foreign power. Such a war is holy. Ours is unholy, and no good can come of it, though we are ever so triumphant over our Southern brothers."

"Freedom will come out of it," said Mr. Vanderdoncken—"freedom to the slave, and the unity of the Republic, one and indivisible, extending from the North Pole to Panama in its appointed time, and able, by its vastness and power, to dictate the peace of the world."

"But," said I, rather staggered, "would there not be a difficulty, if such a mighty Republic were established, in finding a man strong

enough to govern it? And if a man of sufficient strength and genius were found, would he not be too powerful to be safely trusted? Would it not be, in fact, a repetition of the old story of Europe, and end in a military despotism?"

"Undoubtedly," said the general, "the danger lies there. The founders of American liberty endeavoured to minimize Government, and they were wise and far-seeing in their day and generation. Their degenerate sons desire to maximize Government, like the foolish Jews when they besought a king to rule over them, and were warned by Jehovah of the certain bad result."

"No materials for a kingdom exist in America," interposed Mr. Vanderdoncken.

"Not for a kingdom, perhaps," said the general, with whom I could not help coinciding in opinion; "but for an imperial or military despotism the materials are but too ample. The safeguard against such encroachment is in the existence of the sovereign powers of each State within its own borders. Better that there should be forty happy Republics in America, united only for mutual convenience and *quoad* the foreigner, than one Republic only, too anwieldy for government, too costly of maintenance out of the pockets of the working people, and in continual danger of splitting into fragments for want of cohesion, as well as for unnatural bulk. You can't build a bridge across the Atlantic—you cannot make North America into one Republic."

"We shall, though," said Mr. Vanderdoncken; "that is our inevitable destiny."

I found myself becoming Conservative as this conversation proceeded, and began to think that Mr. Vanderdoncken was going too far in his theories, and that he, and such as he, if there were many of them in America, would imperil the existence of liberty in the New World by their ambition to be powerful.

The general turned to me. "Even in Great Britain," said he, as if he saw I was inclining to his side, "you have State rights."

"Not that I am aware of," I replied, somewhat puzzled as to what he meant.

"Is not Scotland by the Act of Union a State federated with rather than incorporated with England? Has she not her own system of laws and her own Church? And would the Imperial Government, if it had the power, act wisely if it sought to abrogate the one or destroy the other without the consent of Scotland?"

"Well," I replied, "I think the question of State rights is a very important one in the interest of American liberty. Though I was a Radical at home, it seems to me that I am not exactly a Radical in this country. Let us leave well alone, as it appears to me a safe rule of conduct for politicians and statesman in every part of the world."

"Mr. Shindy," said the general, "I don't wish to set up as a

prophet, yet I can't help thinking that if you stay a few months amongst us, and don't consent to be 'put through' either by me or by Mr. Vanderdoncken, or by anybody whatsoever, you will not go back to England such a Radical as you came out, and will find that there are worse things in our system and better in your own than you had the least idea of when you and I were together upon the Atlantic."



## CANADA AND COLONIZATION ENGLAND'S BEST POLICY

FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE question of Emigration at the present time fills our newspapers and occupies the attention of our local and Dominion legislatures as well as of those who take an interest in it, and great efforts are being made to attract people to our several Provinces.

This subject has been written upon so often that it is difficult to find something new to say.

I have given the matter much consideration, and some time ago wrote several letters thereon, which were published in an English newspaper. I am sorry to see that so many men of well-known ability and power, such as Lord Derby and other statesmen and large landowners, have taken a somewhat narrow view of the subject and given their powerful opposition to the movement.

It is argued that a steady emigration decreases the working population, and, as a natural consequence, increases the price of labour. This may be and no doubt is so, but on the other hand I ask, is the mechanic or labourer so remunerated in England that he can hope to save anything for an old age? Is not every farthing he earns consumed in the mere necessities of life? Are not himself and his family only barely fed and clothed? Are not his children driven out to a life of servitude at an age when, if they occupied a higher position in life, it would be considered cruelty, and sent forth without first receiving even the rudiments of a common education? Should not the hard position of these people be considered, and a movement to better them not thwarted because it may have the effect of giving the wealthy man less profits from his land or business? but rather should they not be helped on with a "God speed," so that they can leave their Mother Country with kindly feelings towards their old masters?

I do not believe that the landowner or manufacturer, for I suppose these two classes will be affected the most, will suffer the injury they anticipate. The labourer and artisan are so poorly paid that they cannot, if they had the wish, save anything for old age or sickness; they are so ignorant and uneducated as to be unable to consider the value of money or to see the necessity for a provision for the future; and so when early old age creeps on and they are worn out with hard work and hard living, there is only one home to look forward to, their horror the *workhouse*, to be followed by a pauper grave.

Do not the workhouses and the expenses attendant upon supporting the poor cost immense sums? Are not the poor-rates a heavy charge upon the tax-payer? Does not the administration of the poor law annually absorb large sums?

I wonder, if these were all added together, how many thousands could be assisted to a new home out of the result, and still enough be left to provide for those who of necessity remain behind? Again, are not the public and private charities for the poor and incapable extensive, and a heavy tax upon the pocket of the kind? Would it not be much better that some of this money should be spent in paying higher wages so that a poor man can educate his children, enjoy some of the common luxuries of life, and be able to put something aside for a rainy day, and not be a burden upon the tax-payer? And if his children were commonly educated, and were better paid for their labour, they would be in a position and in most instances no doubt would assist their parents, and not submit to the disgrace of seeing them separated in their old age in a house of refuge.

If men had higher wages there would be less pauperism, less taxation both directly and indirectly, and the landowner and manufacturer, if a better wage-payer, would have the satisfaction of being a smaller taxed one.

Again, would it not be preferable to expend part of the money given in charity or collected as rates to support the poor, in assisting those who desire to emigrate and who otherwise are wholly unable to do so, and must in time become a charge upon their parish?

I was very forcibly struck by an article I once read in *All the Year Round*, on the subject of "A Visit to Hodge." A young lad who was employed in a field to drive away birds was asked by a gentleman what his anticipations were for the future. His reply was that his grandfather was then in the workhouse, he expected his father would in due course go there too, and the height of his own ambition seemed to be to marry as soon as he was old enough, and in his old age follow in the footsteps of his ancestors.

I ask if this is not a pitiable and terrible view of life, and ought not every effort to be made to alleviate the sufferers, and to give them a chance to better their positions, even though higher wages may be the consequence? I know that the labourer and mechanic are improvident with their little. I remember reading a remark made by a gentleman, that if he spent in wine the same proportion of his income that the labourer did of his in beer, he would soon be penniless. This is of course rather an extravagant, if a forcible way of putting it, still there is some truth in the observation. Why is the labourer so improvident? Because he has not been educated to consider for the future, and because his mind has been so ground down for generations, that he never considers how he can attain a higher position than that of the future occupant of a workhouse. I maintain that if the working classes were better paid, fed, and educated, they would become better citizens and self-supporters,

and not a charge upon their country. Are we not now suffering from the evil effects of low wages? Is not trade being damaged because the servant, being tired of the too unequal division of the profits between him and his master, in his ignorance is excessive in his demands, and does not comprehend where a fair demand for a fair day's work ends and extortion begins?

The reader, perhaps, will ask what has this to do with "emigration"? My object by the above was to endeavour to show that the position of master and servant will be bettered if there are less hands to employ and feed, and that emigration will effect this result. I did hope that the wealthy class of England would have taken up the question of emigration in a dispassionate manner, and have been anxious to better their poorer countrymen and assist them to a less populous but independent home, instead of compelling them to remain where they must to some extent be dependent upon charity.

I have seen that it has been stated in England by some who should know better, that emigrants will not improve their circumstances by going to the Colonies, and that they are deceived by agents who are paid to lead them from bad to worse.

My only answer to these gentlemen is to bid them pay us a visit, and drop into some farmer's or mechanic's house, and see the easy and comfortable circumstances of those who, if in England, would likely be in the poor-house or be subsisting upon charity.

The Colonies are no place for a certain class, but for the labourer and mechanic no better home can be found. They will be better fed and clothed, have more opportunities of educating their children and giving them a brighter start in the world, and, if careful and prudent, will be able to save sufficient to spend old age in ease and comfort.

I yet hope that those in authority and of ability will take a dispassionate view of the matter, and by their means and advocacy will do all in their power to assist those who are wholly unable to step out of the iron groove they are forced to walk in to adopt another home, where they will be more contented citizens and producers, instead of consumers.

On some future occasion I propose to treat further of the manner in which assistance should be rendered, of the class of persons who should emigrate to Canada, and of what they must expect and submit to by a change of residence, climate, and habits. I fear I have already trespassed too far, but hope what I have written may have the effect of inducing the strong to help the weak.

A. H.

TORONTO, *March 29th*, 1873.



## THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF "THE  
CONSCRIPT," ETC.

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### CHAPTER XV.

THE morning of the following day was very quiet indeed. As I have before said, I had very few scholars to attend to in harvest time. Those who had to stop in felt the effects of the heat, and were very drowsy; they would not have kept awake at all if it had not been for looking at the flies and shadows cast on the windows by big waggon-loads going by, or for listening to the noises outside—the reapers' laughter, the barking of dogs, and the deep lowing of oxen standing at barn-doors. Children cannot spell and say their catechism all day without stopping and feeling sleepy.

I sat up at my raised desk, mending quills and writing the copies out, thinking meanwhile of Louise's troubles; of the satisfaction she had given me as a scholar, her good memory and kind heart; her departure for Molsheim, her visits during the holidays, and the little presents she loved to bring with her. I pitied her for having so hard-hearted a father—a man who could contemplate sacrificing her to the head-keeper for the gratification of his revenge and hate!

Each time a fresh cartful went by its contents spread a fragrant, sweet perfume through the schoolroom, and I could not help feeling sorry for the little ones who were deprived of their games and liberty in the free, open air.

On the first stroke of eleven I called for prayers, and gave the signal for departure. The little things soon slung on their small linen satchels, and were not slow in wishing me good-bye, happy to stretch their limbs and take a peep, before dinner, at the wires and traps they had set for young birds among the bushes that fringe the river-side.

I had put all the fly-sheets in the drawer, and now stood at the school-door looking at the long line of waggons that were being unloaded all down the street. Men were holding sheaves on the point of their gleaming pitchforks to girls, who, with extended arms, stood at the air-holes in lofts above. It was a scene of plenty that rejoiced the eye and heart; I forgot Louise for a while; but presently I saw her coming along on the shady side of the way, bowing to all the good people who knew her. She had no hat on;

I was pained to observe she had grown thinner since I last saw her, and she was still very beautiful: the Rantzau nose in aquiline proportions and their firm chin lent an undaunted, commanding something to her features not often met in villages; but she seemed ailing, was very ill perhaps, and as I looked at her I thought,—

“Good heavens! is that my beloved Louise? Such a change in so little time!” It was not possible.

I felt heartsore when she came up to me and put her slender fingers in my hand.

“Monsieur Florent, I have a great favour to ask, and thought of you directly.”

“We will walk up-stairs, my dear,” I replied.

We did so. My wife and Juliette were laying the cloth; Louise said a word or two as we went through; I went straight, meanwhile, into the study, and closed the door after she had joined me.

She took a seat at the corner of my table, which was covered with fossils. I sat in my armchair with my back to the garden, looking at her and feeling very uneasy, for she seemed remarkably wan as she looked down, resting her thin cheek on one hand.

“I hear you called here yesterday, Louise, and found me absent.”

“Yes, I did. I thought of what I had to say a long time before I made up my mind to come. What I am going to tell you is quite settled, Monsieur Florent; I have to ask you to do something for me.”

“What is it, my dear?”

“I mean to be a nun.”

“You, Louise, a nun? you, my child?” I exclaimed, in a strangled sort of voice. “You say you mean to give up your youth and all the blessings of this world? You are not in earnest.”

She endeavoured to reply, but, not being able, took her small handkerchief out of her pocket, held it to her eyes, and placed one elbow on the table; she was not weeping, she was only trembling.

I waited for a moment or two. With her other hand Louise threw her hair back, and silence continued until she had recovered herself.

“I must,” she said at last. “I never was so happy as when at Molsheim with the good sisters, and far from the world. It must be.”

She spoke in great agitation. I was going to ask her the cause of her sudden determination, when she went on,—

“I have come to beg you will inform my father of my intention, Monsieur Florent; pray do so in the name of the old affection you bore me. I dare not; he is so violent—he frightens me.”

She said this hesitatingly.

“Listen to me, Louise,” I said, after having collected my thoughts. “All this does not seem natural. In the first place, you are ill, and in such a state it is wrong to take extreme resolutions; it is an insult to God. Do you hear me? When the Almighty accepts a sacrifice, it has been made with single-heartedness, and by beings who are in the full possession of all their senses.

I repeat that this is not your present condition. You cannot now measure the extent of the offering you fancy you are ready to make. There is something you have not told me. What is it?"

She did not answer.

"You will not tell?" I asked, after a pause, during which she had turned her face aside and looked paler than before. "Well, I know what it is—the whole village knows too. You do not want to marry Monsieur Lebel, and you think you will take a desperate resolve in order to elude your father's wishes. I will consent to give him your message simply to alarm him and see what he will say, that's all."

"Indeed, Monsieur Florent, I have quite made up my mind to take the veil."

"Well, well, we'll see," I cried. "George was quite correct; it is an abomination, a disgrace, a shame!"

I had never been in such a passion in my life. My voice must have been heard in the next room, even in the street. I had got up and was walking up and down like the Rantzaus. When I mentioned George's name Louise blushed.

"Did George speak of me?" she asked.

"Yes; he said you would be driven into doing a wicked thing, but that, being a Rantzaus, he had firm trust in your will, and that finally you would not allow yourself to be sacrificed, and would refuse to hold your hand out to such a bargain."

"Did he really say all this?"

"Yes, and he was quite right. The best people will take your part. I'll go and tell your father. I am not afraid. I shall say you are about to go away; that you will never come back; that you will go down into your tomb alive—for ever, for ever! You will see he will be compelled to give in."

"But I do assure you, Monsieur Florent, that I have made up my mind; that I wish to devote myself entirely to the service of God, and that—"

"Allons! you will do what you like afterwards," I replied very angrily. "The first thing is to get free. You are not going to choose between the Almighty and the head-keeper. That is not the way to sacrifice yourself to Him. No, child; God would despise the choice you premeditate between Him and a being you dislike. It's a profanation. Any who would encourage you in such a course are already marked for eternal damnation. It is offending the majesty of the Lord. I have told you that before. Now please go back home; we are going to have our dinner. At four precisely I shall be at your father's house."

Louise had not a word to say. She held my hand with emotion, murmuring, in a very weak voice, "I thank you, Monsieur Florent—I knew you would not refuse."

My wife and Juliette had heard everything. When Louise had left the house my wife began, "I hope you will *not* go and deliver that message to Monsieur Jean, Florent."



"Indeed I shall," I replied, in a passion. "I mean to, and I will not let you make any improper remarks on my conduct. A dutiful wife has nothing to say—even if I had not promised I should go. Can a man of my respectability, a schoolmaster, stand by and see one of his best pupils ruin her prospects for life, all because . . . . No, no, I should blame myself for such weak-mindedness."

"You will get ill-treated, Florent, that's sure."

"He ill-treat me? Let him try," I added, doubling up my two fists.

If I had been told I should one day face so dangerous a man as Monsieur Jean, however, and in his own house, I would not have believed it. I had always been very prudent, but indignation was now too violent. I set caution at defiance and strengthened myself in my resolution all dinner-time, my wife and Juliette exchanging looks. When the cloth was removed I retired to my study, where I reflected, then went down to the schoolroom. At four I went up again to put on a clean shirt, my best coat and hat. All men are apt to judge from appearances, and I hoped I might exert some influence on the barbarian by the care I bestowed on my person.

The head-keeper was absent, supervising a public adjudication at Saarbours, but he was expected back at Chaumes in the course of the evening, so I had no time to lose, and I left home as the half-hour struck at our church clock.

My wife and daughter had not said another word to dissuade me, but I saw Monsieur Jannequin walking up and down the lane, reading his missal, when I passed by the presbytery. He was watching me and his bees meanwhile. When I looked up he beckoned me to approach. There was no one in the lane but ourselves, but he led me under the great trees and began expostulations on the rash step I was going to take; reminding me that Jean Rantzau would never forgive me; that he was so violent he might strangle me, or apply for my dismissal; and that the father of a family had to think of those who were nearest and dearest, and so on.

I guessed rightly that my wife had gone and asked him to endeavour to dissuade me.

"Monsieur le Curé," said I, "I should have come to you for advice before I made the promise to call on Monsieur Jean; but I have promised now."

"I am sorry to hear it. This is a serious case."

"I believe it is; but having given my word, I must keep it."

He did not reply immediately, but after a moment he added, "Well, my dear Florent, as you have made up your mind to the consequences, go; God grant it may turn out better than I expect!"

We shook hands, but I felt very vexed with my wife. Monsieur Jannequin continued reading his missal.

As I proceeded I thought how difficult it was for an upright man to fulfil his duty in the midst of so much prudence and wise advice.

I thought of this as I went down the street, which was full of carts heaped up to the top with green and golden crops. The lovely evening had called all living things out to breathe the scented cool breeze which stirred the orchard trees and planted hedge-rows; everything was glowing under the setting sun. Three large wag-gons stood in front of Monsieur Jean's door, waiting until they could be unloaded, for all were busy. The old store-house was already full up to the gable of bright, bristling sheaves, and the men were stuffing more and more into every spare corner.

What riches in such a house! what droves of cattle in the sheds and stables! what quantities of provender in the lofts! what wine in the cellars! No wonder if many suitors come forward as candidates for the hand of an only daughter who goes in with the lot!

This latter thought presented itself to my mind in connexion with Monsieur le Garde-Général.

The men at work, the reapers and servants, who were nearly all old scholars of mine, had each something to say to me, as I went by, about their labour or the weather. "Glorious time for the harvest!" cried one. "There'll be no want next winter, Monsieur Florent," cried another; and all turned to make some sort of friendly remark, but I was so uneasy about the reception I was to have at Monsieur Jean's that I only answered, "Yes, yes, children; beautiful weather; keep to your work; courage!"

The nearer I came to the old house the more intense became my anxiety. The lower floor was closed on account of the heat, and if I had not promised I should have gone back to the schoolhouse without having shown myself. Somehow I got to the entrance, of which both doors were wide open, to make room for the numerous people going in and out to help the reapers.

The first room on the passage, to the right, was Monsieur Jean's counting-house, a place well known to his creditors, purchasers, and tenants; the books were kept here, and I could see Monsieur Jean through the half-open door. He was sitting at his walnut bureau, with his back to the door. A warm sun-ray, in which shone glittering atoms of dust, came through a crack in the shutters and lit up his round, bald head so sparsely fringed with grey hair, his broad shoulders, and round back.

He was writing, putting down on one line of his register all his cartloads of hay, straw, wheat, barley, and oats; on another line opposite, rows of francs in hand and of francs coming in.

I looked on, scarcely daring to breathe; but when this had lasted five or six minutes, a servant happening to come in the passage, I coughed, and then walked in with my hat off.

"Monsieur Rantzau, I have the honour to—"

"Ah! that's you, is it?" said he in a gruff way, turning round in his seat, without rising, and looking at me from head to foot.

"What is this I hear about my daughter having been twice to see you?"

It was obvious he had been informed. There are tale-bearers everywhere, especially round the rich. I did not feel at all comfortable.

"Well, what does it all mean?"

"I am here on a very painful mission, Monsieur Rantzau," I replied. "Louise has begged me to tell you she intends to go back to the Molsheim convent, and there devote herself entirely to the service of God."

Monsieur Jean's face turned livid; his eyes glared and seemed to start out of his head.

"You understand, Monsieur Rantzau," I pursued, "that when my best pupil—"

He did not allow me to finish, rose from his chair, and rushed out in the passage, calling "Louise! Louise!" Then he came back and walked up and down, as if I had not been there, with his hands behind his back, his head bent forward, his nose standing out in a larger curve than ever, and his heavy chin firmly flattened down: his large shoes creaked on the floor at each step. Suddenly he stopped to listen, for light steps were heard on the stairs, then he coughed.

I thought every particle of blood would leave my veins when I saw Louise enter. At one glance she knew why she had been called, and looked as terrified as I was myself; but her father, containing his anger, only frowned.

"I want to hear from your own lips what is in the wind. You have called on this schoolmaster to tell him something you have not told me—me, your father! Are you not ashamed to go and confide private concerns to this idiot and his two magpies, who will repeat every word they have heard? Is that the way a Rantzau behaves? Monsieur Florent has just told me, like a simpleton, that you want to go back to the convent and devote yourself to the service of the Lord. What is the meaning of that, —the Lord?"

The old sinner's features expressed deep sarcasm when he spoke of the Lord; and yet here was a man who never stopped away from mass or vespers on Sundays! I now saw through his religion. It was the religion of pride, avarice, and love of the good things of this world.

"Let me hear—speak—answer!"

Louise drew her slender figure up and replied, "I do want to go back to the convent." Then, turning to me, she continued, "I hope Monsieur Florent will forgive all the insult he is being exposed to for my sake. He has told nothing but the plain truth. I am not happy at home. I wish to serve the Lord, to go to the good sisters for ever; there, at least, I shall enjoy peace and quiet."

Her voice quivered, but she was firm.

The old barbarian looked at her with his arms folded, as he would have looked at a poor weak fly he meant to crush in a minute. I, knowing I was not strong enough to defend her against him,



felt the perspiration starting out of my brow ; but he, still keeping in his fury, began, like a wary old wolf, to work on her feelings.

“ So this is to be the reward of my love ! This is how my child rewards me ! ” He joined his two hands above his head as if in a paroxysm of grief.

“ So I *had* a daughter,” he went on, “ a daughter for whom every mortal thing has been. I could have married a second time, but I would not bring a stepmother home to an only child, and remained a widower at the age of thirty-seven. My days and nights have been spent over making her a fortune and giving her a first-rate education. I never denied her anything. She loved music and had the best masters ; she wanted to have a piano, I ordered one from Paris ; she wanted dresses, hats, everything—she had everything. Nothing was too good or dear enough for her—she should have had my last morsel of bread if she had asked me to give it her. She was my idol, my all ; and when I said ‘ That’s Louise,’ I meant, ‘ There’s perfection.’ She was my pride, my joy ; and now—this is my reward ! ”

Louise turned red and pale through all this, but did not utter a syllable : her face remained impassive, and the old wretch, finding he did not succeed in moving her, stopped his moaning to ask, in a threatening tone, whether she really was serious in her resolve to go back to Molsheim.

“ I am,” she replied. “ It is settled. I will enter on the service of God.”

No sooner were these words firmly uttered than Monsieur Jean went to the window, threw the shutters open, and, taking her by the shoulders as if she weighed no more than a feather, brought her to the window.

“ There is your god ! ” he cried, pointing to his brother’s house. “ He is the son of the villain who has made my blood boil for the last thirty years. Deny it. Lie—lie now as you are going to be a nun ! Ha, ha, ha ! ”

Monsieur Jean’s face was a horrible sight. Louise, more dead than alive, did not reply.

“ Is it true ? ” he roared, shaking her. “ Speak. So you won’t ? ” Then it *is* true ! ”

Finding she could not be made to answer with his hands on her, he let her alone. My legs shook under me. I felt something in my throat as if I wanted to say, “ Now is the time to run, child ; run out of the room,” but I couldn’t get the words out.

“ Yes, yes,” he went on, as if grief-stricken, “ I have sacrificed everything. I could have married twenty times, but I would not. In spite of that sanguinary robber I have prospered, thank God ! A worthy young man, the best scholar in the whole country, honours the whole family by soliciting the hand of my daughter. I have given you to him by promise—and every inhabitant of these mountains knows that Jean Rantzau has only one word ! It is all arranged. I shall recover the possession of all I have lost, be the

father of grandchildren, and end my days in peace and joy. We shall be the first people of the commune, the first in all the arrondissement; my daughter will be the grandest lady in the environs for ten leagues round Chaumes; my son-in-law will live in my own house, and the villain opposite will laugh on the wrong side of his mouth when he finds Monsieur Lebel is master, while his drunken, slothful vagrant is ready to dry up with envy! I tell you," he added more emphatically than before, in his loudest tones, "No one shall say *no* to me when I say *yes*. Do you hear that?" he roared, coming close to Louise again.

She was standing with her face to the light, self-possessed and determined, as defiant as all the Rantzaus.

"Do you hear?" he repeated, with increased fury. "Dare you say *no*—dare!"

"Well then, *no*," she replied, looking him straight in the face.

An icy-cold shudder ran over me, for she had no sooner said the word than the tiger came down on her. With his broad hand he struck her down on her knees to the ground. She was crushed, but not subdued, for, lifting her head, she looked at her father with flashing eyes, and sternly replied,—

"No—never!"

He lifted his arm to strike her again, but I held it back.

"Monsieur Rantzaus," I cried, "remember she is your child!"

All his fury was now turned on me.

"Who are you to come and meddle in my family concerns?" he thundered. In a second an iron grasp raised me from the ground, the back of my head was violently knocked against the wall, and the next thing was a heavy fall over some steps, which shattered my limbs and filled me with terror. The door was then slammed with a bang, and I thought I was done for; however, I tried to move and was making a strong effort to rise, when my hat flew after me out of the window and the shutters were closed again.

I looked round—all the neighbours and reapers were running away, and shrieks rang through the house. It was the hard-hearted old villain beating his daughter! My heart bled. At length I got on my feet and sat down on a step, though I had lost all my strength, and could scarcely fetch breath. Everybody had deserted the spot, none caring to be called on to say what they had seen and heard. I picked up my hat, and crawled home as well as I could, not meeting a single person on the way, but seeing faces peer out here and there from behind the house windows.

None of my bones were broken, fortunately, though I looked so very pale. When I reached our door I inwardly thanked the Almighty for my preservation, and walked in, without giving any account of myself to my wife or Juliette.

Neither were slow in perceiving that something very extraordinary had happened to me nevertheless; in the first place, there was the evidence: I was white all down my left side, having fallen in

the dust, and my hat was knocked in. It was quite enough to alarm them without the change on my face.

"What, in the name of heaven, has happened, Florent?" asked my wife.

"Nothing," said I; "Monsieur Jean pushed me out of the counting-house and I fell."

"I told you it would be so," said my wife, sobbing; and Juliette began to cry. "I told you how it would end, and you did not believe me!"

The neighbours soon came in to make inquiries, the report having already spread that I was going to be dismissed for having insulted Monsieur Jean. My wife's sighs, tears, and sobs increased, but I enjoyed a calm conscience, feeling I had only done what was right. When I found that Marie-Barbe and Juliette were in such distress, I told them there was justice here below, that all Monsieur Jean's spite and all the head-keeper's power could not deprive me of my situation, because I should have a hearing before I was sent away, and Monsieur Jacques was sure to stand up for me. This comforted them a little, but there was no thought of sleep or supper that night.

Towards nine, in the dead silence of night, we heard the head-keeper returning on horseback from Saarbourg. He was sure to hear the story of what had occurred before he went to bed, and would awake with the same feelings as his future father-in-law.

George came back from a timber sale he had attended later still.

I was just telling my wife, in a low voice, what Monsieur Jean and Louise had said about him, when his *char-à-bancs* rattled by our house, and I exclaimed, on hearing it, "Marie-Barbe, there he is! If he could but know that Louise loves him!"

"Hold your tongue," she cried. "We shall be ruined if any one hears you say that."

I did not discover until it was time to rise next day that, though none of my bones were broken, they were all very sore. I thought I should be compelled to keep my bed, but I dressed, with my wife's assistance, and managed to get into my armchair.

It is a great trial to have nothing to live on but one's profession when old age comes on, and there is nothing to fall back on!

The events I have related took place years ago, but when I think over them they still move me. I did not deserve such a terrible humiliation: Monsieur Jean would not have dared treat a man capable of defending himself in such a manner. A rich man would have sued him; but, alas! the justice of a poor and weak man's cause is not sufficiently supported in this world.

## CHAPTER XVI.

I HAD not been seated more than a quarter of an hour, thinking of the miseries of every-day life, when I saw George in the distance



from our small gable window that looks out on the high street. He had his old straw hat and blouse on, held his stout alpenstock, and came our way in deep thought.

The villagers, who at that early hour were sweeping the stables and letting their barn-fowl out, stopped to look at him as he went along, but he paid no attention to any one.

My wife was making the coffee, but no sooner caught a glimpse of George than she came running up.

"Now, Florent, here's George. I dare say he will want to find out what has happened—be cautious; do not repeat the words you said yesterday—take care; if Monsieur Jean knew!"

"Attend to your coffee, Marie-Barbe," said I, turning round. "After all these bruises I have a right to say a little of my own mind."

I was quite vexed with her; and as soon as Juliette had done sweeping the room she went with her mother into the kitchen.

Just then George walked up-stairs.

"Good-day, Monsieur Florent," said he. "I am going to the saw-mills, and thought I would like to see you as I went by."

"Sit down, George—take a chair; I cannot move."

"I hear uncle Jean has ill-treated you, and I have come to know all about it. He is a big coward; he would not lay his hand on *me*, but turns on the defenceless; beats his own child! In this manner he is sure to come to no harm! Old villain! I hope the day is not far off when he will cease to have the upper-hand."

I shared George's views entirely.

"You would never guess what is going on now, Monsieur Florent. Uncle Jean's house is in a pretty state. He came down into his stable early this morning and saddled a horse himself, called old Dominique, and ordered him to ride as fast as he could to Saarbours and fetch Monsieur Bourgard, the doctor. The man had to gallop off as he was, without any waistcoat on. Louise, it seems, is very ill indeed—the brute nearly killed her yesterday."

"George," said I, "you can pride yourself on having one of the most barbarous uncles."

"Don't mention him," said George, with his teeth set; "if you do, I shall go back and give him a thrashing; that is why I have left the house. I could not endure the temptation. I had rather walk about."

"Quite right, George; and then she is his daughter after all. No single person but your father, accompanied by a gendarme, has a right to set his foot in that house. We unfortunately must keep away. It is very terrible."

"He is an old savage!" said George, suddenly standing still. "One thing there is, however, Monsieur Florent, that I should much like to know. I cannot understand why he struck his daughter. He must have had some serious provocation."

"Oh! she told him she meant to take the veil and become a nun."

"A nun? Louise a nun?"

"Yes; she said she wanted to go back to Molsheim and give herself up to God, feeling very miserable in her father's house. She asked me, her old master, to break the news to him—you understand, George, that it was quite proper in her to come and ask me?"

"And is that why he struck her?"

"That is not the exact reason," I replied, with some hesitation.

My wife had heard the preceding conversation, and now came in from the kitchen, making her usual signs, but instead of noticing them, as I so often had done, I flew in a passion, for a man does not like to be led by his wife like a child.

"You want to know the whole truth, George? Well, he struck Louise because she loves you! It happened in this way. Your uncle pushed the shutters of his counting-house wide open, and, pointing to your father's house, said that the son of the rascal opposite was the god she loved."

"Did he say that? Did you hear him, Monsieur Florent?"

"I could not help hearing him, he shouted loud enough for the whole village to hear."

"What did Louise answer?"

"Nothing. He shook her, saying, 'Deny it; lie, lie, if you dare!'"

"And did she not answer him?"

"No, George. She would not tell an untruth."

I gave my wife a look that meant, "There, that will teach you to leave off fussing with your signs and warnings."

George had turned red, looking first at me and then at my wife.

"Well, yes, Monsieur Florent, we do love each other. I have loved her for a long time. I always loved her, even when I fancied I hated her, because I had been told I did. Whenever I have uttered a word against her I have always been vexed with those who backed what I said. I hid it all here," he said, placing his hand on his bosom; "but since the day of the waggon-load—you remember that day, Monsieur Florent?—it has been too much for me."

His eyes were full of tears; he caught my hand and looked as if he could have thrown his arms round my neck.

"I have been very unhappy," he went on. "How I have hated myself for caring for uncle Jean's daughter! How I have cursed and upbraided myself for this weakness! How I have roamed about in the woods, saying, 'The child of the old villain who robbed your own father! the daughter of the man who is planning your ruin!' I turned hard and cruel; for there was something like torture at my heart—I could not bear it. I saw her everywhere—behind the hedges, in the village, in the corn-fields, at the window. At last I discovered she sought me too. Without precisely trying to meet, we were always in the same places, neither exchanging looks or words, but we loved one another. And," he added, in a loud voice, "we love each other now; I will have her!"

George said the latter words in a fierce, determined manner; he reminded me of those birds of prey which spread their pinions out betimes and sound a war-cry.

"Don't speak so loud, George; everybody will hear you in the village. And then you say, 'I will have her, I will have her!'—you don't seem to think of the head-keeper."

"The head-keeper?" he cried, with contempt; "poor devil! He may come now. Ah, ah, ah!"

"And your uncle Jean?"

"Uncle Jean has lowered himself by striking his daughter, he has shown her he meant to sacrifice her happiness to his revenge. She loves me more than she can ever love him—you know she loves me, Monsieur Florent, you said so yourself!"

"No doubt, no doubt; but your father! Unfortunate young man, you have everything against you!"

"Please listen one moment, Monsieur Florent, and you will see whether it is really right this should be so. As an upright man you will decide. Because these two old men have hated each other for thirty long years, on account of an old lumbering house; because they have sworn each other's ruin, and cannot look at each other in the face without a shudder—is that a reason why we should do likewise? Are we to go on in this way for ever? one branch of the same family trying to ruin the other, crying each other down, turning the blood of our veins into gall, and finally annihilating one another? Is that proper? Is this your desire, Monsieur Florent?"

"No, George, certainly not, very much the reverse; but—"

"There is common sense to go by: Louise loves me, I love her; we will marry and make up the feud. The others may do as they like, it is their own look-out. Good-bye, Monsieur Florent!" saying this, George left the room.

"George!" I called. He came back.

"Where are you going? what are you going to do?"

"I am going to tell my father this minute."

"Do not mention me."

"No, no; it is my own business." Though I was in great pain, I looked after him as he slowly and thoughtfully walked down the street; he held his alpenstock firmly, and with a bold step entered his father's house.

I resumed my seat until school-time uneasily, wondering what was going on; whether the storm had burst between father and son. Both were equally rash, both tenacious and obdurate. At times, I thought that the father, being old and weakened by suffering, would give in; at others, that he would not, but was more likely to turn his son out of doors.

These two opposite possibilities divided my thoughts until seven, when it was time to go down to the schoolroom. I looked out of the window before doing so, and found everything perfectly calm, the house-doors were all closed.

I had to sit still at my desk all the morning, and observed with gratification that none of the scholars seemed to glory over what had occurred. Their parents had, therefore, all blamed Monsieur



Jean and had taken my part. From time to time they stole a glance at me over their books, but no sooner met my gaze than they looked down again, as if they were afraid of humbling me. Other schoolmasters would perhaps have been laughed at under the circumstances, for children know how to turn every little mortification undergone by unjust superiors to good account, but this was not my case at all.

Every thing went off in proper order, and when school was over I had but to take one look out of the window to see that the whole village was in extraordinary excitement. It was Nanette Bouveret, our neighbour's grandmother, screaming out as loud as she could.

"Poor lamb! she would rather be buried alive in a convent than marry her carroty suitor—and her father has beaten her! Ah! old bald-head, if there was anything like justice here below, you would have danced long ago at the end of a tough rope; but men have no hearts. If they do but make money they care not a snap for anything else. Was there ever such a crow as that Monsieur Lebel? A pretty turn up for Mademoiselle Louise, indeed! Yes, indeed, she would just suit him! Ever since he has been here there is no end to people being sued. He's the man who should have come in for all blows and kicks that poor Monsieur Florent knows of but don't talk about—poor harmless old man who wouldn't kill a flea!"

Her voice was shrill and could be heard from one end of the village to the other, but there was no stopping her, and she stood, with fists doubled, shaking them at Monsieur Jean's house.

"Hold your peace, grandmother," said Jean Bouveret, the carpenter; "if the gentlemen hear you, we shall get into trouble."

"And what do I care for the gentlemen?" she asked, in a higher key; "they won't stop me from winding and spinning my flax, nor prevent me from leading the goats out, I can tell you! What harm can they do me? Do they give me any work? Do I owe them any money? All I say may be carried back, it will do them some good to hear the truth. I say it is a disgrace, a shame, to compel any girl to marry a man she don't like! I will say it to Jean Rantzau's face if he comes my way. Nanette Bouveret won't put herself out for him!"

She went on for a long time in the same strains, and the other women, encouraged by this old Jacobin's example, joined in the chorus. They were soon in open revolt all over Chaumes; it was worse than the year 1830, and it was the first time in my life I saw women hold together against men. Marie-Barbe picked up courage as well as the others when she saw every one was on our side.

"Now is the time, Florent," said she, "when it pleaseth the Almighty to lay His hand on the hard-hearted miser. The whole place is rising. I would like to see him sue us, with his Monsieur Lebel, now! I wish he would try to get us out of our situation! the whole mountain would come down to defend our cause."

She had been in such mute terror before that the reaction was all the more intense. I had to reason calmly with her, and explain that it was not possible for Monsieur Jean to get me out of my situation, the mayors being supreme, and everything depending on Monsieur Jacques' good-will.

"It's all as it should be, Florent, I daresay; but Monsieur Jean threw you down-stairs, for all that, and I would just like to see him in the prisoners' van going to public execution."

Women have no moderation. The best way is to leave reasoning with them alone, for their last arguments are worse than their first, and then there is no end to it. I bore with Marie-Barbe patiently, letting her go on with abuse of Monsieur Jean and predictions of his future downfall—things which did him no harm.

She was not the only infuriated wife at Chaumes; they were all out of sorts, and this state of feeling was kept up until bedtime. Even in the schoolroom I was disturbed by their comments out of doors, and could hear their violent language while I gave my lessons. Some of the women proposed breaking old Jean Rantzau's door open and rushing in to deliver his daughter.

Monsieur Jean was probably informed of everything that was going on, for more than one tale-bearer carried every report backwards and forwards; but the overbearing man showed on this day that he was not of the sort that can be frightened into giving up his will.

Monsieur Jacques' servant came at five, just as I was shutting up school, to say her master wished to speak to me. I left home immediately, some of the neighbours offering me their arm; but I preferred getting on alone, and thanked them for their consideration.

Monsieur Jean Rantzau's house was silent, that of Monsieur Jacques no less so. I entered the first room to the right of the passage, in which I had often drawn up papers before. Monsieur le Maire was sitting cross-legged at his black writing-table. He looked completely dejected and worn out with trouble, ten years older at the least.

"Ah! here you are, Florent," said he; and, passing me a stamped paper, he add, "look at this."

It was a document from Monsieur Jean, notifying unto the mayor that he was to post up at the Mairie the banns of marriage between Paul Lucien Lebel and Louise Amélie Rantzau, only daughter of Jean Rantzau, landowner at Chaumes, which ceremony, it was to be announced, should take place in the course of the week following the three days' legal publication of the said banns.

I shook all over as I laid the paper down again. It seemed as impossible as it was abominable; meanwhile Monsieur Jacques' yellow-grey eyes were fixed on me, for I stood speechless.

"What do you say to this?" he asked.

"It is terrible."

"Indeed it is terrible," he repeated. "My brother has only made up this match to ruin me; he is sacrificing his daughter to

his hatred. Lebel is the man for him ; he accepts all the conditions laid before him, promises everything, all the pursuits required, &c., &c. He must be a miserable wretch to conclude such a bargain ; but what wouldn't people do to become rich ? It is sad—very sad indeed !”

I had nothing to answer.

“ You may sit down and write it out, Florent. I will stick the bill up at the Mairie to-day. Everybody will read it.”

I took a seat, and with swimming eyes wrote out the notice in my largest handwriting, ending with the date and the rest.

Monsieur le Maire relapsed into deep thought ; his snuff-box and handkerchief were by his side, but he looked vacantly out of the window. When I had done he threw some snuff over the ink to dry it, and, after having read it, returned it to me, saying,—

“ Yes, Florent, that's it. It's all right. Put the stamp of the Mairie on it.”

When I had done so he signed and returned the paper.

“ It is painful to have to help in so shameful a transaction, is it not, Florent ?—a transaction that is to cause my own ruin. But this is nothing compared to what I have to tell you ; no, nothing. This plan of brother Jean's, after all, would only have compelled me to give up the timber trade ; I am rich enough without it. I should have let my saw-mills, and we could have done something else ; but a thing you will never credit, that you will never believe, and a thing I wouldn't tell any man but you, Florent—you, a most reliable and straightforward man—is that my son George loves the daughter of that ruffian !”

His voice had risen, as he spoke with increased animation, and echoed in the empty room. I, feigning great surprise, replied,—

“ What, Monsieur le Maire ? Is this possible ?”

“ Yes !” he exclaimed ; “ possible and true. George told me this very morning, himself.”

I looked away, for his face was contracted, his jaw-bones set, and his large nose touched his chin.

“ That is what is reserved unto me in my old age ! My own son desirous to marry the child of that hypocrite, the daughter of the sneak who did me out of my father's house when our aged parent had turned infirm, deaf, and sanctified ; yes, the child of the intolerable wheedler who always had approval on his lips—‘ Yes, papa !’—‘ Quite right, papa !’—‘ Very true, papa !’—and who entered into all the old man's devout fancies, saying, ‘ Amen, papa ! Amen, amen.’ Oh, the wretch ! He knew what all these ‘ amens, papa ’ would bring in some day, while I, mille tonnerres ! couldn't do it. No,” added the mayor, bringing his fist down on the table, “ I never could keep up ‘ Yes, papa,’ ‘ God bless you, papa,’ from morning to night. It would have killed me. However, it served him, and I only came in for odds and ends—for what I had a legal right to ; had it not been for law, the shrewd



cheat, who was always talking about his birthright, would have stripped me of my last shirt."

Although Monsieur Jacques' face was very horrible to look at, I felt he was not entirely wrong, and in some measure I could understand his passion and irritation.

"I can tell you all these things, Florent, though I have never told any one but George. I consider you as a friend, more than a friend. Now you know how Jean robbed me."

I was deeply concerned for the mayor, but had nothing to say. When the first outburst of his anger had subsided he was silent, but after having taken a pinch of snuff in nervous rage, he continued,—

"Yes; and after all I have endured, my own son falls in love with this brigand's daughter! Did you ever hear of such a misfortune? He has loved her for some time, Florent. I once suspected it, and tried to get him away from Chaumes; but he would not leave—and now he means to marry her!"

"After all, Monsieur le Maire," I ventured to say, seeing his fit of fury was coming on again, "Louise is a very good and charming girl."

"Who denies it? I don't say anything to the contrary," cried the unfortunate man, pulling his hair with his two hands; "but she is Jean's daughter!"

There was nothing to reply to this, and besides, if I had replied, I should have had nothing but empty words to say, and what are words when grief is so bitter?

The mayor was again silent for a little while, then added, in a husky voice, "I told George, when he confided all this to me this morning, that he might have till to-night to change his mind or leave this place—twelve hours in which to decide whether he will give her up or cease to be my son! I shall be alone, always alone, if he chooses the latter course."

The way in which he said this almost drew tears from my eyes.

"The same thing will happen to me that happened to grandfather, who died childless after having brought up a family of twelve. I have only one, and shall lose all the same day. Now I wonder how I have deserved all this?"

George passed by the window at the same moment.

"There he is," said Monsieur Jacques, but he kept his eyes downcast.

The house-door was opened, then that of the room we were sitting in.

It was George. He walked straight up to the writing-desk.

"Well?" asked his father, with a hollow, hoarse voice.

"Well," replied George, "I have reflected, and things will remain as I have said. I cannot change."

"Then you mean to leave?"

"No."

"You intend to live in my house in spite of me?"

"I did not say that," answered George firmly. "You are master here; you have but to order me to leave and I will obey, but I shall stop at Chaumes. I shall live at the inn, only that will create scandal."

The old man shuddered.

George's neck, ears, and face were crimson, but he mastered himself and kept calm. The mayor remained seated in his arm-chair, thinking very deeply, while I, who felt sorry for him at the bottom of my heart, sympathized with him very sincerely.

"Ah, what a blow! Speak to him, Florent—tell him I cannot go and ask Jean to bestow her hand on him."

"Neither do I expect you to do anything of the kind, father," replied George. "I only told you I love Louise and that Louise loves me. We have both battled against it, and it is out of the question. You will act as you like, and uncle Jean will do as he likes; but if Louise is forced into marrying any one else, I say, by the faith of a Rantzau, a great misfortune will happen. Now, father, do you wish me to leave your house?"

"No. It would gratify Jean. Remain; but we shall live together as strangers."

"Very well, father," replied George.

He was going to leave the room when his mother, poor woman, who for so many years had never come out of her kitchen, and who, on grand fête-days always stood in attendance behind her husband's chair, now rushed in, holding her apron up to her eyes, and uttered, with a piercing shriek, "Rantzau!"

She could say no more. The old man, without turning to look at her, sternly pointed to the door, and she retired. George followed her out of the room.

For some seconds the mayor did not move; he sat somewhat bent forward, looking down at his boots, the image of grief. We remained perfectly silent until he rose, went to the cupboard and took from a small basket the key of the wire grating behind which announcements were hung up at the Mairie.

"Come along, Florent," he said; and we both went to the Mairie, where we posted the bill. When this was done he locked the grating, wished me good-night, and we both went to our respective homes.

## SCRAPS FROM RECOLLECTION.

BY SIR GEORGE L'ESTRANGE,

FORMERLY OF 31ST REGIMENT, LATE ON HALF-PAY OF THE SCOTS  
FUSILIER GUARDS.

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### No. VII.

THE short, very sharp, and decisive action on the heights of Garres, with which my last "Scrap" concluded, was no impediment to our immediate advance, and towards the middle of the next day we were in motion in the direction of Orthes, and it was not very long before we were within sound of the booming of the great guns. Lord Wellington had again brought Marshal Soult and the French army to bay. The attack commenced on the left, and though the enemy made a very determined stand at the commencement, they were totally unable to resist the impetuous attack made on them by the divisions composing the left of the British army, in which, however, we suffered severe loss; and amongst those severely wounded was the late Duke of Richmond, then Lord March, who received a musket-ball through the body. He was on the staff of Lord Wellington and in the 52nd Light Infantry, the uniform of which was almost identical with that which I wore—that of the Light Infantry of the 31st Regiment—and I was on more than one occasion spoken to in mistake for him. We had been at Westminster together, and I well remember how he led on his school-fellows in repelling the attacks that in those days were annually made by the roughs in Tothill Street and its then discreditable neighbourhood on the Westminster Boys on and after the celebrated 5th of November. Though his Grace recovered from his severe wound, I have heard that he felt it occasionally for the rest of his life; but he lived to obtain the tardy Peninsular medal for that gallant army, though nearly thirty years elapsed from the period when it was won. I got one of the medals with six clasps, and was at the dinner given to the Duke of Richmond on the occasion, which was attended by 200 officers, of which I was the youngest in the room.

When our corps (Sir Rowland Hill's) came in sight of the field at Orthes the battle had been virtually gained. We saw the greater part of the French army scattered over the plain like a flock of sheep in full retreat, or rather running away, throwing down



their knapsacks, their muskets, and everything that could impede their flight, for such it must be called, and all moving in an oblique direction from the left towards our right, in the hope of gaining a certain bridge, where they expected they would be safe. "Where are the cavalry?" everybody asked. "What an opportunity they are losing of going into these runaways and making a clean sweep of them!" But the cavalry at that moment were not available, and most of the fugitives gained the desired bridge.

We thought that the French army must be so demoralized by this defeat, that it would be no easy matter to again get them into fighting order; but the French marshal was not so easily extinguished, and before many days he was able again to show a front; and at St. Gander's, and afterwards at Aire, we had some sharp fighting, but always with the advantage on our side. After a sharp action near Aire, where our division was engaged, towards evening, as darkness approached, our Light Company's commander, Major Daniel Dudgeon, of the 66th, a man weighing twenty stone, who rode a black charger seventeen hands high, from which he had alighted, told me that my company must furnish an outlying picket. "Very well, major," said I; "I'll go." Then he said he would accompany me to place the picket; so we advanced through a narrow lane up to our ankles in mud and water, for there had been heavy rain, and I followed the big major. We had not advanced very far when I saw a flash from a musket in front, for it was now nearly dark, and I saw my dear old commandant fall down in the muddy lane and splash me all over. I immediately, with the help of a few soldiers, got him lifted up, and we carried him into a small house that happened to be near. We lost no time in sending for the surgeon of the regiment, who soon arrived, and we laid poor Dudgeon down on a table in the room. We discovered that a ball had entered at the stomach—a very corpulent and aldermanic one—and it struck me that it must be all up with him. The surgeon, however, continued his examination, and at last said, "I think I feel the ball." He took his lancet, made a slight incision in his back, and held the ball in his hand. We of course thought it had passed through his body; but no, this was not the case. It had struck on a very elastic substance, had passed all round his body just under the skin, and lodged in his back, from which it was extracted as related; and many months had not elapsed before we had the dear old man back again with us, to the great delight of his numerous friends and admirers, for he was a favourite with all.

When he was taken to the rear I began to look about my outlying picket. The fires of the French army were blazing on every hill as far as the eye could carry us, and I watched them with great interest, speculating upon whether they would wait for us or give us another field-day the next morning. The practised eye soon learns to discover signs and tokens. I watched the night-fires, and could distinguish when men passed to and fro between me and the fire.

For a long period I could see that they were there; but towards morning the fires began to decline, I could see no passing to and fro, and I came to the conclusion that they were off, turned into the small house, where the operation had been performed on Dudgeon, and slept soundly till the bugle sounded in the morning. Lord Wellington lost no time in following up the retreating French army, which was falling back upon Thoulouse. Soult made his final, and as it afterwards turned out, his uncalled for stand; for it was generally understood and believed, that he had received positive and authentic information of the overthrow and downfall of the Great Emperor, and the advance of the allied armies on Paris. He could not resist the temptation of the chance of for once defeating the British army and their renowned general, in the very strong position he had taken up at Thoulouse. He issued a very inflated proclamation to the French army and people, of which the following is a translation:—

“ From General Quarters,  
“ 8th March, 1814.

“**SOLDIERS**,—At the battle of Orthes you did your duty; the enemy suffered much heavier losses than ours; his blood covered the ground; therefore you may consider this passage of arms as an advantage. We are called to a hundred other combats; there is no repose for us, attacking or attacked, until this army, formed of such extraordinary elements, shall be entirely destroyed, or shall have evacuated the territory of the Empire. However great their numerical superiority, or whatever may be their projects, they little suspect the dangers with which they are surrounded, or the perils which await them; but time will teach them, and also the general who commands them, that French honour cannot be outraged without punishment. Soldiers!! the general who commands the army against which we fight daily, has had the impudence to incite you, and to incite your countrymen, to revolt and sedition. He speaks of peace, and he excites the French to civil war; thanks to him for letting you know his projects. From that moment your strength is multiplied a hundredfold; from that moment he himself rallied to the Imperial eagles those who by deceptive appearances he had deceived into thinking he carried on the war with loyalty.

“No peace with a nation so disloyal and perfidious; no peace with the English and their auxiliaries until they have evacuated the territory of the Empire. They have dared to insult the national honour; they have had the infamy to excite the French to falsify their oaths, and to perjure themselves *vis-à-vis* of the Emperor. This offence can only be revenged by blood. To arms! this cry is heard throughout the south; there is not a Frenchman who is not bound to avenge, otherwise he abjures his country, and should be counted among her enemies. A few days more and those who believed in the delicacy and sincerity of the English will discover, at their expense, that these artful promises had no other object than to lower and subdue their courage. If to-day the English pay and affect generosity, to-morrow enormous contributions will be levied which will largely reimburse their outlay. These pusillanimous creatures, who calculate the sacrifices they will have to make to save their country, will soon discover that the English, by this war, have no other object than to cause France to destroy herself, and to subjugate the French as they have already done the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Sicilians, and all other people who groan under their domination. The history of the past will present itself to those anti-French who prefer temporary comforts to the safety of their country; and they will see the English excite Frenchmen to cut one another's throats as they did at Quiberon. They will see the English at the head of all the conspiracies, and of all odious schemes, perfidies, and political assassinations, bouleversing all principles of right by the destruction of all great industrial establishments, thus satisfying their insatiable ambition and greediness.

"Does there exist a single point on the globe where they have not destroyed, by seduction of the workmen or by violence, the factories and mills in which the products might rival or surpass their own? This will be the fate of our manufacturing establishments, if the English obtain their ends.

"Soldiers! condemn to eternal disgrace and execration every Frenchman who has favoured in any way the insidious projects of our enemies. Vow also eternal opprobrium, and deny them as Frenchmen, those who can defend themselves, but who avail themselves of specious pretexts to obtain dispensation of their services; and also those who by corruption or indolence receive and conceal deserters instead of driving them back to their ranks. From this moment there is nothing in common between such men and ourselves, and we can safely anticipate that inexorable history will bring down execration on their names to all posterity. As to us our duty is distinctly traced out: honour and fidelity is our motto; fight to the last against the enemies of our august Emperor and our dear France; respect to property and person; pity the misfortune of those who are momentarily subjected to the enemy, and hasten their deliverance; obedience and implacable hatred to traitors and enemies among Frenchmen; war to the death to those who endeavour to cause divisions among you, and to those cowards who desert the Imperial eagles to range themselves under other colours. Let us always bear in mind the fifteen centuries of glory and innumerable triumphs which have illustrated our country; contemplate the prodigious efforts of our great Emperor and his signal victories, which will eternalize the French name. Be you worthy of *him*, and we may then leave, without a stain, to our children the heritage which we received from our fathers; and let us die with arms in our hands sooner than survive our honour.

"Signed by the Marshal of the Empire, Lieutenant of the Emperor,

"THE MARSHAL DUKE OF DALMATIA.

"Certified a true copy by the Lieutenant-General of the Staff of the Army.

"THE COUNT GAZAN."

While all these events were in progress, the Duc d'Angoulême had arrived at Bordeaux, and the Mayor of Bordeaux had issued a proclamation declaring in favour of the Bourbons, rather prematurely as Lord Wellington considered it, as it placed him in a difficult position:—

"*Le Maire de Bordeaux à ses Concitoyens, habitans de Bordeaux.*

"A Bordeaux, ce 12 Mars, 1814.

"Le Magistrat paternel de votre ville a été appelé par les plus heureuses circonstances à se rendre l'interprète de vos vœux trop longtemps comprimés, et l'organe de votre intérêt, pour accueillir, en votre nom, le neveu, le gendre de Louis XVI., dont la présence change en alliés des peuples irrités, qui jusqu'à vos portes ont eu le nom d'ennemis.

"Déjà, Bordelais, les proclamations, que, dans l'impuissance de la presse, vos plumes impatientes ont multipliés, nous ont rassurés sur les intentions de votre Roi et les projets de ses alliés.

"Ce n'est pas pour assujettir nos contrées à une domination étrangère que les Anglais, les Espagnols, et les Portugais y apparaissent. Ils se sont réunis dans le midi, comme d'autres peuples au nord, pour détruire le fléau des nations, et le remplacer par un Monarque, père du peuple. Ce n'est même que par lui que nous pouvons apaiser le ressentiment d'une nation voisine, contre laquelle nous a lancé le despotisme le plus perfide.

"Sije n'avais été convaincu que la présence des Bourbons conduits par leurs généreux alliés devait amener la fin de vos maux, je n'aurais sans doute jamais déserté votre ville; mais j'aurais courbé la tête en silence sous un joug passager. On ne m'eût point vu arborer cette couleur, qui présage un gouvernement pur, si l'on ne m'avait garanti que toutes les classes de citoyens jouiront de ces bienfaits que les progrès de l'esprit humain promettaient à notre siècle.



“ Les mains des Bourbons sont pures du sang Français. Le testament de Louis XVI. à la main, ‘ ils oublient tout ressentiment ; ’ partout ils proclament et ils prouvent que la tolérance est le premier besoin de leurs âmes. Instruits que les ministres d’une religion différente de celle qu’ils professent ont gémi sur le sort des Rois et des Pontifes, ils promettent une égale protection à tous les cultes qui invoquent un Dieu de paix et de réconciliation.

“ C’est en déplorant des horrible ravages de la tyrannie qu’amena la licence, qu’ils oublient les erreurs causées par les illusions de la liberté. Loin d’en vouloir à ceux qui, avec une ardeur trop punie, en ont poursuivi de vains fantômes, ils viennent leur restituer cette liberté véritable, qui laisse à la fois le peuple et le Monarque sans défiance. Toutes les institutions libérales seront maintenues. Effrayé de la facilité des Français à voter des impôts, soutiens du despotisme, le Prince sera le premier à concerter, avec vos représentans, le mode le plus égal, la répartition la plus équitable, pour que le peuple ne soit pas foulé.

“ Ces courtes et consolantes paroles qui vient de vous adresser l’époux de la fille de Louis XVI. ‘ Plus de tyran ! Plus de guerre ! Plus de conscription ! Plus d’impôts vexatoires ! ’ ont déjà rassuré vos familles.

“ Déjà sa Majesté a deux fois proclamé à la face de l’Europe que l’intérêt de l’état lui ferait une loi de consolider des ventes qui par d’innombrables mutations ont intéressé tant de familles à des propriétés désormais garanties.

“ Bordelais ! Je me suis assuré que la ferme volonté de sa Majesté était de favoriser l’industrie et de ramener parmi nous cette impartiale liberté de commerce qui, avant 1789, avait répandu l’aisance dans toutes les classes laborieuses ; vos récoltes vont cesser d’être ruineuses ; les colonies trop longtemps séparées de la mère-patrie vous seront rendues ; la mer, qui était devenue comme inutile pour vous, va ramener dans votre port des pavillons amis. L’ouvrier laborieux ne verra plus ses mains oisives, et le marin rendu à sa noble profession va naviguer de nouveau pour acheter le repos de sa vieillesse et léguer son expérience à ses fils.

“ L’époux de la fille de Louis XVI. est dans vos murs : il vous fera bientôt entendre lui-même l’expression des sentimens qui l’animent, et de ceux du Monarque dont il est le représentant et l’interprète. L’espoir des jours de bonheur qu’il vous assure a soutenu mes forces.

“ Je n’ai pas besoin de vous inviter à la concorde. Tous nos vœux ne tendent-ils pas au même but, la destruction de la tyrannie sous laquelle nous avons tous également gémi ? Mais chacun de nous doit y concourir avec autant d’ordre que d’ardeur. Amsterdam n’a point attendu la présence de ses libérateurs, pour se prononcer et rétablir l’ancien gouvernement, seul capable de rappeler son commerce et sa prospérité ; c’est au patriotisme des négocians que le stadthouder a dû son rétablissement, et la prompte création de l’armée, qui défend par ses mains la liberté Hollandaise.

“ Les premiers vous aurez donné un semblable exemple à la France. La gloire et l’avantage qu’en retirera notre ville la rendront à jamais célèbre et heureuse entre les cités.

“ Tout nous permet d’espérer qu’à l’excès des maux vont succéder enfin ces temps désirés par la sagesse, où doivent cesser les rivalités des nations ; et peut-être était-il réservé au Grand Capitaine, qui a déjà mérité le titre de ‘ Libérateur des Peuples, ’ d’attacher son nom glorieux à l’époque de cet heureux prodige.

“ Tels sont, O mes concitoyens ! les motifs, les espérances, qui ont guidé mes démarches et m’ont déterminé à faire pour vous, s’il le fallait, le sacrifice de ma vie. Dieu m’est témoin que je n’ai eu en vue que le bonheur de notre patrie. Vive le Roi !

“ LE MAIRE LYNCH.”

Our corps of the British army arrived in the neighbourhood of Thoulouse early in April, and it was Lord Wellington’s intention to have crossed the Garonne above the town of Thoulouse, and Sir Rowland Hill’s corps, being on the right of the army, was destined

to perform this operation. After remaining a day or two in our camp, an order came that we should approach the river, which we did by a very long night-march, and tiresome enough it was, as all night-marches are; but when we arrived within reach of the river, it was discovered that there were not pontoons sufficient to span the river, and our disappointment was great when we found that we were not destined to give the finishing stroke to this brilliant campaign. Another fatiguing night-march brought us back to our old camping-ground, and a delay took place while Lord Wellington made dispositions to pass the left of the army across the river *below* the town, a feat which he accomplished with his usual judgment, and which has been detailed in his own despatches and every history of the war. We lay patiently in our camp, though sorely regretting the fate that prevented our taking a more prominent part in the approaching action. However, on the evening of the 9th of April, there were symptoms of a move, and by daylight the next morning we were in the immediate vicinity of the town. We arrived at a long, straight, and wide road or rather street, for there were houses on both sides of it, and it became necessary to feel our way. My company being as usual at the head of the brigade, my dear old general desired me to cross this road or street, and to desire my company to follow, by twos and threes, to ascertain if any of the enemy were in occupation of the houses on the opposite side. I immediately crossed over, and observed that at some distance to my left the enemy had thrown up a barricade to protect the bridge. I had got about half way over before I was observed by the Frenchmen, who immediately commenced to pot at me and my men that were following me. I did not think it would be dignified to accelerate my pace, but arrived at the opposite side uninjured, as well as all my men, and was rejoiced to find, instead of French soldiers, a remarkably nice, well-furnished villa, that had evidently been just vacated, containing a billiard-table and all the apparatus in good order, ladies' shoes and slippers scattered about, with other portions of ladies' dresses, and in fact it gave one the idea of a very respectable and comfortable residence. Though rather fond of a game of billiards, the view from the windows was too interesting to admit of such amusement. The town of Thoulouse was under my eyes, and the heights at the other side occupied by the French army in position quite in view. Moreover, the action had commenced, and my whole attention was occupied in observing the progress of the great battle that was raging in our front, while I was in comparative safety, only that it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out upon the parties in our immediate front. The battle raged fast and furious for a very considerable period. The Spaniards, who commenced the attack, were unable to make any impression on the French lines, and were in fact driven back; and it was not until Lord Wellington sent a considerable number of the red-coats to the front, that the tide of the action was turned. Our brave fellows suffered severely, and for a long time I was in despair as to the result; the fire sometimes

retiring filled me with dismay, and the advancing fire was very slow and apparently indecisive.

The French columns still occupied the hill, and it was not until near evening that I saw the Congreve Rocket Brigade, I believe for the first time brought into action, sending their hissing, serpentine-looking missiles along the top of the hill into the French columns. They could not stand up against these fearful weapons. I saw that the battle was gained, that the French columns were in retreat, and could not help giving a cheer for the result of this sanguinary and conclusive victory.

It is probable that the two or three days which had been lost about the crossing of the river, forced Lord Wellington to fight the battle of Thoulouse on Easter Sunday, of all days in the year, being the 10th of April, 1814. Thus terminated this great and glorious war, and I found that we had accomplished, what in my early start I had contemplated, the driving of the French army out of the Peninsula and across the Pyrenees, and began to be proud of myself in having taken a part, though a very humble one, in these triumphant events.

Lord Wellington being aware that the war was at an end, did not think of following up Soult's army. The marshal must have suffered some remorse of conscience in having sacrificed so many lives unnecessarily; but we must all acknowledge that never was there an army so frequently and invariably beaten as his was, making a more brilliant and gallant stand than did this French army under their indefatigable general and such adverse circumstances. Our entry and reception in Thoulouse was something magnificent; the whole population seemed seized with a sudden passion for the Bourbons and the English. From every window in the town, the white flag, or some other emblem of loyalty, was exhibited in the shape of flags or carpets, in shawls or even sheets. The theatres were opened and filled with English officers and soldiers and loyal French citizens. "God save the King" and "Vive Henry Quatre" were the only songs they would listen to; and whenever any of our great officers appeared, he was received with immense cheering. A great ball was given to them; a certain number of officers only could be invited; I was fortunate enough to get an invitation, and as I had preserved pretty well my Light Infantry jacket, and for which I had got a new pair of chain wings, I looked very smart. When I entered the ball-room, I was dazzled with the brilliancy of the lights, and the assemblage of splendidly-dressed ladies, young and old. The young ladies were all ranged round the room like wallflowers. Sir Lowry Cole introduced me to several French people very good-naturedly as a cousin of his, which was a feather in the cap of a bashful young subaltern; but when I was told I might ask any young lady in the room I pleased to dance, I was entranced and lost no time in making my selection. I fortunately hit upon a first-rate dancer. A waltz was struck up, which was *then* perfectly new to me, but



she twirled me round like a teetotum till I became so giddy that I thought the whole room was going round, and when we stopped I nearly fell down upon my face. My partner, however, good-naturedly supported me until I had recovered my stability, but I eschewed the waltz for the rest of that evening. My regiment had passed through the town, and just before we arrived at some charming suburban villas, where we were to take up our quarters, I was rather startled by a loud cheer and seeing the caps of every soldier in the regiment waving in the air over their heads. "What in the world is the matter?" I inquired, when I was informed that my uncle, the late General Guy Carleton L'Estrange, had suddenly appeared on the line of march. After the battle of Albuera, where he commanded the 31st Regiment, he certainly distinguished himself by an impromptu manœuvre which overthrew the Polish lancers, and which is still practised in the old regiment, and called the Albuera manœuvre. He was promoted to the command of the 26th Regiment, and was stationed at Gibraltar. He could not resist the temptation of witnessing the winding up of the war, and he and his friend, Colonel Alexander Saunderson, of Castle Saunderson, father of the present worthy and distinguished member for Cavan, who I am proud to call my friend, having provided themselves with good horses started to ride across Spain, which they accomplished; and the manner in which he was received by his old regiment, who had not seen him for more than two years, is a proof of his popularity as a commanding officer. I naturally felt very proud of it, and ever afterwards he was a good and kind uncle to me; and when he afterwards married Miss Sarah Rawson, sister of the present amiable, truly hospitable, and worthy Miss Rawson, the proprietor of that beautiful seat, Nidd Hall, in Yorkshire, they never lost an opportunity of doing me a kindness, to receive me hospitably into their house; in fact, I had no relations to whom I was more sincerely attached, or whose memories I more revere than Uncle Guy and Aunt Sarah.

They rest in peace side by side, having died without issue, in the ancient burying-ground of the old family of Rawson at Nidd Hall.

The city of Thoulouse was the scene of the most exuberant rejoicings; the theatres were thrown open, and balls, concerts, and dinner-parties were the order of the day and night. The arrival of my uncle, then Colonel Guy C. L'Estrange of the 26th Regiment, was a subject of great gratification to me. He got a billet close to where his old regiment, the 31st, was stationed, about a mile on the south side of the city. He and I generally rode into the town every morning, to hear the news and amuse ourselves. We heard that a day was appointed for the Duc d'Angoulême to make a sort of triumphal entrée into Thoulouse. An enormous cavalcade of British and other officers, numbering several hundreds, rode out to meet his Royal Highness some miles from the town and escort him into it, and I formed one of their numerous escort. His reception was enthusiastic, and the rejoicings were kept up for some days. Lord

Charles Churchill had been appointed Aide-de-camp to General Byng, but did not remain long with him, and he then did me the honour to offer it to me, and asked me to accompany him to Bourdeaux on his way to Paris. Before he left he invited General Kempt, who commanded a brigade, to dine with him; he came, and by some accident he was the only guest, so that it was a trio—the two generals and myself. The conversation, in which, however, I scarcely took a part, turned on military affairs, and I was greatly surprised, and my blood began to boil, at several sarcastic and bitter remarks he made to my general. He was, however, the guest, and General Byng accordingly commanded his temper, which he was not always capable of doing, and took little notice of his sarcasms; I was not sorry when he took his departure. General Byng asked me if I should be ready in a day or two to start for Bordeaux; I said, certainly; so accordingly mounting a splendid thorough-bred black horse called Sultan, his servant leading another black charger, and I mounted on my Rosinante Knockerockery, we made an early start one morning without any other escort. My general was not a man of very many words, and we rode along slowly and silently enough. One day on our march he asked me, now that our second battalion would probably be reduced and put upon half-pay, what it was my intention to do. "Should you like to have a commission in the Guards?" "Of all things," I replied. He then said, "The Duke of Gloucester is a great friend of mine, and I will be happy to recommend you, and ask for a commission in his regiment (then the 3rd Foot Guards but now the Scots Fusilier Guards); but I should recommend you not to go into the Guards unless you have 200*l.* a year besides your pay." I said I would write to my father to tell him of this kind offer, which I did, and soon got an answer that I should have the 200*l.* a year. After a few days, or rather a dreary march, we arrived all right at Bordeaux. The mayor of Bordeaux, whom I have already mentioned, took us into his house, and a very hospitable and agreeable quarter it was. And, to my surprise, I found it was the very house in which my cousin Edmond, so often mentioned heretofore, was put up and concealed when making his escape from Bitché; and they showed me the cupboard where he lay perdu on the approach of any suspicious characters. I need not say, for their name proclaims it, that this family were of Irish extraction, which probably accounts for their great kindness and protection of one of their own countrymen. I remained about a week or ten days in this charming place, enjoying the society which we met at the mayor's house, joining in the dance or game of cards which they got up for our amusement. The morning I left Bordeaux I found that I had my old horse Knockerockery on my hands, and not wishing to let him fall into strange hands who might maltreat him, I had him led out of the stable, and took aim at a white star he had on the forehead with my pistol. He fell dead at my feet without any apparent pang. My general got me a passage to England in a

man-of-war brig, the "Thais," commanded by Captain Weir. We had a very pleasant party on board, amongst the rest a remarkably handsome lady, the wife of Sir Peter Parker, who had been ordered off to America, and the Captain was kindness itself. We had a roughish passage across the Bay of Biscay; we were obliged to take shelter for a night in the Scilly Islands, and the next day I had the inexpressible pleasure of landing at Falmouth, and immediately took my place in one of the stage-coaches of that day, for London. It happened to be a Sunday: the whole of the population were turned out in their best apparel, and were all rejoicing at the termination of the war, the return of peace and plenty; and after having passed two years almost entirely deprived of female society, I was immensely struck with the great beauty of my countrywomen as we passed along the road, which certainly exceeds that of any other I had seen; and after some hours' travelling, I found myself once more in delightful London, having passed through some of the most charming counties in dear and beautiful England.

In future essays, should I survive to write them, I shall state how I got my commission in the Guards, served for seven years in London, Windsor, and the Tower, and at the end exchanged on half-pay.



## NOTES ON EMIGRATION.

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At this time of the year the full tide of emigration has set in from our different seaport towns, and thousands leave their native shore full of hope, and with firm convictions that they are going to a land where with ordinary perseverance they are certain of success. Out of those thousands perhaps a few hundreds go out with some definite idea of what they are going to do; the balance have but very faint notions of the country they are going to, and its climate and resources. And few, very few indeed, have considered whether they are fit to rough it in a new country. No doubt the great proportion go to the United States, others to Canada, and others to Australia and New Zealand.

There are four classes of emigrants, the labourer, the small tenant-farmer, and the mechanic, the fourth class consisting of broken-down tradesmen, clerks, and shopmen, who are tired of indoor employment, young men who have never done anything, and who think that life in a new country means a rough life with plenty of romance about it, plenty of hunting, and nothing else particular to do.

The great idea prevailing these four classes is that they are going to farm. The labourer and small farmer ought to do better at farming than the mechanic or shopman, but even they should remember that in a new country, where the climate is different from their own, where the manners and customs of the people differ in many ways, they must not expect everything to go on there as they have been used to it here. I have seen English labourers in the cotton states of America, who, after being hired to do certain work, have growled and grumbled because that work was to be done in a different manner from what they had been accustomed to in England. They turn up their noses at the implements, because they are, in their opinion, rough and light, and, forgetting that they were hired to work for their employer after the fashion that he dictates, they seem to think themselves aggrieved because they have found both manners, customs, and method of farming something new to them. The small farmer too often invests his little capital in land and stock before he has had proper opportunities of judging whether he has chosen the best location, and finds out, too late, that he has invested his money badly, and that he cannot sell out without great loss.

The mechanic should not attempt to farm. In all new countries

there is a great demand for skilled labour, and it stands to reason that a man will succeed better in his own trade than in one he knows nothing about.

As to the shopmen, clerks, and others who emigrate with the intention of farming—would it not be far better if they learned either a trade or the rudiments of farming before they left their own country? I fancy that a very small proportion of these people have any idea of the difficulties they will have to encounter, and I know by actual experience that very many do fail to overcome them. It seems very romantic, no doubt, when we are on this side of the water, when we read of sturdy settlers clearing their land and building their houses in the forest, but when young men who are not sturdy, and who have never handled an axe in their lives, attempt to go and do likewise, they invariably find it anything but romantic, when at the close of a hot summer's day they find themselves with blistered hands and aching back, and perhaps *one* of the "monarchs of the forest" prone on the ground, or, much more probably, landed in the fork of another tree, and, looking around, they wonder how long it will take them to make their clearing and build their house, and heartily wish that they were back selling ribbons and tape, or copying law papers.

A man who undertakes to farm in a new country cannot know too much. Besides knowing how to dig, plough, and hoe, he should be somewhat of a carpenter, a little of a blacksmith, and moreover as strong as a horse, able to bear fatigue and exposure, and to keep his temper whilst the flies, gnats, and mosquitoes feast on his body and gloat over his misery. Now can half the emigrants who weekly leave our shores bear the hard work and exposure they must undergo if they expect to succeed? And yet men of this class are constantly leaving the country, seeming to think that though work is too hard for them here, that somehow or another, on arrival in another country the whole difficulty and hardship disappears, and work becomes a light and pleasant recreation. That is the only way I can account for the fact that decently educated young men leave their occupations here for another country with the intention of farming. Is not this absurd? and is it wonderful that so many come back home broken down and disappointed, abusing the country where they have been wasting their time, instead of abusing themselves for their folly in going there without first finding out whether they had a reasonable chance of success?

It is not my intention in this article to attempt to point out the best fields for emigration, but to impress upon intending emigrants the necessity for finding out for themselves before they leave their own country the capabilities and climates of the different countries open to them.

There is a choice, at any rate, between America, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. Let them gather all the information they can, and decide which they think will best suit them.

Climate, resources, government, and the general manners and

habits of the people must all be taken into consideration. Then, having decided upon the country, let them make a choice of the particular part of the country. If the intending emigrant has a knowledge of sheep, let him choose a district where sheep-farming can successfully be carried on; if a mechanic, let him make for that point where there is the most demand for his particular craft. Such advice seems so simple that it may be considered by many unnecessary, but I can assure the reader that the great proportion of emigrants, having once decided upon the country they are going to, do not seem to make any effort to find out to what point they ought to make. If a man decides to go to the United States, for instance, he does not seem to care whether he goes to New York, Portland, Baltimore, or New Orleans. He arrives in one of these large towns, and tries to get work or information as to where it can be procured. Conflicting statements meet him all round, and after he has been in the town a week or two he finds that he has come to the wrong place altogether, and that his board and lodging has made a large hole in his pocket. It should be borne in mind that the latitude of the United States varies between about  $65^{\circ}$  N. to  $25^{\circ}$  N., that is, between the newly-acquired territory of Alaska to the southernmost part of California, from Arctic winters to perpetual summer. The climate of the Canadas, Australia, Queensland, and New Zealand vary in almost as great a degree. The question of climate is hardly ever taken into consideration, though there cannot be any doubt that it is the most important of all.

On arrival in a new country it is always better to wait a little before investing money. Many buy their land before they have made proper inquiries or seen enough of it to form an opinion. How much better it would be to put the money in a bank and hire out for a year, so as to get into the way of it! Now it may take some time to gather up the information wanted, but is it not better to do so than to make up your mind in a hurry, and, after having a half-year's experience of the place you have chosen, to find that you ought not to be there at all, that you must try somewhere else?

I know a case where a young man left his own country and went to the United States. His intention was to go West. Well, he got as far as Chicago, and then found that no train for the West could start, the railroad being blocked-up with snow. He was short of money and his board-bill was mounting up. He went to a point some five hundred miles south of Chicago, got work there, and stayed with his employer a year, then invested his money in a small farm, and built a good house and improvements. In two years' time he came home worn out and debilitated with fever and ague. All this would have been avoided if he had in the first place properly timed his departure from England; and, in the second place, he should have avoided a district notably malarious.

I acknowledge that it is a very difficult matter to get trustworthy information, and one of my objects in writing this paper is to call attention to the fact that it is harder to procure full information



about our own Colonies than of the United States. There are many pamphlets purporting to give the reader a full account of the different States of the Union, their resources and advantages. But I am bound to say that most of them give a very one-sided view of the subjects they profess to treat of. They show all the sweets, but carefully keep out of sight the bitter part of settling. One paper in particular, published in Tennessee for circulation in this country, informs its readers that "one acre planted in grape-vines is a living—five acres a fortune," and I doubt not that many will accept the statement. Half the truth is worse than no truth at all. I have no doubt that a man might make a nice little income from his five acres, but it would take many years, much work, a great deal of money, and a mine of patience before he attained such a result.

It is much to be regretted that we have so little information regarding our Colonies written in a popular manner for free distribution to intending emigrants. Surely it is to the interest of the English nation, that if possible all the emigrants leaving our shores should be bound, not to a foreign country, but to our own Colonies, where they will meet their own countrymen, and be under the same government to which they have been accustomed? Then instead of strengthening a foreign power with British subjects, we should strengthen ourselves by strengthening our Colonies. Why should not pamphlets be published at the government expense, containing accurate and trustworthy descriptions of our Colonies, pointing out the various districts suitable for different modes of farming, the towns which offer the greatest advantages to the different classes of mechanics, and in particular the climate? This is, I honestly believe, the greatest consideration of all. If a man knows exactly what sort of a climate he may expect in the country he thinks of settling in, he can soon learn whether such a climate will suit him, and act accordingly. The expense of getting up and publishing such books would not be great, and the advantages that would accrue are very great. It is a strange thing, but nevertheless true, that an Irishman in the United States is bitter in his hatred towards England, whilst an Irishman in Canada is as loyal a subject as any Englishman. Let us strive to induce emigrants, both English and Irish, to go to our own Colonies, and if not now, we shall hereafter reap the benefit. The time may yet come when Canada, Australia, and New Zealand will, with the full consent of this country, be independent powers; but although independent, they will be firm supporters of their mother country, our eternal allies, our pillar of support.

FRED. WHITEHEAD.

*Pocklington, April 23, 1873.*

## A COUNTRY GIRL'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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DEAREST MOTHER,—I must write you an account of our most enjoyable visit to the Royal Academy. As there is a chance of you and my sisters also seeing it soon, I will tell you what I think will interest you the most, so as to be a sort of guide to you.

Aunt E——, who so kindly took me to the private view, is a capital cicerone, for she knows everything that is worth seeing at a glance, and one learns much from her criticisms.

Now to commence with the very doors. The entrance has at last been thrown open, and is most handsome and imposing. We arrived early, so there were only a few people scattered through the rooms, but before we left, the number had greatly increased.

The first picture which caught my eye was Mr. Pettie's "Sanctuary" (5), which seemed to tell its story in just the reverse way from what was intended; the young lady looks more as if *she* were receiving the nuns, than they her.

Mr. Hook's "Fishing Haven" (20) is delightful in its fresh breeziness; one almost seems to breathe purer air when one looks at his pictures. Next to it is Mr. Millais' portrait of an "Old Lady" (21). From a distance it is striking, but on a nearer inspection the borrowed enchantment disappears, for one is disagreeably impressed with the roughness, almost grittiness of the paint laid so thickly on the face and hands. But one must remember that if portraits are slightly rough, they are intended to be seen *only* at a distance. Still, dear mother, without intruding too much the opinion of such an inexperienced little individual as myself, it seems to me that portraits such as these should be able to bear even a closer examination.

Number 28, by Mr. Poole, is a grand picture, and according to Aunt E——'s judgment, the finest in the Academy. It certainly reminds me of the old masters' work, even grander than Hobbema and Ruysdael. It is a wild mountainous country, full of rough, scrubby vegetation which does not relieve the look of general bleakness; the man's determined figure almost seems to cow the lion sneaking under an overhanging tree. The whole subject is one of intensely grand desolation.

One turns almost with a sense of relief to Mr. Miller's pretty little girl (29), sitting so demurely with a black kitten in her arms,

under a holly-bush. Miss Kitty looks the happiest of the two, as well she may in such a cosy place.

Farther on, one comes to Mr. Prinsep's picture of "Lady Teazle" (37), standing screwed up in a corner of a great screen. I feel it is rather presumptuous of me to criticize, but it struck me that her lips and nostrils are unnaturally large, and her feet *as* unnaturally small, more like those of a Chinese lady.

The next picture above "Lady Teazle," is some boys bathing, by Hague (39), which Aunt E—— said had merit, but I confess that the whole painting appeared very black and uninteresting to me.

Near a pretty cottage scene of Mr. Faed's (55) there is a sort of double picture (57), by Mr. Marks, of the contrast shown in rescued city Arabs before and after their rescue and training; the contrast truly is so great, that almost all likeness is lost, indeed I doubt if even their own mothers would recognize them.

Another divided picture, is Mr. Leslie's "Fountain" (72). His pretty young ladies, though rather namby-pamby, are still very graceful, but the leafy background troubles me. I wonder why Mr. Leslie's fixed idea (it would seem) of backgrounds must always be leaves—it gives the eye so little repose.

Mr. Linnell's "Coming Storm" (78) is capital, and leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Faed's sad picture, "After the Victory" (91), is intensely touching, and shows how dearly bought victories ever are. One longs to do or say something to such afflicted ones, or at any rate relieve the poor young mother of the sleeping baby, of whose existence she seems hardly conscious.

I was much impressed with some portraits by Mr. Oulless, especially one (115) in Gallery II., in which the eye is grandly drawn; there is no great smoothness, yet there is no offending roughness.

Mr. Ansdell has gone into the opposite extreme—his "Gibraltar Goats" (132) are so wonderfully smooth: perhaps the goats at Gibraltar are; certainly these have not a ruffled hair.

Mr. Hardy's "Looking for Father" (164) is a telling little picture as to incident, but hardly so finished and satisfactory as the little birdcatcher pictures (174, 182) of M. Frère.

We entered Gallery III., and the first picture I saw was another by Mr. Marks (195), "What is it?" A number of people looking over a bridge, with their backs turned to the spectators. It is quite characteristic of Mr. Marks, who is always fond of mediæval subjects, but hardly so decided either in sense of humour, choice of subject, and expression, as a charming picture (208) by Mr. Orchardson, of two dogs called "Oscar and Bain." This is most amusing: the dog on the left is on the verge of a spring, only waiting for an encouraging movement from the other, who with closed eyes, and nose in air, evidently considers himself far above such puppyish and frivolous games.

Mr. Millais' portrait (228), "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," is as delicate as that of Mrs. Heugh was rough, and after the same style of



arrangement as to position as his "New Laid Eggs" (260), where one of his pretty daughters is in almost as flowery a dress.

And now I must tell you of a little picture by Mr. Eyre Crowe (234), "Brothers of the Brush," painters in detachments on a ladder, painting a house. Mr. Eyre Crowe has chosen a most charming, luminous white for the new coat of paint on his house, and clever as all the other figures are, they are excelled by the upper man.

At last we came to one of Mr. Leighton's (261), whose pictures always have a special charm for me. "Weaving the Wreath" has the same warm, mazy light about it, which always throws a kind of enchanted atmosphere round his pictures. Almost the same might be said of Mr. Poole's "Banquet Scene from the 'Tempest'" (286); but there it is more grand and forcible, and less delicate than Mr. Leighton's.

Near these is a large Egyptian picture of Mr. Goodall's (292), "Subsiding of the Nile," showing the queer sort of ridges of sand left by the small currents of the river. Farther on, in a delicate hazy distance, are the great Pyramids, almost as "everlasting as the hills." Egyptian, also, is Mr. McCallum's "Sand-drift" (324), and marvellously sandy it is; but, whether oil painting makes the difference, neither this nor his "Vocal Memnon" (676 in Gallery VII.) are so *hot* in their atmosphere as his beautiful water-colours in the International Exhibition.

In Gallery IV. I was struck with a dismally-mournful picture by Mr. Pott (337), which speaks for itself: "On the March from Moscow" is the subject. Mr. Calthrop's "La Levée de Monseigneur" (346) is well worthy of attention, if only for the careful though rather speckly painting of the grand bed-hangings. The portrait of Mrs. St. Clair (360) is worthy even a greater artist than Mr. Hallé. Mr. Marks has chosen a most humorous subject in his "Ornithologist" (380). The room is full of stuffed birds of every species; all seem to have a quaint expression of their own, especially those under the arms of the old groom, who seems to be wondering what his master will do next.

Mr. Rivière's "Argus" (464) in Gallery V., and his (986) "All that was left of the Homeward Bound," are two most pathetic pictures, the latter strikingly so. Very practical people may suggest that the mast to which the little girl is lashed could hardly float so high out of the water; and that the dog could not maintain his position for any length of time on the girl; but to ordinary spectators, the pathos of the picture is what first strikes, and the practicability or otherwise is the last, and never troubled me.

Now we entered Gallery VI., and were beginning to feel very tired, but in spite of fatigue, still very keen after everything worth seeing.

The first thing that attracted my attention, was Mr. Poynter's "Dragon of Wantley" (541), which is certainly magnificent, and well worthy of him. Hardly the same can be said of Mr. Leslie's

"Edith" (551), with the inevitable leafy background. But to my delight, I came suddenly on three little gems of Alma Tadema's (576-8), who you know, dear mother, is one of my most fervent admirations amongst modern artists. I revelled in his "Queer Colours," his strange grays and whites and chocolates; but a still greater treat was reserved for me in Gallery X., where is hung Tadema's "Death of the Firstborn" (1033). This picture gave me as much pleasure in wonderful painting as any in the Academy. It riveted my attention, for it was like dead eyes come to life. The grand, heavy-browed mother, in whose eyes the tears only rest, but do not fall, as if the grief is too heavy and too deep for such superficial relief; her terrible silence is the only expression of it; and then the strange weird light that is over all the mourners as they sit apparently at the feet of their household gods, contrasts so strongly with the moonlight on the two figures outside. One can almost hear a wild sort of funereal chant or wail from the men sitting at the bottom of the picture, accompanied by the shrill notes of the pipers in the background.

Next to this, in grand and sympathetic interest and feeling, is Israel's "Poor of the Village" (644 in Gallery XII.), but I must not omit to tell you of another very clever and animated picture of Mr. Eyre Crowe, "At the Pit Door" (626). People are struggling and pushing their way into the pit of the opera, and the lady-part of the crowd stand a great chance of being torn to pieces.

One picture I now come to, reminded me much of Mr. Mason's last year's "Harvest Moon;" it is by M. Herkomer (6—7), called "After the Toil of the Day," and is full of daylight.

In the same Gallery is a capital sea-piece (681), by Mr. Brett, who has so intimately studied the great waters. In this he brings us to a beautiful shore, where he invites us to spend a "Morning amongst the Granite Boulders." These same boulders are really wonderfully painted, one could not only step on to them (so real do they appear) and run away on the beautiful coloured sand beyond, but they look as if a very little would send them rolling out of the frame towards one.

In Gallery VIII. is a small picture by Mr. Buckman, called "Decorative Treatment of London Streets" (800), which would amuse you. It is very clever, and the artist seems to emulate Mr. Marks in quaintness.

In the next Gallery I was struck by Mr. Hodgson's "Tunisian Bird-seller" (894), as being very like the pictures of M. Jérôme. I noticed, also, one by Mr. Wallis (977), which seemed to me very clever; and then I came upon a most strange picture by Mr. Prinsep (988). These swine are most certainly running "violently" down a very "steep place." I wonder what authority Mr. Prinsep had for making them all black!

By this time, dearest mother, you must be getting as weary as I was, and I had only sufficient life left in me before I became dead tired, to admire the great Cartoon by Mr. Leighton (1270), which

is a combination of beautiful figures, to illustrate the "Industrial Arts of Peace." Also I was greatly pleased with Mr. Sandy's "Portrait of Mrs. Milbank" (1303).

I was really unable to examine the sculpture; I saw it without noticing it, so forgive me if my letter is not complete; and also pardon the cool way in which I have criticized pictures which I could never imitate in even the humblest way. Still, though I may seem presumptuous and very bold, every one may have an opinion, however small, and say what they like and do not like; and whilst it is a great comfort to think that such criticisms as mine may never reach the great R.A.'s, it will please you to know that the sight of these pictures has taught me much, and I shall set to work at my easel on my return home with renewed energy.

Till then, dearest mother, farewell.

A. A. ST. B.



## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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April 20th.—At Torquay, Sir William Tite, M.P., aged 71. Early in life he displayed great power as an architect, one of his first works of importance being the new church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. In 1829 he built the Scotch Church in Regent Square for the Rev. Edward Irving, and in 1841 was selected as the architect of the new Royal Exchange, which he completed in three years, at a cost of about 150,000*l*. The Exchange was opened by her Majesty in October, 1844. Sir William Tite was an active man of business, being a Director of the London and Westminster Bank and of the Globe Insurance Company, and also Governor of the Bank of Egypt. He also held at different times the office of President of the Royal Institute of British Architects and President of the Architectural Society. He was elected Member for Bath in 1855, and has since continued to represent that city. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1869, and he was also made a Companion of the Bath.

April 20th.—At 84, Brook Street, Henry Bence Jones, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Honorary Secretary of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, aged 60. He was son of Colonel William Jones, of Lowestoft, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1836, and that of M.A. in 1840. In 1836 he commenced the study of medicine, and devoted himself especially to animal chemistry, by which pursuit he chiefly obtained his great reputation in the treatment of some of the most painful and mysterious diseases to which man is liable. In 1846 Dr. Bence Jones was elected Physician to St. George's Hospital and a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1860 he was unanimously elected Honorary Secretary of the Royal Institution. Dr. Bence Jones was well known as a lecturer and author. He married in 1842 Lady Millicent Acheson, daughter of the second Earl of Gosford.

April 21st.—At Edinburgh, Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Dunbarth, in the county of Caithness, aged 79. He was the 7th Baronet, the honour having been first conferred on George Sinclair, grandson of the 4th Earl of Caithness, in 1632, when he was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia. The Sinclairs are a very ancient family, descended from William de Sancto Claro, or St. Clair, who had a grant of Roslyn from King David I. of Scotland.

April 22nd.—In London, William Davis, the well-known landscape painter, aged 60. Perhaps one of his best works is "Harrowing," which appeared in the International Exhibition of 1862. Mr. Davis was a native of Ireland, and the greater part of his artistic career was passed at Liverpool, where he was a member of the local Academy; some years ago, he settled in London, where his merits were warmly recognized by the best judges of painting.

April 23rd.—At Cambridge House, Twickenham, Lord John Chichester, aged 62. He was the 6th son of George Augustus, 2nd Marquis of Donegall, K.P.

April 23rd.—The death of the distinguished chemist Liebig is announced, aged 70. The scientific attainments of this eminent man have conferred real benefit on mankind. He was born at Darmstadt, and educated at the gymnasium of his native town. Having evinced a decided predilection for the study of physical science, he was, at the age of 16, sent to Bonn and Erlangen, and in 1822, by the aid of a travelling stipend allowed him by the Grand Duke, he removed to Paris, where for two years he devoted himself to the study of chemistry. His first paper, read before the Institute in 1824, upon fulminic acid, attracted the attention of the great Humboldt, who was so much struck with the views of the young chemist that he procured him the appointment of Professor Extraordinary. In 1838 he visited England, when he read a paper at a Meeting of the British Association, and was requested to draw up two reports—one on isomeric bodies, the other on organic chemistry. The response was made in 1840 in his well-known work, "Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology." This was soon followed by "Familiar Letters on Chemistry in its Relation to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture," which led, as stated by himself, to "the establishment of new Professorships in the Universities of Gottingen and Wurzburg, for the express purpose of facilitating the application of chemical truths to the practical arts of life, and of following up the new line of investigation and research—the bearing of chemistry upon physiology, medicine, and agriculture—which may be said to be only just begun." These were followed by his "Dictionary of Chemistry" and other important works on the same interesting subject, all of which were translated into English, and found numerous readers among the scientific; indeed the influence which Liebig has exercised upon the application of chemistry to social uses cannot be over estimated.

April 30th.—The death of William Charles Macready, the celebrated actor, is announced, aged 80. He was educated at Rugby, but in his sixteenth year, when about to proceed to Oxford to complete his academical career, circumstances induced him to take to the stage, and in June, 1810, at the age of 17, he made his first appearance, as *Romeo*, at Birmingham, where he was

recognized as a valuable actor. His reputation was increased by performances in Dublin and Edinburgh; and in 1816 he appeared at Covent Garden, as *Orestes* in the "Distressed Mother," which won for him much renown. Nevertheless Mr. Macready had a hard battle to fight for many years. Kean, Kemble, and Young were the great favourites of the town, and the monopoly which limited the representation of Shakspeare to the two patent theatres narrowed competition. Under these circumstances he was obliged to refrain from assuming a number of Shakspearian characters in which he afterwards achieved great success. Mr. Macready was not only an accomplished actor, he was also a true friend to the drama. In his management of Drury Lane and Covent Garden he displayed consummate taste in mounting his plays. We recall to memory his production of the "Tempest," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and some of Lord Lytton's powerful plays—"Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," &c., with real feelings of pleasure. Macbeth was, perhaps, his masterpiece. His realization of the character was something terrific, and it has been justly remarked of him that all his death-scenes were awful, and that you had really to hold your breath for a time to see him die in *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, or *King John*, so appalling was the representation. Very old playgoers remark of Macready that he was the "last of the great actors, yet he was not of the greatest;" but as we never saw Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, or Kean, we must state our opinion that he was by far the greatest actor of our day. Mr. Macready visited the United States in 1843, and again in 1849, on which occasion the jealousy of Mr. Forrest, the actor, led to a serious riot at the Astor Opera House, New York, where he was attacked by a mob, and with difficulty escaped with his life. The military were called out to suppress the disturbance, and, having fired, killed twenty-two men and wounded thirty others. Macready retired from the stage in 1851, and lived for some years at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, whence he removed to Cheltenham, occupying himself chiefly with schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

May 2nd.—John Arrowsmith, Esq., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., aged 83. He was the last of this well-known family of geographers first established by Aaron Arrowsmith, of Rathbone Place, and subsequently of 10, Soho Square, and was himself the compiler of the celebrated "London Atlas," first published 1834, which may be described as forming the finest collection of maps which had then been published. In 1839, on the death of his cousin Samuel, John Arrowsmith became the sole representative of the house which his uncle Aaron had established in Soho Square, and which had produced many noble volumes of charts and maps, and he continued to occupy the premises until 1861, when he retired from active life. During these twenty years he constructed a large number of excellent works, producing some fine maps of Australia, North America, Africa, India, and Ceylon. He was one of the founders of the



Royal Geographical Society, was for many years on its Council, and in 1862 received the Patron's Gold Medal for the very important services he had rendered to geographical science.

May 4th.—At Paris, Admiral Charles Rigault de Genouilly, aged 66. By his death France has lost one of her most distinguished naval officers. He entered the French navy in 1830, became Lieutenant in 1834, and Captain of a frigate in 1841. During the Crimean war the late Admiral commanded a detachment of Marines at the siege of Sebastopol, and for his services was nominated a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. His scientific attainments were of high order.

May 6th.—At Aske Hall, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Thomas Dundas, 2nd Earl of Zetland, K.G., aged 79. The late Earl was the eldest of seven children of the family of Laurence, 1st Earl of Zetland, by his wife Harriet, daughter of General John Hall. He was educated at Harrow, and shortly after attaining his majority in 1818, entered Parliament as representative of the family borough of Richmond, for which he continued to sit until 1839, when he succeeded his father in the family honours. For nearly half a century Lord Zetland was one of the best and most honourable supporters of the turf, and during his career achieved many successes, winning the "blue ribbon" in 1850 with his celebrated horse "Voltigeur," who also carried off the "St. Leger," and defeated "Flying Dutchman" at Doncaster that season. Lord Zetland occupied a high position amongst the Masonic body of England, having been appointed Grand Master Mason on the death of the late Duke of Sussex; and he was Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and a Knight of the Thistle. The family of Dundas, according to Lord Woodhouselee, has "an origin of high antiquity and splendour," but is still "more remarkable for having produced a series of men eminently distinguished in the public services in the highest offices in Scotland." The Zetland branch of it derives from Laurence, 2nd son of Thomas Dundas, of Fingask, who was contractor for the army from 1748 to 1759, and created a Baronet 1762, with remainder to his brother Thomas, who succeeded to the title as 2nd Baronet 1781, and, having married Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, daughter of the 3rd Earl Fitzwilliam by his marriage with Lady Anne Wentworth, the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Rockingham, he was created Baron Dundas of Aske, co. York, 1791. His eldest son, the 2nd Lord Dundas, was created 1st Earl of Zetland 1838.

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## QUITS.

VALERY and her old friend enjoyed exceedingly the next few weeks, and were together as much as possible. The Princess and her set, taking their cue from Mrs. Vinton, were ready to pet the young artist to any extent; but Valery was somewhat shy, and had not much time to waste. However, Hetty used to get away from her companions and accompany Valery in long walks and sketching-excursions, declaring them pleasanter than anything that had ever happened in her whole life.

The Duke was absent a good deal. He was an advanced Liberal, and went down to Rome, at Hetty's command, to make himself active in the struggle which lasted during the whole summer; but he returned for brief visits whenever he could, and it was apparent enough that *la belle sorcière*, as the old Princess called her, had taken a hold of his fancy, which he could not easily shake off.

Robert Earle remained at the Baths, and endured a purgatory of suspense and doubt which ought to have been an expiation for many of his follies and shortcomings. Such heart as he owned—such power of loving as his shallow nature possessed—went out toward Mrs. Vinton with more strength and impetuosity than he had ever shown in his whole life. He would have liked to find a confidant in Valery, but she steadily ignored his advances, and he was obliged to fight his battle without help. It was the prettiest bit of genteel comedy imaginable to watch Hetty's treatment of him. She was frank and open as the day, untroubled by any great degree of dignity, but she kept him in such good order that he never once found courage to speak clearly of the past, and she received every allusion to it with such delightful unconsciousness that he often asked himself if there was not some impossible mistake after all. Could this easy, self-possessed personage, so much at home in the midst of her wealth and position, be the creature who had once thought his smile the highest approval she could receive, had believed in his mental endowments and his moral worth as she believed in heaven?

It was so perplexing that his brain never got steady, though there was one thing real enough—the careless, slighting treatment he received from Hetty's foreign friends. They tolerated him because it was the widow's caprice they should, but showed plainly that he was not of half so much consequence in their eyes as her pet dog. The Duke was an exception; from him he obtained always a bland, grave courtesy harder to bear than any rebuff; it put him so far off, made him feel so young and of such slight importance, that it drove him nearly wild. If he could only have quarrelled with the man—but he might as well have tried to quarrel with a marble statue of the Duke's grandest ancestor. He had lived to be patronized by Hetty Flint; that was the most confusing of all. She persuaded the Duke to buy a picture of him, and, sore need as he had of the money, it required a great struggle for Earle to keep from tearing up the cheque sent by the Duke's man of business and flinging it in the Italian's face. Hetty appeared perfectly unconscious of his sufferings. She treated him with such persistent kindness that his overweening vanity had seasons of believing she cared for him still; but if by a lucky chance he found her alone, which seldom happened, he got no more opportunity to declare his passion and remorse than if he had been dumb and she blind and deaf.

This state of affairs continued during several weeks, and the excitable man was on the verge of frenzy, unable to eat or sleep, to do anything but bewilder himself more and more with the widow's fascinations, and chafe under the careless disregard of the gay people who surrounded her. At length one day he appeared at the house so nearly mad that neither her artifices nor his fear of her displeasure could keep him silent. By some odd chance she had been left to an hour's solitude; even the Princess was not there to watch with those sharp old eyes whose malevolent glare discomfited Earle more than any human eyes had ever before done, expressing a knowledge of his secret and a cold surprise at his insolent presumption which fretted him beyond endurance.

Mrs. Vinton was seated on a vine-draped terrace overlooking the valley, dressed in white, so dainty and *piquante* that a wiser man than poor Robert might easily have lost his head.

"I was just thinking of you, Mr. Earle," she said smiling, in no wise affected by his sudden appearance.

"I did not know you ever had time," he answered, trying to seem at ease, and conscious the attempt was a sad failure and his remark a worse platitude.

"Masculine injustice," returned she; "no, I'm afraid it is a little mock humility on your part. I doubt your considering yourself of so slight importance as to believe that your friends forget you easily."

"Sometimes I am not quite certain whether we are friends," he hazarded, and knew this speech was as unsuccessful as the first.



"I should be sorry if you said that in earnest," she replied gravely. "I flatter myself I always show people very plainly when I rank them in that catalogue."

"I so seldom have an opportunity to see you," he grumbled.

"O what a wretched memory you must own!" laughed she. "Why, only this morning the Princess declared you were the most prominent bit of furniture in my *salon*."

"I am well aware she doesn't like me," said he.

"Not like you? Dear me! she is too indolent to make any effort either way."

"She hates me, and so do the rest of the foreign troop about you," he asserted, sufficiently encouraged by her good-nature to give way to the irritation that always soured his mind as he remembered the distance at which these fine people kept him.

"I hope none of them have been unkind to you," said Mrs. Vinton; "perhaps you are a little over-sensitive."

There was something in her voice, gently as she spoke, which reminded him it would not be safe to show his ill-humour, so he hastened to add,—

"But you have not told me what happy chance brought me into your thoughts."

"This lovely view of course. You ought to make a sketch from here for a large picture; I am sure the Duke would be delighted to purchase it."

"Thanks," said he, trying to be dignified and lofty; "I don't care to turn my holiday into a season of drudgery."

"Ah, of course—how stupid of me! But I am so accustomed to seeing artists always at what you call drudgery I forgot picture-painting is only a kind of play with you."

Her words showed him that his attempt at stateliness had been childish and silly. Between the varying emotions which filled his mind, the spell of her presence, the irritation, the wild passion that surged up in his heart, he was in a pitiable case, and lost the last trace of wisdom or self-control.

Before he really knew what he was saying, he had poured forth his confession, and as a crowning *maladresse*, began by asking pardon for his past heartlessness and sin. Once or twice she tried to interrupt him; finding the attempt useless, she leaned back in her chair, her eyes cast down, and her face so calm and still that it would have puzzled the keenest physiognomist to gain the least clue to her thoughts.

"O Hetty, Hetty!" he cried, for the first time uttering the familiar appellation. "Speak to me—say that I have not deceived myself—that you do forgive me—Hetty, Hetty!"

She looked at him now; a faint surprise in her countenance, but no other emotion visible.

"You are not angry because I called you by the old name—the dear, sweet name?" he continued. "Only forgive me—only say that I may hope! I will be patient—I will prove to you that I

have atoned for my mad folly ! O Hetty, Hetty Flint, no woman was ever worshipped as you shall be !”

She put up her hand with a gesture so decided that he stopped speaking and stood staring at her.

“You are making a mistake,” said she, in her quietest voice, “a most incomprehensible mistake ; please don’t say another word. I have no acquaintance whatever with the young person you apostrophize so poetically, and it is always a pity to waste blank verse.”

“Oh, that is cruel, cruel !” he exclaimed.

She regarded him with the same expression of indolent astonishment. “I did not laugh at your poetry,” said she ; “I only reminded you that you were repeating it to the wrong person.”

“Sometimes I am ready to believe you can’t be the same,” he went on ; “so changed, but after all the same Hetty still ! And my heart goes out to you as eagerly as it did when we first met in the old days—you have not forgotten them—I know you have not.”

“My memory is tolerably good,” she replied lightly, “yet it fails me here ; even if I were disposed to have the utmost faith in the doctrine of metempsychosis, I’m afraid it would not help me to understand.”

“Ah stop ; stop ! I have suffered enough—been punished enough ; Hetty, Hetty, have a little mercy !”

“Still harping on that mysterious name !” returned she, with a commiserating shake of her graceful head. “Really, Mr. Earle, these summer heats must have affected your brain ! Try and get your senses back, or I shall be obliged to send you away.”

“How can you torture me like this ? How can you be so heartless ?” he groaned ; and there was no acting in his excitement—it was all a horrible earnest.

“I have no wish to give you pain,” she said, kindly enough. “I only want to set you right, and keep you from confiding matters to me that you will regret afterwards. Be sensible, and don’t tell me any more of your pretty secrets ; recollect, they can be no possible concern of mine.”

“You don’t forgive me ! You will be hard and merciless ?”

“I have nothing to forgive,” she replied somewhat impatiently, though with an apparent effort to be considerate, as one might try to soothe a hopeless but harmless lunatic ; “nothing whatever to forgive ; do come out of your fancies. We have been good friends, I hope ; I have endeavoured to do the little that lay in my power to make your stay here pleasant ; don’t be tragic this warm day.”

He fairly clenched his hands in rage and suffering. Up to now he had hoped ; his ridiculously overweening vanity—and under high heaven there is nothing so immense, so incurable as this failing in a weak man’s nature—had deluded him into the belief that he should at last succeed. Even yet he was unable to credit her looks and words. She only wished to punish him a little more ; she had not forgotten the old days, changed as she was.

"You want to overwhelm me completely," he said. "I deserve it, but be merciful! Believe me, Hetty, there is no need—I have had my retribution already."

"Again I tell you there is no Hetty Flint here," she answered, and her voice which had been so careless and playful rang out hard and stern. "She died one black, stormy night, and I stood alone by her grave! She hasn't left so much as a ghost, believe me."

"Ah, stop, stop! I could tear my heart out when I think of my insolent madness. If I were to live a thousand years I should never cease to hate myself," he cried.

"This remorse might be touching and interesting to the young person you call Hetty Flint, if she were only alive to hear it; but it really has no meaning whatever to my ears," she answered, relapsing into her former indolent composure.

"God forgive you!" he exclaimed passionately, so completely carried away by his misery that he could only regard himself as the most wronged and ill-treated of men. "God forgive you!"

"Thanks for the pious and compassionate wish," said she; "I accept it, though without the slightest idea of any special reason you can have to ask mercy for me."

"Oh, you will live to regret one day the heart you are breaking so ruthlessly!" he cried. "That will be your retribution."

"Do you mean to treat me to a touch of prophecy as a closing burst to your incomprehensible tirade?" she asked in the same easy, contemptuous tone of kindness.

"I come to you with a plea of pardon on my lips——"

"But when I am not the person you have offended!"

"I come with what no woman has a right to despise—what she is always honoured in receiving—the offer of a true heart," he said, exciting himself into an added state of injury.

"Oh, if the offer was to me, let me return my thanks for the honour," she replied, with a pitying smile. "But unfortunately I don't care about hearts, unless such as these," and she touched her chatelaine, from which hung sundry charms of quaint device.

"You are harder than this stone!" he exclaimed, smiting the balustrade with his hand. "If you had any feeling, any softness, you would be touched by my pain—you would look back at least kindly on our common past!"

"We will not talk any more, if you please," she answered, rather wearily. "Try to understand that I have no connexion whatever with the days to which you so persistently refer."

"And these are your last words?"

"On this subject, I trust. Go away now, Mr. Earle, and get your senses back! It will only need a little sober reflection, I am sure, to convince you that the conversation has been a mistake on your part which had better be forgotten."

He grew furiously angry, and poured out a torrent of mingled invective and tenderness; absolutely uttering threats that he might tell her fine friends what he knew of her past.



She laughed in his face.

"You are hopelessly mad," said she. "Shall I send for the Princess, that you may begin with her? Tell Hetty Flint's story first; tell the whole truth—don't spare her! She was a silly little thing, who absolutely worshipped an ideal she believed Robert Earle."

"I will be worthy of it; only trust me—I will be worthy," he broke in.

"This poor girl endured slander, loss of friends, everything, for your sake," she continued, as if he had not spoken. "She left her home desperate, kept alive only by the thought of you; living only to make herself worthy of your love; toiled day and night; drudged, starved, always upheld by that hope! However hard she worked she found time to study, to try and become an elegant, accomplished woman—still for you—"

"Hetty, Hetty!" His adjuration moved her no more than the iron door of a tomb would have stirred under the frantic beat of his clenched hands.

"It pleased God to raise her out of want—to put it in a kind heart to leave her a fortune. Do you know what her first act was?"

His head sank; he stood mute under the cold fire which blazed in her eyes and trembled in her voice.

"She went in search of you; never for an instant had she doubted your love and honour; she went to tell you that now she was rich, able and willing to aid you; that to share your fate was the highest destiny life could offer! She found you—"

"Hetty, Hetty!"

"She found you, and you judged her out of the vileness of your own heart! You murdered her—your first words killed her more quickly than the sharpest dagger could have done! So Hetty Flint's story came to an end—she has not even a grave to weep over if you had tears to shed."

He began to understand; dimly he felt that neither anger nor bitterness actuated the words. Hetty Flint was dead; this woman, to whom he had ventured to raise his eyes, insanely confounding her with that girl, was so far beyond his reach that his frenzy equalled that of the old-time poet, who went mad for love of a daughter of the d'Estes. But he did suffer; that was real enough; and her next remark added to his pain a keener feeling of shame than had ever touched his blunted sense of right in all these years.

"Not content with your work, not content with standing a murderer in God's eyes, you talk of punishing me because I don't share poor Hetty's weakness! You sink from wickedness to absurdity at once! Am I a woman to be frightened? You know—poor and weak as you are—you know there is not a detail of my whole life I should fear to utter in the world's ears."

"You don't think I would tell a word to distress you—to—"

"What is there to tell? Mr. Earle, your mother and sisters

could injure Hetty Flint by their evil tongues, aided by your acts ; and none of you spared her, certainly. But for you to gossip where I am concerned would be about as possible as for the Empress of Austria's lowest groom to attempt such insolence in regard to his sovereign."

He stammered some words of contrition ; much as he suffered, he could feel the sting of her reproof ; it was a horrible humiliation to his narrow soul to appreciate the distance which separated him from her. He was almost ready to cry out that it could not be real—this woman had indeed nothing in common with the girl who had loved him—he was a presumptuous idiot, taking advantage of his patroness's condescension.

"I must bid you good-bye now," she said ; "come and see me when you like. I assure you I shall not even recollect this conversation by to-morrow."

"Oh, I can easily believe that," returned he, longing to be ironical, and failing signally.

"That you can believe it proves there is some hope of your outgrowing your vanity and pettiness," she said gravely. "You may make something of life yet, Mr. Earle, if you will only be courageous and willing to work. Try it, and so redeem the past. Hetty Flint would forgive you freely if she were alive—she does it through me ; and God will forgive you too, if you essay to earn pardon."

"I've no life left—nothing to look forward to now."

She rose from her seat with a gesture of impatience.

"That is a style of conversation to which I never listen," said she. "I'll talk with you, if you like, when you find there is something to live for and work for too."

She passed slowly into the house ; he made no effort to detain her, snatched his hat, and rushed away down the road to the gates. He suddenly found himself face to face with the duke, and the Duke greeted him with a bland, far-off courtesy, which sent him on more insane and miserable than ever. He tried that night the frequent resource of men who insist upon laying the blame and sin of their conduct anywhere except in the right quarter. The world was against him, Fate had a pleasure in tormenting him ; he was unappreciated, neglected—the most pitiable instance of a man of genius buffeted by fortune that the earth had ever produced. So he took refuge in a long carousal, and in his drunkenness gambled away every penny he had, and was obliged to leave his luggage as a gage for his hotel bill.

Two days later, he came enough to his senses to start for Florence, forced to undertake the journey to Lucca on foot ; there he had some artist friends who would assist him for the moment.

He stopped on the summit of the hill and looked back upon the village ; an open carriage dashed so rapidly round a sharp corner, that he had to retreat into a ditch to escape danger. He glanced towards it with an angry frown, beheld Hetty seated in the

equipage, the Princess by her side, and the Duke opposite. The three saw him and gave gracious salutes, which he was too blind with passion to return. Then the carriage whirled on and left him half smothered in dust—dust raised by Hetty Flint's chariot wheels!

Valery was going back to Spezia to join Mrs. Sloman, and Hetty cried as heartily at parting as ever she had cried in her homeliest days.

"But it is only for a little while," she said. "I'm a goose to behave like this! I shall see you in Rome next winter."

"You'll be sure to come?" urged Valery.

Hetty with her usual inconsistency began to laugh, while her cheeks were still wet with tears.

"I am afraid I shall have to," she said. "Val, I have made up my mind to fulfil my destiny; I shall be a Duchess when I get there."

"And are you certain you will be happy, Hetty; it's not just ambition? Oh, don't throw away your present freedom and content for that!"

"Upon my word, my dear, I actually believe I am in love—it seems so odd! I gave in to it last night, after telling that silly man everything."

"And he loved you the better for knowing the truth?"

"Bless me! what he said was enough to make his ancestors turn over in their graves. I'm sure they'll haunt me when I take the liberty of living in that old palace. But I told him nothing should induce me to be idle or let him be, so he's to plunge into politics and I shall be quite in my element. I mean to rule ministers, king, and all," said she, laughing again.

"I think he is a good man," Valery replied; "I do think he is."

"My dear, he has a heart of gold; it's about all the gold he possesses, by the way. No, you needn't look, that man would marry me if I hadn't a centime. I'm a new revelation to him, that's all! I'm glad I have money—he deserves it. O Val, what would the Deacon say? Talk about novels; why the most sensational of them would never dare put in the incidents which actually happen every day! But I needn't moralize."

"And when are you to be married?"

"In October, at the old Princess's country seat. I wish you could be with me."

Valery shook her head; there was her picture, she must go to work at that as early as she could return to Rome, and Mrs. Vinton had not the heart to urge her.

"I have some things to give you when I get to Rome," Hetty said suddenly; "I haven't them here; old books and trifles that belonged—"

"To my mother?" asked Valery, when the other hesitated.

"Yes; you were too young when we parted. Miss Dorothy would have been displeased at anything which could make you think there was any connexion between you and Lucy."



"Yes, I know. How good of you to keep them, Hetty! I haven't the least thing that was hers."

"Only books and a few little ornaments," returned Hetty, after an instant's silence in which she looked irresolute, as if there was something she had it in her mind to say. "The past is dead and buried," she added abruptly; "we have nothing to do with it in any way."

"Nothing," Valery said. "I would not know its secrets if I could."

Hetty gave her a keen glance, but Valery's eyes were averted and did not notice it.

"You feel that?" Mrs. Vinton asked.

"There is nothing to be told; it could do no good to rake up those old memories of the dead; they are sacred, at least to me. But she never talked, not even to you—of—of—"

"She was usually happy and forgetful as a child," rejoined Hetty; and the doubt and indecision which had been in her face left it wholly. "My dear Valery, just think of her as an angel in heaven; poor Lucy! poor, beautiful Lucy!"

"She loved you always, and always knew you, Aunt Susan said."

"Always, Valery, and I was such a visionary thing that her fancies never seemed so odd to me as they would have done to anybody else." She stopped; then with the same appearance of longing to give Valery an opportunity to question her if she felt disposed, added, "No one besides knew how often she had gleams of reason, days in which her memory was perfectly clear."

"Poor Lucy!" murmured Valery.

"She could talk to me; indeed, she generally thought I had been with her while she was in Europe," Hetty continued, "and knew everything about her past."

But Valery only said,

"You were so good to her. O Hetty, it is so pleasant to remember that she had you always to humour her fancies as nobody else could have done; it was a great mercy, for she would have been very wretched without."

Hetty drew a breath of relief, yet there was a certain expression of disappointment in her countenance at finding that Valery had no mind to inquire what Lucy had told of her history.

"There, there," she said suddenly, "we needn't get doleful."

"It doesn't make me sad to think of her," Valery answered.

But Hetty got away from the subject, and, as the surest means of engaging Valery's attention, began to speak of herself. While they sat talking in their favourite retreat under the chestnut-trees, the Duke sauntered out of the house, having found only his old friend the Princess, whom, with the usual ingratitude of humanity, he deserted mercilessly, though she was in a mood for society and begged him to await Mrs. Vinton's return.

He felt tolerably certain where to find her, as the Princess

admitted that she had gone to walk with her American friend. So he came upon the two, and Valery could not help smiling and feeling pleased to see how, in spite of his dignity, he showed his happiness as plainly as if he had been a boy of eighteen.

"Have you told our dear Miss Valery?" he asked Hetty, as soon as the first greetings were over.

"I'm not in such haste to confess my follies," returned she; "and mild as she looks, Valery can scold on occasions."

"But she will not scold for this," he said, struggling a little longer with his English, which was not over-ready; then bursting into voluble Italian, "She will wish us every happiness, and congratulate me on having won the dearest prize ever any man gained."

"Indeed I will congratulate you both," Valery answered warmly. "You have won a great prize, and I am sure you are worthy of it."

"There, I hope you are satisfied now," said Hetty teasingly.

"Not entirely; I want to beg a favour of the signorina. This obdurate little woman talks of the autumn but vaguely: now I want a day set so that I may feel sure my bliss is real."

Hetty flew off at a tangent immediately, and was horribly provoking, but between them they forced her to fix the day for the marriage.

The afternoon wore on in pleasant talk, and the next morning Valery left the Baths.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### MISS DOROTHY'S SERMON.

THE London season drew to its close, and as eagerly as any school-boy ever counted the days which must elapse before vacation did Miss Dorothy count those last weeks. A great change had come over Cecil—a change that caused the spinster deep and incessant pain. She feared her niece had sent Carteret off from the poorest of worldly motives, stifling the cry of her heart in ambitious dreams. She cared for the man, Miss Dorothy believed, and was still more confident that Carteret had been earnest and sincere. Nothing could have separated them except Cecil's own act, and the old maid's wrath was only mastered by her genuine grief and dread of the retribution the girl would bring upon herself.

The two were seldom alone at this time; Cecil was either in the midst of a crowd or shut up in her room, thereby avoiding the possibility of inquiries or explanations. She tried to preserve her usual manner, was affectionate and kind, but Miss Dorothy's keen sight perceived the cloud which had risen between them. Still Cecil shrouded herself impenetrably in her pride and went reso-

lutely on her way, determined (her aunt believed) to keep silence concerning her plans up to the latest moment, through fear of loving reproaches or advice.

The countess had positively adopted the beautiful American into her heart, and a very chilly resting-place that aristocratic domain would have proved had Cecil chosen to dwell therein; but she showed no disposition to appropriate these august quarters, for though invariably courteous and deferential to her ladyship, she submitted to, rather than returned, her affectionate demonstrations. Fortunately it never occurred to the mighty dame there could be any cause for such conduct beyond the proper awe which her dignity inspired in the young lady's breast. Indeed, the descendant of dukes considered it a very correct state of feeling, and admired Cecil's delicate perceptions and ability to appreciate the patronizing fondness of which she was the recipient.

It is true that her ladyship was not altogether so well satisfied with her son; that gentleman shilly-shallied and deferred in a fashion which roused her indignation, though she bore it more patiently than she would have borne an appearance of opposition from any other human being. She must give him time; Cecil was safe enough; let him have time. Lady Alicia had accompanied her gouty step-mother to some German baths, so she was out of the way. Indeed, the countess dismissed that disappointing offshoot of the Aldershotts from her mind. This was her second season, and she had failed; the final hope the countess saw for her—Fairfax Carteret—had abruptly departed, and hereafter Alicia was of no importance except to act as sister of charity to any of the aristocratic connexions who chanced to need such care.

Lord George had been very sulky and rebellious for some days after her loss, but the countess wisely forbore to draw the reins too tightly, certain that in the end she should win. So she on one side, and Miss Dorothy on the other, watched the weeks go by with very different emotions, as they ruminated upon what was to come after. The spinster bore up under her burthens until she felt that limit reached to pass which, in the matter of forbearance, has been declared no virtue. She found herself doomed to go from London to some stately seat in Devonshire, and from thence they were to journey on to the Towers, the country residence of the Aldershotts. Miss Dorothy's last thread of patience snapped, and she tossed the countess's letter of invitation over to Cecil with undisguised scorn.

"You and I have been playing at cross-purposes long enough," said she, giving her ear a merciless tweak; "now I want an understanding, that I may know what to expect."

"Good gracious, Aunt Dor, how mysterious!" returned Cecil, with an assumption of the factitious gaiety which had of late taken the place of her girlish high spirits.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," retorted Miss Dorothy; "now don't beat round the bush, because I mean to find out exactly where we stand."



"Just where we always did, I hope," said Cecil coaxingly; but the spinster was not to be wheedled out of her stern resolve.

"Do you wish to go to the Towers?" she asked.

"I'd as soon go there as anywhere," replied Cecil wearily.

"That's no answer at all!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, giving herself a vigorous shake.

"It's the best one I can give, at all events. Oh, please don't scold, Aunt Dor, that's a darling!"

"I'm not going to scold—I mean, I don't know whether I shall or not! The idea of not caring, at your age—it's unnatural."

"Well, I must be unnatural then! I suppose I am tired and listless; try and be patient, aunty dear."

"I should like to hear what has been the matter with you for the last month and more," said Miss Dorothy, sitting up rigid and determined.

"Just what I say," replied Cecil; "I am tired; I suppose I have worked too hard at enjoying myself."

"Then in the name of mercy, why do you want to go rushing after more excitement?"

"One must do something, you know," said Cecil.

"Now don't imitate that jargon; my nerves really will not stand it this morning. We shall quarrel as sure as fate, and we never have quarrelled—I don't want to begin now."

"I should think not!" cried Cecil, rising and throwing her arms about her relative with a return of the old demonstrativeness. "No, no; you and I will never quarrel, Aunt Dor."

Miss Dorothy would have liked to draw the beautiful head down on her bosom and beg the girl to confide in her, but it is only in novels that it becomes easy for human beings to demand each other's confidence; and Miss Dorothy, warm-hearted as she was, had slight faculty of expression where her tenderest feelings were concerned. Cecil gave her a hearty hug, laughed at her own burst of sentiment, and went back to her seat, leaving the spinster a good deal discomposed both as to her headdress and her emotions.

"You're more like yourself this minute than you have been in weeks," said she, looking so preternaturally severe that Cecil knew she was on the point of crying, and Cecil was in a mood to have a horror of a scene. So she tried to lead the conversation to less dangerous topics, but Miss Dorothy imitated the advice that the Thane of Cawdor received from his wife, and screwed her courage to the sticking-point—she had begun and must go on.

"About this invitation," said she; "why should we rush off to Devonshire and then to that awful countess? I am sure we have had enough of her during these months."

"A little of anything so grand does go a great way, certainly," laughed Cecil, though there was no merriment in the sound; "but I'm afraid I have more than half promised her and the Percivals too."

"You want quiet and rest, not fresh excitement," pursued

Miss Dorothy; "we might go over to the Continent and find some place where one wouldn't be dined and danced out of one's senses."

"Oh, the war upsets every place there," Cecil said, dreading the idea of solitude in her present state of mind even more than the weariness of a crowd; talking and being talked to, however hard work it might be, was easier than the companionship of her own thoughts. "No, we can't go to the Continent yet; we must just fulfil our destiny, Aunt Dor," and she laughed again in the same mirthless tone.

The spinster looked at her with misty vision; the beautiful face had grown thinner, the great eyes darker and brighter; people said she was handsomer than ever. This season of aristocratic life had been what she needed to perfect her charms! But Aunt Dorothy would have given a great deal to see the happy, girlish peace that brightened her features when this season began.

"That's exactly what I want to know about," said she, with an effort.

"What?" Cecil asked absently.

"You talk of fulfilling our destinies," said Miss Dorothy, with a fierce tug at her ear; "what's yours to be—what do you mean to do—what's been in your mind these past weeks?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," replied Cecil, sinking back in her chair.

"Then it's time you did!" retorted Miss Dorothy; "high time you did; and I want to know that I may regulate my destiny, for I don't mean to be driven, I can tell you."

"What a dreadful old aunty! What a solemn old aunty! You don't threaten to go away from me, I hope?"

"When you marry, you won't need me," said Miss Dorothy.

"But there's no question of marriage, aunt!"

"Don't be insincere, Cecil; I can't bear that."

"I don't mean to be; I am as honest and open with you as I am with myself."

"Then you are treating yourself very ill, that's all I can say!" rejoined the spinster hotly.

"But I don't mean to treat you ill, aunty; do believe that."

"O me! Do you suppose I'm thinking about myself? I'm growing an old woman; nothing matters much where I am concerned! But you, Cecil, you are young; you have your whole life before you. Do you intend to throw it away and spend the rest of your days in useless regret?"

"I don't think I should be weak enough to do that," sighed Cecil. "No; whatever life I made up my mind to accept, I wouldn't moan and wail about it after."

"Child, child!" cried Aunt Dorothy, stretching out her hands with a gesture that was half entreaty, half warning; "there could be no future so terrible as an ill-assorted marriage, a marriage which had no love on either side, not even respect, since each would know the other actuated by unworthy motives."

Cecil did not go through the pretence of affecting to misunderstand; she neither tried question or evasion, just sat silent, looking straight before her with a dreary gaze.

"I wish you'd say something, if it is only to bid me mind my own business," exclaimed Miss Dorothy, suddenly descending, as people do in real life, from tragedy to downright crossness. "Don't sit there as if you were dumb, staring away off into the middle of next week like a woman in a picture, whatever you do!"

"I was thinking of what you said, Aunt Dor," replied Cecil; "I believe I have not thought much lately."

"I wonder when you would have found time!" quoth Miss Dorothy in rapid parenthesis.

"I have allowed myself to drift on and on, without remembering where the current might lead me," pursued Cecil.

"More shame to you," returned Miss Dorothy, though her unsteady voice took away from the severity of her words; "more shame to you! If you were an ordinary chit of a girl, one might expect such conduct, but you have a mind and reasoning powers, and why don't you use them instead of throwing them by like bits of old-fashioned jewellery?"

"I fancy I put it off; I'm rather a coward, I believe; it was easier not to reflect," continued Cecil.

Miss Dorothy bounced in her chair and kicked her footstool; both actions certainly were inelegancies one would not have expected from a woman who had during so many weeks been allowed the privilege of studying the manners of the British aristocracy, but for the instant she was incapable of expressing her emotions in words, and it was a slight relief to bounce, and bounce she must had the countess herself been present.

"Don't be vexed with me, Aunt Dor," pleaded Cecil.

"I will!" cried Miss Dorothy.

"Then no more than you can help, please," rejoined Cecil, with unusual humility.

"I'll set no limits," Miss Dorothy declared.

"After all, you can't regard my conduct in a harsher light than I do," returned Cecil.

"I don't wish to hear anybody I love abused," observed Miss Dorothy shortly, but her voice showed that her throat had grown suspiciously dry and choked.

"What would you have me say?" asked Cecil.

"Something to the point," replied Miss Dorothy, rapping the chair with her knuckles; "something to show you mean to wake up and decide upon things, knowing why you do it."

"That's just what I have tried to avoid," she murmured.

"Then begin now; open your eyes and look about. I tell you it is time, Cecil Conway! If you loved this man, I'd be silent; life is always endurable where there is love; even the idle, vapid, do-nothing, never-sit-still, maundering, pottering existence of these fine people we've stayed among too long."



Cecil had not so much as a smile for the string of vituperative epithets, delivered with an energy which fairly shook the spinster's headdress loose; but the old lady caught it as it fell, replaced it upside down on her apex, and went on with her sermon, in nowise discomposed.

"To choose such a life without motive, without heart—I can think of no wickedness equal to it—none that would bring so frightful a punishment; and the woman doesn't live, Cecil Conway, who would feel it more keenly than you."

"I wonder if there's anything better?" muttered Cecil, and for a second looked a little sullen.

"No matter what you chose, it would be better than that," retorted Miss Dorothy. "Found an hospital—have the small-pox—turn chimneysweep—any one would be wiser than to accept such a shallow teacup kind of life with a—with a teapot of a husband!" fairly shouted Miss Dorothy, rising to her feet as suddenly as if something had touched a secret spring somewhere about her.

They both laughed this time, and Miss Dorothy sat down a good deal mollified by her own eloquence; but determined to clinch the nail she had driven in, added, more emphatically,—

"And an old stone image for a mother-in-law, as proud as Pharaoh, as grasping as a Jew, as bad-tempered as the Witch of Endor, and a heart that would last to all eternity for a nether mill-stone without showing the least sign of wear!"

As the spinster stopped to rest after this crowning burst, Cecil rose and walked up and down the room in silence. Miss Dorothy did not interrupt her meditation; she seized the heap of worsted-work beside her chair, wiped a couple of stray tears from her eyes, and stitched diligently, regardless of the eccentric deviations she perpetrated in her pattern. After awhile Cecil returned, laid a hand on her aunt's shoulder, and said,—

"You are right, Aunt Dor; nothing could be so bad as a marriage without love on either side—but it must be nice to be loved! I think, if I could be sure some good man had given me his heart, I would become his wife if he was willing to take me."

"Then you'd do the wickedest thing of all by yourself and him," pronounced Miss Dorothy, shaking off the white hand, but dropping her work immediately after to catch the cold fingers and chafe them softly between her palms. "Oh, Cecil, try as you might, you would hate him in a month; there can never be any half-way work with you!"

"Heigho!" sighed Cecil.

"It's no good to sigh like a Laura Matilda," observed Miss Dorothy, with a return of petulance; "sighs and tears never helped to do anything but bring on dyspepsia;" and all the while she patted and fondled the pretty hand and laid it lovingly against her tear-stained cheek.

"Well, aunty," questioned Cecil, "what can I do to show I am obliged for your lecture and mean to profit by it?"

"Stop trifling with your own peace, stop trying to ruin your own future," replied Miss Dorothy; "that will satisfy me."

Cecil turned abruptly away and walked twice more up and down the room.

"And you don't want to go to the Towers?" she asked presently, coming back to Miss Dorothy's side and speaking with such composure that the spinster could not decide whether it was a simple question or half an answer to her advice.

"No, I don't," the old maid said shortly; "I'd rather go into an ice-bath in the middle of January."

"The poor countess!" said Cecil, smiling.

"Oh, poor!" repeated Miss Dorothy, waxing belligerent. "She's as crafty as a crocodile, and I can see through her as plainly as I see through that window; don't tell me!"

"Good old aunty!" laughed Cecil, giving her another kiss. "There, there, she sha'n't be teased any more! We'll go off somewhere and be quiet for awhile; you'd like that?"

"Like it!" echoed Miss Dorothy, and the emphasis she laid on the two words rendered any further expression of her views superfluous.

"When winter comes," pursued Cecil, "we'll contrive to slip down into Italy if poor Paris should be shut up, as they threaten. Does that satisfy you, Aunt Dorothy?"

"You're a good girl; I always knew how you would act if you took time to think," returned the spinster.

Cecil left the room without another word, and Miss Dorothy pursued her embroidery more tranquil than she had been in weeks. She saw that Cecil was not happy, and pitied her out of the inmost depths of her loving heart; but she had done everything now that lay in her power, and must wait. She could not bring herself to believe that the shadows were to settle into a lasting night; they would pass if only Cecil could learn to be patient.

"The child was born for happiness," she thought; "I've always felt that, and I'll not change my opinion yet. There never has been a happy Conway, but she's to be an exception! I don't know how I know, but I do—I do!" she continued, stabbing the air with her needle, as if threatening some invisible adversary who had contradicted her proposition.

These long weeks of separation had done more to soften Cecil's indignation toward Fairfax Carteret than any arguments which his most devoted friends could have brought. The one act of duplicity which had filled her with such fiery wrath was so completely at variance with scores of examples of his conduct and manner of thought which came unsought to her knowledge after his departure, that gradually, in spite of her contempt for her own weakness, she often found herself trying to explain or palliate it. An extended acquaintance with Madame de Hatzfeldt had proved that lady so utterly false, so incapable of the truth even where it would have served her purpose better than a lie, that Cecil could not help sus-

pecting her of some treachery in the affair of the note, clear as it looked. She had discovered too, that notwithstanding her protestations of friendship, Madame was the bitterest enemy she had ever made, and had on several occasions attempted to put upon her the onus of certain indiscretions in the way of coquetries where she had in reality forced Cecil unconsciously into giving her the protection of her companionship.

Then she tried to rouse a difficulty between Cecil and Lord George, and the young man, courteously enough but very palpably, proved that she had lied outrageously, and though neither he or Cecil would have stooped to betray her, she saw that they understood her perfectly, and soon dropped even the pretence of friendliness.

Naturally these things insensibly softened Cecil's judgment of Carteret, though the fact of the note remained. Cecil's sense of rectitude could not pardon the sinful weakness which delayed him near a married woman whom he had loved in former days; but, as she reflected that he at length showed conscience enough to flee, she was able to justify him somewhat where she herself was concerned. Perhaps he had not meant to trifle; he might have been honest in his interest, only weak enough to be disturbed by again meeting the woman who had touched his heart long before. Perhaps, had she been less open in her scorn during their last interview, he would have told her the truth—told her that he was trying to overcome his mad folly. Of course this could have changed nothing; she must have sent him from her all the same, but at least she might have given him kindly words, and in a measure preserved her esteem for him, and she felt now that it would be much even to think gently of him and acknowledge that he was worthy of her friendship.

Close to the house there was a square to which Miss Dorothy, like certain other residents of the neighbourhood, possessed a key, and this morning on leaving her aunt, Cecil went there for a solitary walk. Of course, because she wished particularly to be alone, some perverse imp inspired old Knowles with the idea of likewise airing himself in the quiet retreat, which was a very pleasant one for London, as the sparrows well knew.

He came upon Cecil idly throwing crumbs which she had brought for the birds' benefit, and though wishing poor Knowles in Africa at the nearest, she was too considerate to show her irritation to a man of his age and so attached a friend of Miss Dorothy's. They talked of the trifles which ordinarily make up conversation, but Knowles mentioned Madame de Hatzfeldt, and Cecil could not help laughing at the acrimony with which he described certain devices whereby that lady had deluded him into serving her purpose.

"Why, only yesterday," said he, "she managed to make her husband believe I had played sheep-dog to her all the morning, and she had been, goodness knows where, and just captured me as she



was driving home. Of course I couldn't contradict, but I don't like it. I'm too old to be dragged into fibs, and I told her so."

"I am sure you ought to be grateful at having an opportunity to oblige such a pretty, graceful creature as Madame," replied Cecil.

"She always reminds me of some sort of feline animal," cried he. "I knew her when she was Adela Livingston; I've not forgotten, and I don't believe Fairfax Carteret has either."

Cecil lost all interest in the subject immediately, and did not attempt to disguise a yawn.

"I suppose I bore you," said old Knowles bluntly.

"Now that is politely telling me I have been rude," returned she. "Indeed I am always glad to talk with you, Uncle Jack," she added, giving him the appellation familiar to her in childish days; "but I must confess that the flirtations of Madame de Hatzfeldt and your friend do not in the least amuse me."

"He'd as soon have flirted with a hooded snake!" exclaimed Knowles, striking his stick on the ground with such energy that he frightened the sparrows, who flew off scolding at this interruption of their breakfast. "I know Fairfax Carteret thoroughly; no disgusting French ideas for him—he'd cut his hand off sooner than flirt with any married woman."

"Don't be energetic," said Cecil, lazily.

"And of all women, with Adela Livingston! Why, that winter in Washington—oh, it's ages ago, when she was engaged to Charley Ray—he found her out then. She tried her best to bewitch him, to fool Charley, and Carteret let her see that she was appreciated as she deserved. She said then—yes, and vowed—she'd have her revenge sometime; bah! the little cat!"

Cecil had listened eagerly enough to this disclosure; she offered no remark, turning her face away so that it was hidden.

"So Miss Adela hooked the Austrian," continued Knowles; "it's no secret I am telling, everybody knew it at the time, and her reputation suffered a good deal. Of course Carteret never said a word, but when Charley Ray went to the bad his old aunt did, and Adela was glad to take the Austrian before he heard all the stories, for others came out. She's never been back to America; one could tell just from her bitterness about her country that she had some personal reason at the bottom."

Cecil began to talk of other things; voice and face were composed, but a whirl of conflicting thoughts dizzied her. At length old Knowles took himself off and left her to her solitude.

Everything was inextricably entangled and there could be no hope that the matter would ever find explanation. Still one truth was forced upon her mind and refused to be effaced—she had wronged Fairfax Carteret. It was too late now for that to affect her other than in her feelings; it was not probable that they should meet again, and if they ever did, no reason for her own conduct, no demand to have the facts stated, would be possible.

She had given her promise to Madame, and, however false and vile the woman might be, she could not break it.

Fairfax Carteret was nothing to her; she informed herself of this truth over and over; but it was much that she might get back the faith in humanity which his apparent treachery had so sorely shaken.

Nothing to her! The repetition of the words reminded her that she had accepted a future for herself, at least conditionally; that she had not dreamed of shrinking from it until Aunt Dorothy's eloquent tirade opened her eyes to the awful importance of the step she had meant to take blindly and without thought.

"Only it was so nice to be loved!" she had said to her relative; the idea returned in this sad meditation. But was the desire fulfilled in her case? Of that fact at least she must be convinced before her decision became irrevocable.

## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

### CHAPTER XIV.

PICKAXE AND TROWEL.

THE same evening Barbicane and his companions returned to Tampa Town; and Murchison, the engineer, re-embarked on board the "Tampico" for New Orleans. His object was to enlist an army of workmen, and to collect together the greater part of the materials. The members of the Gun Club remained at Tampa Town, for the purpose of setting on foot the preliminary works by the aid of the people of the country.

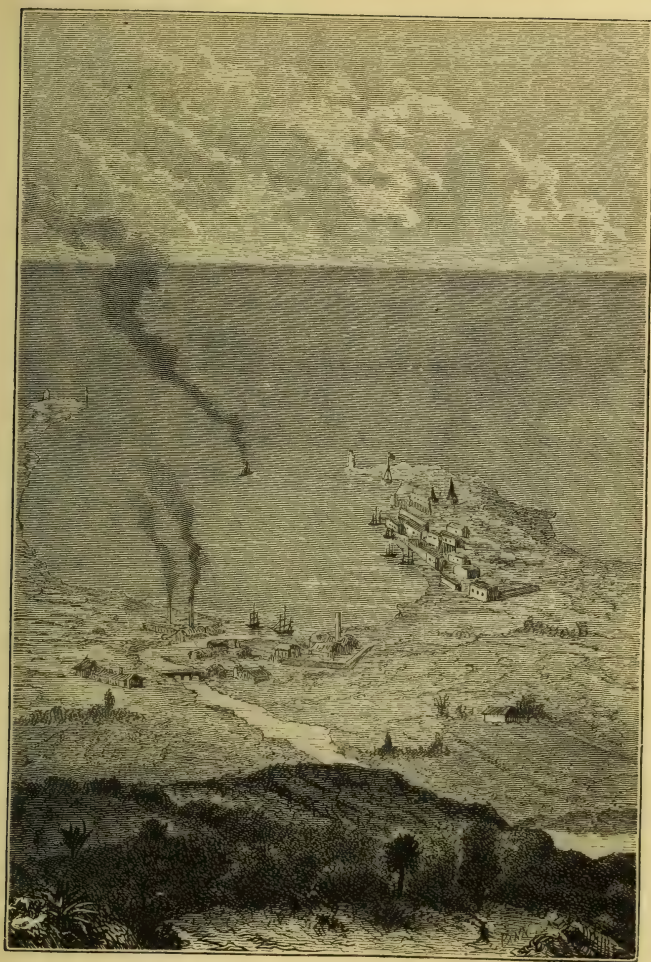
Eight days after its departure, the "Tampico" returned into the bay of Espiritu Santo, with a whole flotilla of steamboats. Murchison had succeeded in assembling together fifteen hundred artisans. Attracted by the high pay and considerable bounties offered by the Gun Club, he had enlisted a choice legion of stokers, iron-founders, lime-burners, miners, brickmakers, and artisans of every trade, without distinction of colour. As many of these people brought their families with them, their departure resembled a perfect emigration.

On the 31st October, at ten o'clock in the morning, the troop disembarked on the quays of Tampa Town; and one may imagine the activity which pervaded that little town, whose population was thus doubled in a single day.

During the first few days they were busy discharging the cargo brought by the flotilla, the machines, and the rations, as well as a large number of huts constructed of iron plates, separately pieced and numbered. At the same period Barbicane laid the first sleepers of a railway fifteen miles in length, intended to unite Stones Hill with Tampa Town. On the 1st of November Barbicane quitted Tampa Town with a detachment of workmen; and on the following day the whole town of huts was erected round Stones Hill. This they enclosed with palisades; and in respect of energy and activity, it might have shortly been mistaken for one of the great cities of the Union. Everything was placed under a complete system of discipline, and the works were commenced in most perfect order.

The nature of the soil having been carefully examined, by means





TAMPA TOWN PREVIOUS TO THE UNDERTAKING.



of repeated borings, the work of excavation was fixed for the 4th of November.

On that day Barbicane called together his foremen and addressed them as follows:—"You are well aware, my friends, of the object with which I have assembled you together in this wild part of Florida. Our business is to construct a cannon measuring nine feet in its interior diameter, six feet thick, and with a stone revetment of nineteen and a half feet in thickness. We have, therefore, a well of sixty feet in diameter to dig down to a depth of nine hundred feet. This great work must be completed *within eight months*, so that you have 2,543,400 cubic feet of earth to excavate in 255 days; that is to say, in round numbers, 2000 cubic feet per day. That which would present no difficulty to a thousand navvies working in open country will be of course more troublesome in a comparatively confined space. However, the thing must be done, and I reckon for its accomplishment upon your courage as much as upon your skill."

At eight o'clock in the morning the first stroke of the pickaxe was struck upon the soil of Florida; and from that moment that prince of tools was never inactive for one moment in the hands of the excavators. The gangs relieved each other every three hours.

On the 4th of November fifty workmen commenced digging, in the very centre of the enclosed space on the summit of Stones Hill, a circular hole sixty feet in diameter. The pickaxe first struck upon a kind of black earth, six inches in thickness, which was speedily disposed of. To this earth succeeded two feet of fine sand, which was carefully laid aside as being valuable for serving for the casting of the inner mould. After the sand appeared some compact white clay, resembling the chalk of Great Britain, which extended down to a depth of four feet. Then the iron of the picks struck upon the hard bed of the soil; a kind of rock formed of petrified shells, very dry, very solid, and which the picks could with difficulty penetrate. At this point the excavation exhibited a depth of six feet and a half, and the work of the masonry was begun.

At the bottom of this excavation they constructed a wheel of oak, a kind of circle strongly bolted together, and of immense strength. The centre of this wooden disc was hollowed out to a diameter equal to the exterior diameter of the Columbiad. Upon this wheel rested the first layers of the masonry, the stones of which were bound together by hydraulic cement, with irresistible tenacity. The workmen, after laying the stones from the circumference to the centre, were thus enclosed within a kind of well twenty-one feet in diameter. When this work was accomplished, the miners resumed their picks and cut away the rock from underneath the *wheel* itself, taking care to support it as they advanced upon blocks of great thickness. At every two feet which the hole gained in depth they successively withdrew the blocks. The *wheel* then sank little by little, and with it the massive ring of masonry, on the upper bed of



which the masons laboured incessantly, always reserving some vent holes to permit the escape of gas during the operation of casting.

This kind of work required on the part of the workmen extreme nicety and minute attention. More than one, in digging underneath the wheel, was dangerously injured by the splinters of stone. But their ardour never relaxed, night or day. By day they worked under the rays of the scorching sun; by night, under the gleam of the electric light. The sounds of the picks against the rock, the bursting of mines, the grinding of the machines, the wreaths of smoke scattered through the air, traced around Stones Hill a circle of terror which the herds of buffaloes and the war parties of the Seminoles never ventured to pass. Nevertheless, the works advanced regularly, as the steam-cranes actively removed the rubbish. Of unexpected obstacles there was little account; and with regard to foreseen difficulties, they were speedily disposed of.

At the expiration of the first month the well had attained the depth assigned for that lapse of time, viz. 112 feet. This depth was doubled in December, and trebled in January.

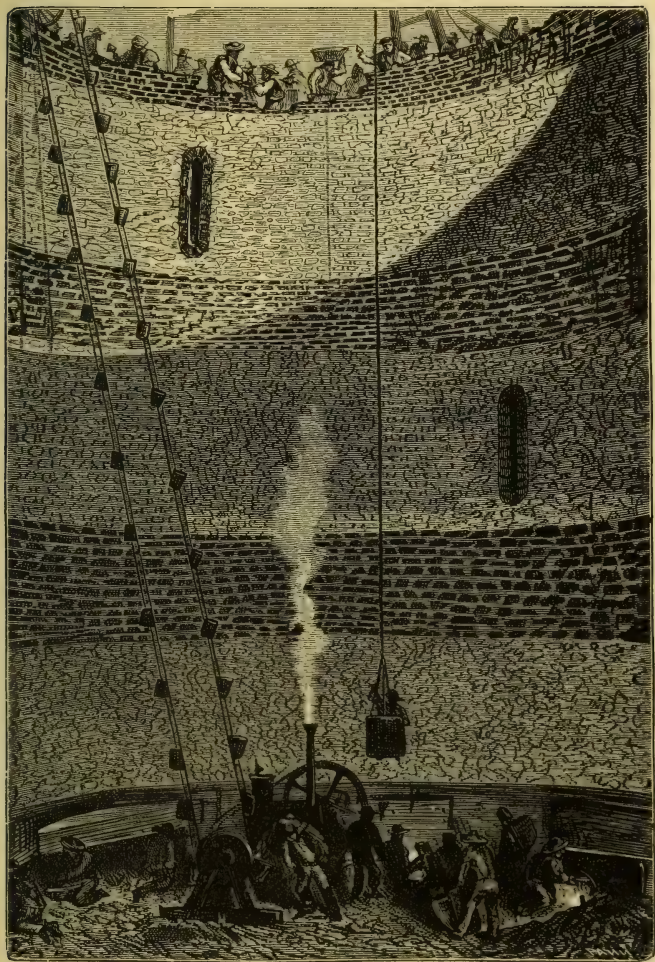
During the month of February the workmen had to contend with a sheet of water which made its way right across the outer soil. It became necessary to employ very powerful pumps and compressed air-engines to drain it off, so as to close up the orifice from whence it issued; just as one stops a leak on board ship. They at last succeeded in getting the upper hand of these untoward streams; only, in consequence of the loosening of the soil, the wheel partly gave way, and a slight partial settlement ensued. This accident cost the life of several workmen.

No fresh occurrence thenceforward arrested the progress of the operation; and on the 10th of June, twenty days before the expiration of the period fixed by Barbicane, the well, lined throughout with its facing of stone, had attained the depth of 900 feet. At the bottom the masonry rested upon a massive block measuring thirty feet in thickness, whilst on the upper portion it was level with the surrounding soil.

President Barbicane and the members of the Gun Club warmly congratulated their engineer Murchison: the cyclopean work had been accomplished with extraordinary rapidity.

During these eight months Barbicane never quitted Stones Hill for a single instant. Keeping ever close by the work of excavation, he busied himself incessantly with the welfare and health of his workpeople, and was singularly fortunate in warding off the epidemics common to large communities of men, and so disastrous in those regions of the globe which are exposed to the influences of tropical climates.

Many workmen, it is true, paid with their lives for the rashness inherent in these dangerous labours; but these mishaps are impossible to be avoided, and they are classed amongst details with which the Americans trouble themselves but little. They have in fact



THE WORK PROGRESSED REGULARLY.





more regard for human nature in general than for the individual in particular.

Nevertheless, Barbicane professed opposite principles to these, and put them in force at every opportunity. So, thanks to his care, his intelligence, his useful intervention in all difficulties, his prodigious and humane sagacity, the average of accidents did not exceed that of transatlantic countries, noted for their excessive precautions, France, for instance, among others, where they reckon about one accident for every two hundred thousand francs of work.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE FÊTE OF THE CASTING.

DURING the eight months which were employed in the work of excavation the preparatory works of the casting had been carried on simultaneously with extreme rapidity. A stranger arriving at Stones Hill would have been surprised at the spectacle offered to his view.

At 600 yards from the well, and circularly arranged around it as a central point, rose 1200 reverberating ovens, each six feet in diameter, and separated from each other by an interval of three feet. The circumference occupied by these 1200 ovens presented a length of two miles. Being all constructed on the same plan, each with its high quadrangular chimney, they produced a most singular effect.

It will be remembered that on their third meeting the Committee had decided to use cast-iron for the Columbiad, and in particular the *white* description. This metal in fact is the most tenacious, the most ductile, and the most malleable, and consequently suitable for all moulding operations; and when smelted with pit coal, is of superior quality for all engineering works requiring great resisting power, such as cannon, steam-boilers, hydraulic presses, and the like.

Cast-iron, however, if subjected to only one single fusion, is rarely sufficiently homogeneous; and it requires a second fusion completely to refine it by dispossessing it of its last earthly deposits. So before being forwarded to Tampa Town, the iron ore, molten in the great furnaces of Goldspring, and brought into contact with coal and silicium heated to a high temperature, was carburized and transformed into cast-iron. After this first operation, the metal was sent on to Stones Hill. They had, however, to deal with 136,000,000lbs. of iron, a quantity far too costly to send by railway. The cost of transport would have been double that of material. It appeared preferable to freight vessels at New York, and to load them with the iron in bars. This, however, required not less than sixty-eight vessels of 1000 tons, a veritable fleet,

which, quitting New York on the 3rd of May, on the 10th of the same month ascended the Bay of Espiritu Santo, and discharged their cargoes, without dues, in the port at Tampa Town. Thence the iron was transported by rail to Stones Hill, and about the middle of January this enormous mass of metal was delivered at its destination.

It will be easily understood that 1200 furnaces were not too many to melt simultaneously these 60,000 tons of iron. Each of these furnaces contained nearly 140,000lbs. weight of metal. They were all built after the model of those which served for the casting of the Rodman gun, they were trapezoidal in shape, with a high elliptical arch. These furnaces, constructed of fireproof brick, were especially adapted for burning pit coal, with a flat bottom upon which the iron bars were laid. This bottom, inclined at an angle of  $25^{\circ}$ , allowed the metal to flow into the receiving troughs; and the 1200 converging trenches carried the molten metal down to the central well.

The day following that on which the works of the masonry and boring had been completed, Barbicane set to work upon the central mould. His object now was to raise within the centre of the well, and with a coincident axis, a cylinder 900 feet high and 9 feet in diameter, which should exactly fill up the space reserved for the bore of the Columbiad. This cylinder was composed of a mixture of clay and sand, with the addition of a little hay and straw. The space left between the mould and the masonry was intended to be filled up by the molten metal, which would thus form the walls six feet in thickness. This cylinder, in order to maintain its equilibrium, had to be bound by iron bands, and firmly fixed at certain intervals by cross-clamps fastened into the stone lining; after the castings these would be buried in the block of metal, leaving no external projection.

This operation was completed on the 8th of July, and the run of the metal was fixed for the following day.

"This fête of the casting will be a grand ceremony," said J. T. Maston to his friend Barbicane.

"Undoubtedly," said Barbicane; "but it will not be a public fête."

"What! will you not open the gates of the enclosure to all comers?"

"I must be very careful, Maston. The casting of the Columbiad is an extremely delicate, not to say a dangerous, operation, and I should prefer its being done privately. At the discharge of the projectile, a fête if you like—till then, no!"

The president was right. The operation involved unforeseen dangers, which a great influx of spectators would have hindered him from averting. It was necessary to preserve complete freedom of movement. No one was admitted within the enclosure except a delegation of members of the Gun Club, who had made the voyage to Tampa Town. Among these was the brisk Bilsby, Tom Hunter,







THE CASTING.

Colonel Blomsberry, Major Elphinstone, General Morgan, and the rest of the lot to whom the casting of the Columbiad was a matter of personal interest. J. T. Maston became their cicerone. He omitted no point of detail; he conducted them throughout the magazines, workshops, through the midst of the engines, and compelled them to visit the whole 1200 furnaces one after the other. At the end of the twelve-hundredth visit they were pretty well knocked up.

The casting was to take place at 12 o'clock precisely. The previous evening each furnace had been charged with 114,000lbs. weight of metal in bars disposed cross-ways to each other, so as to allow the hot air to circulate freely between them. At daybreak the 1200 chimneys vomited their torrents of flame into the air, and the ground was agitated with dull tremblings. As many pounds of metal as there were to *cast*, so many pounds of coal were there to *burn*. Thus there were 68,000 tons of coal which projected in the face of the sun a thick curtain of smoke. The heat soon became insupportable within the circle of furnaces, the rumbling of which resembled the rolling of thunder. The powerful ventilators added their continuous blasts and saturated with oxygen the glowing plates. The operation, to be successful, required to be conducted with great rapidity. On a signal given by a cannon-shot each furnace was to give vent to the molten iron and completely to empty itself. These arrangements made, foremen and workmen waited the preconcerted moment with an impatience mingled with a certain amount of emotion. Not a soul remained within the enclosure. Each superintendent took his post by the aperture of the run.

Barbicane and his colleagues, perched on a neighbouring eminence, assisted at the operation. In front of them was a piece of artillery ready to give fire on the signal from the engineer. Some minutes before midday the first dribblets of metal began to flow; the reservoirs filled little by little; and, by the time that the whole melting was completely accomplished, it was kept in abeyance for a few minutes in order to facilitate the separation of foreign substances.

Twelve o'clock struck! A gun-shot suddenly pealed forth and shot its flame into the air. Twelve hundred melting-troughs were simultaneously opened and twelve hundred fiery serpents crept towards the central well, unrolling their incandescent curves. There, down they plunged with a terrific noise into a depth of 900 feet. It was an exciting and a magnificent spectacle. The ground trembled, while these molten waves, launching into the sky their wreaths of smoke, evaporated the moisture of the mould and hurled it upwards through the vent-holes of the stone lining in the form of dense vapour-clouds. These artificial clouds unrolled their thick spirals to a height of 1000 yards into the air. A savage, wandering somewhere beyond the limits of the horizon, might have believed that some new crater was forming in the bosom of Florida, although

there was neither any eruption, nor typhoon, nor storm, nor struggle of the elements, nor any of those terrible phenomena which nature is capable of producing. No, it was man alone who had produced these reddish vapours, these gigantic flames worthy of a volcano itself, these tremendous vibrations resembling the shock of an earthquake, these reverberations rivalling those of hurricanes and storms; and it was his hand which precipitated into an abyss, dug by himself, a whole Niagara of molten metal!

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE COLUMBIAD.

HAD the casting succeeded? They were reduced to mere conjecture. There was indeed every reason to expect success, since the mould had absorbed the entire mass of the molten metal; still some considerable time must elapse before they could arrive at any certainty upon the matter.

The patience of the members of the Gun Club was sorely tried during this period of time. But they could do nothing. J. T. Maston escaped roasting by a miracle. Fifteen days after the casting an immense column of smoke was still rising in the open sky, and the ground burnt the soles of the feet within a radius of 200 feet round the summit of Stones Hill. It was impossible to approach nearer. All they could do was to wait with what patience they might.

"Here we are at the 10th August," exclaimed J. T. Maston one morning, "only four months to the 1st of December! We shall never be ready in time!" Barbicane said nothing, but his silence covered serious irritation.

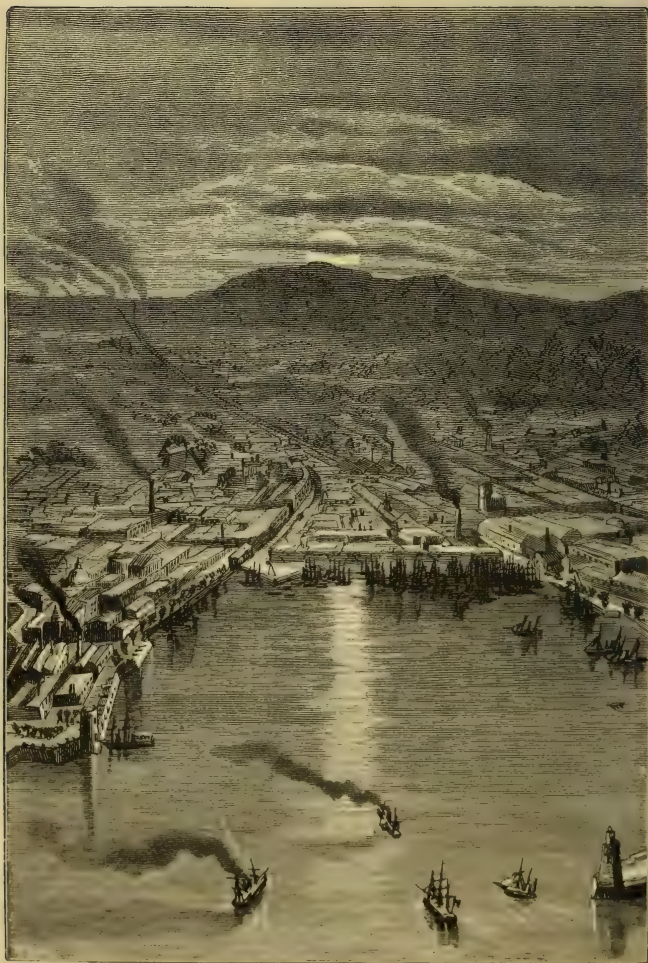
However, daily observations revealed a certain change going on in the state of the ground. About the 15th August the vapours ejected had sensibly diminished in intensity and thickness. Some days afterwards the earth exhaled only a slight puff of smoke, the last breath of the monster enclosed within its circle of stone. Little by little the belt of heat contracted, until on the 22nd August Barbicane, his colleagues, and the engineer were enabled to set foot on the iron sheet which lay level upon the summit of Stones Hill.

"At last!" exclaimed the President of the Gun Club, with an immense sigh of relief.

The work was resumed the same day. They proceeded at once to extract the interior mould, for the purpose of clearing out the boring of the piece. Pickaxes and boring irons were set to work without intermission. The clayey and sandy soils had acquired extreme hardness under the action of the heat; but by the aid of the machines, the rubbish on being dug out was rapidly carted away on railway waggons; and such was the ardour of the work, so







TAMPA TOWN AFTER THE UNDERTAKING.

persuasive the arguments of Barbicane's dollars, that by the 3rd of September all traces of the mould had entirely disappeared.

Immediately the operation of boring was commenced; and by the aid of powerful machines, a few weeks later, the inner surface of the immense tube had been rendered perfectly cylindrical, and the bore of the piece had acquired a thorough polish.

At length, on the 22nd of September, less than a twelvemonth after Barbicane's original proposition, the enormous weapon, accurately bored, and exactly vertically pointed, was ready for work. There was only the moon now to wait for; and they were pretty sure that she would not fail in the rendezvous.

The ecstasy of J. T. Maston knew no bounds, and he narrowly escaped a frightful fall while staring down the tube. But for the strong hand of Colonel Blomsberry, the worthy secretary, like a modern Erostratus, would have found his death in the depths of the Columbiad.

The cannon was then finished; there was no possible doubt as to its perfect completion. So, on the 6th of October, Captain Nicholl opened an account between himself and President Barbicane, in which he debited himself to the latter in the sum of 2000 dollars. One may believe that the Captain's wrath was increased to its highest point, and must have made him seriously ill. However, he had still three bets of three, four, and five thousand dollars, respectively; and if he gained two out of these, his position would not be very bad. But the money question did not enter into his calculations; it was the success of his rival in casting a cannon against which iron plates 60 feet thick would have been ineffectual, that dealt him a terrible blow.

After the 23rd of September the enclosure of Stones Hill was thrown open to the public; and it will be easily imagined what was the concourse of visitors to this spot! There was an incessant flow of people to and from Tampa Town and the place, which resembled a procession, or rather, in fact, a pilgrimage.

It was already clear to be seen that, on the day of the experiment itself, the aggregate of spectators would be counted by millions; for they were already arriving from all parts of the earth upon this narrow strip of promontory. Europe was emigrating to America.

Up to that time, however, it must be confessed, the curiosity of the numerous comers was but scantily gratified. Most had counted upon witnessing the spectacle of the casting, and they were treated to nothing but smoke. This was sorry food for hungry eyes; but Barbicane would admit no one to that operation. Then ensued grumbling, discontent, murmurs; they blamed the President, taxed him with dictatorial conduct. His proceedings were declared "un-American." There was very nearly a riot round Stones Hill; but Barbicane remained inflexible. When, however, the Columbiad was entirely finished, this state of closed doors could no longer be maintained; besides it would have been bad taste, and even imprudence, to affront the public feeling. Barbicane, therefore,



opened the enclosure to all comers; but, true to his practical disposition, he determined to coin money out of the public curiosity.

It was something, indeed, to be enabled to contemplate this immense Columbiad; but to descend into its depths, this seemed to the Americans the *ne plus ultra* of earthly felicity. Consequently, there was not one curious spectator who was not willing to give himself the treat of visiting the interior of this metallic abyss. Baskets suspended from steam-cranes permitted them to satisfy their curiosity. There was a perfect mania. Women, children, old men, all made it a point of duty to penetrate the mysteries of the colossal gun. The fare for the descent was fixed at five dollars per head; and, despite this high charge, during the two months which preceded the experiment, the influx of visitors enabled the Gun Club to pocket nearly 500,000 dollars!

It is needless to say that the first visitors of the Columbiad were the members of the Gun Club. This privilege was justly reserved for that illustrious body. The ceremony took place on the 25th September. A basket of honour took down the President, J. T. Maston, Major Elphinstone, General Morgan, Colonel Blomsberry, and other members of the club, to the number of ten in all. How hot it was at the bottom of that long tube of metal! They were half suffocated. But what delight! What ecstasy! A table had been laid with six covers on the massive stone which formed the bottom of the Columbiad, and lighted by a jet of electric light resembling that of day itself. Numerous exquisite dishes, which seemed to descend from heaven, were placed successively before the guests, and the richest wines of France flowed in profusion during this splendid repast, served nine hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth!

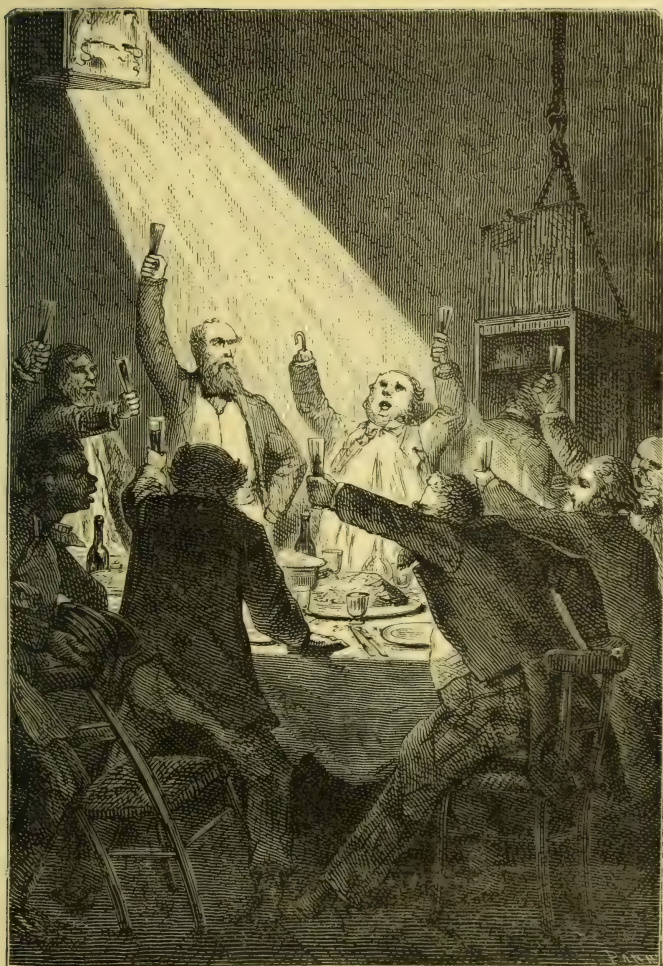
The festival was animated, not to say somewhat noisy. Toasts flew backwards and forwards. They drank to the earth and to her satellite, to the Gun Club, the Union, the moon, Diana, Phœbe, Selene, the "peaceful courier of the night"! All the hurrahs, carried upwards upon the sonorous waves of the immense acoustic tube, arrived with the sound of thunder at its mouth; and the multitude ranged round Stones Hill heartily united their shouts with those of the ten revellers hidden from view at the bottom of the gigantic Columbiad.

J. T. Maston was no longer master of himself. Whether he shouted or gesticulated, ate or drank most, would be a difficult matter to determine. At all events, he would not have given his place up for an empire, "not even if the cannon—loaded, primed, and fired at that very moment—were to blow him in pieces into the planetary world."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

THE great works undertaken by the Gun Club had now virtually come to an end; and two months still remained before the day for



THE BANQUET IN THE COLUMBIAD.





the discharge of the shot to the moon. To the general impatience these two months appeared as long as years! Hitherto the smallest details of the operation had been daily chronicled by the journals, which the public devoured with eager eyes.

Just at this moment a circumstance, the most unexpected, the most extraordinary and incredible, occurred to rouse afresh their panting spirits, and to throw every mind into a state of the most violent excitement.

One day, the 30th September, at 3.47 p.m., a telegram, transmitted by cable from Valentia (Ireland) to Newfoundland and the American mainland, arrived at the address of President Barbicane.

The President tore open the envelope, read the despatch, and, despite his remarkable powers of self-control, his lips turned pale and his eyes grew dim, on reading the twenty words of this telegram.

Here is the text of the despatch, which figures now in the archives of the Gun Club:—

“FRANCE, PARIS,

“30 *September*, 4 a.m.

“Barbicane, Tampa Town, Florida, United States.

“Substitute for your spherical shell a cylindro-conical projectile. I shall go inside. Shall arrive by steamer ‘Atlanta.’

“MICHEL ARDAN.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PASSENGER OF THE “ATLANTA.”

IF this astounding news, instead of flying through the electric wires, had simply arrived by post in the ordinary sealed envelope, Barbicane would not have hesitated a moment. He would have held his tongue about it, both as a measure of prudence, and in order not to have to reconsider his plans. This telegram might be a cover for some jest, especially as it came from a Frenchman. What human being would ever have conceived the idea of such a journey? and, if such a person really existed, he must be an idiot, whom one would shut up in a lunatic ward, rather than within the walls of the projectile.

The contents of the despatch, however, speedily became known; for the telegraphic officials possessed but little discretion, and Michel Ardan's proposition ran at once throughout the several States of the Union. Barbicane had, therefore, no further motive for keeping silence. Consequently, he called together such of his colleagues as were at the moment in Tampa Town, and without any expression of his own opinions simply read to them the laconic text itself. It was received with every possible variety of expressions of doubt, incredulity, and derision from every one, with the excep-

tion of J. T. Maston, who exclaimed, "It is a grand idea, however!"

When Barbicane originally proposed to send a shot to the moon every one looked upon the enterprise as simple and practicable enough—a mere question of gunnery; but when a person, professing to be a reasonable being, offered to take passage within the projectile, the whole thing became a farce, or, in plainer language, a *humbug*.

One question, however, remained. Did such a being exist? This telegram flashed across the depths of the Atlantic, the designation of the vessel on board which he was to take his passage, the date assigned for his speedy arrival, all combined to impart a certain character of reality to the proposal. They must get some clearer notion of the matter. Scattered groups of inquirers at length condensed themselves into a compact crowd, which made straight for the residence of President Barbicane. That worthy individual was keeping quiet with the intention of watching events as they arose. But he had forgotten to take into account the public impatience; and it was with no pleasant countenance that he watched the population of Tampa Town gathering under his windows. The murmurs and vociferations below presently obliged him to appear. He came forward, therefore, and on silence being procured, a citizen put point-blank to him the following question:—"Is the person mentioned in the telegram, under the name of Michel Ardan, on his way here? Yes or no."

"Gentlemen," replied Barbicane, "I know no more than you do."

"We must know," roared the impatient voices.

"Time will show," calmly replied the President.

"Time has no business to keep a whole country in suspense," replied the orator. "Have you altered the plans of the projectile according to the request of the telegram?"

"Not yet, gentlemen; but you are right! we must have better information to go by. The telegraph must complete its information."

"To the telegraph!" roared the crowd.

Barbicane descended; and heading the immense assemblage, led the way to the telegraph office. A few minutes later a telegram was despatched to the secretary of the underwriters at Liverpool, requesting answers to the following queries:—

"About the ship 'Atlanta'—when did she leave Europe? Had she on board a Frenchman named Michel Ardan?"

Two hours afterwards Barbicane received information too exact to leave room for the smallest remaining doubt.

"The steamer 'Atlanta' from Liverpool put to sea on the 2nd October, bound for Tampa Town, having on board a Frenchman borne on the list of passengers by the name of Michel Ardan."

That very evening he wrote to the house of Breadwill & Co.,

requesting them to suspend the casting of the projectile until the receipt of further orders. On the 20th October, at 9 a.m., the semaphores of the Bahama Canal signalled a thick smoke on the horizon. Two hours later a large steamer exchanged signals with them. The name of the "Atlanta" flew at once over Tampa Town. At four o'clock the English vessel entered the Bay of Espiritu Santo. At five it crossed the passage of Hillisborough Bay at full steam. At six she cast anchor at Port Tampa. The anchor had scarcely caught the sandy bottom when 500 boats surrounded the "Atlanta," and the steamer was taken by assault. Barbicane was the first to set foot on deck, and in a voice of which he vainly tried to conceal the emotion, called "Michel Ardan."

"Here!" replied an individual perched on the poop.

Barbicane, with arms crossed, looked fixedly at the passenger of the "Atlanta."

He was a man of about 42 years of age, of large build, but slightly round-shouldered. His massive head momentarily shook a shock of reddish hair, which resembled a lion's mane. His face was short with a broad forehead, and furnished with a moustache as bristly as a cat's, and little patches of yellowish whisker upon full cheeks. Round, wildish eyes, slightly near-sighted, completed a physiognomy essentially *feline*. His nose was firmly shaped, his mouth particularly sweet in expression, high forehead, intelligent and furrowed with wrinkles like a newly-ploughed field. The body was powerfully developed and firmly fixed upon long legs. Muscular arms, and a general air of decision gave him the appearance of a hardy, jolly companion. He was dressed in a suit of ample dimensions, loose neckerchief, open shirt-collar, disclosing a robust neck; his cuffs were invariably unbuttoned, through which appeared a pair of red hands.

On the bridge of the steamer, in the midst of the crowd, he hustled to and fro, never still for a moment, "dragging his anchors," as the sailors say, gesticulating, making free with everybody, biting his nails with nervous avidity. He was one of those originals which nature sometimes invents in the freak of a moment, and of which she then breaks the mould.

Amongst other peculiarities, this curiosity gave himself out for a sublime ignoramus, "like Shakespeare," and professed supreme contempt for all scientific men. Those "fellows," as he called them, "are only fit to mark the points, while we play the game." He was, in fact, a thorough Bohemian, adventurous, but not an adventurer; a hair-brained fellow, a kind of Icarus, only possessing relays of wings. For the rest, he was ever in scrapes, ending invariably by falling on his feet, like those little pith figures which they sell for children's toys. In two words, his motto was "I have my opinions," and the love of the impossible constituted his ruling passion.

Such was the passenger of the "Atlanta," always excitable, as if boiling under the action of some internal fire by the character of



his physical organization. If ever two individuals offered a striking contrast to each other, these were certainly Michel Ardan and the Yankee Barbicane; both, moreover, being equally enterprising and daring, each in his own way.

The scrutiny which the President of the Gun Club had instituted regarding this new rival was quickly interrupted by the shouts and hurrahs of the crowd. The cries became at last so uproarious, and the popular enthusiasm assumed so personal a form, that Michel Ardan, after having shaken hands some thousands of times, at the imminent risk of leaving his fingers behind him, was fain at last to make a bolt for his cabin.

Barbicane followed him without uttering a word.

"You are Barbicane, I suppose?" said Michel Ardan in a tone of voice in which he would have addressed a friend of twenty years standing.

"Yes," replied the President of the G. C.

"All right! how d'ye do, Barbicane? how are you getting on—pretty well? that's right."

"So," said Barbicane, without further preliminary, "you are quite determined to go."

"Quite decided."

"Nothing will stop you?"

"Nothing. Have you modified your projectile according to my telegram."

"I waited for your arrival. But," asked Barbicane again, "have you carefully reflected?"

"Reflected? have I any time to spare? I find an opportunity of making a tour in the moon, and I mean to profit by it. There is the whole gist of the matter."

Barbicane looked hard at this man who spoke so lightly of his project with such complete absence of anxiety. "But, at least," said he, "you have some plans, some means of carrying your project into execution?"

"Excellent, my dear Barbicane; only permit me to offer one remark:—My wish is to tell my story once for all, to everybody, and then to have done with it; then there will be no need for recapitulation. So, if you have no objection, assemble your friends, colleagues, the whole town, all Florida, all America if you like, and to-morrow I shall be ready to explain my plans and answer any objections whatever that may be advanced. You may rest assured I shall wait without stirring. Will that suit you?"

"All right," replied Barbicane.

So saying, the President left the cabin and informed the crowd of the proposal of Michel Ardan. His words were received with clappings of hands and shouts of joy. They had removed all difficulties. To-morrow every one would contemplate at his ease this European hero. However, some of the spectators, more infatuated than the rest, would not leave the deck of the "Atlanta." They passed the night on board. Amongst others, J. T. Maston got his hook

fixed in the combing of the poop, and it pretty nearly required the capstan to get it out again.

"He is a hero! a hero!" he cried, a theme of which he was never tired of ringing the changes; "and we are only like weak, silly women, compared with this European!"

As to the president, after having suggested to the visitors it was time to retire, he re-entered the passenger's cabin and remained there till the bell of the steamer made it midnight.

But then the two rivals in popularity shook hands heartily, and parted on terms of intimate friendship.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF "THE  
CONSCRIPT," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.

LOUISE became gradually worse and worse from the day this notice was hung up at the Mairie. The wedding had to be delayed. Physicians were sent for in all directions; they came and held consultations. There was Monsieur Bourgard from Saarbourg, a man of great fame and experience, he was well known all over the country; there were Monsieur Péquignot from Lorquin, Monsieur Heitz from Fénétrange, Monsieur Weber from Bouxwiller, and, finally, all the medical authorities to be had for ten leagues round Chaumes.

They were to be seen continually coming and going, but no one knew the result of their deliberations.

The head-keeper had obtained a leave of absence and had gone, it was said, to fetch the legal certificates required for his marriage. His place was filled during his absence by Caille, the horse-guard from St. Quirin.

Autumn had returned with its deep melancholy and cold winds which always heralded winter in. I went to Monsieur le Maire's every day after school, to fill the duties of secretary of the commune. I found him a great sufferer from rheumatism; but he suffered in silence, sitting with his leg stretched out on a stool, his elbow on his desk, and his eyes turned towards the windows, against the panes of which withered vine-leaves fell from off the gable branches, while the wind blew pieces of straw all about from the loft. Everything seemed to be dying away, and the tall poplars along the road-side kept up a constant moan.

I used to sit writing, while he remained quiet, always in deep thought.

"I am getting old, Florent," said he one day to me; "I have worked too hard—and what for?"

"Monsieur le Maire," I replied, "there are still happy days in store for you."

"Never," said he, "never; it is all over!"

When George came home of an evening, after having gone round the timber-yards and saw-mills, the young fellow turned his



head away to avoid seeing what was going on within. The father and son behaved as if they did not know each other, and the mother, whose eyes were now always red, carried her boy's meals up-stairs to him.

Once only did Monsieur Jacques say, with great bitterness, "Florent, I have two brother Jeans now! one in-doors, one out; this house is no longer mine, I am no longer master here."

His misery and sorrow oozed out in spite of his will. "Ah," he would say, "if I did but sleep on the hill-side, with the others, by our old church! They are at rest and know nothing of the troubles of this world."

But if Monsieur Jacques was wretched on one side of the street, Monsieur Jean was just as miserable on the other. Each time I went by the bare hedges at the bottom of his garden I saw Monsieur Jean walking up and down, bareheaded, in nothing but his greyish-blue knitted jacket, in rain or in sunshine. He never ceased walking up and down, and could not stop in-doors, where the nurse Rosalie and the physicians were masters.

This stony-hearted man was sinking. He stooped, and his nose lengthened visibly, like the beaks of certain eagles, which grow down so long that they cannot part them, and die for want of food; a proper retribution for their ferocity and love of prey.

In my opinion Monsieur Jean had deserved all this; and I used to think, "You old sinner! you have not only brought all this on yourself for the past, but you deserve it all for the present, because you have obstinately made up your mind to sacrifice your own child, by forcing her to marry a man she cannot bear. I do not pity you—pride and hatred should be punished."

I saw him one evening on his knees in church, praying with his whole heart, and apparently in great trouble of mind.

Louise, I thought, must be in a very alarming state for such a man as this to be praying so fervently. I looked and saw there was no sham in him then; something extraordinary was certainly going on.

I had gone up to fetch a book from off the organ-desk, and the sight of this terrible man all alone in the dark church, kneeling, with his head in his two hands, greatly struck me. I feared it would soon be over with poor Louise, and raised my soul to my Maker, imploring His help and mercy.

I was not mistaken, for the first thing Marie-Barbe said when I reached home was,—

"Have you heard that all the doctors have given Louise up, Florent? A great physician, of the name of Ducondray, has been sent for from Nancy."

"No, I knew nothing about it," I replied; "but I had a kind of load here, a forewarning of some evil. That's what it was." I entered my study in a more solemn reverie than I had ever been in before.

We did not mention Louise's name over supper, but we all

thought of her, each sorrowing for the poor child we had seen so beautiful, so full of life and youth, so good to the poor, and now in a hopeless condition.

I prayed for her before I sought rest. The next day the medical men arrived, and met, under the presidency of Monsieur Ducondray, for a final consultation.

It was now the end of autumn, the weather, after incessant rain, had set in fine again; the trees were leafless, and the flocks had ceased to be led out to pasture, the grass meadows being sodden; our schoolroom was, therefore, full of boys and girls.

No one ignored what was going on at Monsieur Jean's, everybody felt uneasy about Louise. I had finished the morning lessons at about eleven, and had gone up-stairs, where the cloth was laid for dinner, when Rosalie, Monsieur Jean's servant, entered.

"Quick, Monsieur Florent!" she cried, in a mournful voice; "come, you are wanted; Monsieur Ducondray, the doctor from Nancy, has sent for you."

"Me?" I asked, in astonishment. "You must be making a mistake, Rosalie. What can a *savant* have to say to a village schoolmaster?"

"No, no; I am certain. All the gentlemen want to speak to you, Monsieur Florent."

My surprise can be fancied. I took my hooded cloak down from its peg and threw it over my house-jacket.

"Where are you going, Florent?" asked Marie-Barbe, coming in. "Be cautious, Monsieur Jean is there; remember how he treated you last time."

"Ah! fear nothing now, Marie-Barbe," said Rosalie, "our Monsieur is no longer the same man. Since the last consultation he has dwindled down, all of a piece, into almost nothing. He speaks to nobody; people come and go without his minding. Come, in the name of heaven, Monsieur Florent!"

I had not waited for all this, but had already put my hat on and was running down-stairs, neither did I slacken my pace until I got near the house.

As Rosalie had said, the house-door was wide open, any one who liked could walk in and out. Servants were standing about their masters' carriages, and looked at me when I went in. The doctors were all assembled in the large piano-room, which opened in the hall. Four or five of the older looking, in hooded cloaks, untied neckties, and with their hair in disorder, were quarrelling together, like all *savants* do, caring for no one's concerns but their own.

When I entered, Monsieur Bourgard, from Saarbours, who knew me, exclaimed, "There he is."

I bowed in some confusion to all of them. One of the number, a tall man in a black coat and white necktie, with a long face, big nose, wide mouth, broad, high wrinkled forehead, and with as dignified a mien as one of our university inspectors, Monsieur Ducondray from Nancy, politely inquired,—

"You are Monsieur Florent, the master at Chaumes, are you not?"

"I am, Monsieur."

"Well," said he, in a pleasant but very serious manner, "we have a case of great responsibility in hand, and we believe you can enlighten us."

I protested that I was only a simple village master, and quite unfit to enlighten such clever men.

"Wait a moment," said he, interrupting me. "Let me first tell you how we are situated. You have doubtless been informed that my colleagues have several times been called to Chaumes for Mdlle. Louise Rantzau; they have come separately and collectively."

"I have been told so."

"Well, these gentlemen have now recourse to my experience, and I have seen their invalid. I think she is in a deep decline, which will prove fatal unless we can discover its cause. I have pressed her to give us some clue as to the origin of her disease, but she is either too frightened or too modest, and we can draw nothing from her. After great persuasion, however, our interesting invalid hid her face, saying that she would never be able to tell what she had on her mind, but that we were to ask Monsieur Florent. After having made this partial disclosure she appeared alarmed at what she had said, and has since refused to open her lips. We beg you will communicate what you know, for the fate of the poor young lady is in your hands. Have you any knowledge of the cause of her illness? We shall prescribe, if you have, according to the information you may impart. I beg you will not hesitate, you are among men who are ready to assume their share of responsibility."

I contained my emotion as well as I could, and replied,—

"This is what I know of the case, gentlemen, and I will tell you all I do know, though I may lose my situation by so doing, and misery may be my lot in consequence. Louise loves her cousin George Rantzau; George loves her in return, and they would give up their life one for the other; but the fathers of these young people, although they are brothers, have hated each other for years and years; they have divided this place and caused much scandal with their dissensions and abominable hatred; neither will consent to the union of their children, who are thus both driven to despair. As to Louise, she would rather die than marry the man who is forced on her for a husband, and that is Monsieur Lebel, the head-keeper. I have told you the whole truth, gentlemen, you may believe my word."

"We readily believe you," replied the old doctor from Nancy, looking at his colleagues. "You see, gentlemen, that I am not mistaken: this is the second case of the kind I have had to deal with. It is love, more powerful than the instinct of self-preservation. Faithful even to death!"



When he had done speaking I turned and saw Monsieur Jean behind me. He had come in through the side-door and had heard everything: he was an altered man, nothing now but skin and bones, sallow and untidy in his appearance. His waistcoat was unbuttoned, he wore no necktie, and altogether looked like a ruined man who has ceased to care for himself. As he stood, bent with the weight of his sorrow, he reminded me of old misers who have lost all their fortune; he had lost his pride.

Monsieur Duconday addressed him.

"You have heard what has just been said, Monsieur?"

"Thus," replied Monsieur Jean slowly, "you can do nothing more? You have tried everything? That is all you know?"

"We know," interrupted the doctor, in a brief, concise tone, "that your poor child will expire in a few weeks—as soon as the cold sets in—unless you get reconciled to your brother and consent to the union of your young people. That is what we know."

And taking up his hat, which was on the table, lying by a grey cloak, he turned to the physicians.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the consultation is over. I think we can leave."

When he had gone out of the room the others followed, and the servants put their horses to the carriages.

I looked on, thinking of what had occurred. Monsieur Jean Rantzau remained in the hall. I do not know what he looked like, but he could have struck his bosom and said,—

"It is my fault; it is all my own fault!"

When the clock struck one I hastened back to school. There was just time to swallow a mouthful, for the children had already gathered. They were shouting, whistling, and enjoying my absence, the very first that had occurred for five and twenty years. Order was restored as soon as I appeared, but I had no taste for teaching that day. I was much shaken by the events of the last two months, and found I could not bear up against the wickedness of mankind; everything seemed dark around me. I had forsaken my herbal, my insects, my fossils, and suffered that day more than usual on account of Louise's desperate state, so that Marie-Barbe's questions and observations were intolerable.

"Leave me alone, and don't speak to me," I said. "Life is bitter enough without all these vain words."

After supper Marie-Barbe and Juliette folded up the table-cloth, finished their work, and went to bed. I sat in my study, by the lamp, thinking over the events of the day and wondering whether Monsieur Jean would be wicked enough to persevere in his resolve to the end; if he would stand by and see his daughter die rather than quicken her with a hope; and questioning whether so great an injustice could be committed.

Towards eleven I felt tired of my reflections and went down to lock up the house before I went to bed. It was a cold, cloudy night, but the cool wind did my head good, and I walked up and

down the street, at the end of which shone a light in Monsieur Jean's house from the window of Louise's room. The confidence she had shown when she told the doctors to ask me what was the cause of her illness proved that she had not forgotten me. I liked to fancy, in that silent hour of night, that the poor child knew a friend watched near her. It was nothing but a superstitious idea, yet it comforted me. When I reached the end of the street I noticed that a pile of timber stood in front of Monsieur le Maire's house; it was to be sawn the following day; and behind this pile of logs I saw a light burning in the office. So Monsieur Jacques was up too? He could not sleep either!

I stood in the shade of the timber to look up at the sick-room, and fancied Louise, being given up by the doctors, lying without a friend to hold her hand or say a syllable of comfort to her through all that solemn space of time during which life recedes. I pictured to myself the old nurse knitting at the foot of dying people and quietly listening to their sighs, provided her brandy-bottle stood on the mantelpiece. Then I next thought of Monsieur Jean looking on with gloomy features, and feeling indignant that a child of his should prefer death to his head-keeper.

My blood boiled. Though I am not a harsh man, and never struck a child, yet for once I felt sorry I was not strong enough to chastise the unnatural monster, and thought George would do well to exterminate him.

Finding that no one moved in the two houses, and the two lights remaining motionless, I was going back towards home, when I heard a slight stir.

Somebody was walking about in Monsieur Jean's house, where a second light appeared, then it was extinguished; a heavy tread came down his stairs, then the passage-door was opened with great caution. I could not see, but I heard the same heavy steps cross the street and near the spot I stood by. I was frightened. It was perhaps Monsieur Jean. If he were to find me there! The person stopped, then listened. A moment after I saw Monsieur Jean's tall figure in front of Monsieur Jacques' lighted office. What did he mean to do? My heart throbbed. He looked in for a few moments, then knocked at the window.

A gruff voice, which I recognized to be that of Monsieur Jacques, asked, in the deep silence, "Who is there?"

"It is I," replied Jean in a stifled voice.

The window was suddenly thrown open and a light brought that revealed the two brothers standing face to face after thirty years' hatred! Jacques held the lamp, showing his own features expressive of stern wonder and Jean's inclined head—he was the picture of misery.

"What do you want?" asked Jacques, in a harsh voice.

"I have something to tell you," replied Jean very humbly; but finding his brother did not move and looked haughtily at him, he pleaded, "Jacques, my child is dying." He received no answer,

but the mayor closed the window and stepped out to open the house-door. Both entered like two shadows. When they were inside, Jacques reopened the window to pull the outer shutters together.

I listened a full quarter of an hour: not a sound, not a word, were to be heard, and I went home much astonished at the scene I had witnessed. I dreamt all night of the two faces gleaming in front of each other in the darkness. "What can it all mean?" I thought. "What have they told each other? What is the next thing we shall hear?"

The following day was a holiday. It was Thursday; and no sooner had it struck eight than curiosity led me to Monsieur Jacques, where I hoped something would be betrayed on his countenance.

On reaching his house the first person I saw was Madame Rantzau coming down-stairs with a pile of shirts on one arm. The door of the dining-room was open, and I saw a large leather trunk half filled with clothes, brushes, shoes, and waistcoats, wrapped in newspaper parcels. The good lady only had the other half to fill, and continued packing. Monsieur Jacques stood, in shirt-sleeves, combing his hair and beard in front of a small mirror hung up on the window-frame.

On seeing me enter he said, in a short, off-hand way, "Ah, is that you, Florent? I was going to send for you. I am leaving for Saarbrück: one of my customers there has run off with my money. All men now-a-days are liars, thieves, and swindlers—go and trust people! I have sent word to my substitute; he will be here presently. Ah, there he is!"

"Good-day, Monsieur le Maire," said Monsieur Rigaud, who just then entered; "you have sent for me; what is there going on?"

"I am being robbed of my money, that is what's going on. A thief of a timber-dealer is going to Hombourg or Havre after having sold my wood and put the cash in his pocket. I must run after him with this bad leg of mine, and catch him, too, before he sails."

"Ah!" replied Father Rigaud, "bad news indeed; and when do you expect to be back again?"

"There is no telling," answered the mayor, in a cross, peevish way. "If I succeed in collaring the confounded thief I shall have to call a board of men together to examine the scoundrel's accounts, for he is bankrupt; I shall have to go to law and soap the fingers first of one, then of the other. It will be a slow affair, especially with the Prussian authorities. If I get clear of it all in six weeks I shall consider myself lucky. If, on the other hand, the swindler has gone over to America—a thing these German bankrupts all do—I shall have to scrape together all the sums I can collect, to find out if he has been paid for all he has delivered. It is the very devil to get money out of an absconding party!"



I and Rigaud looked at each other. When the mayor had put his overcoat on, he went to his writing-table and opened the drawer.

"Now, Rigaud," he said, "you will not forget to post up the price of wheat and of bread; you will sign the parochial tickets, passports, and the rest—you are to take my place; here's the stamp of the Mairie, Renaud will soon get you in the way of transacting affairs."

"It is really very unpleasant for you to have to travel in such weather," said Father Rigaud; "look at the rain; it is awfully wet."

"What's the use of making a fuss about it?" asked the mayor, who did not evidently want to be condoled with. "What has to be done must be done, that's all."

He then produced a letter sealed up at each corner with red wax.

"Monsieur Florent," said he, turning to me, "my brother-in-law from Lutzelbourg, Monsieur Picot, will be here this night or tomorrow morning. You will give him this—do you hear?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Maire."

"Don't forget it. It is an important and private matter."

"You know, Monsieur le Maire, that I never forget anything."

He looked round, saw the packed trunk and asked for the key, felt in his pockets, threw a cloak, having a strong silver snap to it, over his shoulders, pulled his fur cap down over his ears, and abruptly left the house.

The *char-à-bancs* stood at the door with its great leather hood drawn down, as well as the curtains, which were provided with glass loopholes for the traveller to see out of. The man came in for the trunk, which he tied on behind and covered over with the oil-cloth roof canvas. We were all standing in the passage. Madame Charlotte hoped her husband would at least give her a parting kiss, but Monsieur le Maire was in too bad a humour to think of that, and took the reins in hand as he went up the driver's steps, saying to all, "Be sure you forget nothing. Hue!"

Just as the carriage drove off George came down the house-passage, for he was going out. He had on his woollen frieze with a hood to it, held a cudgel in his hand, and had pulled down the brim of his wide beaver hat. He looked gloomy, and, without saying good-day or good-night to any one, turned up the street on his way to the woods. The old man cast a side-glance at him; but George walked straight on without turning his head round, and the *char-à-bancs* rolled by as if he had not seen it.

I and Monsieur Rigaud stood for some minutes looking at the heavy shower coming down, then in deep thought went to the Mairie together.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE departure of Monsieur Jacques in search of his timber-merchant astonished no one. It was a natural thing for a business man to do under the circumstances, and every one of the villagers would have acted as he had done.

Marie-Barbe and my daughter even sympathized with him and abused the Prussian thief who compelled a poor rheumatic old man to travel in such inclement weather. I shared their feelings.

But universal surprise can be imagined when a carriage, similar to that of Monsieur Jacques, but covered with parcels, was seen on the following morning with Monsieur Jean, as driver, inside. He sat on the back seat, half-concealed by the hood overhead and the leather apron in front, which he had drawn up to his chin. He wore his large travelling-cape and fox-fur cap, from under which he looked out on both sides of the way, lashing his horses most furiously, as if he were afraid of being overtaken and had to save his life.

At this sight a clamour arose among the Chaumes people: everybody ran out to see him go by; faces appeared at all the doors, stables, sheds, and air-holes. From the room in which I was dressing I heard Granny Bouveret call out in her shrill tones, which were as clear as a trumpet,—

“Ah, the old owl is on the wing! A bad sign! There’s sure to be a death somewhere when those birds leave their haunts. The old brigand! he has done the deed, and now he is afraid to be seen at the funeral, where he would come in for blows! He leaves her to die all by herself—there’s no hope. Isn’t there an honest poacher hereabouts to shoot him down? Ah, the old crow! that’s it—hue! hue! Why don’t you shout and hiss at him, all you village people? Let him hear he is accursed and hated, and is not wanted back again!”

It was enough to make one’s hair stand on end to hear her shriek and hiss, raising her skinny arms meanwhile, doubling her fists, and shaking her grey, dishevelled locks.

The *char-à-bancs* was already at some distance, and I do not know if Monsieur Jean heard all the tumult; but from every corner, lane, and hut rose yells, screams, and whistling, even the dogs barked, and the whole place was a scene of revolution.

We all thought, like Jean Bouveret’s old granny, that this departure of Monsieur Jean’s was a very bad omen; “It does look bad, Florent,” said I to myself; “there can be no hope left; the old man would have remained if there had been.”

I could not eat my breakfast that morning for thinking of the miseries of life and of that flower of love and youth, Louise, sacrificed to an old hatred. I also reflected on the impenetrable designs of our Maker, trying to say “Thy will be done” without feeling

resigned; for death—which puts an end to beauty, love, and youth—goes against nature. Our weak minds cannot conceive it. When I thought of George I was almost heart-broken.

Marie-Barbe, who had gone out to hear the news, now returned in breathless excitement.

“Florent, have you no letter for *Monsieur Picot*?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I have; there, in my drawer.”

“Well,” said she, “carry it to *Monsieur Jean*’s; *Monsieur Picot* is there. Go as fast as you can—we shall know what all this means.”

My wife was only prompted by curiosity, but I hastened to follow her advice, being very uneasy. I therefore put the letter in my pocket and left the house in great suspense and emotion. Everybody looked at me when I was seen going towards *Monsieur Jean*’s; many stopped to ask questions, but I went straight forward.

The first thing that struck me was the calm and quiet of the large house, in which everything was motionless; so great a contrast with the excitement and commotion in the village.

I found *Monsieur Picot* quietly sitting in front of the small bureau on the ground-floor; he was writing a letter and appeared perfectly easy, for his honest face beamed with inward satisfaction; his grey hair was brushed back and fell over his neck and shoulders: he wore a loose woollen coat.

“Ah, Florent!” said he, smiling, “you are welcome! I am glad to see you.”

“How is Louise, *Monsieur Picot*?”

“As well as possible,” he replied, going on with his writing. When he had finished he lit a candle and sealed his letter, saying, as his eyes filled with tears, “Yes, it is all right now; the poor child has in some measure recovered from the shock, but is still very weak—it is natural she should be, only she will get better, dear *Monsieur Florent*. In a fortnight or three weeks I hope we shall see her on foot again.”

“Ah, God grant she may! *Monsieur Picot*, this news quite cheers me. I came here thinking Louise was entirely given up. It is a miracle.”

“A perfect miracle!” repeated the good man, turning to me with a bright look. “Have you nothing to give me from my brother-in-law?”

“I have a letter. Here it is.”

“Ah! well, well,” said he, opening it and putting his spectacles on. Then he went to the window and read very attentively. When he came to the end he laid it down and put his broad hand upon it, joyfully exclaiming,—

“You would never guess what there is in this letter, *Monsieur Florent*—you would not guess in a hundred.”

“I never can guess at all.”

“Well, then, it is brother *Jacques*’ consent to his son’s union with brother *Jean*’s daughter.”



"What!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible?"

"Read," he replied.

My eyes swam when, taking up the letter, I came to these words: "I consent, on the conditions specified, to the union of George and Louise."

The conditions referred to were that the house of grandfather Martin was to be included in Louise's marriage portion, and that Jean was to return to Jacques the available portion left him by their father to the prejudice of Jacques, the same bringing in an interest of five per cent. from the time Jean first came into possession thereof.

These stipulations increased my uneasiness again. "But, Monsieur Picot, he will never consent."

He laughed, and opening a drawer handed me another paper, in silence. I recognized Monsieur Jean's handwriting immediately. He accepted everything! My heart had not been so light for a long time.

"I understand Louise's sudden cure now," I exclaimed. "The battle is won!"

"Yes," said Monsieur Picot. "The two obstinate old men have fled, like deserters, rather than witness their children's happiness. Had they stopped here they would have had to be reconciled, to acknowledge they had been in the wrong, had hated each other for thirty years and embittered our existence, as well as that of poor Catherine, the friends of their children, and of all the villagers. They would have had to make it up before everybody. Pride, that abominable vice, is at the bottom of it all. They are cruel savages. I would not tell any one but you, Monsieur Florent; but I repeat, they are barbarians! However, we'll manage to get on without them. You are to stand for George's father and I am to give Louise away. The wedding will be all the merrier for their absence. It would not have been particularly lively, after all, to see Attila at one end of the table and Gengis Khan at the other!"

Monsieur Picot shook with laughter. I could scarcely keep from dancing. Just then there was a little disturbance out of doors, then a noise of hurried footsteps.

"That must be George!" said Monsieur Picot, rising.

It was. He had left for the woods early in the morning, where one of his father's servants had had some difficulty in finding him.

"Come, George, come this way!" cried Monsieur Picot from the window; "we are waiting for you."

George stood, in his slouched beaver and gaiters, looking up in amazement.

"Come in! Uncle Jean has gone; we are the masters of the house; come in."

"What *has* happened?" asked George, turning very white, when he had entered. "What's the matter?"

"You are going to be married to Louise," said Monsieur Picot, looking at him over his spectacles. "What do you say to that,

sir? I hope we shall meet with no opposition from you now the two old folks have left Chaumes."

He handed the two letters, but George trembled, his knees shook beneath him, and if I, his old master had not been near to support him he would have fallen back.

"Allons, allons, George!" I said. "Come, you are not going to give way now?"

"Ah, Monsieur Florent, you don't know what I have gone through. I feared Louise was—gone for ever—and now—"

"Confound it," said Monsieur Picot, "I broke the news too abruptly to him. You were unprepared, nephew; but come and receive your old uncle's congratulations all the same." The worthy man opened his arms and held George to his bosom; then my turn came, after which George sat down and read the two letters, but with so much emotion that he was speechless.

"And Louise?—Louise?" he asked, at length.

"So you want to know about Louise—whether she consents too, eh?" said Monsieur Picot.

He walked across the room to a side-door, knocked, and asked, "Can we come in? Is it time to show ourselves now?"

"Yes," replied a weak voice.

George pushed forward. We followed. He was at Louise's feet in one moment, for she was propped up by pillows in a large easy-chair, and dressed in the little blue dress she had worn on the day of the harvest-home. The poor child had insisted on having it put on, for it reminded her of her first days of happy love, and Madame Charlotte Rantzau had humoured her.

She held George's curly head in her two small hands; her eyes were closed, but two big tears ran down her pale cheeks. I had never conceived an idea of such happiness in store for them; as to George, he sobbed like a child.

His mother, poor woman, stood behind Louise's chair with her hands over her face; this was *her* first day of happiness after many years of domestic slavery.

George rose at length and held his betrothed in a long embrace, I and Monsieur Picot standing gravely by, for the two lovers carried us back to the past and reminded us of those joys which shine like stars behind the clouds of this life; trouble, grief, and weariness sail by, but we know the star shimmers behind, "It is there, it is there," says an inward voice in the worst and darkest moments—and there surely it gleams with undiminished brightness to the end. Such is love and its sweet memory.

And now need I relate the rest? the recovery of Louise, the pasting of fresh bills, the publication of the bans, and the wedding ceremony?

Need I describe father Florent, with a large nosegay in his button-hole, playing on the organ and singing anthems with extraordinary effusion and enthusiasm? Need I describe the nuptial dinner-table, which was magnificently laid and surrounded

by the joyful faces of guests all laughing and drinking to the merry sound of clinking glasses and the uncorking of bottles, while a band of wandering gipsies played in the next room? No. All these are familiar tales. Who has not been to a wedding—if he has not had the good luck to be at his own, to woo and wed for himself?

I will not describe all these events, nor the happiness of George and Louise on this memorable occasion.

They determined not to live in uncle Jean's old house, but next day settled down in a lovely cottage at the farther end of the village, behind which a garden ran down to the borders of the Saar. This house was a little isolated, had green blinds in front and a balcony, so they liked it—besides, George said it would be very unjust to turn his father-in-law out of the old home.

No sooner was he a happy man than he turned good, and called all the men back who had been too hastily dismissed from his father's service. He laid aside his slouched hat, old clothes, and cudgel, to dress according to his means and the taste of Louise.

I had a general invitation to their house every Thursday, and played selections from the "Zauberflöte," "Der Freyschütz," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" on the Paris piano, which had been moved from Monsieur Jean's house. Louise and George used to sing, and I accompanied them, in the pride of my heart.

All these details are very commonplace, I could almost leave them out; but I will not omit a most extraordinary fact: the two old men came back to their homes a fortnight after the wedding!

They continued to behave, after all that had happened, exactly as they had done before. Each shut himself up in the back room of their respective houses; and thus they avoided overlooking each other.

They grew old in no time, and lost all their influence at Chaumes: everything went over to the young couple, who were to inherit their wealth; all business matters were transacted at the house on the Saar—the borrowing, hiring, letting, selling, purchasing, &c., &c. It was the everlasting old and new story of this world over again—life ebbing away from the aged to vitalize the young.

Madame Charlotte took up her quarters with her son, and thus enjoyed a few happy years, Monsieur Jacques not objecting in the least. He sought solitude, and resigned his official duties in order to live alone and undisturbed.

Towards the beginning of the following autumn a sun-ray lit up the decline of the two old dethroned rulers—for I always compared these Rantzaus to Clovis, Childeric, and Childebert in the history of our country, their principle of justice being: "Everything for ourselves and nothing for any one else." Sometimes these old monarchs would deal out a small share to St. Christopher or St. Magloire, who heard their confessions and absolved them of their sins, but that only happened when their stomachs were out of order, or when they were afraid of the flames of hell.



The dethroned old kings of Chaumes, therefore, were one day informed that an infant of the male sex was born unto them in the house by the Saar. Their hearts leapt with joy, but neither left his palace for fear of meeting the other at the cottage.

Old Ména, the midwife, had to carry the heir of the good old race to them.

It became known that the features and expression of young Rantzau delighted them, for, from that day forward, both quarrelled over having it, in a new way. It was arranged that little Jean-Jacques, for that was the name, was not to stop longer at the house of one of his grandfathers than at the other's, and, as long as it did stop with one, the other impatiently stood looking out behind the curtains. In order to keep it a little longer they tried to out-do each other in gifts and in procuring the things it liked best, such as toys, dolls, and sweets—of which both soon had a shopful.

In this way Jean-Jacques became their master before he knew how to speak; and the two haughty old men went down on all-fours to make him laugh, or they galloped round the room, holding him on their stiff necks—scenes I have witnessed with my own eyes.

When Jean-Jacques screamed without knowing why, all the servants of grandfather Jean, or of grandfather Jacques, were seen running about like wild.

Thus the hatred of these two men could not be pacified even by the love of their children. After it had made them miserable for life, it would have spoilt their grandchild; but Louise and George managed to prevent that.

This is a consequence of the injustice of parents who show preferences in their families. It does but show how senseless, and I may even add, how heartless are those who would restore unequal division of property in our France, thus privileging fathers and mothers to draw out their wills according to caprice or pride. It would authorize them to strike out those children who are not of their opinion, for the benefit of others who say yes to everything. It is just equal to saying brothers may murder each other, and let our enemies the Prussians take advantage of our dissensions for the purpose of breaking in on us and of reducing us to servitude.

All the disinherited—and they would be in the majority—could not be made to fight for the property of hypocrites and the selfish who had robbed them.

I will here leave off, apologizing for having spoken so long.

One word more, however.

The Rantzau brothers did not live to a very advanced age, neither did their father Martin or their grandfather Antoine. Jean was the first to die, aged sixty-four. After this Jacques lived in peace, but not very long, for he died two years later; and both are now buried side by side on the hill, close to the old church, whence can be viewed the valley of the Saar, with its green meadows, and in the background, its dark, high pinewoods, which rise to the top of the summits around.

Close by is the grave of Madame Charlotte Rantzau.

George is the wealthiest man far and near. His extensive speculations on timber, the canal between the Marne and the Rhine, and the railway from Paris to Strasbourg, have increased his income almost tenfold.

He is still very fond of Louise, and Louise is as fond of him; the blessing of the Lord is upon them; they have children and grandchildren in numbers.

I am a grandfather, and live on my own income. It is an extraordinary thing in France to come across a schoolmaster who, in his old age, does not die in misery, after having devoted all his life to his fellow-creatures—and yet nothing is sadder.

I live on my income! My son Paul has become head of the Normal School at Nancy, and gives me an annuity. Without his assistance I should be very wretched, for the hundred-and-twenty-francs pension I receive from the State and my small savings would never suffice to keep me respectably and honourably. Paul is a good son; I bless him and his every day of my life.

And now, my friends, before leaving you for ever, I wish to say that I keep up my natural history, although I am eighty. Marie-Barbe, who has always been growing more prudent, will not let me mention my age; she says Death might hear me and be thus reminded that I have lived a long time.

Farewell, therefore! Spend your lives in peace, honesty, and justice; all the rest here below is good for nothing.







H. M. S. "ROSARIO" PUNISHING THE NATIVES OF AURORA ISLAND.

## KIDNAPPING IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY A. N. O.

AUTHOR OF "THE ROYAL NAVY *v.* THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR."

EUROPEANS owe the discovery of the South Sea Islands to that strange mixture of superstition, romance, and greed, which pervades the entire history of Spanish colonization.

The Spaniards were told by their priests that Solomon's Temple was richly adorned with the spoils of some mysterious land far in the Southern Seas; for "King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to king Solomon. . . . For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."<sup>1</sup>

So the Spanish settlers on the western shores of the Pacific, whose conceptions of tropical beauty and fertility had been enlarged by acquaintance with the wonders of their new homes in Mexico and Peru, sighed for greater marvels still, and dwelt on visions of an El Dorado unrivalled in the known world.

"The land of Solomon!" Surely a voyage in search of Ophir would be somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage. And were there not holy shrines to be adorned after the fashion of Solomon's Temple with tithes from the spoils of the pious adventurers whose titular saints would smile upon the enterprise of their pious votaries?—so whispered Superstition.

Romance painted bright pictures of adventure and discovery abounding in a land unvisited since Hiram's shipmates last left its shores.

Greed—for those who craved to add reals to cuartos what boundless possibilities attended that country, whose merchandize consisted of "gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

Lope Garcia de Castro, Viceroy of Peru in 1564, was the first statesman who put these aspirations into a practical shape. Having consulted learned mathematicians, who assured him on scientific

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings ix. 27—29; x. 22.



grounds that an unexplored continent existed beyond the western horizon, he ordered two ships to be fitted for a voyage of discovery. Alvaro Mendaña de Meyra, the Commander of the expedition, a young nephew of the Viceroy, represented Romance; four Franciscan friars who went to plant the banner of the Cross on those untrodden shores typified Superstition; and miners, from the Andalusian silver-mines, hoped for yet richer spoil in the Ophir of Solomon.

The troops were commanded by Pedro de Ortega; and Hernando Gallego was the pilot.

The expedition sailed from Callao, Peru, on St. Isabel's Day, 1567; and after a voyage of eighty days land was seen—a line of mountainous coast, with rich foliage clothing its slopes, and a white beach fringed with cocoa-nut trees. On February 9th, 1568, Gallego piloted the two ships into a spacious harbour named at once "St. Isabel of the Star," because, though high noon, a bright star gleamed overhead, hailed doubtless by the voyagers as a happy omen.

While Gallego and the carpenters constructed a brigantine, in which to penetrate to the interior by water, Ortega and a detachment of his men explored it by land. They found it occupied by black-skinned, woolly-haired natives, inhabiting bamboo huts, wearing grotesque ornaments, fighting much among themselves; but disposed, either from fear or friendliness, to conciliate the white strangers, to whom they brought presents of native fruit, and once of a boy's arm and hand—a *pièce de résistance* disapproved by the Spaniards, who caused it to be solemnly interred; on which, we are told, the natives went away "with their heads down."

It seems to be inevitable that the Cross should be accompanied by the sword, and civilization be synonymous with extermination. The Spanish explorers destroyed the temples in which the natives were supposed to worship serpents and toads; and they traded by first seizing canoes and then restoring them in exchange for pigs and poultry; the islanders, meanwhile, unable to offer systematic resistance, letting slip no opportunity of what Bacon calls "a sort of rude justice"—revenge.

Mendaña, in the full belief that he had indeed discovered Ophir—for his miners pronounced that one at least of the newly found islands bore promise of gold and silver—named them collectively the "Solomon" group, and severally after the Saints on whose days they were discovered, or places dear to the mariners in distant Spain; then returning to Peru, he strongly urged the colonization of this land of promise. But his uncle had returned to Spain, and five and twenty years elapsed before the Marquis of Cañete, becoming Viceroy of Peru, sent out a second expedition to the Solomon Islands. Mendaña was this time accompanied by his wife, Isabel Barretto, and her brother Lorenzo; and with a party of four hundred soldiers, sailors, and emigrants, they sailed from the Peruvian port of Payta on the 16th of June, 1595.

The Marquesas were first discovered; next a hill rising from the



sea, with volumes of smoke pouring from its summit, which the voyagers named Santa Cruz, and a wide sweep of land to the south. Here Mendaña hoisted the standard of Castile in a bay named Graciosa; and, though still far from their fancied Ophir, the emigrants began to build a town. And here, co-existent with the dawn of colonization, appeared the germ of that outrage against humanity for which the South Sea Islands are still notorious. The crew of one of Mendaña's vessels, exploring the adjacent Reef Islands, "kidnapped" eight native children.

The Spanish colonists did not prosper. Disease, hardships, mutiny, and the poisoned arrows of the natives thinned their number. Don Lorenzo was killed by the islanders; and Mendaña died, his funeral being attended by all the military pomp possible to the enfeebled colony. He had bequeathed his unquiet honours to his wife, and she, resolving to continue the search for the Solomon Islands, had her husband's body disinterred and placed on board one of the four vessels, which resumed their ill-starred voyage; and in a legend, even more ghastly than that told by Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," we read that the "Almiranta" was lost on the burning volcano; and the "Frigata," bearing the body of the gallant Mendaña, ran on a reef with all sail set and all on board dead. The other two vessels, with sick and starving crews, bore up for Manilla. And so ended Mendaña's second pilgrimage in search of Ophir.

Yet one survivor, Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, who had been pilot in the last expedition, undaunted by the perils he had encountered and the horrors he had witnessed, still sighed for the promised land; and, as his ill-fated commander had done before him, wearied the Spanish Government with memorials embodying his conjectures and his hopes. The Spanish Court has never been wholly inaccessible to promises of power and wealth; sooner or later she listens to the voice of the charmer, and in 1605 De Quiros had his will. At the vesper hour two ships, bearing the royal standard in crimson and gold as an emblem of temporal power, and the benignant form of the Virgin for spiritual protection, again departed from Callao, amidst booming guns and pealing bells, streaming banners and cheering crowds; while the Franciscan monks chanted a loud *Te Deum* as Quiros rechristened the Pacific Ocean "The Gulf of Our Lady of Loretto."

Landing first at the island called Taumaco, they were met by the inhabitants, handsome, straight-haired Polynesians, with friendly hospitality. This they requited by capturing four natives to act as interpreters, and by such rough jests as seizing the chiefs, chaining them up, shaving their heads, decorating them with hats, wigs, and lace doublets, and letting them go—free and unhurt, but humiliated, degraded, indignant. What wonder if they, like the Modoc Indians, have learnt to be treacherous in self-defence; to delude the white invader by waving green boughs, and other signs of apparent friendliness, followed by a swift discharge of poisoned arrows?

In April, 1606, Quiros, whose dream was no longer of revisiting

the Solomon Islands, but of discovering a vast unexplored continent, sighted the largest island of the New Hebrides group ; and believing it to be the goal of his ambition, named it "Australia del Espiritu Santo." His vessels anchored at the head of a bay, where a river flowed down from the inland hills. Quiros called the port Vera Cruz, and the river Jordan, and decreed the foundation of the city of New Jerusalem ; but only to re-enact the tragedy of Mendaña—encounters with the natives, mutiny among the crews, disease and famine. The two ships left the harbour of Espiritu Santo, Quiros returning to Mexico ; Torres, who commanded the companion vessel, first continuing his voyage westward, passing through the Strait which still bears his name, and actually sighting the vast continent of which Quiros only dreamt.

So ends what may be entitled the first epoch in the scanty annals of the South Sea Islands—the period during which they were visited by Spaniards alone, whose fanciful superstition identified them with the Ophir of Solomon, whose credulous avarice believed in them as storehouses of fabulous unbounded wealth. The results of their enterprise were not momentous ; all that remain to our day being the names given to those sunny shores they were the first to visit.

The history of these early Spanish navigators is gleaned from such manuscript narratives and state documents as still exist among the archives of their Government. They were only pioneers ; and for a century and a half after the death of Quiros the South Sea Islands remained unvisited ; while some of them, carefully explored by the Spaniards, have never since been trodden by the feet of Europeans.

In 1767, the sloop "Swallow," commanded by Philip Carteret, anchored on the north-eastern side of Santa Cruz. Two boats' crews landed, but were savagely attacked by the natives, on which Carteret retaliated by a broadside from the ship's guns, and after a brief delay for watering, the "Swallow," leaky and unseaworthy, with a sick captain, a dying master, and a wounded crew, again set sail ; first naming her anchorage Swallow Bay, the north-east point Cape Byron, and the spot where the seamen were attacked Bloody Bay. A French expedition followed Carteret in 1768, discovering, exploring, and naming some islands farther south. Their next visitor was Captain Cook, in 1774, on board the "Resolution." He named the group the New Hebrides, and has left on record a glowing tribute to their beauty. Another cluster of islands he named Shepherd, after the Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge ; and a third the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the earl of that name. When anchored near Tanna he observed a volcano, described as a conical hill, from whence, with a deep rumbling, rose a column of smoke ; in the evening flames blazed up, and "the deck and rigging were covered with black ashes." New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines completed that series of Captain Cook's discoveries. The expedition of La Pérouse followed ; sailing from Botany Bay in 1788, the two ships were wrecked on the reef surrounding Vanikoro, and their fate remained unknown for



forty years, nor was a soul belonging to them ever seen again. In the following year Captain Bligh, after the mutiny of the "Bounty," passed the northern islands of the New Hebrides in an open boat, not venturing to land lest he should be murdered and eaten by the cannibal natives. Subsequently an English vessel despatched to succour the "Bounty," and a French expedition in search of La Pérouse touched at these islands, and they were visited in 1797 by the "Duff," which had taken the first missionaries to Tahiti. In the early part of this century East Indiamen, voyaging from India and China to Tasmania, made frequent discoveries in these regions; finding on the island of Tecopia a native race, "mild and inoffensive, hospitable and generous," entirely different from the hideous savages of the surrounding islands, of whom generally, and their cannibal practices in particular, they entertained the utmost horror. But until a comparatively recent period the visits of Europeans have been at long intervals and of short duration; no attempt at colonization having followed the utter failure of Mendaña.

The second epoch in the history of the islands may be dated from the trade in sandal wood opened with China about thirty years since, which rapidly became sufficiently lucrative and important to justify the formation of establishments at Erromango and Aneiteum. As usual, the natives were sufferers by the inauguration of commerce. The majority of the traders were reckless, lawless men, devoid of conscience or compunction, who felt no more respect for the lives of "black cattle" than they would for noxious reptiles. One appalling instance of their heartlessness will suffice: in 1842, the crews of two British whalers who were cutting wood on Sandwich Island meeting some opposition from the natives shot twenty-six of them, and suffocated the rest by setting fire to brushwood at the mouth of a cave in which they had taken refuge. By a strange coincidence, Pelissier, about the same time, committed a similar act of barbarity in Algeria.

The wild lives and blunted feelings of these undisciplined men—little less savage than the savages they murdered—may in some measure account for, though they cannot extenuate such barbarities. But it is far more deplorable to see the wholesale destruction English officers have sometimes inflicted by way of reprisal for the so-called treacheries and cruelties of the natives. We say so-called, because it is somewhat unreasonable to accuse creatures who have rarely had good faith kept with them, or compassion shown them, of being treacherous and cruel themselves. A few years after the horrible slaughter by the sandal-wood traders it was reported that outrages had been committed by some of the South Sea Islanders, and accordingly Commodore Sir William Wiseman arriving at Port Resolution, Tanna, in H.M.S. "Curaçoa," first bombarded the adjacent villages, then, landing his men, "totally destroyed them by fire." Continuing his cruise, he touched at several islands (we hope not to the same purpose), being joined at Santa Cruz by the unfortunate



Bishop Patteson, in his little yacht, the "Southern Cross." This excellent prelate's object seems to have been to temper with mercy the retributive fury of the seamen; for although two of the Bishop's own boat's crew had been killed during the previous year in Graciosa Bay he interceded for the natives, and the "Curaçoa" stood away. On his return voyage Commodore Wiseman anchored in Dillon Bay, Erromango, and fired twenty shells and four rockets into a village. It is not anywhere explained (as in a subsequent case) that the villages fired by the "Curaçoa" were deserted by their inhabitants; and, if we pause to consider for a moment what various phases of intolerable agony are included in a bombardment, we may correctly estimate how far such expeditions as these were likely to form favourable preludes to conversions by British missionaries or commerce with British merchants.

Yet in justice to the Commodore we must not omit to record that his course of action was approved by the Admiralty and Foreign Office; and that a paper issued by "The Foreign Mission Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland," which expressly selects the expedition of the "Curaçoa" for honourable mention, asserts that it was "of considerable advantage to the New Hebrides Mission." We have no details of what offences on the part of the natives called for this fierce retaliation from the "Curaçoa," but apparently they were such as to distract our missionaries with terror. It does not seem to be sufficiently remembered on such occasions that in the first place the mere overtures to conversion, however judiciously made, must rouse the jealousy and suspicion of savage tribes whose fanaticism—

"Wedded fast

To some dear idol, hugs it to the last."

English colonists made their appearance on the scene for the first time in 1860, when the Colonial Office despatched Dr. Berthold Seeman to report on the feasibility of cultivating cotton in the Fiji Islands. His opinion was so favourable that plantations were speedily formed in the Fijis and New Hebrides, and enterprising colonists worked them with every prospect of success. About three years later a cotton plantation was commenced by Captain Towns, near Brisbane, Queensland; and as such extensive undertakings led to an unprecedented demand for labour, he had recourse to the compulsory importation—in other words kidnapping—of South Sea Islanders, for whom he sent a vessel of his own. We are not informed whether Captain Towns alone carried this system to so great an extent, but it appears that in 1867 three hundred and eighty-two natives of the Islands had been forcibly brought to Queensland, most of them under an engagement to work for three years, and that only seventy-eight had returned. In the following year, in consequence of a petition from the New Hebrides Mission against the atrocities of the "labour traffic," as it is called, the Queensland Legislature passed the "Polynesian Labourers' Act,"—to enforce the

registration of labourers, their proper maintenance, and retransmission to their homes at the expiration of their agreements. Unfortunately this Act, little enforced anywhere, is quite useless in places unconnected with the Queensland Government, and has not in the slightest degree repressed kidnapping.

To compensate, in some measure, for the proved ineffectiveness of this Act, Commodore Stirling, Senior Naval Officer on the Australian Station, sent the man-of-war "Rosario," commanded by Albert Hastings Markham, and carrying one hundred and forty-five officers and men, and five guns, to cruise among the South Sea Islands.

We are indebted to Captain Markham for the full and interesting narrative of the early history of the South Sea Islands from which we have mainly taken the preceding summary; and we shall further avail ourselves of a valuable record of his personal experiences and investigations which he has just published, to give our readers an accurate idea of the nature and extent of this "labour traffic."

H.M.S. "Rosario" sailed from Sydney on October 19th, 1871, with orders to visit each island of the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz groups, in order to obtain reliable information relative to numerous murders of British subjects, and the kidnapping which was believed to have been their cause. The Commander was further ordered to board all vessels carrying English colours, and ascertain that they were acting in strict accordance with the "Merchant Shipping Act;" to examine into the question of the deportation of natives; to make manifest the desire of the British Government to prevent irregularities connected with the "labour traffic;" but to act always in strict accordance with the law.

It was altogether a delicate and difficult task. Cotton planting and the labour trade are inseparably connected, the vessels engaged in the latter being wholly or in part the property of mercantile houses in Sydney, Melbourne, &c.; and the Colonial Government had not supported commanders of men-of-war in their endeavours to put a stop to stealing natives—having in two notorious instances not only acquitted the slavers, but condemned their captors in heavy damages. Captain Markham, taking warning by these precedents, determined to do nothing but caution vessels not actually engaged in kidnapping or murder; and he also resolved to attempt a more conciliatory policy towards the islanders themselves than his predecessors had ordinarily pursued.

On October 31st the "Rosario" anchored off Norfolk Island, whose rugged and barren cliffs give small promise of that enchanting country beyond which has earned for the island the name of the "gem of the South Pacific." Here, after a ride through lemon groves and pine avenues to the cluster of neat little cottages occupied by the members of the Melanesian Mission and their converts, the officers of the "Rosario" heard the disheartening news of the murder of Bishop Patteson.

It had been the Bishop's custom to cruise among the South Sea Islands in his own little schooner, the "Southern Cross," landing



wherever the natives seemed friendly, and inducing them to allow him to take their children to his school at Norfolk Island. On these excursions he had several times been attacked by the natives; once at Santa Cruz losing several of his crew from their poisoned arrows. The "Southern Cross" on September 20th, 1871, arrived off the small island of Nukapu, situated in a lagoon encircled by a coral reef; and the Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. Joseph Atkin and three natives, entered a boat, taking with them some presents for the islanders. They pulled towards three canoes in which were two chiefs, Taula and Motu, whom the Bishop knew. After a little friendly conversation they invited the Bishop and his party to land; but the tide being low the boat was unable to cross the reef, so the Bishop resolved to go on shore alone, desiring his boat to follow when the tide suited; he then entered a canoe with Taula and Motu, and went ashore with them. On their way they met another canoe, which joined those round the schooner's boat. The natives in the canoes then asked Mr. Atkin to trade, which he declined, telling them to go and trade with the schooner. They next begged an oar, which was of course refused. Then they asked Mr. Atkin to what islands he and his crew belonged, and he told them Mota, Bauro, and New Zealand. On this they paddled to about ten yards' distance, and sent a flight of arrows at Mr. Atkin's boat, laughing and shouting "Bauro man," "Mota man," "New Zealander." From the schooner nothing could be seen of this attack; when the boat rejoined her, Mr. Atkin said in a low voice, "We are all hurt." The boat, after leaving the most severely injured of the crew on board the schooner, started again in search of the Bishop, manned by Charles Sapibuana, Joseph Wate, and others, Mr. Atkin, though badly wounded, accompanying them. They took two guns, and lay on their oars close in shore, waiting in vain for the flutter of the white handkerchief which was to be the Bishop's signal that he wished to return. Presently a canoe approached them, towing another, which it cast off in the middle of the lagoon and returned to shore. The schooner's boat pulled slowly towards the motionless canoe, and saw in it the body of the Bishop, stripped of his own clothing and wrapped carefully in matting, with a palm-frond tied in five knots—signifying the number believed to be slain—thrust into the folds on the breast. His skull had been completely shattered, as though with a club, and there were several arrow wounds. "Beside all this ruin," wrote Mr. Brooke, "the sweet face smiled as of old, with the eyes closed as if in prayer. There was not the slightest trace of terror or agony." Next day the Bishop's body was committed to the deep. So tragically ended a career of self-denial, patience, fortitude and consistent returning of good for evil seldom equalled in our day. About a week afterwards Mr. Atkin and Stephen, one of the natives, died of their wounds.

The cause of this attack on the Bishop and his party was the recent visit of a labour vessel, in return for whose cruelties the natives had doubtless resolved to take the lives of the first white



men who fell into their power; and if all the stories told to Captain Markham are true, we cannot be surprised at their proceeding to any extremity of revenge. It is said that skippers of vessels engaged in the labour trade contract to supply the chiefs with so many of their enemies' heads in return for so many able-bodied natives to export to the plantations. The Captain's informant professed to have seen a black brig lying-to off Florida Island, one of the Solomon group, engaged in this diabolical traffic. She lowered three boats, one on a canoe which went out to the brig, so as to capsize or crush it; while the crews of the other boats, seizing the drowning natives, cut off their heads over the gunwale, and returned to the brig, which at once went on her way. Parties of natives on shore and in other canoes are said to have watched this atrocity, too paralyzed by fear to render any assistance. This seems on the face of it rather a round-about proceeding. Why would it not have answered the slaver's purpose to seize the crew of the canoe alive and transport them to the plantations, instead of killing a certain number and bartering with their heads? Unless indeed it was thought desirable at any price to maintain friendly relations with some varieties of the "noble savage." Another story seems to throw a painful light on the murder of the Bishop. Certain traders, we learn, would paint their vessels so as to resemble the Mission Schooners; a white man, dressed in imitation of a clergyman, landing, would tell the natives that their good friend the Bishop had arrived, but was too ill to leave the vessel, would they come on board and see him? As he was generally beloved, those poor natives who knew the name so shamelessly misused flocked to the schooner, and being asked to step below quietly, would be seized and flung into the hold; the canoes would then be cast adrift, and the schooner proceed. The native who explained this trick to Captain Markham had himself, with twenty-four comrades, been deceived by it, but escaped by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. Other fugitives may have got away in a similar manner, who may not have understood the Bishop's entire innocence and ignorance of the plot; and if rumours of that kind circulated among the islanders, it is little wonder that their best and most consistent friend fell a victim.

In spite of this dreadful blow the Melanesian Mission continues its work. A hundred and fifty native children have attended the schools, fifty of whom are baptized; and one of the elder pupils has been ordained, and returned to his own island as a missionary. The members of the Mission protested warmly against the horrors of the labour traffic, and urged Captain Markham not to chastise the natives of Nukapu for the murder of Bishop Patteson.

A visit to Mr. Nobbs, the pastor of the Pitcairn Islanders, was more encouraging. He took the English officers over his pretty church and cemetery, and introduced them to several of the descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty," grown into "honest men and bonnie lasses."

The island is governed by a chief magistrate, elected by ballot,

whose jurisdiction is limited to such minor offences as can be punished by a fine, anything more serious being referred to Sydney. The chief occupation of the inhabitants is whaling. At the time of Captain Markham's visit a whale in process of being cut up on the beach was expected to yield five tons of oil. No intoxicating liquor is used in the island except as medicine, which makes it a very popular place with captains for giving their crews a run on shore. Pigeons abound on the island, but the pheasants have not greatly increased, through the poaching propensities of numerous wild cats. Beef, mutton, poultry and vegetables are plentiful and cheap.

On the 9th of November the "Rosario" sighted Aneiteum, New Hebrides, and next morning passed Tanna, from whose volcano poured clouds of smoke. Havannah Passage, leading to Matapoa Bay, was then steamed up; the channel is about a mile wide, and its banks are very picturesque, cocoa-nut trees abound, and bush fringes the water's edge. Many natives left their pretty villages and came in canoes to meet the English ship, holding up bunches of bananas and cool-looking green cocoa-nuts. One of the officers, wishing to display his "gift of tongues" to his admiring shipmates, saluted these friendly visitors in the Maori, Fiji, and Samoan languages, and was somewhat discomfited on being answered, "Good morning, sir!" The capacious harbour is formed by the mainland and two small islands called Deception and Protection. Four or five "labour vessels" were at anchor when the "Rosario" arrived, and had to be carefully searched and compared with their licence to carry "passengers." Jack must find this harbour a sort of "earthly paradise," as a few Europeans having settled on the island, he can procure coal, water, biscuit, sugar, and excellent fish. The settlers are sometimes not very creditable "representative men." A Scotchman and an American, left in charge of some land, found nothing better to do than to quarrel, till at last they departed to different huts, from which they took a few shots at each other on every opportunity. When one of these eccentric duellists was at length killed, the survivor, who also had two or three bullets in him, was taken to Brisbane and tried for murder but acquitted, because no other white man then inhabited the island, and the word of a black is not legal evidence. While in Havannah harbour the "Rosario" was visited by some members of the New Hebrides Mission, who brought particulars of a shocking affair which had occurred only three months before. The schooner "Fanny," anchoring at Nguna, brought home five or six natives who had been working for some years in Fiji, and took on board seven others who professed willingness to go. On reaching the vessel they told the captain to send his boat back, as there were more to come off. When the boat reached the shore the natives on board the schooner, who had refused to give up their tomahawks, attacked the crew, crying, "You come here to steal men, do you?" Meanwhile the natives on shore attacked the sailors in the boat, one of the



native crew being killed, the other recognized as belonging to a neighbouring island and spared; the white man, though severely wounded, by a desperate effort shoved the boat off the beach, but did not return to the vessel and was never again heard of. Meantime the natives on the schooner, after wounding the captain and mate, fastened the scuttle over them, cut the cable, and allowed the vessel to drift ashore. For two days the captain and mate held the vessel against the natives; but on the second night they threw their ammunition overboard, and going on shore, made their way to the Mission House, which they found shut up, the Rev. Peter Milne and his wife being absent. Appealing next to the Rarotongan teachers, they concealed the fugitives—whom they were afraid to help openly—sometimes in their own house, sometimes in the cellar of the Mission House, and sometimes in the bush. The mate had to be fed like a child, in consequence of a frightful wound in his chin; becoming delirious, he left his hiding place and was tomahawked by the natives. Ten days later the “Strathnavar” from Fiji arrived, with Mr. Thurston, ex-Acting British Consul on board, who rescued the captain of the “Fanny,” and found the remains of the mate; as the hour was late his burial was deferred till next day, when an expedition arrived to his assistance from Havannah harbour, and placed themselves under Mr. Thurston’s orders. Failing to find the body on the spot where they had left it, some natives offered to guide them, but led the Englishmen astray till the threat that they should be shot if they played any tricks, induced them immediately to discover the corpse, which was lashed, head downwards, to an upright pole—the mode in which bodies are prepared for a cannibal feast. The natives were made to carry it back to the beach and dig a grave, over which Mr. Thurston read the Burial Service. He then explained to the natives that he should not, without inquiry, punish them for their murderous outrage, but would send a man-of-war to investigate the whole affair; and returned to Fiji in the “Strathnavar.” As is almost invariably the case, the crimes of white men had led to the retaliation of the natives: not long before the attack on the “Fanny,” two women had been stolen by a man named Irving, belonging to the schooner “Jason;” and another woman (an Albino) had been carried away by a man named McKenzie, in the “Donald McLean.” With reference to these cases Captain Markham very pertinently reminds us that according to native ideas of justice the *tribe* to which a man belongs must suffer for the guilt of the individual; and accordingly the lives of all white men who come in contact with them are endangered by the wicked or thoughtless act of one.

Pursuant to Mr. Thurston’s announcement, three boats, with Captain Markham in command, accompanied by seven officers and thirty-three seamen and marines, left the “Rosario” for Nguna; on landing, messengers were sent to summon the chiefs to a conference, in order, if possible, to avoid being compelled to punish them. As no notice was taken of the invitation, twenty men were



marched to the village near which the crew of the "Fanny" had been murdered. While inspecting the deserted huts the English party were fired upon from the bush. Being unable to see their foes, and hearing the blowing of conches on the surrounding hills, the signal always used by the natives when they gather largely for battle, the captain ordered his men to set fire to some of the huts, hoping to bring the natives to terms. Returning to the boats, fresh messages were sent to the chiefs, whom Captain Markham offered to meet alone and unarmed at any place they would appoint, giving them two hours in which to decide. The time having elapsed, the party from the "Rosario" returned to the village and completed its destruction, as well as that of another whose inhabitants had participated in the attack on the "Fanny;" but, though the natives continually fired on them from the bush, the English sailors did not return a single shot. Before leaving Nguna Captain Markham requested Mr. Milne to explain to the chiefs that they might have saved the villages by conferring with the English officers; and, as a final warning, a few rounds were fired across the land by the "Rosario's" guns, the natives having been previously told by Mr. Milne to keep out of the way.

Proceeding on her cruise, the "Rosario" bespoke the "Carl," bound for Fiji, carrying seventy natives to the cotton plantations. The second lieutenant, after a rigorous investigation of the ship and her papers, reported everything apparently formal and correct; the *passengers*, so far as he could understand them, voluntarily on board; the ship clean between-decks for a slaver, and freshly whitewashed. The latter process was a literal "whitening of the sepulchre," as the following horrible narrative will show: a few months before the "Rosario" met her, the "Carl" left Melbourne for a kidnapping cruise amongst the South Sea Islands, having on board, as passenger, one of the owners, Dr. James Patrick Murray, who ultimately turned informer, and from whose evidence, as reported in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the following facts are derived:—At the first few islands visited the "Carl" failed in her object. At Palmer Island a friend of Dr. Murray's landed disguised as a missionary, but still in vain; at the next island, after a skirmish with the natives, some of them were fished-up out of the water and secured in the "Carl." Proceeding to several other islands, they put in force a very systematic plan of operations. The captain and crew used to be chiefly engaged in smashing the canoes by throwing pig-iron into them, while the passengers, in their own boat, picked the natives out of the water, "hitting them over the head with clubs or slung shot" when they were very hard to get hold of. "Each man," adds Dr. Murray with appalling *sang froid*, "had his appointed duty and place." After eighty natives had been collected in this manner a disturbance was heard one night in the hold, where they were kept; the man on watch tried in vain to quiet them by shouting and firing a pistol over their heads; some of them seemed to be breaking down their sleeping-places, and with

the poles so obtained fiercely attacking the main-hatchway. The row appeared to have resulted in a fight between the wild natives and the quiet ones, so the white men above adopted the simple and obvious course of firing on both parties indiscriminately. "I think," says Dr. Murray, "every one on board was more or less engaged in firing into the hold." This lasted for about eight hours. Towards morning, when all seemed subdued, Mr. Scott ventured partly down the ladder, but was wounded in the breast by a long pole; he ran back, and the firing recommenced. By way of directing the aim, a passenger named Wilson threw lights into the hold. At daylight it was thought advisable to save those who might survive, and on the hatches being opened, five came up without help. There remained sixteen badly and nine slightly wounded, and fifty dead. The badly wounded were thrown overboard with the corpses. "I saw that the men thrown overboard were alive," continues the doctor; "it was impossible for the men to escape to the land; some of them were tied by the legs and hands." After this the hold was cleaned and *whitewashed*. "We then proceeded on our voyage; on our way towards Api we met the "Rosario," which overhauled us. One of the officers came on board, and, seeing nothing particular, let us go." The passenger Wilson confirmed Murray's statement, adding that the latter sang "Marching through Georgia" while firing into the hold. Ultimately Armstrong, the master of the "Carl," and Dowden, one of the crew, were convicted of "murder on the high seas," and sentenced to death, but the extreme penalty was commuted. The arch-ruffian Murray escaped punishment altogether.

Captain Markham having been told at Nguna of the disappearance of the schooner "Petrel," in a squall off the island of Api, cruised round it in search of her, but without any result; the natives were timid, and could or would give no information. He then proceeded to Cherry Island, to investigate the massacre of the captain and crew of the "Marion Rennie," an English schooner which had anchored there in pursuance of the "labour trade" during the previous January. She had on board Mr. Rae, one of the owners, Mr. Dirl, the mate, and a crew of five white men and eleven natives. Mr. Rae was told that there were plenty of men to be had if he would go on shore. He did so, and as soon as he and his party had landed and were out of sight his boat was cut adrift by the natives, two canoes full of whom then boarded the "Marion Rennie," and killed Mr. Dirl and some of the crew. The steward and other survivors fired as soon as they could load their guns, and the attacking party left the ship in a panic. The remainder of the crew slipped the cable and got off, but unfortunately Charlie, one of the wounded white men, became delirious, and firing at the steward through the window of the house on deck killed him instantaneously. Then he fired at the man at the wheel; and his remaining shipmates seizing him, as a matter of self-defence threw him overboard, and continued their course for Fiji, steering by the sun



in the day and taking their chance at night. On arriving at Loma Lima there were only four survivors, all natives.

Cherry Island, which is not more than two miles and a half in circumference, stands in mid-ocean, detached from the surrounding groups; it is thickly covered with vegetation, and has a fine sandy beach on its western side. When the "Rosario" dropped anchor several natives appeared, waving green taro and banana branches, and holding up cocoa-nuts; the "Rosario" in return, displaying a large white tablecloth as a flag of truce, making signs to them as plainly as possible to come off to the ship. As they did not accept the invitation Captain Markham entered a boat and made the circuit of the island, without finding it practicable to attempt a landing. Returning to where the natives had collected on the beach three of them were persuaded to swim out through the surf and go on board the "Rosario." At first they were frightened, but grew quite at their ease when they found there was no thought of detaining them. One fine fellow, named Tumo, who knew a few French and English words, was twenty-six years old, and weighed 228 lbs. The natives of Cherry Island are Polynesians, and rather pleasing in appearance; they chew betel-nut, and have large holes in the lobes of their ears, which they use as receptacles for pipes and other "unconsidered trifles." Before drinking anything they invariably spilt a few drops on the deck; wine and spirits they did not relish at all, but gladly exchanged mats, fruits, and vegetables, for calico, pipes, and tobacco. Next morning a party from the "Rosario" landed, and were amicably received by the old chief, who, though infirm and imbecile, was treated by his tribe with profound respect. After an *al fresco* banquet of cooked yams, taro (Indian turnip, usually baked), and cocoa-nut milk, the English officers explained by signs their wish to walk about and explore the interior of the island, hoping to find some trace of Mr. Rae and his companions, and the missing boat of the "Marion Rennie." At first the idea was evidently unwelcome to their hosts, but after some hesitation Tumo and a dozen of his friends accompanied them. Captain Markham was surprised to notice that the natives were wholly unarmed. In the course of the day the exploring party walked over nearly the whole of the island, shooting bronze-winged pigeons, and admiring the groves of bananas and cocoa-nut trees, the plantations of yam and taro, the well-kept village and clean huts; but although, judging from the number of men and the size of the village, the population of the island was estimated at about 200, not a single woman or child was to be seen. Probably the chiefs, expecting that their European visitors must be kidnappers, had ordered them to be closely hidden till the ship should depart. No trace whatever of the "Marion Rennie" massacre could be found; and Captain Markham is disposed to lay the crime on the shoulders rather of the four Fijian survivors than of the natives of Cherry Island.

This conjecture would seem not improbable if the seamen killed



on board had been the only victims; but in that case what became of Mr. Rae and the party who landed? Or if Captain Markham believed the story of the Fijians to be entirely false, is it credible that those four natives could have overcome the remaining fourteen of the schooner's crew, and disposed of her long-boat into the bargain? It seems to us that the true story of the "Marion Rennie" is still a mystery, upon which no new light had been thrown when the "Rosario" stood away from Cherry Island.

A magnificent sight somewhat consoled our voyagers when becalmed off the volcanic island of Tinakula, which, in shape a perfect cone, rises abruptly out of the sea to a height of three thousand feet. Throughout the night large sheets of glowing, red-hot lava were emitted from the mouth of the crater, and rolling majestically down the slope of the mountain, disappeared with a hissing plunge into the sea.

The Reef Islands were next sighted, long and low, varying in size and shape, but generally covered with rich vegetation, and crowned with cocoa-nut trees. One of the largest is Nukapu, the scene of Bishop Patteson's murder, about two miles in circumference, with numerous stone breastworks thrown up along the beach in front of the village. When the "Rosario" arrived at the western edge of the reef, the natives assembled on the beach waving green branches; and several canoes, sixteen in all, were launched, and floated inside the lagoon. These canoes the "Rosario's" gig, in charge of the second lieutenant, was sent to meet, but owing to the state of the tide it was unable to cross the reef. The ship then steamed up to the north side of the island, and an accessible spot having been discovered, the boat again started, with orders to advance cautiously, the lieutenant making signs of peace by holding his hands up unarmed, and showing white handkerchiefs. But notwithstanding these friendly demonstrations, the natives assembled on the shore, who were armed with bows and arrows, spears and clubs, began a war-dance, accompanied by loud yells, and discharged a flight of arrows at the approaching boat, which retired without firing a single shot; a second advance by the boat and fierce attack from the natives followed; and then the "Rosario" sent three shells over the point of land, and some rounds of shot in the direction of the village, dispersing the natives who sought shelter in the bush. A few hours later, the "Rosario's" four boats, manned and armed, pulled up the lagoon. Captain Markham again attempted friendly communication with the natives, and called for Taula and Motu, the two chiefs who had landed with Bishop Patteson; but the only answer was a flight of arrows. On this the English boats attempted to fire into the bush, so as to render a landing possible; but the before-mentioned stone breastworks rendered it necessary to land and dislodge the savage archers, who retreated into the bush without losing a single man. Their village was then fired, several canoes were destroyed, the English seamen re-embarked, two of them wounded, and the "Rosario" set sail—lit on her way by the

reflection of the burning village, visible long after dark. It is a curious fact that the admirably contrived fortifications which prevented the inhabitants of Nukapu from losing a single life by the "Rosario's" guns are precisely similar to the semicircular stone breastworks, about four feet in height, noticed at Santa Cruz by Mendaña in 1595.

On anchoring at Byron Bay, Santa Cruz, the English ship was immediately surrounded by 150 canoes, bringing mats, bows and arrows, and cocoa-nuts, to exchange for empty bottles, pipes, tobacco, and articles of clothing. The natives seemed good-tempered and merry, though easily startled; and frightened not only out of their propriety but out of the vessel when the bugle sounded for evening parade. On the following morning various tribes, numbering between three and four hundred, visited the "white man's fire-ship," most anxious to give perfectly useless assistance in all that was going forward, inquisitive, busy, and especially mystified and delighted by the fiddler's performances. These interesting visitors were much below the middle height, nearly black, with high cheek-bones, flat noses, large mouths, and receding foreheads, surmounted by high tufts of woolly hair. Their dress consisted of brilliant designs in paint of various colours, varnished with cocoa-nut oil, small aprons, tortoise-shell ear and nose rings, and necklaces of human teeth. During the forenoon a dispute arose between two of the tribes, who immediately adjourned to the shore to fight it out, accompanied by all their friends and allies. The combatants took up position on either side of a small freshwater stream at the head of the bay, where they danced about with surprising vivacity, yelling vigorously and discharging bows and arrows to little purpose, as no lives were lost and only three of the warriors were wounded. Peace being concluded in about half an hour, they returned to the "Rosario" and concluded their traffic.

Their huts are circular in shape, low, small, and dirty, roofed with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, and utterly devoid of furniture. In every particular the islanders answer the description given of them by Mendaña three centuries ago.

While at anchor in Port Patteson, Vanua Lava, Captain Markham received a visit from a gentleman named George Sarawai, whose black complexion, blue serge trowsers, scarlet shirt, and straw hat did not outwardly constitute the *beau idéal* of a Church of England clergyman. However, appearances apart, he was an excellent missionary and an intelligent man. He had been ordained by Bishop Patteson, who was warmly loved and is faithfully remembered by his tribe. Trading on this island does not appear to require a vast amount of capital, as a pig over two hundred weight was exchanged for an empty bottle. The local costume was in the highest degree primitive, reminding its beholder of Herman Melville's celebrated description of the three chiefs of Hytyhoo—"one with his legs thrust into the armholes of a scarlet vest, another with a pair of spurs on his heels, and a third in a cocked hat and



feather.”<sup>1</sup> The natives seem conscious of their deficiencies, for articles of clothing were in brisk demand, but did not materially add to the dignity of the purchasers, as they were invariably put on hind-part before. The huts on Vanua Lava are much more skilfully constructed than those of Santa Cruz: they consist of three rows of posts, the centre one fifteen the others five feet high, each supporting a horizontal beam fastened by cocoa-nut fibre to other beams meeting diagonally on the centre row. The roofs and walls are made of cocoa-nut leaves.

The largest island of the New Hebrides group is Espiritu Santo, which is also, by virtue of its wild mountain torrents, and neat yam and taro plantations fenced for protection from animal marauders, one of the most fertile and picturesque. An English missionary has resided at Cape Lisburn for a year and a half, but although personally very popular he has not yet made a single convert. The islanders of Espiritu Santo were suspected of having, about a year previously, murdered a boat's crew belonging to the “Wild Duck,” an English vessel engaged in the labour trade. The boat was hidden by a point of land from those on board the vessel, who, having no other means of communicating with the shore, were unable to go in search of their comrades or to render them any assistance; a great yelling and shouting was heard, and the boat never returned. The “Wild Duck” cruised about the spot for a time, and then was driven by bad weather to return to Fiji. Captain Markham determined to explore the island and investigate the circumstances of the murder, and Mr. Goodwill (the resident missionary) offered to accompany him, and to bring two young natives qualified to act as interpreters. The little party walked for nearly three miles along a pretty path through the bush, and past several plantations, to a native village, where the high chief gave them a courteous welcome and a present of yams. They then proceeded to a second village, where a pig-feast was going on, of which they were invited to partake, but the uninviting lumps of pig and yam were declined with thanks. Next morning the search party landed at Vasalai, the village where it was understood the boat's crew had disappeared. Although well-built and large—capable of containing upwards of a hundred men—it was quite deserted, and one of the interpreters was sent to search for the missing inhabitants. He speedily returned with the chief, smothered in red war-paint, but in a state of abject terror, followed by several braves armed with clubs and tomahawks. The chief admitted having committed the murders in consequence of the men attempting forcibly to carry off some of his tribe. On being asked to point out the graves of the Englishmen, he further confessed that they had been eaten. The truth of the story was confirmed by discovering in the village the stern-sheets of the “Wild Duck's” ill-fated boat. Taking into consideration the provocation to the deed, and the time that had since elapsed, Captain Markham

<sup>1</sup> “Omoo: Adventures in the South Seas,” p. 18, ed. 1861.



decided on punishing the village by a fine of twenty-five pigs, thinking it equally impolitic either to leave without some mark of displeasure, or to make that very severe. The natives, apparently relieved by the leniency of their sentence, promised to supply the pigs in half an hour. But by the end of an hour only four were produced, and it was then found that all the tribe had again hidden themselves in the surrounding bush; they had been warned that their village would be destroyed if the fine were not punctually paid, and accordingly it was set on fire, with the full concurrence of the missionary and the interpreters, and the English party returned to the "Rosario," paying several subsequent visits to the island and being uniformly well received by the natives. They have a singular custom of leaving their dead exposed for a hundred days, after which the survivors take such bones as they think suitable to point their arrows and spears, and then deposit the remains in neat burial-places distinguished by oblong stones. Only those slain in battle (whether friends or foes) are eaten, though the natives made some rather personal remarks on one of the "Rosario's" officers, who was in good condition, continually feeling his plump arms and legs, and pronouncing him "very good to eat." Several quite distinct dialects are spoken in the New Hebrides group, and the natives of Cape Lisburn could not understand the language spoken forty miles up the coast. The men fight, fish, and hunt; cultivate yams, cocoanuts and a little tobacco; punish theft as well as murder by death; count time by yam crops instead of years, and estimate their wives at so many pigs per head, three being a fair price for a handsome young bride. While at Espiritu Santo Captain Markham heard that the "Petrel," which he had vainly sought off the coast of Api, was safe in Havannah harbour. The English schooner "Helen" arrived at Cape Lisburn while the "Rosario" was anchored there, and Captain Markham found that she had no clearance from her last port, no log, and no licence to carry natives, though seventeen were on board. He would therefore have been quite justified in seizing and sending her to Sydney for trial, but, with previous acquittals fresh in his memory, he contented himself with exacting from the master a written avowal of the illegality of his proceedings.

Soon after leaving Espiritu Santo, Corporal Marcus, R.M.A., died on board the "Rosario," tetanus having followed the wound he received from the poisoned arrow at Nukapu. The same day the body of the brave young soldier was sorrowfully committed to the deep, the Captain reading over it our Burial Service, and his comrades firing three volleys as a last mark of respect.

On Christmas-eve, 1871, the "Rosario" anchored in Port Sandwich. The ship was decorated with garlands and clusters of evergreens, and after divine service the officers dined together on the quarter-deck (the thermometer standing at 95° in the shade), while the men made merry in the forecastle. Next morning the cruise was resumed, and many natives, accompanied by women and chil-

dren, being observed on the beach at Aurora Island, the paymaster, Mr. S. C. Hill, was despatched in a boat to negotiate for fruit and vegetables. On landing, he sat down at a few yards from the boat, and held up some articles to tempt the islanders to approach and trade; six or seven soon advanced, and the paymaster was offering beads to one native in exchange for cocoa-nuts, when another struck him twice on the back of the head with a club, stretching him senseless, and then disappeared in the bush with his companions. The whole scene had been witnessed with horror from the "Rosario;" a shell was instantly fired in the direction taken by the assassins, and a party of seamen and marines landed in pursuit of them. In vain; they could not be discovered, and the party returned, after the usual formula of burning some villages and canoes, taking with them the paymaster, who eventually recovered, though severely injured. Numerous signal-fires were noticed along the hills and on the neighbouring islands. These are very beautiful and fertile, shaded by noble trees and covered with a rich undergrowth of flowers, shrubs, and graceful ferns. The deep and transparent water surrounding them abounds with many varieties of fish, including, as the inevitable drawback, numberless sharks; several were caught, but one much-enduring monster actually made his escape, after being hooked and hauled-up seven times! We think he deserved the life for which he fought so hard.

On the last day of the old year the "Rosario" steamed into Havannah harbour, where the villages destroyed on her last visit had not been rebuilt, and the shattered canoes still strewn the beach. Her commander had an interview with the chief natives at the missionary's house, and they acknowledged the justice of the punishment inflicted on them, and pledged themselves not to incur it again, repeating that the massacre of the "Fanny's" crew was in consequence of the abduction of a chief's wife by the man McKenzie in the "Donald McLean." Outside the harbour the "Planet" was boarded, whose master was accused of having shot a woman and child on the island of St. Bartholomew. He did not deny having fired at random among a crowd of natives "in self-defence," they having first attacked his vessel. He was therefore discharged with a caution; but his statement is very questionable, as the natives invariably send their women and children out of the way when hostilities are premeditated.

At Dillon's Bay, Erromango Island, two Europeans (Messrs. Smith and Gray) have established a whaling-station, and built their own boats, including a steamer fifty-six feet long, with an engine of ten-horse power, with which to tow the whales on shore.

The party from the "Rosario" visited the graves of Mr. Gordon (a missionary) and his wife, who had been murdered by the natives several years before. Eight Solomon Islanders were working for Messrs. Smith and Gray, who had escaped from the "Cambria" (engaged in the labour-trade), by jumping overboard in the night and swimming ashore. They had been captured, together with



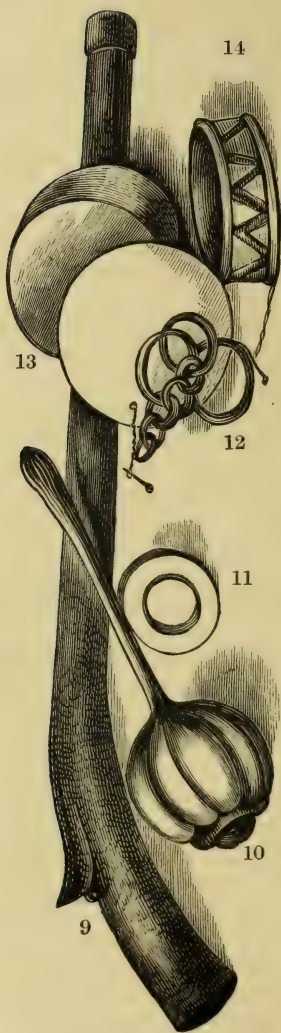
many others, by having a running noose thrown over their heads when alongside the ship in their canoes, and being then dragged on board. The master and mate had been killed by natives, and the vessel was in charge of her charterer, a man named Sinclair. On the morning after the flight of the Solomon Islanders a Fijian and two Tannese deserted, taking the "Cambria's" boats with them. All the fugitives bore testimony to the barbarity of Sinclair.

The neighbouring island of Aniwa showed greater traces of missionary success than any previously visited. The crew of the "Rosario" were invited to land by a native waving a small red ensign, and on doing so were received by a party of islanders, one of whom, a chief from the island of Tanna, spoke a little English, and rejoiced in the dignified appellation of "Washerwoman." Mr. Paton, the resident missionary, has a neat little church, containing an harmonium; has made a hundred and fifty converts, and gives a favourable report of the natives; who, we regret to add, have also suffered from the kidnappers of the labour ships. At many other islands visited by Captain Markham, the painful testimony was the same: white men had been attacked by the natives, but the invariable provocation was some outrage committed by the kidnappers, often so atrocious as to make the listeners "ashamed of the very name of Englishman." Taking a boat voyage along the coast of Tanna, Captain Markham encountered an Englishman named "Bill," who informed him that the Albino woman stolen from the island of Nguna was somewhere in the neighbourhood; and she was discovered by her white feet appearing near the door of one of the huts. "Bill" acting as interpreter, Captain Markham told the fair heroine, whose name was *Lepolow*, that he had lately seen her bereaved husband, and asked whether she preferred to return to him in the "Rosario," or remain where she was. Unhesitatingly she chose to return, and was instantly taken on board, carrying with her, however, in her mouth, a *gage d'amour* in the shape of a knife given her by an admirer from the Sandwich Islands. This Helen of the South Seas had a white skin, variegated with large red blotches, coarse yellowish "wool," an enormously thick-lipped mouth, and small pink eyes. On approaching Nguna the interesting creature, who had been induced with some difficulty to become acquainted with the properties of soap and water, was gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet hood and bodice, a blue cotton skirt, and a pair of crimson cricketing stockings. Entering the Captain's boat and escorted by several of the officers, the lovely *Lepolow* made a sort of triumphal entry on her old home, being received with great exultation by her husband and a select party of chiefs. The natives, in their gratitude for this chivalrous restitution, thronged the beach with offerings of pigs, fruit, &c., and cheered the English boat repeatedly as she put off from shore.

In the harbour of Noumea, New Caledonia, the "Rosario" encountered the "Donald McLean," the vessel which had first torn







WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS OF THE NATIVES OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

- 9. Club from Fiji.
- 10. Missile Club from Fiji.
- 11. Stalagmite Bracelet from the Solomon Islands.
- 12. Earrings from Santa Cruz.
- 13. Breastplate from Santa Cruz.
- 14. Armlet from Nguna.

the fair Albino from her home, but McKenzie was no longer on board. Like the schooner "Helen," the "Donald McLean" had no papers whatever, and her master was compelled to sign a similar admission.

From New Caledonia the "Rosario" set sail for Sydney on January 29th, concluding a sixteen weeks' cruise, during which much information of value was gleaned respecting the working of the labour traffic, though little could be done towards its repression.

Taking a parting glance at the South Sea Islands, it is noticeable that their formation indicates a period of volcanic activity, past or present, in nearly every one, the exceptions being reef islands, as coral does not exist simultaneously with volcanic action. A line drawn from the active volcano of Tinakula in the north to that of Yasowa in the south, a distance of six hundred miles, will pass through the volcano of Ureparapara, the boiling springs of Vanua Lava, and the active craters of Ambrym and Lopevi. The inhabitants of these islands belong to that Papuan or Melanesian race which extends from New Guinea to the 180th meridian, where, in the Fiji Islands, it blends with the larger and more comely Polynesian. As to minor distinctions, the natives of Tanna are finer, stouter, and more brave than those of the other islands; the Erromango men are shorter; in Santa Cruz they are small, slight, wiry, and active; the natives of Espiritu Santo are intelligent, but not so well-formed as the Tannese.

Those fair votaries of fashion who a few seasons since tried to turn their tresses to one uniform blonde tint may, if the whim should recur, take a hint from the natives of the South Seas, who on many islands use chunam or turmeric to colour their woolly locks yellow. Small tufts of hair are then bound tightly round with stalks of grass, the frayed-out ends being left visible; the tail-feathers of a cock are fastened at the back of the head, and the elegance of the *chevelure* is complete.

The native weapons are bows made from the casuarina, five feet long, and drawn from the shoulder; and arrows of reed, from three to four feet in length, some tipped with human bone, some poisoned, with what substance has not been precisely ascertained; those used for shooting fish and birds are feathered. Their spears are from twelve to eighteen feet long, well polished, barbed three feet from the tip, and in some cases very handsomely and grotesquely carved. Clubs of various shapes and sizes are generally wielded with one hand; the commonest are straight and smooth, with knobs or buttons at the end. At Santa Cruz one was obtained in shape not unlike a canoe, with tufts of cocoanut-fibre along each edge; at Erromango a star-headed club is most used; at Nguna, heads of axes obtained from the traders had been converted into formidable tomahawks. All the tribes are expert in handling their arms, and excellent marksmen. It is difficult to obtain authentic records of their traditions, and they seem to have little or no idea



of a Divinity or a future state, though on some of the islands idols are worshipped. At the time of Mendaña's second voyage, large buildings were found in every village on the island of Santa Cruz, containing rudely carved images, probably of gods; and Dillon mentions in Vanikoro similar structures set apart for the use of disembodied spirits.

The history of the South Sea Islands leaves a painful impression on its students. Wherever an English vessel investigates, wherever traces of intercourse with Europeans are to be found, the same melancholy story is repeated. Murder from cruelty and greed by man-stealers who make the very names of civilization and commerce accursed—murder from retaliation or fear by ignorant natives who wreak revenge alike on innocent and guilty.

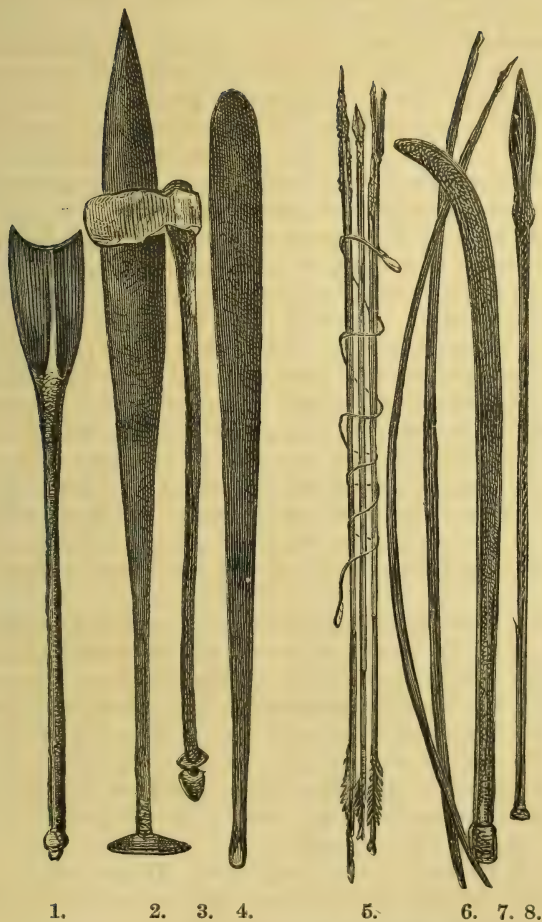
We have no wish to pronounce hastily against the present or prospective results of mission work in these latitudes. Some statements which have reached us indicate progress, and show most beneficial influence on the social life of the islanders. But it must be clear to every observer, that unless kidnapping is entirely suppressed, conversion and education will make little way against the suspicious hatred with which natives regard Europeans. It is not encouraging to find even Captain Markham, who started, as we have seen, determined to use conciliatory measures only with these irresponsible savages, compelled in four or five cases to fire over islands and burn villages as retribution by which alone the British navy could ensure respect for itself and safety for the lives of future colonists, and which he "feels confident will have a most beneficial effect."

It seems to us that our Government and our Navy ought to begin with the *cause*. We send out men-of-war nominally to inspect and regulate the labour traffic, but through whose hampered and ineffective grasp the slaver invariably slips unharmed. So that the real mission of our fine ships and brave seamen is merely to punish wretched islanders, maddened into crime by the treacherous and infamous cruelties of labour dealers whom our navy fails to convict, or whom, when convicted (as in the case of the "Carl"), our Colonial Courts do not adequately punish.

The whole system is hopelessly bad. If we are too weak to protect these unfortunate natives, we have no right, human or divine, to exert our strength in punishing them.

What blessings of heaven or nature can attend our efforts to Christianize and colonize where British guns have to make British lives respected because hitherto the white man has come only to steal and slay his brethren?

We have seen that the provisions of the Polynesian Labourers' Act passed by the Queensland Legislature in 1868 are practically inoperative, and that they rendered the cruise of H.M.S. "Rosario" virtually fruitless. The language of the statute is plain enough, and its penalties are stringent; but unfortunately its administration is in such weak and, we fear, interested hands, that the slave-dealers



WEAPONS OF THE NATIVES OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

1. Club from Mallicolo.
2. Paddle from Santa Cruz.
3. Tomahawk from Nguna.
4. Club from Api.
- 5, 6. Arrows and Bows from Nukapu.
- 7, 8. Club and Spear from Erromango.





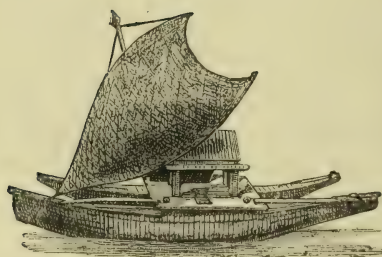
openly set it at defiance. This evil became so glaring, its local remedy so ineffectual, and the murder of Bishop Patteson appealed so strongly to British justice for the punishment of its perpetrators, for an investigation of its cause, and measures to prevent recurrence of like crimes, that the Home Government was compelled to deal with it, and the result was the passing of the Kidnapping Act of 1872 by the Imperial Parliament.

This Act—"for the Prevention and Punishment of Criminal Outrages upon Natives of the Islands of the Pacific Ocean"—is supplementary to the "Polynesian Labourers' Act," containing nothing inconsistent therewith, and, we are sorry to say, not much in addition thereto. If its provisions be vigorously enforced, it may do something towards lessening the evil complained of, though in our opinion it does not go far enough. No half or tentative measures will put an end to the iniquitous traffic. By the present Act the system of licences is recognized, regulated, and perpetuated, which is to be regretted, inasmuch as that system is here, as in Zanzibar waters, grossly abused and made to protect slave-dealers from the operations of the Royal Navy. Naval officers under the 16th section are empowered to seize and detain any vessel *suspected* to have been "fitted out for, or employed in the commission of any of the offences enumerated" in this Act, which would be sufficient if it were practicable. As a matter of fact the section is not worth the paper on which it is printed; for so far from seizing and detaining slave ships on suspicion only, commanding officers hesitate to make captures, even when evidence against slavers amounts almost to certainty, as the Colonial Courts throw every obstacle in the way of the prosecutor, and render his position so irksome that he invariably regrets what he has done and vows never to do it again! He is lucky, indeed, if he can congratulate himself on not being cast in heavy damages, or reported to the Admiralty for "over zeal," and his station changed.

Recently a deputation from the principal Missionary and Anti-Slavery Societies, the Royal Colonial Institute, and the Aborigines' Protection Society, waited upon the Earl of Kimberley at the Colonial Office in support of Mr. McArthur's motion for the annexation of the Fiji Islands, when his lordship in reply pointed out the difficulties attending the project, and assured the deputation that the matter was "already engaging the earnest attention of her Majesty's Government." We heartily concur in this movement, and trust that Parliament will at least take these islands under its protection. Annexation we should prefer; but only in the event of its being desired by the natives themselves. If they voluntarily become British subjects an end will speedily be put to their injuries; but should they prefer to retain their independence, her Majesty's Government must not, on that account, relax in its efforts to put down with a powerful hand the frightful evils of the "labour traffic."

When did the wrongs of a helpless, ill-used people cry for redress

to England in vain? The slave-trade must be abolished before Christian Missions can successfully teach that beneficent Gospel by which all men are "made free;" and the shortest and most effectual method of abolition would be for all English-speaking legislatures to enact slave-dealing "piracy with the penalty of death;" and for her Majesty's Government to send on board every such ship as the "Rosario" a Judge-Advocate, empowered summarily to have every dealer, convicted by a legally constituted court-martial, hanged at the yard-arm!



## WORK ; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," ETC., ETC.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### A CURE FOR DESPAIR.

WHEN Christie opened the eyes that had closed so wearily, afternoon sunshine streamed across the room, and seemed the herald of happier days. Refreshed by sleep, and comforted by grateful recollections of her kindly welcome, she lay tranquilly enjoying the friendly atmosphere about her, with so strong a feeling that a skilful hand had taken the rudder, that she felt very little anxiety or curiosity about the haven which was to receive her boat after this narrow escape from shipwreck.

Her eye wandered to and fro, and brightened as it went ; for though a poor, plain room, it was as neat as hands could make it, and so glorified with sunshine that she thought it a lovely place, in spite of the yellow paper with green cabbage roses on it, the gorgeous plaster statuary on the mantelpiece, and the fragrance of dough-nuts which pervaded the air. Everything suggested home life, humble but happy, and Christie's solitary heart warmed at the sights and sounds about her.

A half-open closet-door gave her glimpses of little frocks and jackets, stubby little shoes, and go-to-meeting hats all in a row. From below came up the sound of childish voices chattering, childish feet trotting to and fro, and childish laughter sounding sweetly through the Sabbath stillness of the place. From a room near by came the soothing creak of a rocking-chair, the rustle of a newspaper, and now and then a scrap of conversation, commonplace enough, but pleasant to hear, because so full of domestic love and confidence ; and as she listened, Christie pictured Mrs. Wilkins and her husband taking their rest together after the week's hard work was done.

"I wish I could stay here ; it's so comfortable and home-like. I wonder if they wouldn't let me have this room, and help me to



find some better work than sewing? I'll get up and ask them," thought Christie, feeling an irresistible desire to stay, and strong repugnance to returning to the room she had left, for as Rachel truly said, it *was* haunted for her.

When she opened the door to go down, Mrs. Wilkins bounced out of her rocking-chair and hurried to meet her with a smiling face, saying all in one breath,—

"Good mornin', dear! Rested well, I hope? I'm proper glad to hear it. Now come right down and have your dinner. I kep it hot, for I couldn't bear to wake you up, you was sleepin' so beautiful."

"I was so worn out I slept like a baby, and feel like a new creature. It was so kind of you to take me in, and I'm so grateful I don't know how to show it," said Christie warmly, as her hostess ponderously descended the complaining stairs and ushered her into the tidy kitchen from which tubs and flat-irons were banished one day in the week.

"Lawful sakes, the' ain't nothing to be grateful for, child, and you're heartily welcome to the little I done. We are country folks in our ways, though we be livin' in the city, and we have a reg'lar country dinner Sundays. Hope you'll relish it; my vittles is clean ef they ain't rich."

As she spoke, Mrs. Wilkins dished up baked beans, Indian-pudding and brown bread enough for half a dozen. Christie was hungry now, and ate with an appetite that delighted the good lady, who vibrated between her guest and her children shut up in the "settin'-room."

"Now please let me tell you all about myself, for I am afraid you think me something better than I am. If I ask help from you, it is right that you should know whom you are helping," said Christie, when the table was cleared and her hostess came and sat down beside her.

"Yes, my dear, free your mind, and then we'll fix things up right smart. Nothin' I like better, and Lisha says I have considerable of a knack that way," replied Mrs. Wilkins, with a smile, a nod, and an air of interest most reassuring.

So Christie told her story, won to entire confidence by the sympathetic face opposite, and the motherly pats so gently given by the big, rough hand that often met her own. When all was told, Christie said very earnestly,—

"I am ready to go to work to-morrow, and will do anything I can find, but I should love to stay here a little while, if I could; I do so dread to be alone. Is it possible? I mean to pay my board of course, and help you besides, if you'll let me."

Mrs. Wilkins glowed with pleasure at this compliment, and, leaning towards Christie, looked into her face a moment in silence, as if to test the sincerity of the wish. In that moment Christie saw what steady, sagacious eyes the woman had; so clear, so honest that she looked through them into the great, warm heart

below, and looking, forgot the fuzzy red hair, the paucity of teeth, the faded gown, and felt only the attraction of a nature genuine and genial as the sunshine dancing on the kitchen floor.

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies, but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness or the humility which gives it grace. Christie saw and felt this then, and when the homely woman spoke, listened to her with implicit confidence.

"My dear, I'd no more send you away now than I would my Adelaide, for you need looking after for a spell, most as much as she does. You've been thinkin' and broodin' too much, and sewin' yourself to death. We'll stop all that, and keep you so busy there won't be no time for the hypo. You're one of them that can't live alone without starvin' somehow, so I'm jest goin' to turn you in among them children to paster, so to speak. That's wholesome and fillin' for you, and goodness knows it will be a puffed charity to me, for I'm goin' to be dreadful drove with gettin' up curtains and all manner of things, as spring comes on. So it ain't no favour on my part, and you can take out your board in tendin' baby and putterin' over them little tykes."

"I should like it so much! But I forgot my debt to Mrs. Flint; perhaps she won't let me go," said Christie, with an anxious cloud coming over her brightening face.

"Merciful, suz! don't you be worried about her. I'll see to her, and ef she acts ugly, Lisha 'll fetch her round; men can always settle such things better 'n we can, and he's a dreadful smart man, Lisha is. We'll go to-morrer and get your belongins, and then settle right down for a spell; and by an' by when you git a trifle more chipper we'll find a nice place in the country some'rs. That's what you want; nothin' like green grass and woodsy smells to right folks up. When I was a gal, ef I got low in my mind, or riled in my temper, I jest went out and grubbed in the garden, or made hay, or walked a good piece, and it fetched me round beautiful. Never failed; so I come to see that good fresh dirt is fust-rate physic for folkses spirits, as it is for wounds, as they tell on."

"That sounds sensible and pleasant, and I like it. Oh, it is so beautiful to feel that somebody cares for you a little bit, and you ain't one too many in the world," sighed Christie.

"Don't you never feel that agin, my dear. What's the Lord for ef He ain't to hold on to in times of trouble. Faith ain't wuth much ef it's only lively in fair weather; you've got to believe hearty and stan' by the Lord through thick and thin, and He'll stan' by you as no one else begins to. I remember of havin' this bore in upon me by somethin' that happened to a man I knew. He got blowed up in a powder-mill, and when folks asked him what he thought when the bust come, he said real sober and impressive, 'Wal, it come through me like a flash, that I'd served the Lord as faithful as I knew how for a number a years, and I guessed He'd fetch me through somehow, and He did.' Sure enough

the man warn't killed; I'm bound to confess he was shook dreadful, but his faith warn't."

Christie could not help smiling at the story, but she liked it, and sincerely wished she could imitate the hero of it in his piety, not his powder. She was about to say so when the sound of approaching steps announced the advent of her host. She had been rather impressed with the "smartness" of Lisha by his wife's praises, but when a small, sallow, sickly-looking man came in she changed her mind; for not even an immensely stiff collar, nor a pair of boots that seemed composed entirely of what the boys call "creak leather," could inspire her with confidence.

Without a particle of expression in his yellow face, Mr. Wilkins nodded to the stranger over the picket fence of his collar, lighted his pipe, and clumped away to enjoy his afternoon promenade without compromising himself by a single word.

His wife looked after him with an admiring gaze as she said,—

"Them boots is as good as an advertisement, for he made every stitch on 'em himself;" then she added, laughing like a girl, "It's redick'lus my bein' so proud of Lisha, but ef a woman ain't a right to think wal of her own husband, I should like to know who has!"

Christie was afraid that Mrs. Wilkins had seen her disappointment in her face, and tried with wifely zeal to defend her lord from even a disparaging thought. Wishing to atone for this transgression, she was about to sing the praises of the wooden-faced Elisha, but was spared any polite fibs by the appearance of a small girl who delivered an urgent message to the effect that Mrs. Plumly was down sick, and wanted Mrs. Wilkins to run over and set a spell."

As the good lady hesitated with an involuntary glance at her guest, Christie said quickly,—

"Don't mind me; I'll take care of the house for you, if you want to go. You may be sure I won't run off with the children or steal the spoons."

"I ain't a mite afraid of anybody wantin' to steal them little toads; and as for the spoons, I ain't got a silver one to bless myself with," laughed Mrs. Wilkins. "I guess I will go, then, ef you don't mind, as it's only acrost the street. Like's not settin' quiet will be better for you 'n talkin', for I'm a dreadful hand to gab when I git started. Tell Mis Plumly I'm a comin'."

Then, as the child ran off, the stout lady began to rummage in her closet, saying, as she rattled and slammed,—

"I'll jest take her a drawin' of tea and a couple of nut-cakes: mebbly she'll relish 'em, for I shouldn't wonder ef she hadn't had a mouthful this blessed day. She's dreadful slack at the best of times, but no one can much wonder, seein' she's got nine children, a drunken husband, and is jest up from a rheumatic fever. I'm sure I never grudge a meal of vittles or a hand's turn to such as she is, though she does beat all for dependin' on her neighbours. I'm a thousand times obleeged. You needn't worry about the



children, only don't let 'em git lost, or burnt, or pitch out a wonder; and when its done give 'em the patty-cake that's bakin' for 'em."

With which maternal orders Mrs. Wilkins assumed a sky-blue bonnet, and went beaming away with several dishes genteelly hidden under her purple shawl.

Being irresistibly attracted towards the children, Christie opened the door and took a survey of her responsibilities.

Six lively infants were congregated in the "settin' room," and chaos seemed to have come again, for every sort of destructive amusement was in full operation. George Washington, the eldest blossom, was shearing a resigned kitten; Gusty and Ann Eliza were concocting mud pies in the ashes; Adelaide Victoria was studying the structure of lamp-wicks, while Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson were dragging one another in a clothes-basket, to the great detriment of the old carpet, and still older chariot.

Thinking that some employment more suited to the day might be introduced, Christie soon made friends with these young persons, and, having rescued the kitten, banished the basket, lured the elder girls from their mud-piety, and quenched the curiosity of the Pickwickian Adelaide, she proposed teaching them some little hymns.

The idea was graciously received, and the class decorously seated in a row. But before a single verse was given out, Gusty, being of a housewifely turn of mind, suggested that the patty-cake might burn. Instant alarm pervaded the party, and a precipitate rush was made for the cooking-stove, where Christie proved by ocular demonstration that the cake showed no signs of baking, much less of burning. The family pronounced themselves satisfied, after each member had poked a grimy little finger into the doughy delicacy, whereon one large raisin reposed in proud pre-eminence over the vulgar herd of caraways.

Order being with difficulty restored, Christie taught her flock an appropriate hymn, and was flattering herself that their youthful minds were receiving a devotional bent, when they volunteered a song, and, incited thereunto by the irreverent Wash, burst forth with a gem from Mother Goose, closing with a smart skirmish of arms and legs that set all law and order at defiance.

Hoping to quell the insurrection, Christie invited the breathless rioters to calm themselves by looking at the pictures in the big Bible. But unfortunately her explanations were so vivid that her audience were fired with a desire to enact some of the scenes portrayed, and no persuasions could keep them from playing Ark on the spot. The clothes-basket was elevated upon two chairs, and into it marched the birds of the air and the beasts of the field—to judge by the noise—and all set sail with Washington at the helm, Jackson and Webster plying the clothes and pudding-sticks for oars, while the young ladies rescued their dolls from the flood, and waved their hands to imaginary friends who were not unmindful of the courtesies of life even in the act of drowning.

Finding her authority defied, Christie left the rebels to their own devices, and, sitting in a corner, began to think about her own affairs. But before she had time to get anxious or perplexed the children diverted her mind, as if the little Flibberty-gibbets knew that their pranks and perils were far wholesomer for her just then than brooding.

The much-enduring kitten, being sent forth as a dove upon the waters, failed to return with the olive-branch ; of which peaceful emblem there was soon great need, for mutiny broke out, and spread with disastrous rapidity.

Ann Eliza slapped Gusty because she had the biggest bandbox ; Andrew threatened to " chuck " Daniel overboard if he continued to trample on the fraternal toes, and in the midst of the fray, by some unguarded motion, Washington capsized the ship and precipitated the patriarchal family into the bosom of the deep.

Christie flew to the rescue, and, hydropathically treated, the anguish of bumps and bruises was soon assuaged. Then appeared the appropriate moment for a story, and, gathering the dilapidated party about her, she soon enraptured them by a recital of the immortal history of " Frank and the little Dog Trusty." Charmed with her success, she was about to tell another moral tale, but no sooner had she announced the name, " The Three Cakes," when, like an electric flash, a sudden recollection seized the young Wilkinses, and with one voice they demanded their lawful prize, sure that now it must be done.

Christie had forgotten all about it, and was harassed with secret misgivings as she headed the investigating committee. With skipping of feet and clapping of hands the eager tribe surrounded the stove, and with fear and trembling Christie drew forth a melancholy cinder, where, like Casabianca, the lofty raisin still remained, blackened, but undaunted at its post.

Then were six little vials of wrath poured out upon her devoted head, and sounds of lamentation filled the air, for the irate Wilkinses refused to be comforted till the rash vow to present each member of the outraged family with a private cake produced a lull, during which the younger ones were decoyed into the back yard, and the three elders solaced themselves with mischief.

Mounted on nettlesome broom-sticks, Andrew and Daniel were riding merrily away to the Banbury Cross, of blessed memory, and little Vic was erecting a pagoda of oyster-shells, under Christie's superintendence, when a shrill scream from within sent horsemen and architects flying to the rescue.

Gusty's pinafore was in a blaze ; Ann Eliza was dancing frantically about her sister as if bent on making a suttee of herself, while George Washington hung out of window, roaring, " Fire ! " " water ! " " engine ! " " pa ! " with a presence of mind worthy of his sex.

A speedy application of the hearth-rug quenched the conflagration, and when a minute burn had been enveloped in cotton-wool

like a gem, a coroner sat upon the pinafore and investigated the case.

It appeared that the ladies were "only playing paper dolls," when Wash, sighing for the enlightenment of his race, proposed to make a bonfire, and did so with an old book; but Gusty, with a firm belief in future punishment, tried to save it, and fell a victim to her principles, as the virtuous are very apt to do.

The book was brought into court and proved to be an ancient volume of ballads, cut, torn, and half consumed. Several peculiarly developed paper dolls, branded here and there with large letters, like galley-slaves, were then produced by the accused, and the judge could with difficulty preserve her gravity, when she found "John Gilpin" converted into a painted petticoat, "The Bay of Biscay O," situated in the crown of a hat, and "Chevy Chase" issuing from the mouth of a triangular gentleman, who, like Dickens's cherub, probably sung it by ear, having no lungs to speak of.

It was further apparent, from the agricultural appearance of the room, that beans had been sowed broadcast by means of the apple-corer, which Wash had converted into a pop-gun with a mechanical ingenuity worthy of more general appreciation. He felt this deeply, and when Christie reproved him for leading his sisters astray, he resented the liberty she took, and retired in high dudgeon to the cellar, where he appeared to set up a menagerie—for bears, lions, and unknown animals, endowed with great vocal powers, were heard to solicit patronage from below.

Somewhat exhausted by her labours, Christie rested, after clearing up the room, while the children found a solace for all afflictions in the consumption of relays of bread and molasses, which infantile restorative occurred like an inspiration to the mind of their guardian.

Peace reigned for fifteen minutes; then came a loud crash from the cellar, followed by a violent splashing, and wild cries of, "Oh, oh, oh, I've fell into the pork barrel! I'm drownin', I'm drownin'!"

Down rushed Christie, and the sticky innocents ran screaming after, to behold their pickled brother fished up from the briny deep. A spectacle well calculated to impress upon their infant minds the awful consequences of straying from the paths of virtue.

At this crisis Mrs. Wilkins providentially appeared, breathless, but brisk and beaming, and in no wise dismayed by the plight of her luckless son, for a ten years' acquaintance with Wash's dauntless nature had inured his mother to "didoes" that would have appalled most women.

"Go right up chamber, and change every rag on you, and don't come down agin till I rap on the ceilin'; you dreadful boy, disgracin' your family by sech actions. I'm sorry I was kep' so long, but Mis Plumly got tellin' her werryments, and 'peared to take so much comfort in it I couldn't bear to stop her. Then I jest run round to your place and told that woman that you was safe and



well, along'r friends, and would call in to-morrer to get your things. She'd ben so scart by your not comin' home that she was as mild as milk, so you won't have no trouble with her, I expect."

"Thank you very much ! How kind you are, and how tired you must be. Sit down and let me take your things," cried Christie, more relieved than she could express.

"Lor', no, I'm fond of walkin', but bein' ruther hefty it takes my breath away some to hurry. I'm afraid these children have tuckered you out, though. They are proper good gen'lly, but when they do take to trainen they're a sight of care," said Mrs. Wilkins, as she surveyed her imposing bonnet with calm satisfaction.

"I've enjoyed it very much, and it's done me good, for I haven't laughed so much for six months as I have this afternoon," answered Christie, and it was quite true, for she had been too busy to think of herself or her woes.

"Wal, I thought likely it would chirk you up some, or I shouldn't have went," and Mrs. Wilkins put away a contented smile with her cherished bonnet, for Christie's face had grown so much brighter since she saw it last that the good woman felt sure her treatment was the right one.

At supper Lisha reappeared, and while his wife and children talked incessantly, he ate four slices of bread and butter, three pieces of pie, five dough-nuts, and drank a small ocean of tea out of his saucer. Then, evidently feeling that he had done his duty like a man, he gave Christie another nod, and disappeared again without a word.

When she had done up her dishes Mrs. Wilkins brought out a few books and papers, and said to Christie, who sat apart by the window, with the old shadow creeping over her face,—

"Now don't feel lonesome, my dear, but jest lop right down on the soffy and have a sociable kind of a time. Lisha's gone down street for the evenin.' I'll keep the children as quiet as one woman can, and you may read or rest, or talk, jest as you're a mind."

"Thank you ; I'll sit here and rock little Vic to sleep for you. I don't care to read, but I'd like to have you talk to me, for it seems as if I'd known you a long time and it does me good," said Christie, as she settled herself and baby on the old settee which had served as a cradle for six young Wilkinses, and now received the honourable name of sofa in its old age.

Mrs. Wilkins looked gratified, as she settled her brood round the table with a pile of pictorial papers to amuse them. Then having laid herself out to be agreeable, she sat thoughtfully rubbing the bridge of her nose, at a loss how to begin. Presently Christie helped her by an involuntary sigh.

"What's the matter, dear ? Is there anything I can do to make you comfortable ?" asked the kind soul, alert at once, and ready to offer sympathy.

"I'm very cosy, thank you, and I don't know why I sighed.

It's a way I've got into when I think of my worries," explained Christie, in haste.

"Wal, dear, I wouldn't ef I was you. Don't keep turnin' your troubles over. Git atop of 'em somehow, and stay there ef you can," said Mrs. Wilkins very earnestly.

"But that's just what I can't do. I've lost all my spirits and courage and got into a dismal state of mind. You seem to be very cheerful, and yet you must have a good deal to try you sometimes. I wish you'd tell me how you do it," and Christie looked wistfully into that other face, so plain, yet so placid, wondering to see how little poverty, hard work, and many cares had soured or saddened it.

"Really I don't know, unless it's jest doin' whatever comes along, and doin' of it heartily, sure that things is all right, though very often I don't see it at fust."

"Do you see it at last?"

"Gen'ly I do; and if I don't I take it on trust, same as children do what older folks tell 'em; and byme-by when I'm grown up in spiritual things I'll understan' as the dears do when they git to be men and women."

That suited Christie, and she thought hopefully within herself,—

"This woman has got the sort of religion I want, if it makes her what she is. Some day I'll get her to tell me where she found it." Then aloud she said,—

"But it's *so* hard to be patient and contented when nothing happens as you want it to, and you don't get your share of happiness, no matter how much you try to deserve it."

"It ain't easy to bear, I know, but having tried my own way and made a dreadful mess of it, and I concluded that the Lord knows what's best for us, and things go better when He manages than when we go scratchin' round and can't wait."

"Tried your own way? How do you mean?" asked Christie curiously, for she liked to hear her hostess talk, and found something besides amusement in the conversation which seemed to possess a fresh country flavour as well as country phrases.

Mrs. Wilkins smiled all over her plump face, as if she liked to tell her experience, and having bunched sleepy little Andy more comfortably into her lap and given a preparatory hem or two, she began with great good-will.

"It happened a number a years ago and ain't much of a story any way; but you're welcome to it: as some of it is rather humoursome, the laugh may do you good ef the story don't. We was livin' down to the east'ard at the time. It was a real pretty place; the house stood under a couple of maples and a gret brook come foamin' down the rayvine and away through the medders to the rever. Dear sakes, seems as ef I see it now, jest as I used to settin' on the doorstep with the laylocks all in blow, the squirrels jabborin' on the wall, and the saw-mill screekin' way off by the dam."

Pausing a moment, Mrs. Wilkins looked musingly at the steam of the tea-kettle, as if through its silvery haze she saw her early home again. Wash promptly roused her from this reverie by falling off the boiler with a crash. His mother picked him up and placidly went on, falling more and more into the country dialect which city life had not yet polished.

"I oughter hev been the contentedest woman alive, but I warn't, for you see I'd worked at millinaryin before I was married, and had an easy time on't. Afterwards the children come along pretty fast, there was sights of work to do and no time for pleasurin', so I got wore out, and used to hanker after old times in a dreadful wicked way.

"Finally I got acquainted with a Mis Bascum, and she done me a sight of harm. You see, havin' few pies of her own to bake, she was fond of puttin' her fingers into her neighbourses, but she done it so neat that no one mistrusted, she was takin' all the sauce and leavin' all the crust to them, as you may say. Wal, I told her my werryments and she sympathized real hearty, and said I didn't ought to stan' it, but have things to suit me, and enjoy myself, as other folks did. So when she put it into my head I thought it amazin' good advice, and jest went and done as she told me.

"Lisha was the kindest man you ever see, so when I up and said I warn't going to drudge round no more, but must have a girl, he got one, and goodness knows what a trial *she* was. After she came I got dreadful slack, and left the house and the children to Hen'-retta, and went pleasurin' frequent all in my best. I always *was* a dressy woman in them days, and Lisha give me his earnin's real lavish, bless his heart! and I went and spent 'em on my sinful gowns and bunnets."

Here Mrs. Wilkins stopped to give a remorseful groan and stroke her faded dress, as if she found great comfort in its dinginess.

"It ain't no use tellin' all I done, but I had full swing, and at fust I thought luck was in my dish sure. But it warn't, seein' I didn't deserve it, and I had to take my mess of trouble, which was needful and nourishin', ef I'd had the grace to see it so.

"Lisha got into debt and no wonder, with me a wastin' of his substance; Hen'-retta went off suddin' with whatever she could lay her hands on, and everything was at sixes and sevens. Lisha's patience give out at last, for I was dreadful fractious, knowin' it was all my fault. The children seemed to get out of sorts, too, and acted like Time in the primer, with croup, and pins, and whoopin' cough, and temper. I declare I used to think the pots and kettles biled over to spite each other and me in them days.

"All this was nuts to Mis Bascum, and she kep' advisin' and encouragin' of me, and I didn't see through her a mite, or guess that settin' folks by the ears was as relishin' to her as bitters is to some. Merciful, suz! what a piece a work we did make betwixt us! I scolded and moped 'cause I couldn't have my way: Lisha swore



and threatened to take to drinkin' ef I didn't make home more comfortable; the children run wild, and the house was gittin' too hot to hold us, when we was brought up with a round turn, and I see the redicklousness of my doin's in time.

"One day Lisha come home tired and cross, for bills was pressin', work slack, and folks talkin' about us as ef they had nothing else to do. I was dishin' up dinner, feelin' as nervous as a witch, for a whole batch of bread had burnt to a cinder while I was trimmin' a new bunnet, Wash had scart me most to death swallerin' a cent, and the steak had been on the floor more'n once, owin' to my havin' babies, dogs, cats, or hens under my feet the whole blessed time.

"Lisha looked as black as thunder, threwed his hat into a corner, and came along to the sink where I was skinnin' pertaters. As he washed his hands, I asked what the matter was; but he only muttered and slopped, and I couldn't git nothin' out of him, for he ain't talkative at the best of times as you see, and when he's werried corkscrews wouldn't draw a word from him.

"Bein' riled myself didn't mend matters, and so we fell to hectorin' one another right smart. He said somethin' that dreened my last drop of patience; I give a sharp answer, and fust thing I knew he up with his hand and slapped me. It warn't a hard blow by no means, only a kind of a wet spat side of the head; but I thought I should have flew, and was as mad as ef I'd been knocked down. You never see a man look so 'shamed as Lisha did, and ef I'd been wise I should have made up the quarrel then. But I was a fool. I jest flung fork, dish, pertaters and all into the pot, and says, as ferce as you please,—

"Lisha Wilkins, when you can treat me decent you may come and fetch me back; you won't see me till then, and so I tell you."

"Then I made a bee-line for Mrs. Bascum's, told her the whole story, had a good cry, and was all ready to go home in half an hour, but Lisha didn't come.

"Wal, that night passed, and what a long one it was to be sure! and me without a wink of sleep, thinkin' of Wash and the cent, my emptins and the baby. Next day come, but no Lisha, no message, no nothing, and I began to thing I'd got my match though I had a sight of grit in them days. I sewed, and Mis Bascum she clacked; but I didn't say much and jest worked like sixty to pay for my keep, for I warn't goin' to be beholden to her for nothin'.

"The day dragged on terrible slow, and at last I begged her to go and git me a clean dress, for I'd come off jest as I was, and folks kep' droppin' in, for the story was all round, thanks to Mis Bascum's long tongue.

"Wal, she went, and ef you'll believe me, Lisha wouldn't let her in! He handed my best things out a winder and told her to tell me they were gittin' along fust-rate with Florindy Walch to do the work. He hoped I'd have a good time and not expect him for a consider'ble spell, for he liked a quiet house, and now he'd got it."

"When I heard that I knew he must be provoked the wust kind,

for he ain't a harsh man by nater. I could have crept in at the winder ef he wouldn't open the door, I was so took down by that message. But Mis Bascum wouldn't hear of it, and kep' stirrin' of me up till I was ashamed to eat 'umble pie fust; so I waited to see how soon he'd come round. But he had the best on't, you see, for he'd got the babies and lost a cross wife, while I'd lost everything but Mis Bascum, who grew hatefuller to me every hour, for I began to mistrust she was a mischief-maker—widders most always is—seein' how she pampered up my pride and 'peared to like the quarrel.

"I thought I should have died more'n once, for sure as you live it went on three mortal days, and of all miser'ble creeters I was the miser'blest. Then I see how wicked and ungrateful I'd been; how I'd shirked my bounden duty and scorned my best blessings. There warn't a hard job that ever I'd hated but what grew easy when I remembered who it was done for; there warn't a trouble or a care that I wouldn't have welcomed hearty, nor one hour of them dear fractious babies that didn't seem precious when I'd gone and left 'em. I'd got time to rest enough now, and might go pleasuring all day long: but I couldn't do it, and would have given a dozin bunnets trimmed to kill ef I could only have been back moilin' in my old kitchen with the children hangin' round me and Lisha a eomin' in cheerful from his work as he used to 'fore I spoilt his home for him. How sing'lar it is folks never *do* know when they are wal off!"

"I know it now," said Christie, rocking lazily to and fro with a face almost as tranquil as little Vic's lying half asleep in her lap.

"Glad to hear it, my dear. As I was goin' on to say, when Saturday come, a tremenjus storm set in, and it rained guns all day. I never shall forget it, for I was hankerin' after baby, and dreadful werried about the others, all bein' croupy, and Florindy with no more idee of nussin' than a baa-lamb. The rain come down like a reg'lar deluge, but I didn't seem to have no ark to run to. As night come on things got wuss and wuss, for the wind blowed the roof off Mis Bascum's barn and stove in the butt'ry window; the brook riz and went ragin' every which way, and you never did see such a piece of work.

"My heart was most broke by that time, and I knew I should give in 'fore Monday. But I set and sewed and listened to the tinkle tankle of the drops in the pans set round to ketch 'em, for the house leaked like a sieve. Mis Bascum was down sullen putterin' about for every kag and sarcee jar was afloat. Moses, her brother, was lookin' after his stock and tryin' to stop the damage. All of a suddin he bust in lookin' kinder wild, and settin' down the lantern, he sez, sez he, 'You're ruthern an unfortunate woman to-night, Mis Wilkins.' 'How so?' sez I, as ef nuthin' was the matter already. 'Why,' sez he, 'the spilins have give way up in the rayvine and the brook's come down like a river, upsot your lean-to, washed the mellion patch slap into the road, and while your husband was

tryin' to get the pig out of the pen, the water took a turn and swep' him away.'

" 'Drownded !' sez I, with only breath enough for that one word. 'Shouldn't wonder,' sez Moses, 'nothin' ever did come up alive after goin' over them falls.'

" It come over me like a streak of lightnin'; everythin' kinder slewed round, and I dropped in the first faint I ever had in my life. Next I knew 'Lisha was holdin' of me and cryin' fit to kill himself. I thought I was dreamin', and only had wits enough to give a sort of permiscuous grab at him and call out,—

" 'Oh, Lisha ! aint you drownded ?' He give a gret start at that, swallered down his sobbin', and sez as lovin' as ever a man did in this world,—

" 'Bless your dear heart, Cynthy, it warn't me, it was the pig,' and then fell to kissin' of me, till betwixt laughin' and cryin' I was most choked. Deary me, it all comes back so livin' real it kinder takes my breath away."

And well it might, for the good soul entered so heartily into her story that she unconsciously embellished it with dramatic illustrations. At the slapping episode she flung an invisible "fork, dish and pertaters" into an imaginary kettle, and glared ; when the catastrophe arrived, she fell back upon her chair to express fainting ; gave Christie's arm the "permiscuous grab" at the proper moment, and uttered the repentant Lisha's explanation with an incoherent pathos that forbid a laugh at the sudden introduction of the porcine martyr.

"What did you do then ?" asked Christie, in a most flattering state of interest.

"Oh, law, I went right home and hugged them children for a couple of hours stiddy," answered Mrs. Wilkins, as if but one conclusion was possible.

"Did all your troubles go down with the pig ?" asked Christie presently,—

"Massy no ! we're all poor, feeble worms, and the best meanin' of us fails too often," sighed Mrs. Wilkins, as she tenderly adjusted the sleepy head of the young worm in her lap. "After that scrape I done my best ; 'Lisha was as meek as a whole flock of sheep, and we give Mis Bascum a wide berth. Things went lovely for ever so long, and though, after a spell, we had our ups and downs, as is but natural to human creeters, we never come to such a pass agin. Both on us tried real hard ; whenever I felt my temper risin' or discontent comin' on, I remembered them days and kep' a taut rein : and as for Lisha, he never said a raspin word or got sulky, but what he'd burst out laughin' after it and say, 'Bless you, Cynthy, it warn't me, it was the pig.'"

Mrs. Wilkins' hearty laugh fired a long train of lesser ones, for the children recognized a household word. Christie enjoyed the joke, and even the tea-kettle boiled over as if carried away by the fun.



"Tell some more, please," said Christie, when the merriment subsided, for she felt her spirits rising.

"There's nothin' more to tell, except one thing that prevented my ever forgittin' the lesson I got then. My little Almiry took cold that week and pined away rapid. She'd always been so ailin' I never expected to raise her, and more'n once in them sinful tempers of mine I'd thought it would be a mercy ef she was took out of her pain. But when I laid away that patient, sufferin' little creeter I found she was the dearest of 'em all. I most broke my heart to have her back, and never never forgive myself for leavin' her that time."

With trembling lips and full eyes Mrs. Wilkins stopped to wipe her features generally on Andrew Jackson's pinafore and heave a remorseful sigh.

"And this is how you came to be the cheerful, contented woman you are?" said Christie, hoping to divert the mother's mind from that too tender memory.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully "I told you Lisha was a smart man; he give me a good lesson, and it set me to thinkin' serious. 'Pears to me trouble is a kind of mellerin' process, and ef you take it kindly it does you good, and you learn to be glad of it. I'm sure Lisha and me is twice as fond of one another, twice as willin' to work, and twice as patient with our trials sense dear little Almiry died, and times was hard. I ain't what I ought to be, not by a long chalk, but I try to live up to my light, do my duty cheerful, love my neighbours, and fetch up my family in the fear of God. Ef I do this the best way I know how, I'm sure I'll get my rest some day, and the good Lord won't forgit Cynthia Wilkins. He ain't so fur, for I keep my health wonderful, Lisha is kind and stiddy, the children flourishin' and I'm a happy woman, though I be a humly one."

There she was mistaken, for as her eye roved round the narrow room from the old hat on the wall to the curly heads bobbing here and there, contentment, piety, and mother-love made her plain face beautiful.

"That story has done me ever so much good, and I shall not forget it. Now, good-night, for I must be up early to-morrow, and I don't want to drive Mr. Wilkins away entirely," said Christie, after she had helped put the little folk to bed, during which process she had heard her host creaking about the kitchen as if afraid to enter the sitting-room.

She laughed as she spoke, and ran up-stairs, wondering if she could be the same forlorn creature who had crept so wearily up only the night before.

It was a very humble little sermon that Mrs. Wilkins had preached to her, but she took it to heart and profited by it; for she was a pupil in the great charity school where the best teachers are often unknown, unhonoured here, but who surely will receive commendation and reward from the head Master when their long vacation comes.

## PAUL MAXWELL'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER XI.

FROM what has been recounted in the former chapter my readers will readily understand that the state of Paul Maxwell's mind about this period was the reverse of what is known as a state of ease and satisfaction. In fact he felt positively *dissatisfied* with the course things had taken; so much so, that the very itinerancy and the whole Methodist system, although not itself fairly chargeable with the shortcomings and unfaithfulness of individuals, had become to him a matter of greater self-denial and self-sacrifice than he had bargained for.

It may often be observed that in close-compacted communities, when the waters of strife have once been let out, they flow with greater continuity and bitterness; and when once an individual has wittingly or unwittingly incurred the displeasure or excited the animosity of any one, it pursues him with a more certain and unfaltering step than it usually pursues men in the wider world, where the chances of absorption of human passions and of escape from their evil effects are so much more numerous.

In their new "circuit," to which they had gone from the North of England to the sunny South-west, Paul and his wife, with all the little Maxwells, were, it is true, as the Methodist phrase goes, "well received." The "stewards," "class-leaders," and the people showed them every sign of appreciation that a Wesleyan preacher can expect, and even more than what is customary on such occasions. In regard to many of the people, no doubt, the marked attention given to the new arrivals arose very much from their having come a "great distance." This idea appears to have a charm for the frequenters of Methodist congregations; for it has only to be announced from the pulpit or by handbills in the town that the Rev. Mr. Robinson of So-and-so (provided only it be hundreds of miles away) will preach on the following Sunday, it being understood that it is the commencement of his ministry in that place, a full chapel is at once secured, notwithstanding the "collection," which, as a matter of course, comes in the sequel.

Paul and his family had travelled over four hundred miles to reach the town of Porthamoaze, and the good stewards there took every advantage of the incident, as good stewards should do, and

as men of business turned it to account in the way of replenishing their funds and in providing for the liquidation of a debt which for some time had rested upon the society. "Four hundred miles—from the extreme North—is the new preacher coming!" it was announced and repeated, "and we must give him a warm reception, and come all together on this occasion." It was also whispered in the principal circles, that he was journeying with a delicate wife, whose health had failed in the bleak North, and on whose account he turned his face southwards in search of a more temperate climate. But it was added that the stewards had ascertained that this circumstance would not involve the circuit in any additional medical expenses, as the lady was in good circumstances in regard to this world's goods, and would be no burden upon them in that respect.

Altogether, to the stewards of Porthamoaze, the case seemed interesting, and they resolved to make all they could out of it for the benefit of Methodism in the town. Special anniversary sermons were arranged on the first Sunday or two, and a public circuit tea-meeting was organized to give a public reception to the new comers in the week following. All these services were crowded, and the tea-meeting proved a most jubilant affair.

The monetary result of the whole was, however, not quite equal to the actual requirements of paying-off the "debt," and clearing current expenses; so after a little time, it was resolved to make a further effort whilst the interest in the new preacher may be said still to be in its early freshness. Accordingly a monster tea-meeting was arranged for, to be held in the largest public hall in the town, and Paul Maxwell was specially requested to deliver a lecture on the occasion.

About the time this event was to come off, I observed that my engagements fixed me to be in that part of the country, and I determined to endeavour to be present, and accordingly spent a couple of days in and about the town of Porthamoaze, arriving on the very afternoon of the said meeting and lecture.

The hall was a large building, with galleries all round, and capable of holding twelve or fourteen hundred people. It was completely filled at the lecture, and nearly a thousand partook of tea previously; and I had a fair opportunity of witnessing Paul's popularity, and the command he had now acquired as a public speaker over large assemblies. The lecture was delivered *extempore*, and lasted with unabated interest for an hour and a quarter, drawing forth frequent bursts of applause, which served as so many rests and breathing-times to the speaker. The subject was one of the great historical characters of Methodism, who it so happened had passed some of his earlier days and labours in that town, where some of the most telling incidents occurred. It was easy to discern how every local reference delighted the assembly, whilst the adroitness of the lecturer in giving every one its place in the edifice of the general story and career he was illustrating was most gratifying to all intelligent hearers. The enthusiasm was great, and



the vote of thanks at the end was carried with the loudest demonstrations of hand and feet, whilst the audience on dispersing were full of congratulations on the success of the moment. As to the lecturer himself, although his right hand was not quite reduced to a pulp, it cheerfully took for about twenty minutes a continuous pressure, which must have made a very sensible impression upon it. If ever, I now felt inclined to be proud of the companion of my boyhood, and whispered to my friend Mrs. Maxwell by my side, as we looked upon the scene, that she was a happy wife. She appeared, however, to bear her honours with great modesty and subduedness.

Judging from the common experiences of life, I should have thought from what I witnessed, that a happy and brilliant career had opened before Paul Maxwell in the course he had entered. But alas ! to a great extent, this, too, is no exception to the general deceptive appearances of earthly things. When that evening, after the excitement of the day had subsided, we were quietly conversing in Paul's study, I found some reason to temper my sanguine feelings and modify my views upon the whole situation.

"You imagine," said Paul, "from such demonstrations, that one is triumphantly borne along, and that a glorious prospect must be before him. But I can assure you in this way of life it means little, and might, as to permanent success, mean nothing, and even worse than nothing. There is no use in trying to ignore it ; I have tried not to believe it, but stubborn facts are too convincing. You cannot assure yourself of anything future from the past in the Methodist itinerancy. When you take a surface view of things from outside, many things are hidden to you which are perfectly known to us. You would not, of course, know it, but behind the curtains even of this enthusiastic meeting to-night, there lies a good deal of what is the opposite of pleasant or hopeful. It was not without counter-propositions and numerous suggestions on the part of colleagues, not of the most kindly or charitable nature, that the stewards of the affair to-night, were able to carry out the project. One suggested, instead of a lecture by me, a meeting in which a number could speak ; and another, that if one were selected for a lecture or any prominent part, it should be the Superintendent, or somebody else, and not a junior ; and all sorts of things hinted at, that never would have come of themselves into the minds of the organizers of the scheme. I am sure I wish either of the alternatives had been adopted ; for although you saw there was general satisfaction to-night among the people, there is discontent in other, and for me, more important quarters. The result, I fear, will be heart-burning, hole-picking, and large discounting of the future to make it pay for the past. No doubt, my friend, this apparent success will cost me dearly."

"I grieve to hear it, Paul," I observed ; "but we have all sometimes to endure the evil effects of jealousy and envy ; but I should hope in Methodism, as in general life, things will in due

course rectify themselves, and men of real merit find their proper level."

"I am not so sure of that," he said. "It is quite true in the course of the world men meet with envy, malice, and all their consequent evils. They expect this, and learn to battle with the situation with some chance of success. But in a Christian society, especially a Methodist church holding the higher theory of religious life, in the first place, we are not apt to suspect as we do in the common world the existence and working of such evil passions; and when they actually come into play in our fraternal relations, they take us in a manner by surprise. Then, again, our preconceived philosophy teaches us, that should they break out among us, it would be an exceptional thing under momentary excitation, and would soon pass away. But here, too, we are at fault in our calculations; for we see jealousy ripen into envy, and envy grow into every unlovely temper, and every development of malice short of actual murder. There is pleasure taken in misrepresentation, detraction, and circumvention, and all the vices of thought, tongue, and action accessory thereto; and this often follows a man through life. It baffles, I say, all our Christian philosophy, and seems to blot out the line of demarcation between the Church and the world, which this fraternity of *perfect love* is all the while so fervid and emphatic in setting up. It is the contrast here which strikes. I avow, that I have and do know many men in the world, who make no particular profession of religion, yet exhibit a more thorough goodness of nature, and practice a higher morality, and appear to have a more practical and habitual reverence for Christian obligations than I have yet discovered in many high-sounding proclaimers of the 'New Birth,' 'Growth in holiness,' and 'Attained perfection.' It seems a hard thing to say, but is one to blind his eyes to the obvious teaching of experience for ever? I believe that men who are continually preaching what they either do not seriously attempt or find experimentally impracticable, deteriorate every day in true religious life, until they become the merest sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

"It is," I remarked, "a great question whether any good can result to morals from upholding a high doctrinal standard which it must be said uniformly breaks down in practice. I remember reading a remark of Dr. Chalmers to the effect, that they the ministers of Scotland had preached morality until the people had become immoral. So then you think, Paul, it is possible to preach perfection until both preacher and hearer become very imperfect."

"Precisely; my experience goes to prove that the real attainment in religious life is inferior in about the same proportion as, above a certain point, the theoretical standard is high. The kind of Christian moulded under high teaching is inferior to the one framed under a more modest, that is, I mean a more truthful and practical type. Depend upon it when once you get people fairly upon

the right road, upon simple elementary principles of Christian life, by keeping them up to these, they will reach everything really attainable beyond in this world, and will be better teachers of themselves as to what that is than all their instructors; whereas if their religious instincts, so to speak, are overreached by unsound teaching from the pulpit, they are apt to become spiritually confused and injured."

"Precisely, Paul; and it is not difficult to discern the philosophy of that; for if a person is constantly told to believe it a duty to be perfect, and all the while finds himself and others increasingly imperfect, that self-confidence necessary even to the Christian character, and that deep reverence for Christian teaching belonging to it, decline; and a certain element of religious disorganization or corruptive force of principle is introduced, the general effect of which is soon manifest."

"The fact is," Paul continued, "no human mind can bear the constant iteration of abstract sentiments of duty with which it finds itself in perpetual experimental conflict without coming to have an instinctive distrust in the truth and wisdom of such teaching; and hence it not only ceases to exert any good influence over it, but actually does the contrary by sheer palling upon and disgusting it."

"I recollect," I observed, "a clergyman under whom I sat for some time, who was so frequently preaching on the subject of charity, that his remarks at length not only had no weight, but I believe did positive harm to the cause of charity among his congregation; especially as it was felt that he himself did not, and in fact could not practise what he inculcated on others."

"And in like manner," said Paul, "Methodist preachers preach too much what they do not practise, and what their hearers do not give them credit for. Speaking for myself, I have had more annoyance and downright persecution from brethren of high professions of sanctity than from any others. You know the trouble I had in the North. That brother was a professor of perfect love, and yet was habitually overcome of envy, and played such bad parts as disgraced him for life, for which when irresistibly brought home to him, he whined and apologized to me in the district meeting, but immediately after seemed to repent it and assumed an insolent tone, as though by way of propitiating his offended pride, showing that his first repentance served him but for the occasion. Yet the leading perfect-love brethren thought they could not do too much to soothe his wounded vanity, by comforting, supporting, and advancing him, whilst they at the same time thwarted and frowned on me. Now I think that having been confessedly injured and entitled to effectual redress, I ought to have had it; at any rate the offender should not have been favoured at my further cost, and in a manner which could not but be offensive, and was no doubt intended to be so."

"Certainly not, there was not common justice in that."



"But," said Mrs. Maxwell, who was sitting with us, "you remember what my dear papa used to say, viz. 'that it never appears to be a first question in the Conference in any case what is strictly right, or, as to that, what is charitable, but what accords with the whim or expediency of the ruling clique;' a name, I recollect, he used to give to a few persons of his acquaintance who appeared to have got all the power in their hands."

"A very radical sentiment no doubt," interposed Paul, "but nevertheless, I am afraid, one that must be written down a fact in Methodist history as it now works."

"And I fear, Paul," the lady resumed, "that your troubles are not yet at an end, perhaps only just beginning. Mr. Nomb, I am told by my little bird, is much put out about this lecture, and did not speak very kindly of you the other day over it at Mr. Retwall's; and Mrs. Nomb cannot see why the stewards should have passed over Mr. Nomb, who she said was quite capable of giving a lecture. Mr. Oddy, too, your chairman, is said to be in close league with him, and there is something going on between them, but it is not known what."

Paul smiled and told me for my information, that Clara had a few fast private friends there who kept her pretty well informed as to how matters were going on in the circuit, and their information generally turned out correct. Nomb, he explained, was the superintendent, a little fussy, intriguing man, and as I gathered from what was said, very egotistic and liable to groundless suspicions against his colleagues: a most uncomfortable sort of man to be with. He had offended several of the leading people in that part very deeply by his general manner, and by certain actions and words which argued something more than defective judgment; and for the consequences he was prone to hold his colleagues indirectly responsible, and treat them with that coldness, suspicion, and exaggerated authority generally to be noted in official persons secretly conscious of moral and social weakness. Such characters never bear their official functions with grace, or with comfort and satisfaction to men of sense and intelligence by their side. Mr. Nomb, it appears, was in the habit of boasting in an unseemly fashion of numbers of "souls" that had been "converted" through his "instrumentality," and on one notorious occasion, in one of the leading Methodist homes, had expatiated so largely on his spiritual paternity, as to claim some "eight or ten clergymen of the Church of England," more or less known about that part, as among his spiritual children, whose "conversion," he said, was traceable to his own ministry. Such talk produced the very opposite effect to what Mr. Nomb intended, simply because people did not believe it, and were led to take such allegations of extraordinary usefulness, as the emanations of a diseased mind. "Even," said Paul, "if such things were true, they ought not to be talked of in that way; and would not be by any man worthy of a colleague's confidence and respect. But nothing can be plainer than that the man is under

some hallucination, or otherwise he would be a false and disreputable boaster in sacred things."

This, I thought, was taking a very merciful view of the case; and most likely from my inherent churchmanship becoming indignant at the idea of a Methodist preacher in these days claiming to have converted to Christianity some eight or ten worthy ministers in holy orders in my own communion, or from my natural disposition to call things by their right names, or probably from both, I could not but take a much severer view of the case, and define his actions and words by other terms. And in fact, from other revelations as well, I concluded in my own mind that Nomb, although a "superintendent" and "secretary of the district," was a very indifferent, or disrespectable sort of man.

Mr. Oddy—the Rev. James Oddy—was chairman of the district. From what I learnt of him, he must have been, to use the mildest term, a very "odd" individual indeed. After years of small and troubled ambition, fostered in a naturally restless mind, he had risen by accident into the high office he essayed. His learning was of no account, his talent was below mediocrity; but he was distinguished by *eccentricity*,—this simply: he was nothing if not eccentric. By this Mr. Oddy secured all the attention he ever had in the pulpit. To call into play the finer feelings of human nature, to inspire them through the grand themes of the Gospel with a heavenly efflatus, to shed upon the mind of the congregation something of the glorious radiance of the Paradise of God, did not seem to enter much into the calling of Mr. Oddy. Startling, if not very defensible paradoxes; cynical terms of Scriptural phraseology against Calvinists and Episcopalians, Quakers and Mormons; hard hits, almost personal allusion directed to members of his congregation who had offended him; anything that was queer, funny, witty, or at least that had the semblance of wit, and calculated to evoke a smile if it did not happen to evoke pity,—these were the things with which Mr. James Oddy sought to regale his congregation from week to week. In his official relations in the district, he was crotchety and capricious in the extreme, censorious and dictatorial to a degree which rendered him unbearable. Oddy and Nomb had some things in common; and although they never seemed to agree with anybody else, they could contrive to put their own horses together, provided they could get a common object to aim at,—that is, some person to worry that they both alike desired to annoy. They were never known to meet together for private prayer and religious intercourse for high Christian ends to be sought in the district. Whenever they were known to be sitting in conclave, it was well understood that some plot or conspiracy was being elaborated against somebody, to be carried into effect under ideas of their high authority.

Now it so happened that Paul Maxwell was also a district officer. Being located in a "district town," and having been considered by his district meeting in every way eligible and worthy, he had been

elected to two offices, as it would appear,—secretary to the department of Missions for the district, and secretary to the department of Education. These were increasingly important posts at that time, and gave to Paul position and influence in the district which he could not otherwise have had, bringing him into contact and correspondence with all the ministers and leading people of that part, whilst it made considerable demands upon his time.

To such men as Oddy and Nomb, the junior official could not but be an object of interest, even to the point of jealous care. Maxwell was talented, popular, and enterprising, and they watched his movements with a keen eye; and everything that transpired, in which he was concerned, they construed and endeavoured to direct according to their own policy. There was absolute truth in what Mrs. Maxwell had been told, “something was going on between them in reference to Paul.”

The latter himself had felt on several occasions that their united spirit towards him was not cordial or friendly. There seemed, he said, “a disposition to question everything he did without any apparent reason, and to depreciate captiously the effect of his efforts in his own departments.”

On the whole, after what I heard that night, I concluded that a wound had been inflicted on the sensitive nature of Paul Maxwell during his experience in Methodism, despite all outward seeming of success, which would not easily heal, and would be likely to lead to future consequences. When on the next day I reluctantly parted from my friends at the station, and bade them an affectionate adieu as the train glided out, I was left to many reflections which suggested certain ideas of their future, which have since been substantially realized.

## CHAPTER XII.

It is very evident that Paul had nothing sycophantish in his nature. There was no cringing reverence for office simply as such. In his opinion the character of the occupant gave all the moral force and effect to the office, and office without good manly official qualities in the person was degraded beneath respect. This being his view, it is not surprising that sometimes in his career he found himself in collision with meagre talent, captious tempers, and crotchety dispositions in official personages, which did not sort well with his own feelings and sense of propriety.

Much of this, however, Max could have endured in silence in his official superiors, Messrs. Oddy and Nomb, but that those gentlemen allowed their mutual jealousies and feelings in regard to the junior district official to grow into active hostility, which seriously interfered with the proper discharge of his then numerous and onerous public duties. Nothing is easier than for a person in



office, if he be so minded, to become an intolerable nuisance to a colleague, by a simple system of gratuitous fault-finding and bickering; altering or reversing plans for no earthly reason, except as a display of superior authority, and with a view of annoying and grinding down a subordinate, out of some evil disposition engendered perhaps by the accidental contact of minds differently constituted. Unless the superior officer be large-minded, generous, appreciative, and encouraging towards his subordinate, the latter is naturally disappointed and pained; and if, in addition to the absence of these fine qualities, there are actual and manifested narrowness, selfishness, and hostility, the situation becomes unbearable.

In such circumstances no doubt some young men would succumb: yield everything, even their own independence and self-respect, being overawed by the impertinence and terrorism of overreaching officials. But of such stuff Paul Maxwell was not made; and he determined to do his duty in the several offices he held, to avoid all offence, and if obviously offended against to call his assailants to account in a constitutional way. "Our unequalled and scriptural church, order and discipline," had often been the boast of the Methodist Conference, which annually in its addresses to all the societies, and in a hundred forms, piqued itself on its lofty purity of ecclesiastical government and disciplinary fidelity. By this it was always and everywhere assumed that Methodism, and especially the ministry, occupied a moral position unattained by any other Church. How far this was true, and how far it was mere spiritual egotism, originating inflated theories which found no strength of principle to carry them into practical effect, Paul had already had some opportunity of judging from experience. But fate destined him to have other and more important opportunities of putting this to the test, and of ascertaining by actual experiment, whether in the face of its own written laws the Conference practically considered its senior officials infallible, and allowed them a licence to run counter to its own rules and regulations at discretion, whilst they were to be applied with all rigidness to other members of the community. Maxwell could not for the life of him see why an improper, offensive, and ecclesiastically-speaking illegal act, should be allowed to pass unresisted and unrebuked in a superior more than in a subordinate or private member. This had often been alleged against the ruling powers of the body by reformers and agitators, that they used the laws of the community as it suited certain false ideas of Conservatism, which in their case amounted simply to a policy of expediency, applying or suspending the laws at pleasure. In this state of things, it had come to be looked upon as a hopeless task for a subordinate or ordinary private member to urge a complaint against a superior with success, however much he might have been oppressed and injured by him. Not only was it hopeless as to redress, but it had usually drawn upon the complainant angry retribution from the ruling clique, who seemed

in every such instance to apprehend danger to their absolute sway over the bodies and souls of their brethren.

Many a young man had been doomed to a life of penance in the itinerancy as cruel and torturing to the feelings, as the penance of a Hindu devotee to the body; had been sent to "penal settlements," to drag out a miserable existence in uncongenial climes and homes and circumstances, even to the premature death of wives and children and self, and nothing could ever save them from the blasting and destructive effects of ecclesiastical vindictiveness. Whenever the Conference in its annual revision of the stations were brought to a stand to fill up some outlandish station destitute of every convenience and comfort for a minister and his family, and requiring even more self-sacrifice, bodily and mental mortification than anything ever imposed on a monastic; places to which their own sons, or brothers, or favourites would never on any account be sent, the doomed, unhappy wight, the "marked" man was soon made to solve the problem, and protest as he might he must go. Yes, go—go to family misery and disorganization, and in many cases to certain death; for the itinerancy under such conditions considers neither family, nor health, nor life.

Paul Maxwell knew all this; he had seen it worked out under his own eye, and he had no reason to expect that he would fare better under similar circumstances than others had done. What then? Shall he submit tamely to ignorant, capricious, law-breaking officials, moved by personal feeling and animus, rather than by considerations of the public good? "Certainly not," said Paul. "I will stake my existence in this body, on bringing upon these men a just rebuke and censure for their impudent violation of all order and law, to say nothing of every principle of fraternal relationship. If these things can be tolerated, and there be no redress, as sure as my name is Paul Maxwell I will make it felt, even if I withdraw from the body as a testimony against it."

What "these things" of which Paul speaks were, and which he determined to have investigated, it would require a volume in itself fully to expound to my readers; together with the "great trial" in the Porthamoaze District. The great trial of Oddy and Nomb, instituted by Paul Maxwell, was the event of that year in the Porthamoaze District. That the defendants had burnt their fingers through an extraordinary conspiracy of temper against Paul Maxwell in the proper discharge of his duties as an officer in the district, appeared evident to every one who was informed of the facts of the case. But, said one of the stewards, "as sure as Mr. Maxwell lives, they'll drag them through it. The case is as clear as daylight, but you'll see Mr. Maxwell will not succeed, and I am afraid will suffer in consequence. He is a young man; they are older men, and the highest Conference representatives in the district, and depend upon it, whatever the weight of evidence, it will be so explained and construed or twisted, or set aside upon authority, as to shield them from actual punishment, which is

more likely to fall by indirect vindictive consequence on the head of the prosecutor."

"Never mind," said Paul to all this sort of remark, "I will seize this opportunity of testing the true character and tendency of Conference government in present hands. I have a clear case."

And so in fact he had, one of the clearest cases imaginable, of illegal proceedings in regard to himself and the offices he held, carried on with much personal offence and studied annoyance over a length of time, until the endurance of the sufferer was completely exhausted, and it became necessary, both on public and private grounds, to deal with the offenders.

That the action was well-founded was evident from the fact that Dr. Burnos, who was President that year, when the particulars were laid before him, was compelled, much against his own will, to admit a *primâ facie* case, and to convene a special District Meeting to try it, over which meeting he himself went down from London to preside. Maxwell could not hope much from President Burnos. He was the soul of Conference cliquism; and one of the firmest believers in the infallibility of office, and in the necessity of maintaining officialism in its full unquestioned integrity at every point. He had climbed up in the skirts of a greater man, all whose personal ambition and centralizing policy he inherited, without his talent for leadership or command. This was a sad falling off. The Tinguibunian party evidently felt it, but contrived to submit gracefully to what appeared to be the legitimate succession. In their eyes, however, Burnos had one great merit; he had been the most persevering and fiery pursuer of every brother supposed to be in any degree tainted with notions of Conference reform. This was quite sufficient to secure, in due time, his elevation to the Presidency.

In everything in any way interfering with the policy of centralization—which was so dear to the heart of Burnos—meaning as it did absolute control in his own hands, there was no man that could drive a stage-coach through an act of the Methodist parliament with greater coolness than he, or any that could display a readier ingenuity in that sophistical legerdemain, which to some minds makes black appear white, and *vice versâ*.

In this certainly he was clever, but somehow, no sooner was the performance ended and a moment gained for reflection, than the thoughtful listener perceived that he had simply been entertained with a series of juggling manipulations of known facts and circumstances. When Paul heard that Burnos was coming to the trial, he laughed and said, "I pretty well see the end, but I will give him a tough morsel."

Suffice it to say that the "tough morsel" was served up accordingly. The trial lasted three whole days. With strange freedom in a judge, Burnos in reality turned advocate; not that he cared about Oddy or Nomb so much as about what he called "the scandal



of assailing office." It was at this point where the shoe pinched Burnos. He came with a foregone conclusion. Nothing was to be *proved*, whatever the evidence; the conduct of the defendants must at all risks be excused and mystified by some kind of explanation. The ingenuity of Burnos proved equal to the occasion; the result being, that in connexion with a weak-minded and sycophant meeting, with but few exceptions, who took it as an undeniable fact that a "live president" was in their midst, he succeeded in saving Oddy and Nomb from the censure and punishment they so richly deserved. He, however, to save appearances, induced the meeting to record that at the same time they were unable to approve "of all that had been done," especially by Oddy, who in fact was the greatest rogue of the two, only because he was the higher in office and the more responsible. Paul announced his intention of appealing to the Conference against the finding, which Burnos admitted he had a right to do, knowing well enough that he himself would rule the Conference on an appeal, as well as the District Meeting on the first trial.

Such events as these could not but alienate Paul's confidence and sympathies from the Conference, and ultimately he determined to separate himself from it. Notwithstanding some earnest protests on the part of a few in the Conference, who saw the justice of the case, judgment had utterly failed, and malignant lawlessness, although it could hardly be said to have triumphed, had escaped with impunity. Paul Maxwell would no longer ally himself with such a condition of things, or longer remain exposed to the contingent and possible annoyances.

Another year or two, however, elapsed before the resolution was finally carried into effect; and, as told in the opening chapter of our story, I found Paul once more upon my wandering-path at the Kentish "Wells." By a singular coincidence, I was then present to hear the last sermon he ever preached within the pale of the Methodist Church, as I had heard, twenty-two years before, the first. It was attended by a sympathizing audience, who appeared fully aware of the causes leading to the event. Many were the hearty and tearful adieus; and the process, I could observe, was passed by Paul in considerable emotion. It was not before the ceremony was ended that he became aware of my presence. I saw the white-haired patriarch and his enthusiastic party from the country, whom I had fallen in with on my way to chapel, shaking hands with Paul, pouring blessings on his head, and wishing a thousand "loves" and comforts to Mrs. Max'ell and all the little Max'ells. It was a scene to be remembered.

It was the love and devotion of many of his people that constituted the great pain of secession; but then, as Paul said, he must in any case have left them according to the itinerant system.

Now, however, this endless change was about to cease with Paul Maxwell. Sixteen years of the constant attritions of public life in

Methodism had completely worn out his original purpose of living and dying in it. Paul had not tired of the work of preaching the Gospel, but had positively broken down under the inhospitable accidents surrounding a career in Methodism in what may be termed its inner life and relations.

One more turn in the kaleidoscope, and we see Paul settled in retired life in a comfortable suburban home in London. His health had somewhat suffered in the toils of the itinerancy, and rest was grateful.

His time is usefully employed in literary pursuits, the instruction of his children, the society of his beloved wife and friendly neighbours. Mrs. Maxwell declares that until now she never knew what it was to have a husband, and Paul declares he never before knew what it was to have a home. The latter, however, often feels an irrepressible desire to preach, and gratifies himself upon occasions. In fact, all the tendency of his youth, in this respect, is still so strongly with him that I shall not be surprised some day to find him again in harness.

Although resident, as we may say, in London, I am one of those who always seem "out of town." Thus it happened that for three long years I never saw my friend Paul, and then it was under the following circumstances:—Passing one day last summer through Newgate Street, and hearing that the trial of a notorious murderess was likely to be on at the Middlesex Assizes, I was curious enough to step in to catch a glimpse of her countenance. In this I was disappointed, as the trial was for the following day; but a more pleasing piece of luck awaited me. As I stood looking over the heads of a crowd of people into the Court and listening to the eloquent wranglings of a gentleman in wig and gown in a case of alleged attempt at murder and suicide, a stentorian voice in the corridor exclaimed, "Make way, make way for the Grand Jury; Foreman of the Grand Jury!" A lane was soon made through the throng; and, turning to witness the sight, whom should I see, preceded by an usher of the Court, and followed by the whole body of the Grand Jury, but my friend Paul Maxwell in the honourable place of Chairman, with a handful of documents—the last batch of indictments on which the jury had found their true bills or no bills. These were formally handed by the Chairman to the officer of the Court, who read out the findings in a loud and solemn manner. This done, the Judge, in a few complimentary words and formal thanks for "the great service freely done to their country," discharged the jury, which I could well perceive was an event highly acceptable to most of them. Paul and I were soon hand-in-hand; business was thrown up for the day, the remainder of which I spent for old acquaintance sake with my friends in the suburbs; and, after one of the pleasantest evenings of my life with them and the young folks, who had now grown up to be on terms of society—educated, accomplished, and musical—I left with the pictures of memory floating in my brain: the old preaching-room

at home, the boy-preacher, the student at college, the courtship, the marriage-day, the popular orator and lecturer, the busy but baited official, the victim of cliquish jealousy; yet, with all, the prosperous and happy domestic man, with a charming wife and family, the Chairman of the Grand Jury of Middlesex. If my readers will lay hold of the connecting and determining links in these several phases in the history of about one-half of an ordinary life, they may learn something more of the powers at work and the various contingencies possible in English society in the second half of the nineteenth century.



## MR. SHINDY'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### ON THE MAKING OF PRESIDENTS.

"If there is one thing I more greatly admire in the American system of government than any other," I said, continuing my conversation with General Squash and Mr. Vanderdoncken at Delmonico's, "it is the peaceable and orderly manner in which you every four years elect a President—a President who may have been born among the veriest dregs of the people, but who on election becomes the equal of the most powerful kings and emperors of the Old World, perhaps their superior, which I think he is."

"Ah!" said Mr. Vanderdoncken, "that is the very thing which we Americans don't admire, and which you will cease to admire also before you have been long amongst us."

"Precisely," said the general; "the election of a President is a bore and nuisance, and imperils the whole system of our government. Politicians are always thinking of the next presidential election; and the existing President, whoever he may happen to be, is always plotting, scheming, manœuvring, bribing, jockeying, and wire-pulling for re-election for a second term. I wish with all my soul the presidential office could be abolished, or merged in a council of ten senators, one of whom should retire annually in favour of a new candidate, to be elected by the Senate and not by the people."

"And so do I," said Mr. Vanderdoncken. "Under our present system we never have, and never can have the best available man for President. We are generally fubbed off with a nobody, simply because the somebodies are too able, or too honest, or have made too many enemies during an independent career, to be acceptable to the majority of knaves who have the conduct of these matters. Our actual President—who has turned out much better than could have reasonably been expected from his character and antecedents—owed his election, not to his own merits, but to his harmless insignificance, and the divisions among his opponents."

"Lincoln's not a bad man," said the general, "though he does sometimes attempt to palm off an old Joe Miller as a new story, and make himself the hero of it. And as we are talking of the

making of Presidents, I will tell you a story that Lincoln once told in my presence that illustrates the matter. I dare say Mr. Vanderdoncken may have heard it, but it will be new to our English friend; and if it be not positively and accurately true, it sounds like truth, and may well be so. Said Lincoln to Seward—they are great friends and cronies, though Seward likes his glass and Lincoln does not—and there were eight or ten of us present, including Mrs. Lincoln,—‘I had a visit yesterday from old Ephraim Tight. What do you think he wanted?’

“‘A place, I suppose,’ answered Seward.

“‘Right,’ continued Lincoln. ‘He levelled a long speech right at me, as if it had been a revolver, and said that it was all owing to his influence and exertions in his own State—Vermont or Rhode Island, I forget which—that I was elected President. ‘In fact, Mr. President,’ said he, ‘I made you.’

‘Well, I dare say you helped,’ said I, for I didn’t want to offend him; ‘but at least a thousand other people have told me the very same thing. So I’m not like the Universe, you see, for I have had many makers. But what can I do for you, Mr. Tight?’

“‘Well,’ said Tight, clearing his throat into the great presidential spittoon, that has done service for a quarter of a century in the White House, ‘I’m glad you recognize my claims so far as to ask the question. I should like to have the Collectorship of Customs for the Port of New York.’

“‘There were fifty thousand applicants for *that*,’ replied I, ‘and it was bespoke long before the election.’

“‘Well, then, the embassy to Paris,’ said Tight.

“‘Filled up long ago,’ replied I; ‘there must have been at least forty thousand applicants for that.’

“‘London will suit me equally well,’ said Tight, nothing abashed.

“‘Gone again,’ said I; ‘there were thirty thousand applicants, and there must have been twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine disappointed men, of whom two-thirds, perhaps, have learned to hate me ever after.’

“‘Any foreign embassy will answer,’ said Tight, ‘I’m not particular. London would have done best, as I don’t speak French; but as that is filled up, Berlin, Vienna, the Hague, Japan—anything you like.’

“‘All gone, and no chance of a vacancy,’ said I.

“‘Well, then, suppose you give me a Post-office?’

“‘All full at present, and likely to remain full until a new President shall make a clearance of the whole lot.’

“‘I don’t much like a lighthouse,’ said Tight; ‘it’s lonely work, and darnation ill paid; but I’ll rather take a lighthouse than nothing.’

“‘Mr. Tight,’ said I, giving his hand a hard squeeze, so hard that I made him wince. ‘I admire your perseverance. “Never say die” is clearly your motto, and half a loaf is better than no bread,

but I'm really sorry to say I have not even a lighthouse left for your acceptance.'

" 'Well,' said Tight, 'all I can say is that it's cussed hard that I should have worked so long for you and made you President without getting the least reward for my trouble. At all events, you can loan me a hundred dollars?'

" 'Indeed I can't,' replied I, 'I wish somebody would loan *me* fifty, for I'm hard up, ain't I, Seward?' Seward winked.

" 'The country's going to the devil,' said Tight; 'and what's the good of fighting for your party, if your party won't fight for you? Perhaps, however, you've an old coat or an old pair of boots you can give me?'

" 'I think I can manage the boots,' replied I; 'but I've an uncommon large foot, as you may see, and they mightn't fit.'

" 'Well, that's possible,' said Tight, 'and I think I'll take the coat.'

" 'And I sent him one to his hotel, and I heard that he immediately sold it for five dollars to the bar-tender, and spent the money in old Bourbon whiskey.'

" 'I've heard the story before,' said Mr. Vanderdoncken, "it's much older than Mr. Lincoln's Presidency, or Mr. Buchanan's either; but it is scarcely an exaggerated picture of the inordinate vanity and grasping rapacity of some of our professional politicians and wire-pullers. The fact is that our country is cursed with office-seekers of all ranks and degrees, loafers and scallawags, and fellows that, if they lived in Europe, would be tramps and paupers, but that here aspire to dignities and to live at the expense of the State. After the battle of Bull's Run, when there was such a disgraceful rush of our defeated and demoralized soldiers back to Washington, one of the officers said in defence of his men, that they were not whipped by the Southerners, but that somebody in the ranks having foolishly let out the secret that there was a vacancy in the New York Custom House, and the rumour having run through the whole army, the whole army turned tail towards New York, every man Jack of them hoping to be first in the field for the coveted place."

" 'This,' said I, "is not a favourable account of your countrymen, and I am sorry to hear it."

" 'Favourable or unfavourable, it's unfortunately too true,' said the general. "But still you must remember that this description only applies to the people of our great cities and that our rural population, the true backbone of our nation, are men of a very different stamp, and look upon a professional politician somewhat as they look upon a professional pickpocket."

" 'That's a comfort,' said I, "and I'm not going to think evil of America or the Americans on account of such exceptions as these. In fact liberty may have its disadvantages as well as despotism."

" 'But touching the ins and outs of a presidential election, and the *modus operandi* of making a chief magistrate out of a nobody, Mr. Shindy will have an admirable opportunity of studying the whole



subject in a week or two," said Mr. Vanderdoncken. "The Republican Convention meets at Baltimore, and I should strongly advise Mr. Shindy to be present at it."

"I am going on to Washington about that time," said the general, "and will escort Mr. Shindy, if he will permit me, as far as Baltimore, and introduce him to a few of the wire-pullers, who will let him see all that is to be seen, and tell him all that is to be told in the matter of a presidential election."

This was arranged accordingly, and so ended to me a memorable day at New York.

## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE WAY TO BALTIMORE.

WITH the usual aristocratic spirit of a travelling Englishman, who always thinks if he has any money in his pocket that he is to travel in a first-class carriage, I told General Squash on our way to the depôt, for that is the American name for a railway-station, that we should require two first-class tickets.

"There is no first or second class," said the general, "we are all equal in the cars; free and independent citizens, everybody's as good as everybody else, and a great deal better."

"General, excuse me for having given way to my aristocratic British prejudices. When I go home again, I shall make it a rule to travel third class if there be no fourth class, if it be but to show that I am a man of the people, and have travelled in a land of true liberty, equality, and fraternity. I admire the abolition of these class distinctions, and I don't see why, in fact, there should be first-class riding any more than there can be first-class walking."

"I don't quite agree with you," replied the general. "If we travel by steam-boat up to Long Island Sound, for instance, from New York, on the way to Boston, we can have a private state-room or cabin if we choose to pay for it; and I don't see why we should not have the same sort of privacy on board of the cars, if we wish to indulge in the comfort or luxury of being free of the society of rowdies. I like the European system (strong accent on the second syllable), and think ours bad. But you'll be able to judge for yourself before we get to Baltimore."

And so I was. We had not gone five miles on our way in the long car, calculated to hold about sixty people, and quite full, when a woman, I cannot call her a lady, very stout, very coarse, very ugly, and very vulgar, and I should say about fifty years of age, stopped at my seat—where I was conversing with the general, who sat alongside of me, chewing the quid of meditation in the pauses of our talk,—and said abruptly, "I want your seat."

I am an admirer of the ladies, a very great admirer of them, perhaps too great an admirer of them, and nothing gives me greater

pleasure than to be courteous and kind to them, and to do them any little service in my power; but I don't like to be dictated to. I like to offer my gallantry. I like to be mutely appealed to by a sweet creature in distress or discomfort, whose distress and discomfort shall be speedily banished, if in my power to banish them from the bosom of a gentle and confiding weakness. But to be commanded by an Amazon and a virago! no, that is not in the nature of John Abraham Shindy. I acted accordingly, and said, looking at this woman, who had the appearance of a cook or a scullery-maid,—

"Madam, I have found a place for myself along with my friend, with whom I wish to talk, and shall not resign it. If there is no place for you I am sorry, but I can't help it. Why do you not try in another car?"

"I want *your* place," she replied.

"Then you shall not have it."

"Really," said the general, coming to the rescue, "the nuisance of unwomanly women is intolerable in this country, and I applaud and support my friend in his determination to keep his seat."

A loud buzz of applause ran through the carriage as the general spoke, showing that the sympathy of the travellers was with us and not with the woman. She, however, defiant, insolent, and turning up her ugly nose, muttered something about brutal Englishmen, to which the general, a fine, imposing-looking man, standing straight up, replied, "Madam, I am not an Englishman, but an American, proud of my country, and my advice to you is to look about for a vacant seat and secure it for yourself for the remainder of your journey. And if my friend will retain possession of my place against man and woman during my absence, I will cheerfully endeavour to get accommodation for you in another car." The "person"—I don't like to call her a woman—had discretion enough to act upon his hint. The general went out with her into another car (the English reader should know that there is communication between carriage and carriage through the whole length of the train), and returned alone in less than three minutes, proclaiming loudly enough to be heard by all in our carriage, "that he had found a vacant place for her and made her comfortable." The announcement elicited a cheer for the general.

When he took his place beside me once again, he deplored that the unceasing gallantry of his countrymen to any one wearing petticoats had produced the worst results in the minds of vulgar women, and had made them vain, supercilious, insolent, and in one word unwomanly. "I can give my homage freely," he said, "but no one can extort it from me; and I hope my countrymen will sooner or later avoid the mistake of treating all women, whatever their culture or want of culture, as superiors. It is as bad to do so as to treat them like inferiors. A woman is man's equal—nor more nor less. If there are occasions when she is weaker, let it be the man's duty, nay his pleasure, his delight, to lend her the aid of his strength. I hate mock gallantry, just as I hate anything that is

mock, except mock turtle. The aristocracy of rank and privilege may or may not be bad, but the aristocracy of sex, in perversion of natural law, is intolerable."

As I agreed with the general and the general with me, we came to the silent conclusion, I suppose, for I know I did, that we were both very sensible people. But I could not help reflecting, nevertheless, that this stilted affectation of woman-worship was not a proof of a high degree of civilization, but of a stupid and uneducated youthfulness on the part of the Americans, only to be paralleled by the similar stupidity of a raw clodhopper of nineteen, who looks upon every woman as a goddess, even though she may be a brazen hussey, not fit to exchange a word with. Nothing to my mind is so beautiful as a kind, tender-hearted woman, young or old, who knows that God and nature have made man and woman for mutual support and comfort, and rendered it the man's supreme pleasure to be pleasant to her, and to be subdued not by her might but by her love, not by her arrogance, but by her quiet and unconquerable submission.

This episode ended, the general and I resumed our interrupted discourse on the subject of presidential elections.

"What," he suddenly asked me, "does it cost you in Great Britain to support the dignity of the throne? I mean, to support the royal household in all its state and ceremony?"

"Somewhere about 400,000*l.* per annum—rather less I believe—or about 2,000,000 dollars; and you," I added triumphantly, "only pay your President 25,000 dollars, about an eightieth part of the sum, and are better governed."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the general. "Leaving the question of good government, real or comparative, out of discussion for the present, let me ask you if it costs you anything to proclaim and receive a new Sovereign when the old one dies?"

"Little or nothing; only a few tons of gunpowder, idly exploded for the amusement of the vulgar, and a few flags and fireworks."

"Have you ever considered how much it costs the American people to elect a President every four years?"

"I have not."

"Well, it costs money; I suppose you understand that?"

"Perfectly; but it can't cost much."

"Can't it? I say it costs much—very much—and too much. We have from thirty-six to forty States in the Union, or had before the civil war, and may have again, and every State has to play its part in the great business of election, and pay for it. Who pays?"

"I don't know; the people, I suppose. Is the money raised by taxation?"

"By what I call voluntary despotism, or voluntary submission to despotism. I will explain what I mean. In forty States—each, perhaps, with a hundred or five hundred newspapers—every newspaper that supports the party candidates, or what is called the



‘party ticket,’ must receive the party’s advertisements, and somebody must pay for the said advertisements.”

“Well?” I said; “I await enlightenment.”

“And there must be immense quantities of printing for the issue of manifestoes and declarations, and the publication of speeches to aid the cause, and attacks upon the enemy, and immense numbers of public meetings, indoors and out, the hiring of halls and lecture-rooms innumerable, and the engagements of bands of music (we can’t elect without music), and speechification and jaw interminable, all of which has to be paid for by somebody! and every fourth year! You have none of that sort of thing in England, have you?”

“No,” said I mournfully, as a new light broke in upon me, “we have none of that. I see that a presidential election must cost a heap of money.”

“Yes, and a heap of ill-blood and ill-feeling besides, from all of which you happy Britishers are free. Your present Queen—a most estimable lady—has been twenty-six years on the throne, has she not? and has not cost the country anything beyond the usual stipulated and well-known allowance.”

“Not much,” said I, remembering that whenever one of the royal family, male or female, was married, Parliament had to provide an income and a dowry, in addition to the Queen’s salary, stipend, or allowance, whatever it may be called.

“Not much! But how much?” inquired the general.

“I cannot say.”

“Not 25,000*l.* per annum, taking one year with another.”

“No, I think not,” said I deliberately, and afraid of making a mistake that might be turned to my disadvantage.

“Well, then, your system, only considered in a financial point of view, is cheaper than ours. You pay your Sovereign 400,000*l.* per annum; we pay our President 5000*l.* But then it costs you nothing to elect or accept your Sovereign whenever death compels the change, whereas it costs us every fourth year a scandalously large and oppressive sum to elect a President.”

“How much?” I inquired.

“I should say,” answered the general, “about 40,000,000 dollars. I have heard it computed at that; but say 20,000,000 dollars. That would be 4,000,000*l.* sterling for the four years, or 1,000,000*l.* per annum. That is more than double yours, I reckon.”

“I reckon so too.”

“And then,” continued the general, “you pay your Senators and peers nothing, and your members of parliament nothing. We have to pay the members of all our local or State parliaments or assemblies, and we have to pay our members of Congress besides. So you see our Government car cannot be kept running under a cost at least three times as great as it costs you, to say nothing of the peace, or at all events the absence of commotion, which distinguishes your quiet hereditary from our troublesome and riotous elective system.”

"But how do you raise the money? I have not heard that explained," said I.

"I'll tell you," replied the general, "and it's one of the worst phases of our method of party government. Every man in the enjoyment of a place or salary, to which he has been appointed by party agency, must pay five, or ten, or even twenty per cent. of his annual salary when called upon, towards the expense of the party campaign. If he refuse, he is read out or drummed out of the party, and need never look for another chance of employment; if he do he certainly will not get it, and will have to betake himself to the paths of honesty, become a shoemaker or a tailor, or sweep a crossing, or die. He is a doomed man in party life, and can never again hold up his head among his fellows."

"But suppose he is too poor to pay this illegal tax, and have a large family to support: what then?"

"So much the worse for him. As he accepted the party profits, he must pay the party obligations, or take the consequences."

"I don't like the system as a whole, or in part."

"Neither do I," said the general, "and I greatly prefer yours; only, you see, we can't manage as you do. You are old in liberty, and we are young. We can't have a King, unless we set up a golden statue of George Washington and worship it, or accept it as a dummy President. For my part I wish to Heaven we could!"

"Or the Council of Ten," said I.

"Or the Council of Ten Senators," said he. "Every presidential election brings us to the verge of ruin. Happy England, to have no such nuisance!"

I was not so sure about the happiness of England, though very doubtful about the happiness of America—but I would not let the general see that my mind was wavering on the matter. My former opinions had received a rude shock, so I kept my thoughts to myself and said nothing, falling into a kind of reverie, from which the general did not seek to arouse me until we arrived at Baltimore.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE EVE OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

ON reaching Baltimore we drove to Guy's Hotel, a comfortable inn, on one side of a square, in which the Baltimoreans are accustomed, on great occasions, to hold their public meetings. I was fortunate enough to secure a front room, from the window of which, if any public meetings were held below (as there were likely to be), I could hear all the speeches and proceedings, as from a private box at the opera, without mingling in the crowd. I found this a very great luxury and advantage, and had much reason to be grateful to the general for his forethought.

New York was about equally divided in its sympathies between North and South. The educated and rich classes were all for the South; the multitude were all for the North. In Baltimore every body was for the South; a man with what was called Northern proclivities had no chance of a quiet life. The ladies, asserted to be the most beautiful in America, were all zealots for the South, and would not so much as look at a man, except with scorn and contempt on the tips of their noses, if he were even suspected of sympathy with "Lincoln and his myrmidons;"—so the phrase ran. Whenever the Northern general in military command of the place—Butler, I think his name was—walked up one side of the fashionable street, every lady shook her garments, as if to shake off pollution, and crossed the road to avoid him. No one asked him to dinner. No one would speak to him. He was a Pariah, to be avoided by the fair sex under penalty of the social ostracism of any merciful one, who in a weak moment condescended to pity his solitary misery. All this I soon discerned for myself. In Baltimore I was overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality. The fact that I was an Englishman was sufficient to secure me a cordial welcome wherever I went, which had not been the case in New York, where an Englishman seemed to be looked upon not alone with suspicion, but with positive dislike and aversion; and where, if a man were an Englishman, he endeavoured, as far as he could, to conceal the fact—or the fault—and to palliate and make excuses for it.

Here General Squash left me, after having consigned me to the care and the good offices, during my stay, of his friend Mr. Leander Slapp, a member of the Republican Convention, that was about to engineer the re-election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. Mr. Leander Slapp, like most of the professional politicians in America, was a lawyer, and accounted one of the best men in all the country at a buncombe speech. "Buncombe" was a new word to me at the time; but I soon learned to appreciate it, and to acknowledge the fact that there was quite as much buncombe in England as in America. Under his auspices I was to learn, and did learn, how Presidents were manufactured; with this difference between us, that he approved of the process, and that I didn't, as soon as I began to understand it. The second night after my arrival there was to be what was called a "mass meeting," in the square under my windows, and the speakers were to speak from a platform in front of the house of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, afterwards Ambassador to London. It was about the middle of June. The weather was almost tropically hot, and I sat at my open window in my shirt sleeves, behind the curtains, all unseen, and listening to the orators and the proceedings. It takes a deal of music to make a President, a deal of brass band and trumpet, and a prodigious grinding of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-spangled Banner," "John Brown's Body lies a-mouldering in the Grave," and other American tunes, upon organs and all sorts of instruments, before the full tide of oratory



can be turned on. But I liked it; it was liberty. It was a free country disporting itself in its own free way; a joyous democracy taking its pleasure in its own fashion, without any heavy aristocracy like a weight upon its back—or like the Old Man of the Sea or the Mountain upon the shoulders of poor Sinbad the Sailor, squeezing the healthy breath out of him by his insufferable weight? Why, I thought, should not democracy have its music as well as the aristocracy? Why should not the multitude rejoice and make merry? And why should not the making of a President stir up the crowd—to get drunk if it liked, though I do not approve of drunkenness—or to any uproarious glee that did not lead to the breaking of heads or the slitting of weasands.

My new acquaintance, Mr. Leander Slapp, was to speak on this occasion, and I laid myself out to listen to him, though I cannot conscientiously say that, when his turn came, I was very much rewarded for the patience with which I had anticipated his eloquence. That evening the flies—the common house-flies—supplemented by the abominable, the more than abominable, mosquitoes, were more than usually troublesome, and I was at times fain to shut the window, to keep out the intruders, so that at times I lost some of the eloquence, or some of the buncombe that came surging up from below. But one unusually long and loud burst of popular applause, intimating the presence and the approaching performance of a favourite, caused me to look from the window and to brave the mosquitoes; when, lo! my friend Leander Slapp stood upon the platform to “orate” and to “perorate” (I like these American words, and will do my best to make them English if ever I get again into Parliament). I don’t remember much of his speech. It was very well delivered, elicited frequent applause, and was all in favour of President Lincoln, the man in possession, and all against the folly, in Lincoln’s own words, of “swopping horses when you were fording a rapid stream.” Mr. Slapp was a war-zealot if ever there were one. He would exterminate every man, woman, and child in the South—he would lay waste the whole country with fire and sword—anything, everything, rather than suffer the disruption of the glorious Union. I was not sure whether I agreed with Mr. Slapp, for I thought of General Washington and his rebellion, and wondered whether Mr. Slapp would have supported George III. and Lord North in their stupid and vain attempts to coerce and oppress the Thirteen Colonies. Nevertheless I thought the American Union was worth preserving, as a protest, even if no more, against the aristocratic Government of England, that made every account of acres and no account of brains in the men that were called upon to administer its affairs. Mr. Slapp’s oratory had little effect upon me. It was buncombe, and buncombe only, what the Americans sometimes call “tall talk,” and what we in England sometimes call “sound and fury,” signifying nothing. But one little episode in it interested and affected me, and I have never forgotten it, or the effect it produced upon the crowd of listeners—five thousand of

them, if there were one—about an old Scotch woman at Cincinnati, in Ohio. “Gentlemen,” said Mr. Slapp, in words as correctly reported as I can remember, “the war we are now waging is a great and a holy war. It is a war for the existence of the greatest nation that has ever yet existed under the sun. If we are conquered, Liberty is dead. If we conquer, Liberty is won. If we are conquered, slavery will reign rampant, and the white man will be enslaved as well as the black. If we conquer, every man, every woman, every child, will be free, whatever may be the colour of the skin with which God and Nature has covered their muscles. We make war for the sake of humankind; to overthrow the rotten, effete, decaying old monarchies of Europe, where a man is not a man, any more than a ‘nigger’ has hitherto been with us. We make war to start humanity on a new and illimitable career of progress. Europe and Asia are dead or dying, America only is alive, and wretched old London will, in a few years hence, be as desolate as Nineveh or Babylon.”

“And sarve her right,” said a voice in the crowd.

“Right or wrong,” continued Mr. Slapp, “this thing will be. We are fighting the world’s battle. We are a people of heroes and heroines. Heroines did I say? Yes, heroines! I was in Cincinnati, in Ohio, three days ago, when I saw a heroine that might have put to the blush for her superior heroism all the Cornelias and other so-called heroines of antiquity. She was a Scotch woman, Macdonald or MacDougall, or some such name, a widow with seven sons, every one of whom had volunteered to fight the battle against the Southern slave-holders, and every one of whom had been killed, fighting gallantly in the ranks. The case excited much sympathy in Cincinnati, and the mayor and corporation, having passed a resolution to that effect, waited upon the old lady, to express their sympathy and condolence in the name of their fellow-citizens. ‘Weel! weel!’ said the old lady, wiping her eye with the corner of her apron, ‘they were bonnie boys, though I say it; brave boys, gallant boys; and I mourn their loss every day and hour of my life. But I have this consolation, they died in a great cause, a holy cause, and they will have their reward in heaven. The cause was so great and so holy, gentlemen, that if I had known this war was coming, I would have had seventeen sons, instead of seven, and given them all up, if necessary, to fight it out to the last.’ Was not this a heroine of the antique stamp?” inquired Mr. Slapp. And all the crowd shouted and roared, and leaped in approval, in rounds and rounds of applause, amid which Mr. Slapp descended from his pride of place and came up to my room to take a “cobbler;” that is to say, a sherry cobbler, which everybody knows now-a-days, and of which I need not explain the ingredients.

“That’s a good story of yours about the Scotch woman, Mr. Slapp,” said I.

“And a true story,” said he, “which all good stories are not. Our American women, native or imported, are the cream of creation,

especially if native. The imported women all become right under the operation and influence of our glorious institutions. We're a great people, sir."

"No doubt!" said I; "and, I hope, to be greater, if you don't split up."

"Split up!" he replied indignantly; "who's to split us? Not ourselves, I reckon. Not your country, I reckon! Not France, I reckon! though the Empire would like to do it. Not all the combined forces of the eternal Universe will ever split up the United States of America. You will come to the Convention to-morrow?"

I promised I would.

Mr. Slapp promised to call for me, and we parted for the night.



HON. JOSEPH HOWE,  
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

*In Memoriam.*

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THIS great colonial statesman, had he been born in the United States, would have been at least Vice-President; had he lived in England, he would have occupied a place beside John Bright in the affections of the British people. But he was born and lived in Nova Scotia; he ruled in the councils of his Province; he became a minister of the Dominion; and he came home to die the Governor of his native land. On the 21st of May last, writing of the death of another Canadian statesman, Sir George E. Cartier, I said, opening the article,—

“It is one of the finest and freest of public tributes to the wisdom and dignity of age, that we always unconsciously associate fulness of days with the names of our public men. When they come to die we are often surprised to find that they were so young.

“Take our present Governor for instance. To the now rising generation he seems a hundred years old. To one who

‘Comes as one whose thoughts half linger,

Half run before—

The youngest to the oldest singer

Our country bore,’

Mr. Howe seems a man of patriarchal age; for while this generation was in the nursery the public voice was repeating in different tones, in ‘fifty different sharps and flats,’ the political chorus of ‘Howe!’ ‘Howe!’ And the budding interest in public affairs which agitated the school-boy discussions was later quickened into activity with the same chorus of ‘Howe!’ ‘Howe!’ And all the fleeting months of youth, with its studies and pleasures, its conceits and ambitions, were saved from political forgetfulness by this same name of ‘Howe!’ ‘Howe!’ And in all the recent years which have added some of life’s responsibilities to the prepared energies of youth, no name has been more tossed about between contending parties than this of ‘Howe!’ ‘Howe!’ Till at last the clamour ceases as the founder of our constitutional system has added the roof and crown to his labours by becoming the Governor of his native land.”

It did not occur to me that within two weeks thereafter I should have the melancholy task forced on me of writing for Colonial readers in their own journals the obituary notice of Joseph Howe. Old, broken, dying as he seemed, when he took me by the arm and talked of my future at the railway station at Ottawa, ere he left the capital for Nova Scotia, he was yet so familiar a name, he was so

incorporated with the politics of the day and the history of his province that his death seemed a remote contingency ; it seemed as if he must never die, but must always be Joseph Howe, the man who in every household in the country was familiarly known, and in every public matter had a hand, in every dispute a part, and in every contest a species of candidature.

But the end has come for him. On Sunday morning, the first day of June, he yielded up his spirit. The "good grey head that all men knew" is low enough now. The tireless hand that performed so much labour as printer, journalist, politician, minister, lecturer, is powerless. The eloquent tongue is still. The eyes that sparkled so with the light of humour and the fire of genius are without lustre now. And the ears that for forty years had been so often filled with the plaudits of shouting thousands are filled ere now with dust. The wires carried swiftly to the Continent the news of his death, and those who were familiar with public events in the British Colonies knew at once that a very able if not a great man was dead. But it was in Nova Scotia that the sense of loss was most manifest and the regret greatest. The news of his death was known at once almost in the country towns ; it spread rapidly to the remote villages, and everywhere there were regretful and kindly words spoken, and even manly tears shed, in memory of Joseph Howe. Those who had followed him to the end politically, sometimes against their better judgments, found themselves somehow justified in his death and at his grave. Those who had opposed him while loving him felt many a pang of regret that, even with a patriotic purpose, they gave pain to the latest years of the once popularly worshipped man. The farmers driving along the country roads stopped each other to tell anecdotes of his contests and to lament with each other his passing away. The tiller of the soil driving a-field had his mind full of that strangeness that comes over one on hearing of the death of a great, familiar man. Those whose thresholds he had crossed in his canvassings, and by whose fireside he had made himself at home recalled his humour, his kindness, his sympathy, his winning ways, his many stories that he told them as the night deepened and the logs in the chimney grew dark towards the hour of retiring. And I need hardly speak of the regrets of those who during many years were aided by him who never aided his own very much, who have lived in positions in which he placed them, and had a quietude in the public service which he never had till it came to him for a few weeks at the last, a premonition of the quietude of the grave.

Between birth and the grave Joseph Howe passed sixty-nine years. He was born in a cottage on the banks of a beautiful arm of the sea, which runs in behind Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and in the invigorating air of the place and amid all the pleasant possibilities of healthful exercise he laid in that stock of health which enabled him to endure for so many years the severe public labours which he took upon himself.

Concerning the origin of the Howe family (to which he referred at length in an oration delivered in the United States at a great Howe gathering a few years ago) he said, in a speech delivered at Southampton in 1851, when he went to England to impress upon the Government and the people the necessity for aiding the railway policy of the colonies,—

“During the old times of persecution, four brothers, bearing my name, left the Southern counties of England, and settled in four of the old New England States. Their descendants number thousands and are scattered from Maine to California. My father was the only descendant of that stock who at the Revolution adhered to the side of England. His bones rest in the Halifax churchyard. I am his only surviving son; and, whatever the future may have in store, I want, when I stand beside his grave, to feel that I have done my best to preserve the connexion he valued, that the British flag may wave above the soil in which he sleeps.”

His wish was fulfilled; and in further fulfilment of what was the passion of his lifetime, the desire to preserve the Empire intact and to live always under British banners, he now sleeps himself in earth over which the British flag still floats, and over his grave will be wafted, morning and evening, the sounds of the martial music of England.

Mr. Howe's early education was not an eminently scholastic one; he had to go several miles to school in a time when school-teaching was not a very elevated occupation; and all that he possessed of culture and knowledge of “sweetness and light” he owed not to schools or colleges, but to the conversations and instructions of his much-loved father and to the passion for books and study with which nature had happily endowed him. He began to work early. At the age of thirteen he entered into the *Gazette* office to learn the trade of a printer, and for ten years he worked at the case, distinguishing himself somewhat and teaching himself a great deal more by actual hard practice in composition of verse and prose printed anonymously in the provincial papers. In 1827 he purchased a paper called the *Chronicle*, changed its name to the *Acadian*, and took his first step towards public life. Within a year he sold out the *Acadian*, and took up the *Nova Scotian*, which had been established for some years, and had been edited by the first talent of the time in the province. He was a very young man, and people thought it would not succeed; but it did; and for many years the *Nova Scotian* contained an amount of eloquence, ability, force, and knowledge unsurpassed, I venture to say, by any similar newspaper of that date in Britain. Young Howe worked like the conventional “nigger,” day and night, reading, writing, reporting, compiling, canvassing, and doing all in his power to make his paper successful. This work was continued for seven years—years that saw his self-education enlarge, his tastes improve, his style grow more polished and vigorous, and his views more settled and independent; for one thing he became very early a warm free-trader, at a time when men were shy of committing themselves to what was then a rather novel theory. During these active years Mr. Howe's name became fami-



iar, and his paper popular. All the public questions of the day, the privileges of the House of Assembly, the depreciation of the currency, and the Customs' laws were treated in his paper by Mr. Howe with an ability that shone conspicuous above even the ablest of an able set of thoroughly educated and polished politicians. As a matter of course so active a journalist must necessarily have made enemies. There were all sorts of abuses in a city which was governed and affairs which were administered, by men not responsible to the people; and Mr. Howe published a letter on these abuses which so incensed the authorities that they had him indicted criminally for libel at a time when the law of libel was in a disgraceful state of unfairness. He consulted the lawyers; but they told him his case was hopeless. His proceedings then may be best told in his own lively and characteristic language:—

“I asked them to lend me their books, gathered an armful, threw myself on a sofa, and read libel law for a week. By that time I had convinced myself that they were wrong, and that there was a good defence if the case were properly presented to the court and jury. Another week was spent in selecting and arranging the facts and public documents on which I relied. I did not get through before a late hour of the evening before the trial, having only had time to write out and commit to memory the two opening paragraphs of the speech, all the rest was to be improvised as I went along.”

The speech which he delivered on the occasion of his trial is published in full in his “Life and Letters.” It is a wonderful “first speech” for a young and untried man. It contained all the qualities of the lawyer, the politician, the orator, the poet, the humourist. I might cull from it passages which are unsurpassed in their way. I shall make only two extracts. The first is a specimen of the humour that crops out continually in all his speeches. It is a description of the frauds practised on the county of Halifax by the irresponsible and corrupt keeper of Bridewell:—

“When this man and his family walked abroad their feet were protected by the county; when they gave an entertainment Cain was despatched from Bridewell with the celery; when they were disposed to enjoy the luxury of the bath the county furnished the tubs; and even the melody of Miss Roach's canaries was breathed through the cages manufactured at the public expense. They had, some time ago, a poet in Bridewell, and I am inclined to believe, although without access to the document I would not state it as a fact, that he was fully employed in writing sonnets for the family album. If you send me there I shall be compelled to print him a newspaper for nothing, and then the list of his luxuries will be pretty complete. I am afraid, however, that he did not anticipate this day. He never imagined that this ‘Tale of a Tub’ would have such a general circulation; he never dreamt, when retiring to the bath, that he was really ‘getting into hot water.’ Before we are done with him I fear he will be in condition to take what poor Sardinia used to call ‘one vapour bath.’”

And putting aside the temptations which press upon me, I confine myself strictly to this striking passage concerning the liberty of the press:—

“If for a moment I could fancy that your verdict would stamp me with crime, cramp my resources with fines, and cast my body into prison, even then I would endeavour to seek elsewhere for consolation and support. Even then I would

not desert my principles nor abandon the path that the generous impulses of youth selected, and which my riper judgment sanctions and approves.

"I would toil on and hope for better times, till the principles of British liberty and British law had become more generally diffused, and had forced their way into the hearts of my countrymen. In the mean time I would endeavour to guard their interests—to protect their liberties; and while Providence lent me health and strength the independence of the press should never be violated in my hands. Nor is there a living thing beneath my roof that would not aid me in this struggle: the wife who sits by my fireside, the children who play around my hearth, the orphan boys in my office, whom it is my pride and pleasure to instruct from day to day in the obligations they owe to their profession and their country, would never suffer the press to be wounded through my side."

The result of the trial was the acquittal of Howe, and his acquittal was hailed with an almost national rejoicing.

From this period the events of his life began to accumulate, and the net of political life to tighten about him. The student of his career may find much to interest and instruct him. Nova Scotia had not a mile of railway in 1835. Howe advocated the building of what was known years after as the Windsor line, and which forms now the connecting link with the Intercolonial between Halifax and the Continent. The Legislative Council of the Province sat with closed doors, were appointed by the Crown, and were entirely irresponsible, haughty, and unpopular. Howe, in aid of others, attacked the system and the Council, and, after a hard and violent fight, in which were lavished such stores of learning, oratory, and wit as seem ridiculous by contrast with the object the agitators wished to accomplish, but such as no other colony of the Empire could show in the speeches of its public men,—the Huntingdons, Archibalds, Haliburtons, Blisses, and Wilkinsons of Nova Scotia were in that early time men of refined education, cultivated intellects, and practised ability, and Howe became ere long the noblest Nova Scotian of them all,—after a fierce fight the Assembly triumphed, and the doors of the Council were made open to the public, who from that day to this, content with the theoretic privilege they had obtained, never darkened the doors of the Council in numbers greater than might fill a sentry-box, except on the occasion of the opening of the Legislature, when beauty came to "rain influence" for a brief moment on the legislative throng.

Out of Howe's victory over the corrupt municipal officers of Halifax rose his agitation against the form of our constitution. The Legislative Council (the Lords) were chosen by the Crown, and generally were mere favourites and persons residing in the capital. They opposed the wishes of the Assembly; they prevented the establishment of proper customs' laws, and they were besides a body almost entirely chosen from the Episcopal Church, which was in a small minority in the Province—about one-fifth of the whole population. Moreover the Episcopal Bishop had a seat at the Council Board, while the Catholic Bishop was excluded. Family connexions monopolized most of the power and offices. The Chief Justice was a member of the Council of the Governor, and this



body held their seats for life. Against this system Howe moved twelve resolutions, and spoke many times and wrote very much; and, after many years, he had the satisfaction to see his plans accomplished, and to feel that he had been foremost in the work of accomplishment. He won for Nova Scotia the boon of constitutional government.

From the very first he led an active existence; and the student of his life will find him early in his political career ever at the head of every movement agitating for constitutional government, defending the Province from imputations of disloyalty during the Canadian troubles of 1836-7, travelling and joking with "Sam Slick," addressing public meetings, entering the ministry, winning the speakership, going abroad to obtain aid for the Intercolonial Railway; in fine, leading the very active life of a Colonial politician. In these early years he laid the foundation for nearly every great political movement that has since taken place. Freedom of trade with the other Colonies, and with the United States, the necessity for aiding British emigration to Canada, the Confederation of the British North American Colonies, the ORGANIZATION OF THE EMPIRE,—all the ideas and arguments that have since been used and developed on these grand subjects, were chiefly furnished by Joseph Howe, the printer's apprentice. Hear him as he talks concerning the carelessness with which British politicians treated these Colonies:—

"When I have seen them quibbling with the great questions of a surplus population, mendicancy, and crime, I have asked myself, Do these men know that there is, within the boundaries of the empire, within ten days' sail of England, employment for all? freehold estates for all, with scarcely a provocative to crime? I have often thought, sir, how powerful this empire might be made, how prosperous in peace, how invincible in war, if the statesmen of England would set about its organization, and draw to a common centre the high intellects which it contains.

"With our maritime positions in all parts of the globe; with every variety of soil and climate; with the industrial capacity and physical resources of two hundred and sixty millions of people to rely on; what might not this empire become if its intellectual resources were combined for its government and preservation? If the whole population were united by common interests, no power on earth ever wielded means so vast, or influence so irresistible. But, sir, let the statesmen of England slumber and sleep over the field of enterprise which lies around them; let them be deluded by economists who despise colonists, or by fanatics who preach peace at any price with foreign despots; while no provision is made to draw around the throne the hearts of millions predisposed to loyalty and affection; and the results we may surely calculate. Should the other half of this continent be lost for the want of forethought and sound knowledge, there will be trouble in the old homestead, 'Shadows, clouds, and darkness,' will rest upon the abode of our fathers; the free soil of England will not long be unprofaned, and the gratitude of Turks, and the friendship of Austrians or Republican Americans, will form but a poor substitute for the hearts and hands that have been flung away."

And again hear him as he declaims against the policy which called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old—while neglecting to preserve and ensure that other Balance of Power in America:—



"England's hour of extremity should never be our opportunity for anything but words of cheer and the helping hand. But, sir, come peace or war, it is the interest of England that the truth be told her. Is the balance of power in America an unimportant consideration, and how is it to be preserved, except by preserving that half of the continent which still belongs to England? and that can only be done by elevating the inhabitants of these Provinces in their own opinion, and in that of the world at large."

To elevate the colonist into a subject of the *Empire* was a constant object with him, and all his speeches are full of his pride of his citizenship of the British Empire. He says, addressing the Speaker of the Nova Scotian Assembly,—

"Believe me, sir, that my obligations to my sovereign as her sworn Councillor, to the head of the Government as his constitutional adviser, and to the party with which I act, press heavily upon me. But yet, rising with the magnitude of this great theme, I shall endeavour to catch its inspiration; remembering only that I am a Nova Scotian, the son of a loyalist, a North American, a true subject of the Queen, but one whose allegiance, to be perfect, must include every attribute of manhood, every privilege of the empire."

But his loyalty never made him forget the wisdom of conciliating the good-will of the Americans; and in his several visits to the United States he made many speeches which were well received. At one of these semi-festive occasions he said,—

"Our fathers carried the Red Cross Banner at the Crusades, flaunted their red and white roses in each other's faces at the civil wars; and at Agincourt, Crecy, and Poitiers, bent their bows and wielded their battle-axes for the honour and to the eternal glory of 'our mother country.' In the struggles of the Reformation, and in the later civil wars, you had your share. At Ramillies and Oudenarde, and at Quebec our ancestors fought side by side. Marlborough and Wolfe are yours; Shakspeare and Milton and Spenser are yours; Russell and Hampden, and even Chatham are yours. We have common lot and part in all the great names that emblazon a common history and have enriched a literature that we cannot divide.

The dates of his official positions are given in the Parliamentary Companions and other semi-biographical books of the day. He was a member of the Nova Scotian Assembly from 1836. He was Speaker from 1840 to 1841. He was Collector of Customs for 1842-3. He was Provincial Secretary from 1848 to 1854, and from 1860 to 1863. Political events of a local kind threw him out of public life till 1866, when he began one of the most stormy and unfortunate periods of his political existence. It was at that time that the Union scheme was prepared at Quebec, and the Nova Scotian delegates came home to prepare to pass the measure in the legislature, which it was proposed to do without an appeal to the people. I well remember the anxiety which people felt concerning the probable action of Mr. Howe. He had been silent for a long time; and his silence was felt to be very unworthy of him. There was relief, even among those who were deeply disappointed in him, when he took the first step in that opposition to the Union which carried with him once more, this time not so happily perhaps, the whole province of Nova Scotia. It was at one of the earliest public meetings in Halifax that he first declared himself the anti-confederate leader. Dr. Tupper was speaking, and was comparing the

opposition to the union of the colonies with the opposition to the less beneficial Act of Reciprocity with the United States, when Mr. Howe rose and said that he had not opposed the Treaty on its merits, but on account of its having been negotiated by Lord Elgin "without a Nova Scotian at his side to give counsel or advice." This evident reference to the acts of the delegates who proposed to have the Act of Union passed without an appeal to the people was received as an intimation of his hostility, and greeted with a great burst of mingled surprise, pleasure, and resentment. In the subsequent election (after the Act had been passed, however), Mr. Howe was so powerful a leader and was so well supported that only one of the Union members was returned to the first parliament.

Mr. Howe was, in the two years that followed the opening of the anti-confederate agitation, led into courses that perhaps his better judgment disapproved of, and became the advocate of schemes that were dangerous and impossible, and the author of sayings that seemed strange to come from so loyal and peaceful a man.

The end of the agitation had been reached, however, almost within a year, and after the first flush of victorious excitement in opposition to the grand Confederation scheme had passed away, he saw that he had acted out of harmony with his whole life's history; and in 1869, after making favourable financial terms with the dominion for the province, he accepted a seat in the Cabinet of Canada. Not his leaving, but his joining the anti-confederate agitation was his fault. He made a great mistake when he entered on his anti-confederate career, and the reparation of his mistake cost him very dearly in the loss of many friends and supporters. But he had the satisfaction of seeing that the main body of the most intelligent public men of Nova Scotia followed his example without delay, and entered into an unwritten compact to support and develope, to strengthen and defend the union that was not to be destroyed, and that had even within three years proved beneficial instead of ruinous. Since 1869, when he accepted a cabinet office, he had been elected twice—the first time over a man in whose favour all the political and mercantile weight of the great anti-confederate party had been thrown (a fact which shows clearly how deeply-rooted was his popularity), and the second time by acclamation. His health began to fail, however, from the time he went to live at Ottawa, and even his intellect seemed less active than of old. Age had come on; violent party struggles, with rough journeys, fierce debates, and severe exertions of mind and body, had proved too much for Joseph Howe, and for two or three years past he had been compelled to leave the arena, and let the younger men wield their weapons—not *his* weapon, none of them could wield that—in the contests in which he had early won his spurs, and long remained a famous man and a conqueror. For a year past it had been rumoured that he would be the Governor of Nova Scotia on the close of the term of Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, our last Military Governor. From some not uninfluential quarters there came opposition, but the heart of the

country fairly beat responsive to the language of those who said, "Yea, let the veteran have honour and peace after his hundred fields; let the Man of the People be the Governor of the People; let the Nova Scotia boy, who went to the printer's case at thirteen, and who fought so well for his country, have at last, ere the end, the highest place which the Province can give him." This was done; and but four weeks ago this day, as I write almost, Mr. Howe came to Nova Scotia its Governor. Without having taken part in one public ceremonial, without having appeared once in his official capacity in public, without having left more than his name on record as Governor of Nova Scotia, he passed away from among us. Of his rank as a statesman, his eloquence as an orator, his capabilities as a poet (which were great in their way), his style as a man of letters (he wrote the finest oration on Shakspeare, on the occasion of the Tercentenary celebration, that was published on this side of the Atlantic or the other side either), I have left myself no space to speak. It is enough for the present that I have recorded imperfectly and baldly the chief events of his life.

Over his grave many tears were shed, many faults forgiven him, many a kind word spoken. The memories of many who followed him to the grave went back over a quarter or half a century and recalled the time when they cheered, loved, and honoured him; and for the sake of what was noble and brilliant in that old time, for the sake of the mutual co-operation, the friendly intercourse and the enthusiastic admirations of the long past, forgot the strife, the anger, the harshness of the struggles that have just terminated, and the time that has but just gone by. And if one of the old men and reverend who followed the hearse to the grave should have desired to suggest to the younger men who joined in that sad procession any sentiment appropriate to the occasion, perhaps in all the writings of the dead he could find nothing more appropriate than these lines from a poem written by Joseph Howe in 1854:—

"The Roman gather'd in a stately urn  
The dust he honour'd—while the sacred fire,  
Nourish'd by Vestal hands, was made to burn  
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,  
*Honour the dead*; and let the sounding lyre  
Recount their virtues in your festal hours;  
Gather their ashes; higher still and higher  
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,  
And o'er the old man's grave go strew your choicest flowers."



## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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May 17th.—The death of John Stuart Mill is announced, at Avignon. He left England recently in excellent health, and purposed making a tour in Russia during the present summer, and his unexpected death has greatly moved his many admirers and friends, and, indeed, all intellectual and literary circles in Europe and America. As is well known, Mr. Mill represented Westminster in the late Parliament, but was defeated by Mr. W. H. Smith, the eminent bookseller and news vendor of the Strand, at the last general election. The truth is, however, that Mr. Mill did not make a good member of Parliament, and his very advanced views on social questions staggered sober-minded men of all parties. Of Mr. Mill's books his "System of Logic" has always been the most popular—it is now in its eighth edition; but it is stated on authority that his return for Westminster increased greatly the sale of this, and, indeed, of all his works. Mr. Mill's correspondence was extensive and various, and efforts are being made to collect it with a view to publication. Some very remarkable letters are said to have passed between himself and Auguste Comte respecting women. Mr. Mill, as is well known, had an exalted opinion of the sex, and Comte controverted it by maintaining that "the intelligence of women amounted at best to only a small instantaneous sagacity." Mr. Mill had also a long correspondence with M. de Tocqueville on political questions, and it is hoped that the letters of both are extant. The place which Mr. Mill will take in the ranks of literary men of fame must, however, be decided by posterity. At present society is too much divided between those who revere his memory highly and those who love it not. The author of his obituary notice in the *Times* (Mr. Hayward, Q.C.) thinks that "to class him with Locke, Bentham, Adam Smith, or Malthus is preposterous." Meanwhile a committee, of which the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyll, and the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lords Derby and Russell are prominent members, and which comprises Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Professors Jowett, Huxley, Bain, and Cairnes, Mr. Lecky and Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, with Sir John Lubbock for its treasurer, and Messrs. Arthur Arnold and W. T. Thornton for its honorary secretaries, has been formed "to consider the most fitting mode of expressing the national respect for the memory" of the departed Thinker and Philosopher. It is pleasant to find amid this contro-

versy an ardent friend and admirer of Mr. Mill paying a just tribute to his private worth and kindly disposition. After record of a pleasant day spent with the great philosopher in making the descent of the Asian Olympus, "with views at every opening over the glorious plain of Broussa, with the Sea of Marmora gleaming in the distance, a sight comparable only to the oasis of Damascus," he gives an account of their table-talk, and says, "Very false will be the conception of Mr. Mill if he is thought of only as the dry logician and political economist. In him a tender and passionate heart was united with a splendid intellect. But was it not necessarily so? For truth and justice were at once the great aim of his intellect and chief feature of its results. And is truth and justice possible without the large-heartedness of love?"

May 20th.—At 47, Welbeck Street, the Hon. Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart., Minister of Militia and Defence in the Dominion of Canada, aged 57. He had recently come to England for the benefit of his health, and, under medical treatment and a careful regimen, had so far improved that he had arranged his passage to Canada in the mail steamer of the 29th of the month, which, however, was destined to carry his remains. A week before his death Sir George suffered a relapse, and sunk rapidly under his ailment—disease of the kidneys. Sir George Cartier was descended from a brother of the celebrated navigator Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, to whom the honour belongs of having discovered Canada. The nephews of the discoverer finally became residents of the colony which their illustrious uncle had added to the kingdom of France, settling at St. Antoine, on the Chambly River, Lower Canada, since the residence of the family. From one of these nephews the late Minister was descended, and he was born in his native parish of St. Antoine in 1814. Having been educated for the bar, Mr. Cartier early in life applied himself to the reform of the law with respect to the status of French Canadians in their own "old country," allying himself with Monsieur Papineau, the acknowledged champion of that proscribed race, whose then position is thus described by Morgan in his "Celebrated Canadians :"—

"In 1832 the population of Lower Canada was about 500,000, of whom 425,000 were of French descent and spoke the French language, while the remaining 75,000 comprised the whole English population; yet the latter monopolized 157 offices, while by the former only 47 were held, and these were generally of an inferior order, which often made the holders dependent on the race which monopolized nearly all the principal situations. Of the judges only three were French, although in the seigniories the civil laws of France were in force, and with these English judges were necessarily but little acquainted. The practice once resorted to by James I., of interrogating the judges in private upon cases on which they would afterwards have to adjudicate, was frequently resorted to, and it was complained that a disposition was shown to screen criminals who had rendered themselves conspicuous in the service of the Government. As late as 1843 only four French judges occupied seats on the bench of Lower Canada, and one of these, Judge Vallieres, had only been appointed second judge in Quebec by Lord Gosford. Before then, Quebec, Montreal, and

Three Rivers districts had each but one French Canadian judge to administer French law—Panet, Bedard, and Rolland. An attempt was made to impose upon the French Canadians the English law of primogeniture (which has since been abolished even in Upper Canada), dowry, and several other customs that were repugnant to the great majority of the population. Lord Gosford was probably, to a certain extent, duped by the pretence of the oligarchy that the preservation of British interests required the systematic exclusion of French Canadians from real legislative influence or executive position; and, as if he expected to conciliate the proscribed race by the most transparent of expedients, he procured the appointment to the Legislative Council of a few persons who had been favourites of the people and leaders in the other house. But when they found that the number of those who had received such appointments was so small that they were rendered powerless by the superior number of the props of the oligarchy, they resolved to abstain from taking part in the proceedings of the Chamber of which they were members. The judicial and legislative functions were united in the persons of some legislative councillors; aliens were, contrary to the constitutional Act, appointed to that Chamber; pluralists grew fat on public plunder; and partisan returning-officers attempted, but in vain, to force unwelcome representatives upon the people. To the exertions of Lord Durham is due the change of system which had produced such a numerous train of evils, culminating in insurrection both in Upper and Lower Canada. His report, as High Commissioner for inquiring into the condition of the country, dealt the death-blow to the oligarchy. In 1841, seven years before M. Cartier entered Parliament, responsible government had been established. In 1848 he was first elected for the county of Vercheres, succeeding the Hon. Mr. Leslie, whom the Crown had appointed member of the other Chamber. M. Cartier continued to represent that constituency until the general election of 1861, when he contested Montreal with the leader of the *Rouge* or Lower Canada Opposition Party, M. Dorion, who had hitherto always been returned for that constituency with tremendous majorities, and defeated every candidate that could be brought against him; after a hard struggle the victory was declared on M. Cartier's side. This has been declared the greatest election triumph ever achieved in Canada, giving, as it were, the death-blow to the Lower Canadian oppositionists. At the election in 1857 he contested Montreal as well as his old constituency, and although he did not secure his own election for the city, his object in standing a double contest was generally considered to have been secured in the defeat of Mr. Holton. On the 25th of January, 1856, M. Cartier was first appointed to a Ministerial office; he became Provincial Secretary in the McNab-Tache Ministry. On the 24th of May, 1856, he succeeded Mr. Drummond as Attorney-General for Lower Canada, on the formation of the Tache-Macdonald Ministry. In November, 1857, he became leader of the Lower Canada section of the Government, the Hon. J. A. Macdonald becoming Premier, and the Ministry, under its new phase, being known as the Macdonald-Cartier Ministry, which in 1858 became the Cartier-Macdonald Administration."

The prominent features in the programme of this Government were, the Confederation of the British North American Provinces (for the first time adopted as a part of the policy of a Canadian Government); the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, and the maintenance of the Queen's decision in favour of Ottawa as the permanent seat of Government of Canada. Mr. Cartier came to England in 1858, to bring the two first-named schemes under the attention of the Imperial authorities, as a means of settlement of the vexed constitutional difficulties which then existed in the Province of Canada; also the question of the acquisition by Canada of the Hudson's Bay Territory. The suggestions contained in the letter addressed at that time to the then Secretary of State for the



Colonies (the late Lord Lytton) by the delegates, constituted the basis of the policy of the Canadian Coalition Government of 1864, formed for the purpose of securing the Confederation of British North America. Mr. Cartier was made a member of the Queen's Privy Council in Canada, and appointed Minister of Militia and Defence in 1867, and created a Baronet of the United Kingdom August, 1868, in which year he again came to England to confer with the Government respecting the defence of the Dominion and the acquisition of the North-West Territory. To dwell on the legislative achievements of Sir George Cartier would be to write the history of Canada during the past twenty-five years. He had a hand in all the great works of the time, and a very prominent hand in many of them. Although his name is not inscribed with that of Stephenson and of Ross on the Victoria Bridge, we must not forget how much the successful carrying out that great work is due to his perseverance and energy; and connected with it we may relate a story which is current in Canada respecting Sir George. He was dining with her Majesty, when the Queen questioned him respecting the Victoria Bridge, and desired to know its length. Sir George told the Queen that it was a very long bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence at its widest part at Montreal. Her Majesty, however, asked how many yards long it was, and Sir George's answer is always dwelt on by Canadians with symptoms of real pleasure. "Ah, Madam," he is said to have replied, "when we Canadians build a bridge, and venture to name it after your Majesty, we don't measure in yards—but in miles." Canadians have also to thank Sir George for the following public measures which may be said to owe their existence to him:—The promotion of education and the establishment of Normal schools; the improvement in several particulars of the criminal laws; final abolition of feudal tenure; decentralization of justice in Lower Canada; determining and settling the laws with regard to lands in the townships of Lower Canada; the codification of the civil law and the civil procedure of Lower Canada; the Confederation of British North America; the reorganization of the Militia of the Dominion; and the erection of fortifications for the defence of the country. A funeral service was given at the French Catholic Church, King Street, Portman Square, on the Tuesday following Sir George Cartier's decease, preparatory to forwarding his remains for interment at Montreal. The chapel was draped in black, and the coffin, placed in the centre, was surrounded with lights, and many wreaths of flowers and immortelles were placed on it to his memory by his family and friends. The Rev. Vicar Joursell officiated at the Requiem Mass. The Miss Cartiers were present, and the following noblemen and gentlemen, amongst others, attended the ceremony: Lord Lisgar, late Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, Sir Hugh Allan, the Hon. A. G. Archibald, late Governor of Manitoba, Sir Henry Havelock, General MacDougall, Sir John Rose, Sir Peter Tait, the Hon. J. S.

Macdonald, Colonel George Denison, Sir Richard MacDonnell, Major Walker, and Messrs. W. H. Smith, M.P., Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., Alex. Rivington, J. Standish Haly, R. G. Herbert, J. M. Grant, J. Ross Robertson, McAdam, Richard Potter, Robert Gillespie, John Priestman, H. Burkholder, D. Bryner, Joseph Nelson, William Dixon, F. Gauthier, John Cameron, Hector S. Robertson; Major Hope, ex-town Major Quebec, Capt. Henderson, 60th Rifles; Messrs. John Cameron, W. Cunard, and Henry Poole. Lady Rose, Mrs. Appleby, Miss Macdonald, Miss Gauthier, Mrs. Joseph Nelson, Mrs. John Ross, Mrs. Cuvillier, and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, were also present.

May 28th.—At Laughton Lodge, Hawkhurst, Alderman Sir James Duke, Bart., the senior Alderman of the City of London, aged 81. In early life Sir James Duke served in the Royal Navy, having acted as Secretary to Admiral Sir John Gore, but quitting the service, he embarked in his commercial career in 1819. He filled the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1836, when he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1840 he was elected Alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without, a post he held until his death. In 1848 Sir James Duke became Lord Mayor, and in 1849, on the opening of the new Coal Exchange in Lower Thames Street, of which he was a prominent member, was created a Baronet. Sir James Duke represented Boston from 1837 to 1849, and sat for the City of London from 1849 until 1865. He married in 1862 Miss Jane Bennett, by whom he leaves three daughters and a son, now Sir James Duke, 2nd Baronet, born June 25th, 1865.

June 1st.—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, his Excellency the Hon. Joseph Howe, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, aged 69. Mr. Howe had recently been appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Doyle, and had arrived at Halifax only a few days previously to his sudden death. The late Governor Howe was a self-made and, indeed, also a self-educated man. He was a native of Nova Scotia, and began life, like Franklin, as a printer's apprentice. His vigorous intellect, united with great industry and perseverance, led to his advancement, and finally promoted him to the head of the Government of his native country. Early in life, when an apprentice, young Howe attracted attention by bringing out a poem called "Melville Island;" and, after ten years' hard labour as a printer in the *Halifax Gazette* office, he became part proprietor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, the name of which paper he changed to the *Acadian*. The subsequent sale of this journal realized for him a handsome sum of money, and enabled him to start a newspaper on his own account. In 1827 he became sole proprietor and editor of the *Nova Scotian*, and it was through the pages of this journal that the humour and wit of Sam Slick of Slickville—"The Clockmaker"—was first introduced to the world. For twenty years Mr. Howe persevered in his inde-



pendent course as a journalist, during which time he conferred real benefit upon the literature of his country by bringing out, at a heavy loss to himself, Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia," which has ever since been regarded as a standard work. It was in 1835 that Mr. Howe first opened up to himself a new career—that of a public orator. This distinction came upon him unawares. He had to defend himself in an action for libel, and made so admirable a speech of six hours and a half's duration that he won a verdict and established his reputation as a speaker at the same time. As a consequence, Mr. Howe almost immediately obtained a seat in the local Legislature, and soon after became a member of the Government of Nova Scotia. He was subsequently chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly. In 1858 Mr. Howe's "Speeches and Public Letters" were deemed worthy of collection and publication. When Nova Scotia came into the Confederation Mr. Howe was elected a Member of the Dominion Parliament, and soon afterwards, in 1870, appointed Secretary of State for the Provinces. In May last he was nominated Governor of Nova Scotia by Sir John Macdonald's Administration. Mr. Howe was well known and highly esteemed in England, having officiated on several occasions as Colonial Agent for the Lower Provinces.

June 5th.—The death of Urban Rattazzi, the Italian patriot, is announced at Frosinone. He was nominated, first, Vice-President, and then President of the Italian Chambers in 1852, and, throwing himself energetically into the work of Church and State reform, won a popularity which may be said to have been universal, except amongst the clergy themselves, throughout Italy. The separation of Church and State in Piedmont was a work accomplished by him; he also contributed to the abolition of convents and monasteries in the kingdom. In 1862 Rattazzi was not only President of the Council, but held the offices of Minister for Foreign and also for Home Affairs; but in the winter of that year he had to succumb to the many influences combined against him, with Minghetti at the head of his adversaries. He, however, obtained the Presidency of the Council again in 1867, but his administration was not fortunate, and its termination may be said to have closed his public career. Rattazzi married the Princess of Solms, daughter of Letitia Bonaparte and Sir Thomas Wyse. Madame Rattazzi is well known as a versatile writer, and adaptations from her romances keep possession of the French stage. The King went to Frosinone to see Rattazzi shortly before his death, and the Chamber ordered that the flag which floats on Monte Citorio should be draped with black for fifteen days. The funeral took place at Alessandria on the 11th June, and was a grand and touching spectacle. The town was in mourning and the shops closed. Forty thousand persons were present, including members of numerous working men's societies, representatives of municipalities, senators, and all the civil and military authorities. Ladies scattered flowers along the



whole line of the procession. The Rattazzi family is an ancient and noble one in Italy.

June 8th.—At Woodrising Hall, Norfolk, the Right Hon. Henry Charles, 4th Earl Cadogan, aged 61. The deceased Earl was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. 1832. He afterwards entered the Diplomatic service, and was an *attaché* at St. Petersburg from June, 1834, to July, 1835, and subsequently from March, 1838, to July, 1859, was Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris. In 1841 he entered Parliament as Member for Reading, and he represented that borough in the House of Commons up to the general election of 1847. From July, 1852, to April, 1857, he represented Dover. He succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father, the 3rd Earl, in September, 1864. The family of Cadogan derives its descent from the British Princes of Powys. William Cadogan, a member of the family, settled in Ireland about the year 1600, and established himself at Lismullen co. Meath. He became M.P. for Monaghan, and distinguished himself during the civil war by a gallant defence of the Castle of Trim. His grandson, William Cadogan, entered the army, and rose to high distinction in the wars of Marlborough, becoming a general officer; he succeeded as Commander-in-Chief of the army on the death of the Duke of Marlborough, and was created 1st Earl Cadogan 1718. His Lordship died without issue 1726, when the Earldom, together with his title of Viscount Caversham and Lord Reading, became extinct; but the Barony of Cadogan devolved on his brother Charles, second Baron Cadogan, who married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., by which he became possessed of the Manor of Chelsea. His only son, Charles Sloane, 3rd Lord Cadogan, was created Earl Cadogan and Viscount Chelsea, 27th December, 1800. The late Earl married, 1836, Mary, third daughter of the late Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, D.D., Dean of Durham, and neice of the great Duke of Wellington. By this lady, who only died a few months ago, the late Lord leaves three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Viscount Chelsea, now 5th Earl Cadogan, has only recently been returned M.P. for the City of Bath.

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## IN THE GARDEN.

SOMEBODY'S garden-party came off that very day ; one of the last festivities of the worn-out season. Miss Dorothy was so sadly shaken by their conversation of the morning that she looked more fit for bed than excitement of any sort.

"You are completely tired out," Cecil said. "I'll not hear of your going."

"Nonsense !" replied Miss Dorothy ; "there's nothing the matter. I don't wish to spoil your day's pleasure for my whims."

"Oh, pleasure !" cried Cecil, then added, in a voice less expressive of a high and mighty contempt for the world's pomps and vanities ; "I really do want to go ; I have a special reason."

"Very well, we are going," returned Miss Dorothy, shutting her eyes resignedly, half asleep in advance.

"You are not, that is very certain," said Cecil. "You're a bad, rebellious old darling, and must learn to obey ! I shall send a line to Mrs. Trevelyan ; she will only be too happy to take me."

Miss Dorothy was too weary to argue, and indeed consented to remain at home willingly enough, so Cecil departed under the charge of the ancient dame, whose society was always a rest, as she had neither son or nephew to fling at the beauty's head.

Lord George was at the fête ; the countess had that morning received a royal summons to Windsor, so Cecil was left entirely free from watchful eyes. People in general were too busy with their own concerns to trouble her, especially of late, as the affair with Lord George had come to be regarded as a settled thing. So it came about that in the brightness of the sunset Cecil found herself wandering through the gardens on Lord George's arm. They reached a secluded spot and Cecil signified her intention of sitting down to rest, no matter how much such indiscretion might be opposed to all rules of correct behaviour which ought to govern young ladies.

They had been laughing and talking merrily, but Cecil grew suddenly grave and sat looking out towards the sky, regardless of her companion's remarks.

"I should like to know where you have gone," said he. "I have been talking for the last five minutes without your hearing a word I said; it's a shame to have my best jokes wasted like this!"

"I'll take you where I have been, if you like to go," said she gravely.

"I hope you don't mean to scold me! I've done nothing wrong, have I?" he asked, laughing, though he regarded her with a certain degree of curiosity.

"I think we have both done something wrong," she answered; "but it is not too late to get right, if we try."

He bowed and waited for her to continue, though his fingers played uneasily in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"You are dying to smoke," said she; "so you shall, only don't let anybody see you; I'll break over my rules to day."

"Upon my word, I was not thinking about it, but now you remind me, I'd like to immensely; your beginning has quite startled me."

She watched him while he lighted his cigar, smiling with a little good-natured contempt to see what a relief he found in puffing out the white clouds.

"You are comfortable now?" she said.

"O yes; ready for anything! But, seriously, you are not vexed?"

"Not with you," she replied; "I think you one of the best boys in the world, spoiled as you are; but I am a little vexed, nevertheless."

"I suppose *la madre* has been at some of her tricks, but indeed they're not worth minding."

"O no; she grows sweeter daily; it is astonishing how much honey there is in her ladyship's composition."

"But she does like you; actually, putting everything aside, I believe she is genuinely fond of you," said he.

"Now that brings me round to what I was thinking about," she replied. "Her son asked me the other day to marry him, but I don't remember his saying that he shared his mother's amiable weakness."

Lord George nearly dropped his cigar in knocking the ashes from it, but said composedly,—

"You told me to skip the tender part—that it sounded well in old plays, but did not belong to our generation."

"That may be very witty and cynical and modern, but do you think it right to say such things—do you think it true?" she asked.

He looked a little embarrassed, a little diverted, but under both feelings there was trouble, which Cecil saw plainly.



"Where is Alicia now?" she inquired suddenly.

Lord George was in the act of putting his cigar to his lips as she spoke; he proceeded calmly to puff out a fresh cloud of smoke, apparently solicitous to keep the weed alight, then he said,—

"Still at that German place with the unpronounceable name, I fancy. The mother will know her address if you want it."

"You really do it very well," returned she, smiling more brightly than he had seen her do for weeks; "very well indeed; but you ought to be ashamed of yourself, all the same."

"Somebody has been telling you some ridiculous nonsense," said he, in an annoyed tone; "I thought you were too unlike other women to listen to such stuff."

"No one has told me a syllable except yourself and Alicia," she replied.

"I—why—Alicia! What in the name of mystery do you mean?"

"And neither of you anything in words. Lord George—dear friend—didn't I say we had both been doing wrong?"

He comprehended that his hope of retrieving his embarrassments by means of her millions was in great danger, but though sorely tempted, he could not for the life of him look in her frank, kind face and tell a lie—swear, protest, utter vows. At the moment, he would have given his right arm to feel that he loved her; not on account of her money, not so much because her beauty moved him, and it did that, as because he recognized in her something better and higher and truer than he had ever seen in any human being, even in the girl to whom his heart had gone out in his boyish days and would not be recalled by any dictates which the countess styled reason and common sense.

"You were wrong, but I have been the chief offender," she went on, before he had sufficiently recovered his wits for any rejoinder.

"I don't believe you ever did anything wrong in your life!" cried he bluntly. "I never did right even by accident—but you!"

"That's the only real compliment I ever received," said she. "Now I want you to listen to me."

"Just a minute first!" He knew that he must make some effort; he would not lie, but he could not let ease, comfort, fortune, slip from his grasp without a struggle, though he hated himself for the necessity. "You are not speaking because you are angry—because you think I have deceived you—because—"

"No; not because I am jealous," she finished.

"I was not going to say that; don't think me a downright puppy, I beg!"

"I think you a much better man than your life would have left most of your sex," she said earnestly. "Another would find it easy to speak a score of falsehoods in a breath; you can't bring yourself to utter one."

"No, by Jove! I'm bad enough, but whatever comes, I sha'n't tell you any lies!"

"Nor must I you; nor must either of us act them, dear friend. But listen—you shall have a chance after—I want to talk about myself first."

He turned rather pale; his lips trembled somewhat under his moustache, but he bowed assent and waited.

"You asked me the other day to marry you," she continued firmly enough, though the scarlet flamed into her cheeks, and in her confusion she looked so beautiful that he was ready to beat his brains out against the garden wall from sheer rage to think he could not love her. "You asked me the question seriously, though we both jested and laughed, and I received it as seriously, since I begged you to give me a week to decide. Did you think I loved you?"

"I—upon my word, Cecil, these are questions no man could be expected to answer!"

"Did you think I loved you?" she repeated.

"Do you want to make me look like an ass?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Do you want to see how consummate an idiot a man can be?"

"Take care; that is not quite honest! You had watched me for weeks—closely too; did you really think that?"

He could not utter this lie either; not if the whole Aldershott race perished with the present generation.

"I did think you liked me," he said; "I'll tell the truth! When I first knew you—I didn't know you a bit, of course—I thought you were like nine girls out of ten, not capable of loving anybody. Then there was a time I fancied you cared for some one else; but lately—I don't know just what I want to say, or how to get at it!"

"Tell it precisely as it comes into your thoughts."

"Well, I had an idea you were not happy, but that passed and—yes, I thought you liked me."

"Could you ever forgive me if after I married you it came to your knowledge that I loved another man; loved him so dearly that if I believed in his truth, neither faith, honour, anything, could keep me from going to him if he called?"

"Good God!" he cried, springing to his feet; "do you know what you are saying?"

"It is not pretty, not lady-like,—I know that; but I am no better than other women, and other women have done it! Other women have married, thinking they could be safe, and gone down—down to where there was no return."

"You are proposing impossibilities," he said coldly, and once more the millions loomed very huge before his eyes.

"I am not," she answered; "I have loved another man; I begin to think that I may have misjudged him; I believe that if I found I had, and it was too late—"

She stopped and turned away her head; he did not speak. After an instant she looked back and continued,—

"One thing might keep me safe; my husband's love. I think—yes, I know that would! I could die, but I could not deceive the heart that trusted me!"

Now was the time to speak; the precious opportunity was slipping away—just a word—an oath; if he could only induce her to believe, the millions were his! He could not do it! Not all his worldly teachings, not all his rather reckless life, not all his needs could help him to forfeit his manhood by a falsehood uttered in the light of those eyes.

"Do you love me well enough to run that risk?" she asked.

"I would try to make a good husband," he answered.

"I do think you would, you good old George," said she, coming down out of her exalted mood and stretching forth her hand impulsively. He took it, pressed his first kiss upon it—the dainty, delicate American girl-hand—and hated to reflect, and here again the money had no part in his regret, that it might never be his to hold and keep, and still could not mourn over the impossibility.

"I do think you would," she repeated, "but I must have something more than a good husband! I'm not sure but I'd bear a beating, if I thought you loved me, with greater patience than the most untiring show of devotion knowing your heart was not under."

He was more himself now; he meant to risk a clear avowal; would ever another woman be so well worth the winning? Yet as he asked the mental question Alicia's pale face rose before his sight, and he knew that he loved her—argue as he might, try as he would—he loved her! She was shy and silent and plain, but from the childish days in which she had obeyed his whims, screened him by accepting his faults and their penalty as her own, her whole life showed one unbroken course of patient devotion—and he loved her. Forty reasons to one, why he should prefer this brilliant creature, this favourite of nature and fortune, but he did not.

"Cecil," he said, "every woman and every man has dreamed his dream and had it come to nothing, and been very comfortable and happy after."

"I don't believe it!" she cried; "it's the old sophistical creed, but it's false for all that."

"I have dreamed mine too," he went on steadily; "but I know it can't come to anything—I mean I knew it long before I met you—I can't tell it prettily as you do, but I wish to be honest."

"Of course you do; go on!"

"I sha'n't say I was not attracted by your money when I first showed that I intended some day to propose to you, but I tried to think it wasn't a fortune-hunter's spirit which led me. I suppose it's nonsense in this age to talk about family and name, but I wanted to keep mine up—maybe that's no excuse. I feel as if I could make it one though, if I could tell it as I ought."



She touched his hand again with the tips of her perfect fingers ; he looked at them covetously, conscious of thinking what a long, lean, bony hand Alicia had—but he loved her ; never so much as now when he was trying very hard to persuade himself that he cared for this transatlantic beauty !

“ When I got to know you, I felt there never was any fellow half worthy of you ; I knew that at least I would try to be ! I said to myself I would work—go into Parliament—show that I had some stuff in me after all—and, and—O Cecil, I cannot lose you ! I’d have tried to make you happy. I’m sorry you can’t like me a little, Cecil ! ”

The sudden change from the manly composure with which he began to speak to that boyish impetuosity, softened Cecil’s heart more than he could dream. She was so lonely, her bright life had so unexpectedly turned grey and dim, that she found a strange attraction in this nature which possessed such capabilities for good. At this instant she could have held out her hands and bidden him take her, promising that they would try to deserve happiness, but his next words sent the insane fancy flying far away for ever.

“ About Alicia—I ought to tell you about her ; for I’m—I’m trying to persuade you to marry me, Cecil, you know. It’s an odd way to woo a woman, but I’ll be true if I can.”

“ Yes, tell me about Alicia,” she said softly ; “ good, patient, sweet Alicia ! she deserves that we should both remember her.”

“ The nicest girl in the world ! ” cried Lord George ; “ not handsome and brilliant like you bewildering American women, but for truth and—and downright steadiness and strength, I’d back Alicia against the whole race ! ”

“ A heart of gold,” returned Cecil, and smiled to see how for a second the young man forgot to whom he was speaking, forgot prudence and reason, while all the best feelings of his nature burst out in that confession. “ You were almost brought up together ; you could hardly tell when you first began to care for her.”

“ By Jove, I believe I was born caring for her, though she’s two years younger,” said Lord George, in his blundering way. “ I was a beast of a boy ; no wonder, spoiled as I was ! If my mother had been that Eastern queen—what’s her name?—in the opera, you know, she’d have massacred a whole nation if they hadn’t brought me the moon when I cried for it ! I was an awful tyrant, but Alicia never minded.”

“ She knew your heart was right all the time ! ”

“ Well, I don’t think I am all bad, you see ; I’m bad enough, but there are things a fellow can’t do.”

“ That you couldn’t at least, I am sure. So you grew up together and were very happy ; why couldn’t they let you alone ? ”

“ Oh, people never let you alone,” returned Lord George impatiently. Then he remembered that instead of putting the childish fancy in the light proper for the occasion, he was only showing how

completely his heart lived in the old dream, and made another effort to set matters straight. "I'm making a muddle of the whole thing; but you know what I mean."

"I understand very well; you couldn't tell it better," Cecil answered, thinking that she did indeed comprehend him much more thoroughly than he understood himself.

"Of course that's all over," pursued Lord George, passing his hand across his forehead. "We're the best friends in the world. I am sure we ought both to be wise by this time; my mother has harped enough on her favourite theme."

"*'Noblesse oblige,'*" quoted Cecil scornfully; then added, in a grave voice, "The countess is right—*noblesse oblige*; but there is a rendering of the proverb I think her ladyship has failed to catch."

The colour came into her cheeks again, the light to her eyes; she looked like some youthful Sybil pointing out the true destiny which, by courage and fortitude, he might attain. Lord George, with all his sterling qualities, was not quick of perception; but he understood her meaning, and had no answer ready. He was not doing the best for himself; there was a way of regarding the old dream as he had lately tried to do in his thoughts, which would place the matter in a different aspect before Cecil. But his specious arguments had flown, and though he essayed to think that this beautiful creature had cast a new spell about him which would make her well worth winning, under all his efforts back came the recollection of Alicia's pale face and checked his eloquence.

"And so that's all about it," he said precipitately, beginning as if about to utter a long speech. "Now, Cecil, it's about you and me! Where's the good for either of us to strive after the impossible—why not take what is within our reach and be satisfied?"

"We might take it," she replied; "but to be satisfied would not lie within your power or mine."

"Oh, I don't know that; there's a deal to be made out of life—you've got such a head on your shoulders that you'd keep us both straight! By Jove, Cecil, it's no bad thing to be Countess of Aldershott—that sounds perfectly asinine; but you know what I mean!"

"It is only that there is one thing better than title or position—that's to be honest and true. Dear old fellow, the diamonds in my coronet would burn my forehead; and however much they dazzled the world I should feel the shame under."

"You put it so strongly—in so odd a fashion!" he expostulated.

"I think the downright truth always sounds odd," she answered. "Maybe I was a little heroic; but I am frightened, now that my senses have come back, to think what I have been near doing during these last weeks."

"I do believe you would have married me a fortnight ago," he said, with another covetous glance at the perfect face—not spring-

ing from any unworthy motive—born out of a consciousness that something well worth possession had slipped from his reach.

“Let us be thankful that I did not,” she replied. “You might be noble enough to bear patiently, but I am not; I should have done you a cruel wrong.”

“And you, the handsomest and richest girl in England! Not that I’m thinking now about the money;—of course, I do think of it, but not in that way. I couldn’t afford to care for you if you were poor—perhaps that’s meaner than anything I have said; but indeed, mine is not just a common case, Cecil.”

“You have great temptations, there is no doubt of that; all the more reason for overcoming them.”

“Why Cecil, if you leave me I am all alone; life is just a blank! My mother will sell me to somebody as sure as fate; I never knew any one who could struggle against her; and I love her; no matter how she seems to you, she’s my mother.”

There was a real strength even in his weakness that Cecil could appreciate; if he were led into error it would not be so much lack of manly purpose as the honest affection for that icicle of a parent which would be the cause.

“You are right to love her; she commits great blunders, but she means to be a good mother—if you could only help her to see a little more clearly!”

“Teach her!” cried Lord George, with a comical look of dread. “You might as well rouse up all the dead Bourbons and try that dodge on them.”

“Then you must remember her favourite motto—*noblesse oblige*! So it does, friend; never so much as with you nobles of this generation. Put everything aside but a steadfast determination to do right, and the way will be made clear enough.”

This was very fine language; but when Lord George recalled the earl’s last losses at the Derby, and remembered that another such day would go far towards leaving him a bare title as his sole inheritance, it was not easy to be suitably impressed.

“I don’t see why we shouldn’t do right together,” he said discontentedly.

“Indeed, I’m sorry,” Cecil replied, so penitently that in spite of their earnestness they both laughed.

“Come,” cried Lord George hopefully, “you don’t like me any the worse for this talk; that’s something.”

“I never liked you half so much,” she replied frankly.

“Then you’ll say let the past go—you’ll try what we can do with life?”

“You force me back to the bold question I have already asked you,” she said, too serious to think of shame. “You don’t love me, George!”

“By Jove, when you say that and—and look so—it seems to me that I do!” he exclaimed.

“How would you like to stand at the altar with me and see



Alicia stand there as my bridesmaid, George? I tell you in that awful moment—solemn as death, George—the dear old dream would look so bright and beautiful that nothing could compensate for its loss. It is not we alone who would suffer—think of Alicia! In spite of title and position and grand relations, life hasn't been very kind to her, George. Don't you think she deserves a little mercy at our hands?"

"She's had a hard lot of it," he muttered, letting his head sink on his breast. "Poor Alicia!"

"Rich Alicia, because there is one heart that prizes her as she deserves! O my friend, put the idea of buying ease and comfort out of your mind; build up your own future! There is enough to be done without in any way making your mother feel that you have degraded your family name. Try, at least; let Alicia wait, but own always to yourself that you love her; live with the object of winning her always in view, and leave the rest to time and God."

He had lost her, lost her and the millions, but though he could see plainly how dismal the immediate present looked, he was neither so despondent or disappointed as he would have believed he must be under the blow. Something of her enthusiasm fired his soul; her words sounded like the echo of a voice which had long tried to rouse him out of the sloth and uselessness of his life.

"So it ends here," he said; "I think it ought to have been different."

"Yet you feel that it is right," she interrupted. "Only remember, you have done with plots or plans, no matter who forms them. Tell Alicia you love her, and then wait; don't let her be worried to death by anybody knowing the truth, only leave neither shadow or doubt between your two hearts any longer. She will wait patiently enough. O George, it's beautiful to have something to wait for!"

Her voice died in a sob; she had become so softened by her appeal to him that these last words took her strength away as existence stretched out before her desolated by the tornado which had swept so utterly without warning over its course.

"You are not happy, Cecil," he said kindly. "I wish I could help you, but I'm such a stupid fellow I could never say just the right words as you do."

"I'm only a girl and a goose," she answered, looking up with a smile. "I'll bear your sympathy; I couldn't give you a greater proof of confidence than that; I'd sooner die than be pitied. And now we have been improper long enough; we must go back to respectable society and decorous small talk."

He had lost her; it was in keeping with the inconsistency of human nature that he should be filled with regret, although an instant previous he had been enthusiastic over the purpose she pointed out.

"I hate to let you go," he said, with a return of the boyish

manner which he often displayed in spite of his six and twenty years.

"We shall be nearer to each other all our lives than if we could have committed our crowning folly," she replied. "Go and walk up and down for a little; I'll call you when I want you to come."

He obeyed her, passing out of sight, but remaining within reach of her voice. Once alone, Cecil sobbed passionately for a few moments. A sudden bitterness and rebellion came over her; why should she be an idiot and refuse splendour and rank? A strong impulse seized her to call him back and say that everything should remain as before. She had nothing left now, nothing! All the triumphs of the past two years had failed to bring any other heart so near her as this man's, even though in his case it was a mere fancy struggling to overpower an honest affection. But he might learn to love her; she could teach him to forget; perhaps in his companionship accomplish the still harder task of teaching herself. To summon him and lay her hand in his—it was the one chance of interest or occupation that the future offered. He was not an ordinary man; there were the elements of greatness in his composition; she could aid him, push him on and gratify her ambitious nature by his career. Why not do it? Short of a crown, the world had nothing much more brilliant to bestow than the position within her grasp. Why could she not care for it? But though this temptation with which she tried to dazzle her vanity failed, she was tempted. Existence spread out so bare and desolate; her proud heart chafed so angrily under the consciousness of its own weakness, that she was moved to snatch at any means of escape from its complaints, if only to drown them under other troubles. And he was so good and kind; he would pet and spoil her, and beneath her haughty exterior she had a childish fondness for such treatment. He would learn to love her; the very repetition of the phrase restored her to a better mood by its sting to her pride. She remembered Alicia, and the last unworthy feeling died out of her breast; whatever harm she might be capable of doing herself, she could not ruin the happiness of another.

"Lord George!" she called, afraid to remain longer alone.

He had been walking up and down the garden paths, distracted by a score of varying emotions, wondering most that in spite of a sentimental regret as he thought of Cecil's beauty, he could not be so miserable as he ought over this ruin of his hopes. The long repressed love would assert itself; life would look full of brilliant possibilities, however persistently he regarded the annoyances and perplexities of the present.

He hurried back at Cecil's summons; she laid her hand on his arm and they walked silently through the shrubberies until they neared the groups scattered about the lawn.

"You'll never forget," she said quickly. "Remember, I trust you. I believe in you!"

"And I'll be worthy of the faith," he answered in a low voice.

“For me, but still more for the sake of right and for Alicia,” she whispered.

They parted without another word.

The next morning's journals announced the death of the earl. He had been found dead in his bed; the cause, heart disease long neglected, though only his old family physician heard the verdict without surprise.

But he was dead, and Lord George the Earl of Aldershott.



## A PLEA FOR THE PAINTERS.

BY W. W. FENN.

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AMONGST the many grumbings to which Englishmen are proverbially addicted, there are none perhaps more unreasonable than those in which they indulge at a modern exhibition of pictures.

It is a favourite field on which they may display unbounded discontent, and they seldom fail to avail themselves of any opportunity which the shortcomings of the artists may afford them for exercising their favourite hobby: they seldom fail to attack these unlucky wights at all points, but the one vulnerable spot at which they are never tired of lunging is the tendency of many painters to repeat themselves, to depict, year after year, subjects similar in all respects in feeling, sentiment, and treatment.

These grumbling critics will assert, in the most injured tone, that they require no catalogue, that they know by whom certain pictures are painted the moment they stand before them; and appear to forget that this very speciality, in the majority of cases, is the cause of the artist's celebrity, and that it is, after all, the very quality most to be admired in his work; he does oftenest that which he can do best, that which he can do probably better than any one else.

Who looks, for instance, for anything but cattle, horses, and dogs, from Sidney Cooper and Ansdell; or for anything but nymphs, dryads, and hamadryads from Frost; for anything but Cavaliers, Roundheads, Christmas merry-makings, or gorgeous ceremonials from Gilbert; where can we expect to find more fascinating portrayals of Surrey and Kentish landscape than in the works of Vicat Cole? Can quaint and humorous mediævalism have a more able exponent than Stacey Marks? and surely the Pamela-esque beauties of the last century would have been thoroughly content to leave the record of their personal attractions in the hands of George Leslie.

Therefore we repeat that the grumbler is without reason when he complains that he knows the canvases of these gentlemen, and those of many more that could be named the moment he sees them, and that he is utterly wrong in holding up their marked characteristics for reprobation: they are characteristics by which they have justly won their spurs. And pretty nearly the same thing may be said of all the noteworthy painters of the modern British school, both in oil and water-colour. The handwriting as it were by which they have become celebrated, must have very considerable

merit in it, even though it always harp on one theme; it is not a little to have established it as a recognizable and worthy cognizance. Only the very greatest genius alone can make a name by any other means; the daring leaders, who, conscious of their own power, can commit themselves to untried strategy with certainty of success. Even they, however, after a time, are recognizable in their different manners; and they would be scarcely human, if they did not most frequently indulge in that one which wins them the greatest renown.

Hook is one of these notably; he has had three distinct manners since he has been conspicuous, his Italian, his pastoral, and his marine, but discovering that his real and greatest strength lay in the latter, what wonder that he is prone to adhere to it? The public too in some measure is responsible, for if it now and then murmurs at his tendency to repeat himself, it would murmur more if he suddenly took to a totally different and unrecognizable manner; and since an artist must live, however much he may feel inclined at times to dally with new themes (as the true artist will ever feel inclined), he must perforce restrain himself if his bread depend upon the sale of his canvases.

Millais, again, has, more than any man of genius, displayed an astounding versatility. He can paint nearly anything, but perhaps his portraits are, after all, his finest efforts.

It is the most difficult branch of art with which he deals the most successfully, and hence we see him all but entirely giving himself up to it. We cannot, however, predict that he will continue a portrait painter; he is sure some day to do something quite unexpected and new. He is one of those painters from whom we may always look for a surprise, and about whose pictures we can never make a prophecy; but then he and the very few of whom the like may be said (notably Frederick Walker, who, despite many technical faults in drawing, is certain to display some unanticipated creative power), are the startlingly original geniuses, and no one can calculate the flights to which they will soar. But only with these great generals of the army of Art lies this faculty, and it would be unreasonable to expect geniuses to make up the rank and file of a battalion. Plumes, stars, and medals cannot be distributed or deserved broadcast; the private soldiers, the steady-going shoulder-to-shoulder men, on whom the brunt of the battle falls, can scarcely be decorated with much more than their own serviceable well-worn uniforms, ever honourable to their wearers, and amply decorative.

When, therefore, we hear our painters thoughtlessly accused of monotony, we always feel impelled to say, "Perhaps, but the monotony is only individual, whereas, despite the excellencies of the Continental schools" (and concerning which so much is always made by the grumbling critics to whom we refer), "the monotony there is, broadly speaking, universal." The training of the artist abroad is superb, his *mécanique* is faultless, but we suggest it has a tendency to make all men use their brush, that is, to paint too much after the

same fashion. The *modus operandi* being identical, shall not the handwriting all look alike? The sentences vary, of course, but the copy has been set by the same writing-master.

Now, as an example, it may be remembered that in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1872 there happened to be two pictures representing the same subject, viz. "Charles the First leaving Westminster Hall" after sentence of death had been passed upon him, the one painted by Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., and the other by Mr. L. J. Pott. Had these gentlemen been either Frenchmen or Belgians, the curious coincidence of their both painting the same subject would have been more striking than it was, for however much the colour, composition, and delineation of the characters in the scene might have varied, there would have been nothing like the distinct individuality that existed in their respective handling. Hence we see matter rather for congratulation than censure in this same individuality of manner, and we would applaud our artists for their independence of academic and scholastic training, and for displaying their self-reliance as much at the easel as in the camp, the court, or the mart.

Although attacking them chiefly for being always the same, the querulous grumbler, as we have hinted, nevertheless never misses any other spot of vantage whence he can cast a stone at the painters. At this season, when picture exhibitions are in the ascendant, it is particularly curious to observe with what malicious glee he enters on his self-constituted task. What is there about a painted canvas that it should raise his ire so readily? why should it act like a red rag upon him, and induce him often to utter sentiments which, if analyzed, would lead one to suppose that nothing short of the artist's blood would satisfy his critic's great revenge? In nine cases out of ten this inimical being is really quite incompetent to form anything like a sound judgment as to the merits of a work of art, yet he does not hesitate to pronounce his verdict with a finality that would lead you to suppose that painting (practical and theoretical) had been the one absorbing study of his life. In truth, his opinion at best will be really thoughtless and superficial, and more often than not flippant and presumptuous also. On matters which he has not given his attention to, studied and trained himself to understand, he is usually quite modest and deferring; he confesses his ignorance, but once before a picture his tone is very different, as though painting were a thing that anybody could comprehend at a glance. Occasionally, however, he will concede a point, but he does so with the air of a man who nevertheless believes himself to be a shrewd sort of fellow. There is that in his tone which is as much as to say, "I know you think I don't know anything about it, and it isn't worth my while to undeceive you, but I flatter myself it is not such a difficult question, after all, as you suppose;" so he says aloud, "I don't profess to be a judge (and his manner belies his words), but I know what I like, and I don't like *that*."



The contemptuous wave of the hand by which he is supposed to dismiss at once the picture under discussion being probably applied to a work which has demanded from its producer untold hours of deep anxiety, intense thought, untiring study, and unswerving application. Critics of this stamp are, on the other hand, extraordinarily open to the influence of name and prestige, and it is they who will take the opinion of their favourite journal as a guide in preference to any other, forgetting probably, whilst they diligently mark their catalogues from the *Times*' notice, that not unfrequently its writer is but little better acquainted with, or competent to give an opinion upon the subject, than they are themselves.

"Oh! this is what the *Times* says we ought to look at," is a frequent remark to be overheard by any attentive listener at a Royal Academy Exhibition; and it is not unfrequently followed by a doubtful inquiry, "Shall I put a mark against it?" Then, again, "Ah! that's a nice picture, who is it by? Oh! I see! Mudger! Ah! he's not an Academician, Um" (after a pause), "don't think much of it!"

The absence of the magic initials has entirely done for poor Mudger! whilst Scorp, whose large picture occupies twelve feet of the line, comes in for a share of the critic's admiration, in consequence of the conspicuous R.A. following the painter's name, and because the newspaper article, written probably by an intimate friend of Scorp's, awards it high consideration. And these are the people, forsooth! who will tell you, "they are so fond of pictures!" these are the people who at least "know what they like," as they never fail to inform you. By what means they are gradually to be weaned from this overweening and loudly-expressed confidence in themselves it is not easy to say; how they are to be brought to understand that art is a very serious and difficult study, without some devotion to which they are really not in a position to do much more when in front of a picture than to look at and respectfully accept the artist's interpretation of the theme as the result of his utmost efforts, it is equally difficult to determine.

Familiarity with the best examples may in time do much to educate the populace, but it is to be feared it will not inculcate largely that good taste which (on other matters than art) restrains sensitive and delicate-minded people from "holding forth" upon subjects which they do not understand. The schoolmaster, with his "extra" for good manners, rather than the artist, has this task before him; meanwhile it is as well thus lightly to analyze some of the commonest twaddle which is talked in picture galleries; and perhaps by constantly holding it up for the ridicule and reprobation of the intelligent part of the community, to beget a little more reverence and modesty in its utterers, for that it emanates solely from the uneducated or lower orders, as they are called, must not be for a moment supposed, the major part of it comes oftentimes from the very best dressed people in the rooms, and we know that they are always keenly sensitive to ridicule.

If they were only aware with what supreme contempt their opinions are regarded by artists and all true lovers and judges of art, whatever they might think, they would at least be less ready to give their "worst of thoughts, their worst of words"!

Still, poor folks! even if they lay such axioms as these which we presume to give them to their hearts, and strive to act upon them, they must be sorely puzzled, and think that there is some justification for the unbridled licence of their tongues, when they come to find modern English painting, with but few exceptions, broadly and sweepingly denounced as worthless and hopeless by such a high authority as the *Quarterly Review*.

Yet once again, they must pause to remember, that however much we may dissent from the views expressed by the writer of the "State of English Painting," we can but respect the serious manner in which he deals with the subject. The tone of the article is quite that which should be brought to bear on so grave a theme; it has no affinity whatever with the flippant and superficial condemnations to which we have been referring, and is as superior to the ordinary run of picture reviews as the novels of Sir Walter Scott are to those of the "Penny Horribles."

As it could be wished that the compilers of the latter would sit more reverently at the feet of the great Wizard of the North, so equally it could be wished that the professional art critic even would take a leaf out of the *Quarterly Reviewer's* article in respect to the reverence of the tone in which he advances his views. We should then perhaps escape some of that flippancy of style which the daily press reviewers of pictures think it incumbent on them to assume, for it may be safely asserted that in their way they say quite as many stupid, misleading, ignorant things as can be overheard amongst the crowd in the galleries. Their comments are frequently as impertinent and presumptuous, and doing of course greater harm, as written words will ever do more than spoken ones. The avidity with which they fall foul of the painters looks very much as if Jack Phœbus in "Lothair" was right when he said that the critics were "the men who had failed in literature and art," for if the poor "marler" is not wrong in one way he is in another; if he can paint and draw decently, his subjects are pronounced execrable; or if he be accredited with poetic feeling and sentiment, the reviewers find him guilty of villainous incapacity in the rudiments of anatomy or colour. In no way can he please them completely, in no way do they seem inclined to award him praise which is not qualified by the discovery of some overwhelming fault, in no way will they ever allow that he may possibly know more about what he has been thinking over—and working diligently at for many months—than they who take in the result, as they conceive, at a glance.

Why, we humbly inquire, should the critic assume that his function necessarily leads him to look for blemishes before beauties, and when found, so to magnify them as to leave scarce a line's

space for the record of the latter? Can it be that the painters are generally inimical to literary men? that they have offered them some serious and mysterious slight in remote ages, and that consequently the penmen are influenced by the axiom laid down by Colonel Henry Esmond, "that a kindness or a slight puts a man under one flag or the other, and that he marches with it to the end of the campaign"?

Only by some such solution can the unabated fury with which more than a few writers attack the painters' work be accounted for and it may be that this is also the final cause of the querulous, grumbling criticisms of the newspaper-educated public, and against which we principally put in this "plea for the painters."

In concluding we will ask one more question. Would these complainants desire that rather than find the well-known artists "always the same" as the phrase goes that they should change parts one with another? that Pettie should come out as a cattle and landscape painter, setting up his easel in Kentish hay-fields or on highland hill-sides, whilst Vicat Cole made his canvases glow with vivid presentments of flags of truce, and forlorn maidens seeking "Sanctuary"?

Would it satisfy the grumblers to see a picture of Sirens, or Nude Goddesses, by E. W. Cooke; and would they experience pleasurable emotion on turning to their catalogue, to discover that Leighton had limned for them a wreck on the Goodwin Sands?

In truth we doubt it, desirable as versatility may be; and we fear, as was hinted on starting, that save in the case of the rarest geniuses, the "cobbler must stick to his last," and that it is not well "to mock him for his black thumbs"!



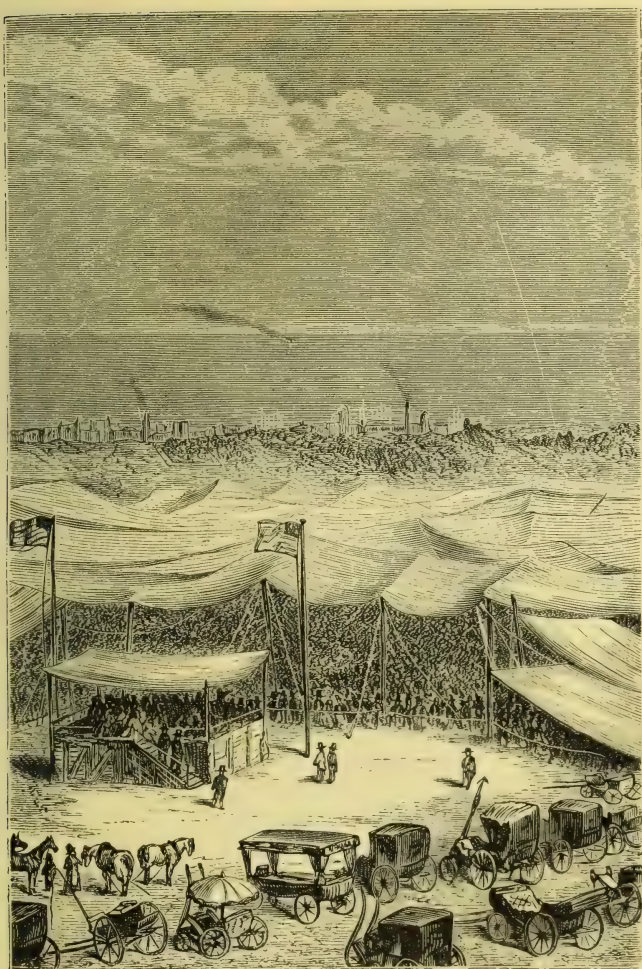
## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A MONSTER MEETING.

ON the following day Barbicane, fearing that indiscreet questions might be put to Michel Ardan, was desirous of reducing the number of the audience to a few of the initiated, his own colleagues for instance. He might as well have tried to check the Falls of Niagara! He was compelled, therefore, to give up the idea, and to let his new friend run the chances of a public conference. The place chosen for this monster meeting was a vast plain situated in the rear of the town. In a few hours, thanks to the help of the shipping in port, an immense roofing of canvas was stretched over the parched prairie, and protected it from the burning rays of the sun. There 300,000 people braved for many hours the stifling heat while awaiting the arrival of the Frenchman. Of this crowd of spectators a first set could both see and hear; a second set saw badly and heard nothing at all; and as for the third, it could neither see nor hear anything at all. At three o'clock Michel Ardan made his appearance, accompanied by the principal members of the Gun Club. He was supported on his right by President Barbicane, and on his left by J. T. Maston, more radiant than the midday sun and nearly as ruddy. Ardan mounted a platform, from the top of which his view extended over a sea of black hats. He exhibited not the slightest embarrassment; he was just as gay, familiar, and pleasant as if he were at home. To the hurrahs which greeted him he replied by a graceful bow; then, waving his hand to request silence, he spoke in perfectly correct English as follows:—

“Gentlemen, despite the very hot weather I request your patience for a short time while I offer some explanations regarding the projects which seem to have so interested you. I am neither an orator nor a man of science, and I had no idea of addressing you in public; but my friend Barbicane has told me that you would like to hear me, and I am quite at your service. Listen to me, therefore, with your 600,000 ears, and please to excuse the faults of the speaker. Now pray do not forget that you see before you a perfect ignoramus, whose ignorance goes so far that he cannot even understand the difficulties! It seemed to him that it was a matter quite



THE MEETING.





simple, natural, and easy to take one's place in a projectile and start for the moon! That journey must be undertaken sooner or later; and, as for the mode of locomotion adopted, it follows simply the law of progress. Man began by walking on all-fours; then, one fine day, on two feet; then in a carriage; then in a stage-coach; and lastly by railway. Well, the projectile is the vehicle of the future, and the planets themselves are nothing else! Now some of you, gentlemen, may imagine that the velocity we propose to impart to it is extravagant. It is nothing of the kind. All the stars exceed it in rapidity, and the earth herself is at this moment carrying us round the sun at three times as rapid a rate, and yet she is a mere loungeur on the way compared with many others of the planets! And her velocity is constantly *decreasing*. Is it not evident, then, I ask you, that there will some day appear velocities far greater than these, of which light or electricity will probably be the mechanical agent?

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the orator, "in spite of the opinions of certain narrow-minded people, who would shut up the human race upon this globe, as within some magic circle which it must never outstep, we shall one day travel to the moon, the planets, and the stars, with the same facility, rapidity, and certainty as we now make the voyage from Liverpool to New York! Distance is but a relative expression, and must end by being reduced to zero."

The assembly, strongly predisposed as they were in favour of the French hero, were slightly staggered at this bold theory. Michel Ardan perceived the fact.

"Gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "you do not seem quite convinced. Very good! Let us reason the matter out. Do you know how long it would take for an *express train* to reach the moon? Three hundred days; no more! And what is that? The distance is no more than nine times the circumference of the earth; and there are no sailors or travellers, of even moderate activity, who have not made longer journeys than that in their lifetime. And now consider that I shall be only ninety-seven hours on my journey. Ah! I see you are reckoning that the moon is a long way off from the earth, and that one must think twice before making the experiment. What would you say, then, if we were talking of going to Neptune, which revolves at a distance of more than two thousand seven hundred and twenty millions of miles from the sun! And yet what is that compared with the distance of the fixed stars, some of which, such as Arcturus, are at billions of miles distant from us? And then you talk of the *distance* which separates the planets from the sun! And there are people who affirm that such a thing as distance exists. Absurdity, folly, idiotic nonsense! Would you know what I think of our own solar universe? Shall I tell you my theory? It is very simple! In my opinion the solar system is a solid, homogeneous body; the planets which compose it are in *actual contact* with each other; and whatever space exists between them is nothing more than the space which separates the

molecules of the densest metal, such as silver, iron, or platinum ! I have the right, therefore, to affirm, and I repeat, with the conviction which must penetrate all your minds, 'Distance is but an empty name ; distance does not really exist ! ' ”

“ Hurrah ! ” cried one voice (need it be said it was that of J. T. Maston ?). “ Distance does not exist ! ” And overcome by the energy of his movements, he nearly fell from the platform to the ground. He just escaped a severe fall, which would have proved to him that distance was by no means *an empty name*.

“ Gentlemen,” resumed the orator, “ I repeat that the distance between the earth and her satellite is a mere trifle, and undeserving of serious consideration. I am convinced that before twenty years are over one half of our earth will have paid a visit to the moon. Now, my worthy friends, if you have any question to put to me, you will, I fear, sadly embarrass a poor man like myself ; still I will do my best to answer you.”

Up to this point the President of the Gun Club had been satisfied with the turn which the discussion had assumed. It became now, however, desirable to divert Ardan from questions of a practical nature, with which he was doubtless far less conversant. Barbicane, therefore, hastened to get in a word, and began by asking his new friend whether he thought that the moon and the planets were inhabited.

“ You put before me a great problem, my worthy President,” replied the orator, smiling. “ Still, men of great intelligence, such as Plutarch, Swedenborg, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and others have, if I mistake not, pronounced in the affirmative. Looking at the question from the natural philosopher’s point of view, I should say that *nothing useless* existed in the world ; and, replying to your question by another, I should venture to assert, that if these worlds are *habitable*, they either are, have been, or will be inhabited.”

“ No one could answer more logically or fairly,” replied the president. “ The question then reverts to this : *Are* these worlds habitable ? For my own part I believe they are.”

“ For myself, I feel certain of it,” said Michel Ardan.

“ Nevertheless,” retorted one of the audience, “ there are many arguments *against* the habitability of the worlds. The conditions of life must evidently be greatly modified upon the majority of them. To mention only the planets, we should be either broiled alive in some, or frozen to death in others, according as they are more or less removed from the sun.”

“ I regret,” replied Michel Ardan, “ that I have not the honour of personally knowing my contradictor, for I would have attempted to answer him. His objection has its merits, I admit ; but I think we may successfully combat it, as well as all others which affect the habitability of the other worlds. If I were a *natural philosopher*, I would tell him that if less of caloric were *set in motion* upon the planets which are nearest to the sun, and more, on the contrary, upon those which are farthest removed from it, this simple



MICHEL ARDAN.





fact would alone suffice to equalize the heat, and to render the temperature of those worlds supportable by beings organized like ourselves. If I were a *naturalist*, I would tell him that, according to some illustrious men of science, nature has furnished us with instances upon the earth of animals existing under very varying conditions of life; that fish respire in a medium fatal to other animals; that amphibious creatures possess a double existence very difficult of explanation; that certain denizens of the seas maintain life at enormous depths, and there support a pressure equal to that of fifty or sixty atmospheres without being crushed; that several aquatic insects, insensible to temperature, are met with equally among boiling springs and in the frozen plains of the Polar Sea; in fine, that we cannot help recognizing in nature a diversity of means of operation oftentimes incomprehensible, but not the less real. If I were a *chemist*, I would tell him that the aerolites, bodies evidently formed exteriorly of our terrestrial globe, have, upon analysis, revealed indisputable traces of carbon, a substance which owes its origin solely to organized beings, and which, according to the experiments of Reichenbach, must necessarily itself have been *endued with animation*. And lastly, were I a theologian, I would tell him that the scheme of the Divine Redemption, according to St. Paul, seems to be applicable, not merely to the earth, but to all the celestial worlds. But, unfortunately I am neither theologian, nor chemist, nor naturalist, nor philosopher; therefore, in my absolute ignorance of the great laws which govern the universe, I confine myself to saying in reply, ‘I do not know whether the worlds are inhabited or not; and since I do not know, *I am going to see!*’”

Whether Michel Ardan’s antagonist hazarded any further arguments or not it is impossible to say, for the uproarious shouts of the crowd would not allow any expression of opinion to gain a hearing. On silence being restored, the triumphant orator contented himself with adding the following remarks:—

“Gentlemen, you will observe that I have but slightly touched upon this great question. There is another altogether different line of arguments in favour of the habitability of the stars, which I omit for the present. I only desire to call attention to one point. To those who maintain that the planets are *not* inhabited one may reply:—You might be perfectly in the right, if you could only show that the earth is the *best possible world*, spite of what Voltaire has said. She has but *one* satellite, while Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn, Neptune have each several, an advantage by no means to be despised. But that which renders our own globe so uncomfortable is the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit. Hence the inequality of days and nights; hence the disagreeable diversity of the seasons. On the surface of our unhappy spheroid we are always either too hot or too cold; we are frozen in winter, broiled in summer; it is the planet of rheumatism, coughs, bronchitis; while on the surface of Jupiter, for example, where the axis is but slightly inclined, the

inhabitants may enjoy uniform temperatures. It possesses zones of perpetual springs, summers, autumns, and winters; every Jovian may choose for himself what climate he likes, and there spend the whole of his life in security from all variations of temperature. You will, I am sure, readily admit this superiority of Jupiter over our own planet, to say nothing of his years, which each equal twelve of ours! Under such auspices, and such marvellous conditions of existence, it appears to me that the inhabitants of so fortunate a world must be in every respect superior to ourselves. All we require, in order to attain to such perfection, is the mere trifle of having an axis of rotation less inclined to the plane of its orbit!"

"Hurrah!" roared an energetic voice, "let us unite our efforts, invent the necessary machines, and rectify the earth's axis!"

A thunder of applause followed this proposal, the author of which was, of course, no other than J. T. Maston. And, in all probability, if the truth must be told, if the Yankees could only have found a point of application for it, they would have constructed a lever capable of raising the earth and rectifying its axis. It was just this deficiency which baffled these daring mechanicians.

## CHAPTER XX.

### ATTACK AND RIPOSTE.

As soon as the excitement had subsided, the following words were heard uttered in a strong and determined voice:—

"Now that the speaker has favoured us with so much imagination, would he be so good as to return to his subject, and give us a little practical view of the question?"

All eyes were directed towards the person who spoke. He was a little dried-up man, of an active figure, with an American "goatee" beard. Profiting by the different movements in the crowd, he had managed by degrees to gain the front row of spectators. There, with arms crossed and stern gaze, he watched the hero of the meeting. After having put his question he remained silent, and appeared to take no notice of the thousands of looks directed towards himself, nor of the murmur of disapprobation excited by his words. Meeting at first with no reply, he repeated his question with marked emphasis, adding, "We are here to talk about the *moon* and not about the *earth*."

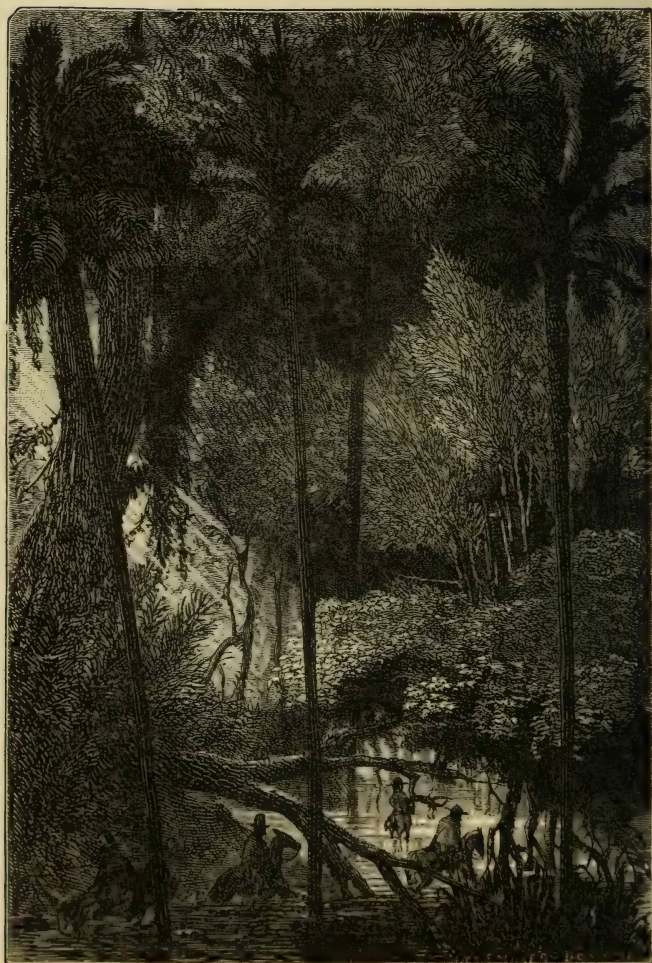
"You are right, sir," replied Michel Ardan; "the discussion has become irregular. We will return to the moon."

"Sir," said the unknown, "you pretend that our satellite is inhabited. Very good; but if Selenites do exist, that race of beings assuredly must live without breathing, for—I warn you for your own sake—there is not the smallest particle of air on the surface of the moon."

At this remark Ardan pushed up his shock of red hair; he saw that he was on the point of being involved in a struggle with this







THEY WERE COMPELLED TO FORD SEVERAL RIVERS,

person upon the very gist of the whole question. He looked sternly at him in his turn and said,—

“Oh! so there is no air in the moon? And pray, if you are so good, who ventures to affirm that?”

“The men of science.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Sir,” replied Michel, “pleasantry apart, I have a profound respect for men of science who do possess science, but a profound contempt for men of science who do not.”

“Do you know any who belong to the latter category?”

“Decidedly. In France there are some who maintain that, mathematically, a bird cannot possibly fly; and others who demonstrate theoretically that fishes were never made to live in water.”

“I have nothing to do with persons of that description, and I can quote, in support of my statement, names which you cannot refuse deference to.”

“Then, sir, you will sadly embarrass a poor ignorant, who, besides, asks nothing better than to learn.”

“Why, then, do you introduce scientific questions if you have never studied them?” asked the unknown somewhat coarsely.

“For the reason that ‘he is always brave who never suspects danger.’ I know nothing, it is true; but it is precisely my very weakness which constitutes my strength.”

“Your weakness amounts to folly,” retorted the unknown in a passion.

“All the better,” replied our Frenchman, “if it carries me up to the moon.”

Barbicane and his colleagues devoured with their eyes the intruder who had so boldly placed himself in antagonism to their enterprise. Nobody knew him, and the president, uneasy as to the result of so free a discussion, watched his new friend with some anxiety. The meeting began to be somewhat fidgetty also, for the contest directed their attention to the dangers, if not the actual impossibilities, of the proposed expedition.

“Sir,” replied Ardan’s antagonist, “there are many and incontrovertible reasons which prove the absence of an atmosphere in the moon. I might say that, *à priori*, if one ever did exist, it must have been absorbed by the earth; but I prefer to bring forward indisputable facts.”

“Bring them forward then, sir, as many as you please.”

“You know,” said the stranger, “that when any luminous rays cross a medium such as the air, they are deflected out of the straight line; in other words, they undergo *refraction*. Well! When stars are occulted by the moon, their rays, on grazing the edge of her disc, exhibit not the least deviation, nor offer the slightest indication of refraction. It follows, therefore, that the moon cannot be surrounded by an atmosphere.”

“In point of fact,” replied Ardan, “this is your chief, if not your



only argument; and a really scientific man might be puzzled to answer it. For myself, I will simply say that it is defective, because it assumes that the angular diameter of the moon has been completely determined, which is not the case. But let us proceed. Tell me, my dear sir, do you admit the existence of volcanoes on the moon's surface?"

"*Extinct*, yes! In activity, no!"

"These volcanoes, however, were at one time in a state of activity?"

"True! but, as they furnished themselves the oxygen necessary for combustion, the mere fact of their eruption does not prove the presence of an atmosphere."

"Proceed again, then; and let us set aside this class of arguments in order to come to direct observations. In 1715 the astronomers Louville and Halley, watching the eclipse of the 3rd May, remarked some very extraordinary scintillations. These jets of light, rapid in nature, and of frequent recurrence, they attributed to thunderstorms generated in the lunar atmosphere."

"In 1715," replied the unknown, "the astronomers Louville and Halley mistook for lunar phenomena some which were purely terrestrial, such as meteoric or other bodies which are generated in our own atmosphere. This was the scientific explanation at the time of the facts; and that is my answer now."

"On again, then," replied Ardan; "Herschel, in 1787, observed a great number of luminous points on the moon's surface, did he not?"

"Yes! but without offering any solution of them. Herschel himself never inferred from them the necessity of a lunar atmosphere. And I may add that Bæer and Maedler, the two great authorities upon the moon, are quite agreed as to the entire absence of air on its surface."

A movement was here manifest among the assemblage, who appeared to be growing excited by the arguments of this singular personage.

"Let us proceed," replied Ardan, with perfect coolness, "and come to one important fact. A skilful French astronomer, M. Laussedat, in watching the eclipse of July 18, 1860, proved that the horns of the solar crescent were *rounded and truncated*. Now, this appearance could only have been produced by a deviation of the solar rays in traversing the atmosphere of the moon. There is no other possible explanation of the fact."

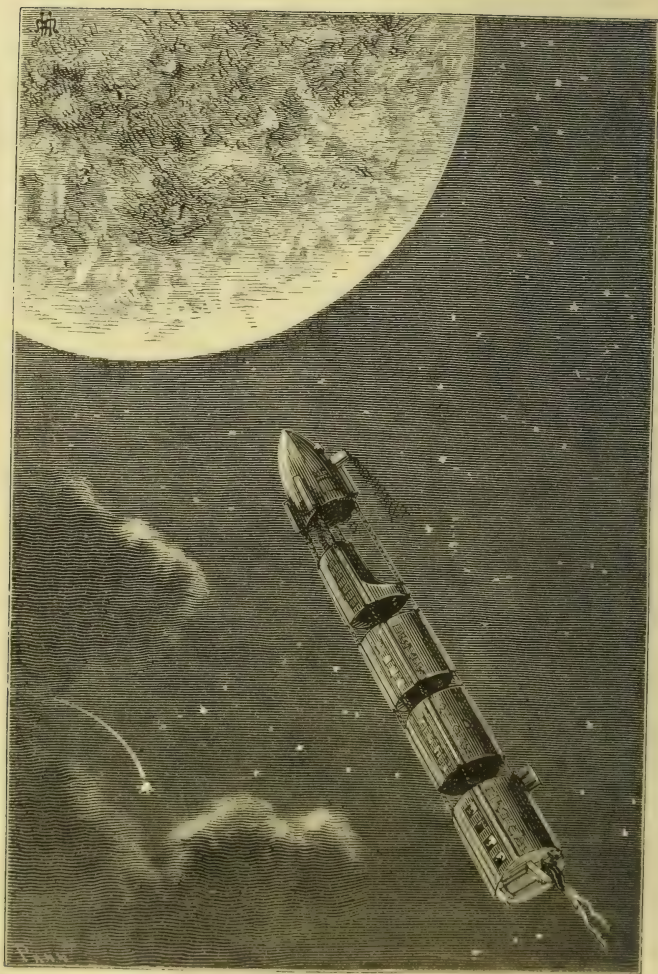
"But is this established as a fact?"

"Absolutely certain!"

A counter-movement here took place in favour of the hero of the meeting, whose opponent was now reduced to silence. Ardan resumed the conversation; and, without exhibiting any exultation at the advantage he had gained, simply said,—

"You see, then, my dear sir, we must not pronounce with absolute positiveness against the existence of an atmosphere in the





PROJECTILE TRAINS FOR THE MOON.



moon. That atmosphere is, probably, of extreme rarity ; nevertheless at the present day science generally admits that it exists."

"Not in the mountains, at all events," returned the unknown, unwilling to give in.

"No ! but at the bottom of the valleys, and not exceeding a few hundred feet in height."

"In any case you will do well to take every precaution, for the air will be terribly rarified."

"My good sir, there will always be enough for a solitary individual ; besides, once arrived up there, I shall do my best to economize, and not to breathe except on grand occasions !"

A tremendous roar of laughter rang in the ears of the mysterious interlocutor, who glared fiercely round upon the assembly.

"Then," continued Ardan, with a careless air, "since we are in accord regarding the presence of a certain atmosphere, we are forced to admit the presence of a certain quantity of water. This is a happy consequence for me. Moreover, my amiable contradictor, permit me to submit to you one further observation. We only know *one* side of the moon's disc ; and if there is but little air on the face presented to us, it is possible that there is plenty on the one turned away from us."

"And for what reason ?"

"Because the moon, under the action of the earth's attraction, has assumed the form of an egg, which we look at from the smaller end. Hence it follows, by Hausen's calculations, that its centre of gravity is situated in the other hemisphere. Hence it results that the great mass of air and water must have been drawn away to the other face of our satellite during the first days of its creation."

"Pure fancies !" cried the unknown.

"No ! Pure theories ! which are based upon the laws of mechanics, and it seems difficult to me to refute them. I appeal then to this meeting, and I put it to them whether life, such as exists upon the earth, is possible on the surface of the moon ?"

Three hundred thousand auditors at once applauded the proposition. Ardan's opponent tried to get in another word, but he could not obtain a hearing. Cries and menaces fell upon him like hail.

"Enough ! enough !" cried some.

"Drive the intruder off !" shouted others.

"Turn him out !" roared the exasperated crowd.

But he, holding firmly on to the platform, did not budge an inch, and let the storm pass on, which would soon have assumed formidable proportions, if Michel Ardan had not quieted it by a gesture. He was too chivalrous to abandon his opponent in an apparent extremity.

"You wished to say a few more words ?" he asked, in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, a thousand ; or rather, no, only one ! If you persevere in your enterprise, you must be a—"

"Very rash person! How can you treat me as such? me, who have demanded a cylindro-conical projectile, in order to prevent turning round and round on my way like a squirrel?"

"But, unhappy man, the dreadful recoil will smash you to pieces at your starting."

"My dear contradictor, you have just put your finger upon the true and the only difficulty; nevertheless, I have too good an opinion of the industrial genius of the Americans not to believe that they will succeed in overcoming it."

"But the heat developed by the rapidity of the projectile in crossing the strata of air?"

"Oh! the walls are thick, and I shall soon have crossed the atmosphere."

"But victuals and water?"

"I have calculated for a twelvemonth's supply, and I shall be only four days on the journey."

"But for air to breathe on the road?"

"I shall make it by chemical process."

"But your fall on the moon, supposing you ever reach it?"

"It will be six times less dangerous than a sudden fall upon the earth, because the weight will be only one-sixth as great on the surface of the moon."

"Still it will be enough to smash you like glass!"

"What is to prevent my retarding the shock by means of rockets conveniently placed, and lighted at the right moment?"

"But after all, supposing all difficulties surmounted, all obstacles removed, supposing everything combined to favour you, and granting that you may arrive safe and sound in the moon, how will you come back?"

"I am not coming back!"

At this reply, almost sublime in its very simplicity, the assembly became silent. But its silence was more eloquent than could have been its cries of enthusiasm. The unknown profited by the opportunity and once more protested,—

"You will inevitably kill yourself!" he cried; "and your death will be that of a madman, useless even to science!"

"Go on, my dear unknown, for truly your prophecies are most agreeable!"

"It really is too much!" cried Michel Ardan's adversary. "I do not know why I should continue so frivolous a discussion! Please yourself about this insane expedition! We need not trouble ourselves about *you*!"

"Pray don't stand upon ceremony!"

"No! another person is responsible for your act."

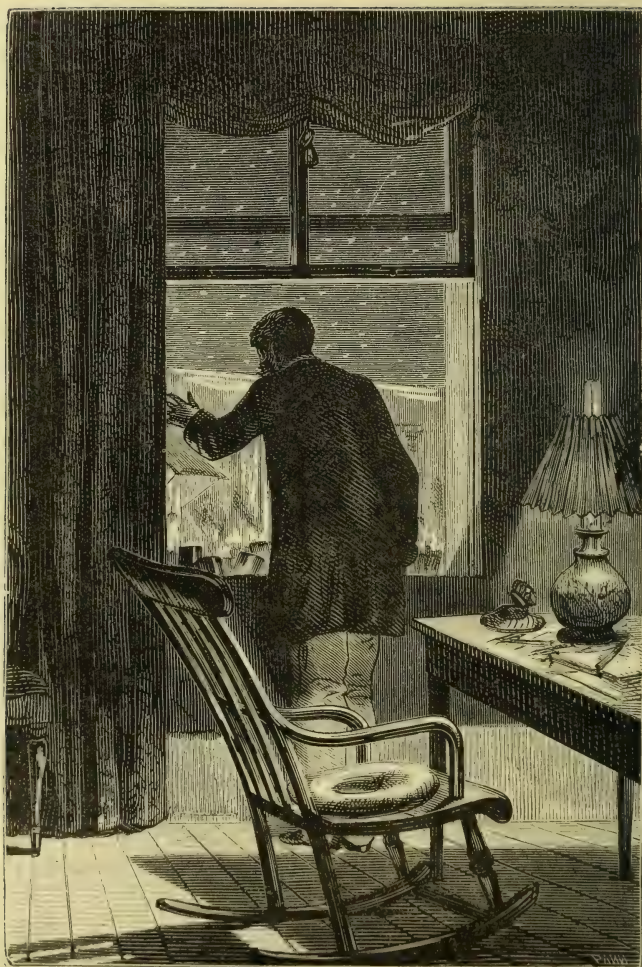
"Who, may I ask?" demanded Michel Ardan, in an imperious tone.

"The ignoramus who organized this equally absurd and impossible experiment!"

The attack was direct. Barbicane, ever since the interference of







PRESIDENT BARBICANE AT HIS WINDOW.

the unknown, had been making fearful efforts of self-control; now, however, seeing himself directly attacked, he could restrain himself no longer. He rose suddenly, and was rushing upon the enemy who thus braved him to the face, when all at once he found himself separated from him.

The platform was lifted by a hundred strong arms, and the President of the Gun Club shared with Michel Ardan triumphal honours. The shield was heavy, but the bearers came in continuous relays, disputing, struggling, even fighting among themselves in their eagerness to lend their shoulders to this demonstration.

However, the unknown had not profited by the tumult to quit his post. Besides, he could not have done it in the midst of that compact crowd. There he held on in the front row, with crossed arms, glaring at President Barbicane.

The shouts of the immense crowd continued at their highest pitch throughout this triumphant march. Michel Ardan took it all with evident pleasure. His face gleamed with delight. Several times the platform seemed seized with pitching and rolling like a weather-beaten ship. But the two heroes of the meeting had good sea-legs. They never stumbled; and their vessel arrived without dues at the port of Tampa Town.

Michel Ardan managed fortunately to escape from the last embraces of his vigorous admirers. He made for the Hotel Franklin, quickly gained his chamber, and slid under the bed-clothes, while an army of a hundred thousand men kept watch under his windows.

During this time a scene, short, grave, and decisive, took place between the mysterious personage and the President of the Gun Club.

Barbicane, free at last, had gone straight at his adversary.

"Come!" he said shortly.

The other followed him on to the quay; and the two presently found themselves alone at the entrance of an open wharf on Jones' Fall.

The two enemies, still mutually unknown, gazed at each other.

"Who are you?" asked Barbicane.

"Captain Nicholl!"

"So I suspected. Hitherto chance has never thrown you in my way."

"I am come for that purpose."

"You have insulted me!"

"Publicly!"

"And you will answer to me for this insult?"

"At this very moment."

"No! I desire that all that passes between us shall be secret. There is a wood situated three miles from Tampa, the wood of Skersnaw. Do you know it?"

"I know it."

“ Will you be so good as to enter it to-morrow morning at five o’clock, on one side ? ”

“ Yes ! if you will enter at the other side at the same hour.”

“ And you will not forget your rifle ? ” said Barbicane.

“ No more than you will forget yours,” replied Nicholl.

These words having been coldly spoken, the President of the Gun Club and the captain parted. Barbicane returned to his lodging ; but, instead of snatching a few hours of repose, he passed the night in endeavouring to discover a means of evading the recoil of the projectile, and resolving the difficult problem proposed by Michel Ardan during the discussion at the meeting.



## AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

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IN a country and among a people where newspaper readers are counted not by thousands and tens of thousands but by millions, the journalistic profession necessarily takes high rank. The old-established order of things is reversed, and the members of the Fourth Estate find themselves entitled to rank as members of the First Estate. Judged by whatever standard or test we choose, the Press is a mighty power in the United States—all the more powerful because it is, to a very great extent, independent. A brief sketch of its early history and sudden rise cannot, therefore, but prove interesting.

Until within a very short period no attempt has been made to give anything like a connected history of the American Press. Brief, and not unfrequently very crude and imperfect notices of early papers have appeared, written in a majority of cases by the bibliopoles and antiquaries of Boston and other New England cities, and at periodical and often lengthy intervals the newspaper *Register* of some well-known advertising agency has been issued; but beyond these scanty sources of knowledge there has been absolutely nothing extant on the subject worth consulting, no single work to which the inquiring mind, thirsting for knowledge touching the spread and growth of journalism in the United States, could turn and find relief.

In the early days of the present century (*circiter* 1810), Isaiah Thomas published a *History of Printing*; more than forty years elapsed before any similar work made its appearance. In 1852 J. T. Buckingham printed his "*Reminiscences*," relating chiefly to the New England press.

These works have long been out of print, and are now rarely met with even on the shelves of libraries and old book-dealers. Though possessed of considerable interest as local histories, they needed fulness and comprehensiveness to impart to them any permanent value. "*The Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett*," "*The Life of Horace Greeley*," Maverick's "*Henry J. Raymond*," and "*Thirty Years of the New York Press*," and a few other works of perhaps less pretension and scope, have been added to those already named since the appearance of Mr. Buckingham's book, but without accomplishing any great end or purpose beyond supplying a certain amount of new materials for a complete and connected history. The death of these three prominent newspaper chiefs—the Nestors of

the New York Press as they have been called—Raymond, Bennett, and Greeley, within so short a period of each other, is calculated to impart great additional interest to the subject at this time.

In the treatment of our subject we shall endeavour to follow the plan so admirably laid down and so steadily followed by Mr. Hudson throughout his entire work. He divides the history of the American press into six periods or divisions, as follows:—First, the Earliest American Newspapers (1690—1704); second, the Colonial Press (1704—1755); third, the Revolutionary Press (1755—1783); fourth, the Political Party Press, the Religious Press, the Agricultural Press, the Commercial Press, and the Sporting Press (1783—1833); fifth, the Transition Press, the Cheap Press (1833—1835); and sixth, the Independent Press and the Telegraph Press (1835—1872). Under these several heads the progress of journalism in America is traced from its feeble and insignificant beginning, shortly subsequent to the landing of the Plymouth Pilgrims, to its present prosperous and influential position.

In regard to the origin of the American newspaper, there fortunately exists none of the mystery and doubt in which the birth and parentage of its British progenitor is so hopelessly involved.<sup>1</sup> Its nativity and authenticity are beyond question or surmise.

To Boston—the “Athens of America,” as it is justly called—belongs the honour of having produced the first newspaper published in this country. It was printed by Benjamin Harris on the 25th September, 1690, and was called by the quaint but cumbrous title of *Publick Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestick*. Only one copy of this paper is known to be in existence, and that, strange to say, is in the Colonial State Paper Office in London. In his prospectus the editor says,—

“It is designed that the Countrey shall be furnished once a moneth (or if any Glut of Occurrences happen oftener) with an Account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice.”

Editor Harris had very high notions of the moral responsibilities of journalism. He promised that “material” mistakes should be corrected in the next issue, and proposed to expose the names of malicious raisers of false reports. But *Publick Occurrences* died an early death; it never came to a second number. The editor was guilty of the indiscretion of touching upon certain local and military affairs. This excited the wrath of the authorities, who not only suppressed his paper, but strictly forbade the appearance of “anything in print without licence first obtained from those appointed by the Government to grant the same.”

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<sup>1</sup> No competent authority, we believe, has yet been able to decide whether the copies of the *English Mercurie* in the Birch Collection of the British Museum belong to the close of the 16th or the middle of the 18th century; or, indeed, whether they are genuine copies or mere forgeries.

The authorities of that day betrayed a peculiar sensitiveness to anything like an infringement on their power, and dreaded the influence of a journal which gave simply the current news, without note or comment. Harris had, however, been known in London as a rabid Reformer, a "brisk asserter of English liberties." He had once, indeed, been put in the pillory, at which time it is quaintly recorded, "his wife (like a kind rib) stood by to defend her husband against the mob." The authorities probably felt that he was not the proper man to create a new power and influence among the people, and thought it safer to nip his enterprise in the bud than to wait for more startling developments. Fourteen years elapsed without any fresh effort being made to establish another newspaper. During that period (1690—1704), New York and Boston depended upon the arrival and circulation of English journals for their items of news, and as it was impossible to obtain anything but a very limited number of copies, the contents of such as were received had to be retailed at the coffee-houses and other places of public resort. Postmasters and pothouse-keepers became the newsmen of the day, the latter supplying the public with news by means of written circulars, as the Roman and Venetian newsletter writers had done before them, and as Butler and Renaudot did in England and France prior to the establishment of newspapers.

In 1696 the London *Gazette* had been reprinted in New York, under the auspices of Governor Fletcher, but it shared the fate of its predecessor *Publick Occurrences*, and made but one appearance.

As a permanent institution in the country, the newspaper may be said to date from 1704. On the 24th April of that year John Campbell, Postmaster of Boston, published the initial number of the Boston *News-Letter*. It was a small half-sheet, foolscap size, printed "by authority," and despite many troubles and vicissitudes, it lived seventy-two years. Campbell's facilities for printing were not on a very extensive or elaborate scale, as may be gathered from the announcement made in one of his numbers, that he was "*thirteen months behind in giving the news from Europe.*"

The second permanent newspaper in America, according to Mr. Hudson, was the Boston *Gazette*, and the first in the list of innumerable gazettes with which the press has literally teemed from that day to this. It was started in 1719 by Wm. Brooker, as a rival to the *News-Letter*. This was followed in 1725 by the New York *Gazette*, published by William Bradford; and this in turn, by the New York *Weekly Journal*, which was first issued in 1733. The last-named paper was published by John Peter Zenger, a famous "Knickerbocker" editor of that early day, and to its influence was largely due the movement described by Gouverneur Morris as "the dawn of that liberty which afterward revolutionized America."

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the commencement of American Journalism.



The day of small things passed quickly, if not smoothly, and in 1748 we find the press entering upon the third or revolutionary period of its history. In that year, Mr. Hudson tells us, Samuel Adams, of Boston, the progenitor of a large and noble family of New England worthies, founded the *Independent Advertiser*, which was succeeded in 1753 by the *Boston Gazette or Weekly Advertiser*, and which, two years later, was followed by the *Gazette and Country Gentleman*, the real organ of the revolutionary party in the colonies. It was printed on two pages folio. On its first appearance its title-page was decorated with two cuts—one representing an Indian with bow and arrow ready for use; the other, Britannia liberating a bird confined by a cord to the arms of France. All the writers for the *Independent Advertiser*, with Samuel Adams at their head, were contributors to the *Gazette*. Among them were James Otis, John Adams, and Joseph Warren. Of course the office of the *Gazette* became the resort of the leading revolutionary spirits of the day. The Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, the Tea Tax, the closing of the port of Boston, the letters of Governor Hutchinson, the measures of the Provincial Government, the conduct of the British soldiers, were the grievances which furnished the material for these brilliant writers to arouse the indignation of the colonists, and make rebels, patriots, and freemen of them all.

Our historian records that the most faithful description of the massacre in King Street, Boston, on the 5th March, 1770, was given in the *Gazette*. As a specimen of the style of local reporting of the period, it is well worth recording:—

“Tuesday last was the Anniversary of the never-to-be-forgotten Fifth of March, 1770, when Messieurs *Gray, Maverick, Caldwell, Carr*, and *Attucks* were inhumanly murdered by a Party of Soldiers of the XXIXth Regiment in King Street:—The Bells of the several Congregational Meeting-Houses were tolled from XII o'clock at Noon till I:—In the Evening there was a very striking Exhibition at the Dwelling-House of Mr. PAUL REVERE, fronting the Old North Square. At one of the Chamber-Windows was the appearance of the Ghost of the unfortunate young Seider, with one of his Fingers in the Wound, endeavouring to stop the Blood issuing therefrom: Near him his Friends weeping: And at a small distance a monumental Obelisk, with his Bust in Front:—On the Front of the Pedestal, were the Names of those killed on the Fifth of March: Underneath the following lines:

“*Seider's pale Ghost fresh bleeding stands,  
And Vengeance for his Death demands.*”

“In the next Window were represented the Soldiers drawn up, firing at the People assembled before them—the Dead on the Ground—and the Wounded falling, with the Blood running in Streams from their Wounds: Over which was wrote FOUL PLAY. In the third Window was the Figure of a Woman, representing AMERICA, sitting on the Stump of a Tree, with a Staff in her Hand, and the Cap of Liberty on the Top thereof,—one Foot on the Head of a Grenadier lying prostrate grasping a Serpent—Her Finger pointing to the Tragedy.

“The whole was so well executed that the Spectators, which amounted to many Thousands, were struck with solemn Silence, and their Countenances covered with a melancholy Gloom. At nine o'clock the Bells tolled a doleful Peal, until Ten; when the Exhibition was withdrawn, and the People retired to their respective Habitations.”

Three years later the famous exploit in Boston Harbour, which led to the destruction of the East India Tea, is thus reported in the *Gazette* of December 20, 1773:—

“On Tuesday last the body of the people of this and all the adjacent towns, and others from the distance of twenty miles, assembled at the Old South meeting-house to inquire the reason of the delay in sending the ship Dartmouth, with the East India tea, back to London, and having found that the owner had not taken the necessary steps for that purpose, they enjoined him at his peril to demand of the collector of customs a clearance of the ship, and appointed a committee of ten to see it performed, after which they adjourned to the Thursday following, 10 o'clock. They then met, and being informed by Mr. Rotch that a clearance was refused him, they enjoined him immediately to enter a protest, and apply to the Governor for a passport by the castle, and adjourned again till 3 o'clock for the same day, at which time they again met, and after waiting till near sunset, Mr. Rotch came in and informed them that he had accordingly entered his protest and waited on the Governor for a pass, but his excellency told him he could not consistent with his duty grant it until his vessel was qualified. The people finding all their efforts to preserve the property of the East India Company and return it safely to London, frustrated by the tea consignees, the collector of the customs, and the Governor of the Province, DISSOLVED their meeting. But, BEHOLD what followed! A number of brave and resolute men, determined to do all in their power to save their country from the ruin which their enemies had plotted, in less than four hours emptied every chest of tea overboard the three ships commanded by Captains Hull, Bruce, and Coffin, amounting to 342 chests, into the Sea!! without the least damage done to the ships or any other property. The masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared; and the people are almost universally congratulating each other on this happy event.”

Six years before this event the Tory party had issued the *Boston Chronicle* as their “organ,” under the auspices of the English authorities. While the city of New York was occupied by the British troops, the several papers of that city so arranged their days of publication that one paper was issued every day of the week, Sundays excepted. Of all the newspapers started in America, up to the end of this period (1783), sixty-seven in number, only forty-three were in existence when the Independence of the United States was acknowledged by Great Britain. From this time onward there was a steady increase in the number of newspapers throughout the country. A perusal of the following table, which we extract entire from Mr. Hudson’s work, will enable the reader to form some idea of the marvellous growth of the newspaper press in the United States, more particularly since the introduction of the telegraph and associated press:—

*Newspaper and Periodical Circulation in the United States.*

Years.	Newspapers and		Copies Annually	Population.
	Periodicals.	Printed.		
1704 . . . . .	1	16,000	600,000	
1725 . . . . .	4	170,000	1,000,000	
1775 . . . . .	37	1,200,000	2,800,000	
1810 . . . . .	359	22,321,700	7,239,814	
1828 . . . . .	852	68,117,796	12,000,000	
1835 . . . . .	1,258	90,361,000	14,000,000	
1840 . . . . .	1,631	195,838,673	17,069,453	
1850 . . . . .	2,526	426,409,978	23,191,876	
1860 . . . . .	4,051	927,951,548	31,445,080	
1870 . . . . .	5,871	1,508,548,250	38,555,753	

It is estimated that the number of copies of newspapers printed in Great Britain in 1870 was 350,000,000, and the same number in France. The census returns show that over 1,500,000,000 were issued in the United States in the same year. The following table exhibits the pre-eminence which America has gained in regard to the number of her published papers in a marked manner. The figures are from Mr. Hudson's book, and give the number of newspapers and other periodicals published in 1870 in every part of the world :—

Great Britain . . . . .	1,456	Norway and Sweden . . .	184
France . . . . .	1,668	Netherlands . . . . .	174
Prussia . . . . .	809	Switzerland . . . . .	394
Austria . . . . .	650	Egypt . . . . .	7
Other German States . .	467	Africa . . . . .	14
Russia . . . . .	337	Asia . . . . .	30
Italy . . . . .	723	Turkey . . . . .	8
Spain . . . . .	306	Other parts of the world .	150
Belgium . . . . .	194		
Portugal . . . . .	26	Total . . . . .	7,642
Denmark . . . . .	96	United States . . . . .	5,871

It will thus be seen that at the present ratio of increase in ten years there will be a greater number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States than in all other countries of the world combined.

What the quality of these papers is, and what the character of the influence they exert upon the great mass of their readers, we hope to illustrate in a succeeding paper.

E. HEPPLE HALL.

HOFFMAN HOUSE, N.Y.  
*June, 1873.*



## WORK; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

MRS. WILKINS' MINISTER.

NEXT day Christie braved the lion in his den, otherwise the flinty Flint in her second-class boarding-house, and found that alarm and remorse had produced a softening effect upon her. She was unfeignedly glad to see her lost lodger safe, and finding that the new friends were likely to put her in the way of paying her debts, this much-harassed matron permitted her to pack up her possessions, leaving one trunk as a sort of hostage. Then, with promises to redeem it as soon as possible, Christie said good-bye to the little room where she had hoped and suffered, lived and laboured so long, and went joyfully back to the humble home she had found with the good laundress.

All the following week Christie "chored round," as Mrs. Wilkins called the miscellaneous light work she let her do. Much washing, combing, and clean-pinaforing of children fell to her share, and she enjoyed it amazingly; then, when the elder ones were packed off to school, she lent a hand to any of the numberless tasks housewives find to do from morning till night. In the afternoon, when other work was done and little Vic asleep or happy with her playthings, Christie clapped laces, sprinkled muslins, and picked out edgings at the great table where Mrs. Wilkins stood ironing, fluting, and crimping till the kitchen bristled all over with immaculate frills and flounces.

It was pretty delicate work, and Christie liked it, for Mrs. Wilkins was an adept at her trade, and took as much pride and pleasure in it as any French *blanchisseuse* tripping through the streets of Paris, with a tree full of coquettish caps, capes, and petticoats borne before her by a half invisible boy.

Being women, of course they talked as industriously as they worked: fingers flew and tongues clacked with equal profit and

pleasure, and by Saturday Christie had made up her mind that Mrs. Wilkins was the most sensible woman she ever knew. Her grammar was an outrage upon the memory of Lindley Murray, but the goodness of her heart would have done honour to any saint in the calendar. She was very plain, and her manners were by no means elegant, but good-temper made that homely face most loveable, and natural refinement of soul made mere external polish of small account. Her shrewd ideas and odd sayings amused Christie very much, while her good sense and bright way of looking at things did the younger woman a world of good.

Mr. Wilkins devoted himself to the making of shoes and the consumption of food with the silent regularity of a placid animal. His one dissipation was tobacco, and in a fragrant cloud of smoke he lived and moved and had his being so entirely that he might have been described as a pipe with a man somewhere behind it. Christie once laughingly spoke of this habit and declared she would try it herself if she thought it would make her as quiet and undemonstrative as Mr. Wilkins, who, to tell the truth, made no more impression on her than a fly.

"I don't approve on't, but he might do wuss. We all have to have our comforts somehow, so I let Lisha smoke as much as he likes, and he lets me gab, so it's about fair, I reckon," answered Mrs. Wilkins, from the suds.

She laughed as she spoke, but something in her face made Christie suspect that at some period of his life Lisha had done "wuss;" and subsequent observations confirmed this suspicion and another one also, that his good wife had saved him and was gently easing him back to self-control and self-respect. But, as old Fuller quaintly says, "She so gently folded up his faults in silence that few guessed them," and loyally paid him that respect which she desired others to bestow. It was always "Lisha and me," "I'll ask my husband," or "Lisha'll know; he don't say much, but he's a dreadful smart man," and she kept up the fiction so dear to her wifely soul by endowing him with her own virtues, and giving him the credit of her own intelligence.

Christie loved her all the better for this devotion, and for her sake treated Mr. Wilkins as if he possessed the strength of Samson and the wisdom of Solomon. He received her respect as if it was his due, and now and then graciously accorded her a few words beyond the usual scanty allowance of morning and evening greetings. At his shop all day, she only saw him at meals and sometimes of an evening, for Mrs. Wilkins tried to keep him at home safe from temptation, and Christie helped her by reading, talking, and frolicking with the children, so that he might find home attractive. He loved his babies and would even relinquish his precious pipe for a time to ride the little chaps on his foot or amuse Vic with shadow rabbits on the wall.

At such times the entire content in Mrs. Wilkins' face made tobacco fumes endurable, and the burden of a dull man's presence

less oppressive to Christie, who loved to pay her debts in something besides money.

As they sat together, finishing off some delicate laces that Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Wilkins said, "Ef it's fair to-morrow, I want you to go to my meetin' and hear my minister. It'll do you good."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Power."

Christie looked rather startled, for she had heard of Thomas Power as a rampant radical and infidel of the deepest dye, and been warned never to visit that den of iniquity called his free church.

"Why, Mrs. Wilkins, you don't mean it!" she said, leaving her lace to dry at the most critical stage.

"Yes, I do!" answered Mrs. Wilkins, setting down her flat-iron with emphasis, and evidently preparing to fight valiantly for her minister, as most women will.

"I beg your pardon ; I was a little surprised, for I'd heard all sorts of things about him," Christie hastened to say.

"Did you ever hear *him*, or read any of his writings?" demanded Mrs. Wilkins, with a calmer air.

"Never."

"Then don't judge. You go hear and see that blessed man, and ef you don't say he's the shadow of a great rock in a desert land, I'll give up," cried the good woman, waxing poetical in her warmth.

"I will to please you, if nothing else. I did go once just because I was told not to ; but he did not preach that day, and everything was so peculiar, I didn't know whether to like it or be shocked."

"It is kind of sing'lar at fust, I'm free to confess, and not as churchy as some folks like. But there ain't no place but that big enough to hold the crowds that want to go, for the more he's abused the more folks flock to see him. They git their money's wuth I do believe, for though there ain't no pulpits and pews, there's a sight of brotherly love round in them seats, and pious practice as well as powerful preaching in that shabby desk. *He* don't need no commandments painted up behind him to read on Sunday, for he keeps 'em in his heart and life all the week as honest as man can."

There Mrs. Wilkins paused, flushed and breathless with her defence, and Christie said candidly, "I did like the freedom and good-will there, for people sat where they liked, and no one frowned over shut pew-doors at me, a stranger. An old black woman sat next me, and said "Amen" when she liked what she heard, and a very shabby young man was on the other, listening as if his soul was as hungry as his body. People read books, laughed and cried, clapped when pleased, and hissed when angry ; that I did *not* like."

"No more does Mr. Power, he don't mind the cryin' and the smilin' as it's nat'ral ; but noise and disrespect of no kind ain't pleasing to him. His own folks behave becomin', but strangers go and act as they like, thinking that there ain't no bounds to the word 'free.' Then we are picked at for their doin's, and Mr. Power has to carry other folkses sins on his shoulders. But, dear suz, it ain't much



matter after all, ef the inside is well-meanin.' Children always make a noise a-strivin' after what they want most, and I shouldn't wonder ef the Lord forgive all our shortcomin's of that sort sense we are hankerin' and reachin' for the truth."

"I wish I *had* heard Mr. Power that day, for I was striving after peace with all my heart, and he might have given it to me," said Christie, interested and impressed with what she heard.

"Wall, no, dear, I guess not. Peace ain't give to no one all of a sudden, it gen'lly comes through much tribulation, and the sort that comes hardest is best wuth havin'. Mr. Power would a' ploughed and harrerred you, so to speak, and sowed good seed liberal; then ef you warn't barren ground, things would have throve and the Lord give you a harvest accordin' to your labour. Who did you hear?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, pausing to starch and clap vigorously.

"A very young man who seemed to be airing his ideas and beliefs in the frankest manner. He belaboured everybody and everything, upset church and state, called names, arranged heaven and earth to suit himself, and evidently meant every word he said. Much of it would have been ridiculous if the boy had not been so thoroughly in earnest; sincerity always commands respect, and though people smiled, they liked his courage, and seemed to think he would make a man when his spiritual wild oats were sown."

"I ain't a doubt on't. We often have such, and they ain't all empty talk, nuther; some of 'em are surprisingly bright, and all mean so well I don't never reluct to hear 'em. They must blow off their steam somewheres, else they'd bust with the big idees a swellin' in 'em; Mr. Power knows it and gives 'em the chance they can't find nowheres else. 'Pears to me," added Mrs. Wilkins, ironing rapidly as she spoke, "that folks is very like clothes, and a sight has to be done to keep 'em clean and whole. All on us has to lend a hand in this dreadful mixed-up wash, and each do our part, same as you and me is now. There's scrubbin' and bilin', wrenchin' and bluein', dryin' and foldin', ironin' and polishin', before any of us is fit for wear a Sunday mornin'."

"What part does Mr Power do?" asked Christie, much amused at this peculiarly appropriate simile.

"The scrubbin' and the bilin'; that's always the hardest and the hottest part. He starts the dirt and gits the stains out, and leaves 'em ready for other folks to finish off. It ain't such pleasant work as hangin' out, or such pretty work as doin' up, but some one's got to do it, and them that's strongest does it best, though they don't get half so much credit as them as polishes and crimps. That's showy work, but it wouldn't be no use ef the things warn't well washed fust," and Mrs. Wilkins thoughtfully surveyed the snowy muslin cap with its border fluted like the petals of a prim white daisy that hung on her hand.

"I'd like to be a washerwoman of that sort; but as I'm not one of the strong, I'll be a laundress, and try to make purity as attractive as you do," said Christie soberly.

"Ah, my dear, it's warm and wearin' work, I do assure you, and hard to give satisfaction, try as you may. Crowns of glory ain't wore in this world, but it's my 'pinion that them that does the hard jobs here will stand a good chance of havin' extra bright ones when they git through."

"I know *you* will," said Christie warmly.

"Land alive, child! I warn't thinking of Cynthy Wilkins, but Mr. Power. I'll be satisfied ef I can set low down somewheres and see him git the meddle. He won't in this world, but I know there's rewards savin' up for him byme-by."

"I'll go to-morrow, if it pours!" said Christie, with decision.

"Do, and I'll lend you my bunnit," cried Mrs. Wilkins, passing, with comical rapidity, from crowns of glory to her own cherished head-gear.

"Thank you, but I can't wear blue, I look as yellow as a dandelion in it. Mrs. Flint let me have my best things, though I offered to leave them, so I shall be respectable and by and by blossom out."

On the morrow Christie went early, got a good seat, and for half an hour watched the gathering of the motley congregation that filled the great hall. Some came in timidly, as if doubtful of their welcome; some noisily, as if, as Mrs. Wilkins said, they had not learned the wide difference between liberty and licence; many as if eager and curious; and a large number with the look of children gathering round a family table ready to be fed, and sure that wholesome food would be bountifully provided for them.

Christie was struck by the large proportion of young people in the place, of all classes, both sexes, and strongly contrasting faces. Delicate girls, looking with the sweet wistfulness of maidenly hearts for something strong to lean upon and love; sad-eyed women turning to heaven for the consolations or the satisfactions earth could not give them; anxious mothers, perplexed with many cares, trying to find light and strength; young men with ardent faces, restless, aspiring, and impetuous, longing to do and dare; tired-looking students, with perplexed wrinkles on their foreheads, evidently come to see if this man had discovered the great secrets they were delving after; and soul-sick people, trying this new and perhaps dangerous medicine, when others failed to cure. Many earnest, thoughtful men and women were there, some on the anxious seat, and some already at peace, having found the clue that leads safely through the labyrinth of life. Here and there a good grey head, a placid old face, or one of those fine countenances that tell, unconsciously, the beautiful story of a victorious soul.

Some read, some talked, some had flowers in their hands, and all sat at ease, rich and poor, black and white, young and old, waiting for the coming of the man who had power to attract and hold so many of his kind. Christie was so intent on watching those about her that she did not see him enter, and only knew it by the silence which began just in front of her, and seemed to flow backward like

a wave, leaving a sea of expectant faces turning to one point. That point was a grey head, just visible above the little desk which stood in the middle of a great platform. A vase of lovely flowers was on the little shelf at one side, a great Bible reposed on the other, and a manuscript lay whitely on the red slope between.

In a moment Christie forgot everything else, and waited, with a curious anxiety, to see what manner of man this was. Presently he got up with an open book in his hand, saying, in a strong, cheerful voice, "Let us sing," and having read a hymn as if he had composed it, he sat down again.

Then everybody did sing ; not harmoniously, but heartily, led by an organ, which the voices followed at their own sweet will. At first Christie wanted to smile, for some shouted and some hummed, some sat silent, and others sung sweetly ; but before the hymn ended she liked it, and thought that the natural praise of each individual soul was perhaps more grateful to the ear of God than masses by great masters, or psalms warbled tunefully by hired opera-singers.

Then Mr. Power rose again, and laying his hands together with a peculiarly soft and reverent gesture, lifted up his face and prayed. Christie had never heard a prayer like that before ; so devout, so comprehensive, and so brief. A quiet talk with God, asking nothing but more love and duty towards Him and our fellow-men ; thanking Him for many mercies, and confiding all things trustfully to the "dear father and mother of souls."

The sermon which followed was as peculiar as the prayer, and as effective. "One of Power's judgment-day sermons," as she heard one man say to another, when it was over. Christie certainly felt at first as if kingdoms and thrones were going down, and each man being sent to his own place. A powerful and popular wrong was arrested, tried, and sentenced then and there, with a courage and fidelity that made plain words eloquent, and stern justice beautiful. He did not take David of old for his text, but the strong, sinful, splendid Davids of our day, who had not fulfilled the promise of their youth, and whose seeming success was a delusion and a snare to themselves and others, sure to be followed by sorrowful abandonment, defeat, and shame. The ashes of the ancient hypocrites and Pharisees were left in peace, but those now living were heartily denounced, modern money-changers scourged out of the temple, and the everlasting truth set up therein.

As he spoke not loudly nor vehemently, but with the indescribable effect of inward force and true inspiration, a curious stir went through the crowd at times, as a great wind sweeps over a corn-field, lifting the broad leaves to the light and testing the strength of root and stem. People looked at one another with a roused expression ; eyes kindled, heads nodded involuntary approval, and an emphatic "That's so !" dropped from the lips of men who saw their own vague instincts and silent opinions strongly confirmed and nobly uttered. Consciences seemed to have been pricked to duty, eyes cleared to see that their golden idols had feet of clay,



and wavering wills strengthened by the salutary courage and integrity of one indomitable man.

Another hymn and a benediction that seemed like a fit grace after meat, and then the crowd poured out; not yawning, thinking of best clothes, or longing for dinner, but waked up, full of talk, and eager to do something to redeem the country and the world.

Christie went rapidly home because she could not help it, and burst in upon Mrs. Wilkins with a face full of enthusiasm, exclaiming, while she cast off her bonnet as if her head had outgrown it since she left,—

"It was splendid; I never heard such a sermon before, and I'll never go to church anywhere else!"

"I knew it! ain't it fillin'? don't it give you a kind of spiritual h'ist, and make things wuth more somehow?" cried Mrs. Wilkins, gesticulating with the pepper-pot in a way which did not improve the steak she was cooking, and caused great anguish to the noses of her offspring, who were watching the operation.

Quite deaf to the chorus of sneezes which accompanied her words, Christie answered, brushing back her hair, as if to get a better outlook at creation generally,—

"Oh yes, indeed! At first it was rather terrible, and yet so true I wouldn't change a word of it. But I don't wonder he is misunderstood, belied, and abused. He tells the truth so plainly, and lets in the light so clearly, that hypocrisy and sinners must fear and hate him. I think he *was* a little hard and unsparing sometimes, though I don't know enough to judge the men and measures he condemned. I admired him very much, but I should be afraid of him if I ever saw him nearer."

"No, you wouldn't,—not a grain. You hear him preach agin, and you'll find him as gentle as a lamb. Strong folks is apt to be ruther ha'sh at times; they can't help it no more than this stove can help scorchin' the vittles when it gits red hot. Dinner's ready, so set right up and tell me all about it," said Mrs. Wilkins, slapping the steak on to the platter, and beginning to deal out fried potatoes all round with absent-minded lavishness.

Christie talked, and the good soul enjoyed that far more than her dinner, for she meant to ask Mr. Power to help her find the right sort of home for the stranger whose unfitness for her present place was every day made more apparent to the mind of her hostess.

"What took you there first?" asked Christie, still wondering at Mrs. Wilkins' choice of a minister.

"The Lord, my dear," answered the good woman, in a tone of calm conviction. "I'd heard of him, and I always have a leanin' towards them that's reviled; so one Sabbath I felt to go, and did. 'That's the gospel for me,' says I, 'my old church ain't big enough now, and I ain't goin' to set and nod there any longer,' and I didn't."

"Hadh't you any doubts about it, any fears of going wrong or being sorry afterwards?" asked Christie, who believed, as many do,

that religion could not be attained without much tribulation of some kind.

"In some things folks is led; I be frequent, and when them leadin's come I don't ask no questions, but jist foller, and it always turns out right."

"I wish I could be led."

"You be, my dear, every day of your life, only you don't see it. When you are doubtful, set still till the call comes, then git up and walk whichever way it says, and you won't fall. You've had bread and water long enough, now you want meat and wine a spell; take it, and when it's time for milk and honey some one will fetch 'em ef you keep your table ready. The Lord feeds us right; it's we that quarrel with our vittles."

"I will," said Christie, and began at once to prepare her little board for the solid food of which she had had a taste that day.

That afternoon Mrs. Wilkins took her turn at church-going, and saw Mr. Power, told Christie's story in her best style, and ended by saying,—

"She's true grit, I do assure you, sir. Willin' to work, but she's seen the hard side of things and got kind of discouraged. Soul and body both wants tinkerin' up, and I don't know anybody who can do the job better than you can."

"Very well, I'll come and see her," answered Mr. Power, and Mrs. Wilkins went home well satisfied.

He kept his word, and about the middle of the week came walking in upon them as they were at work.

"Don't let the irons cool," he said, and, sitting down in the kitchen, began to talk as comfortably as if in the best parlour; more so, perhaps, for best parlours are apt to have a depressing effect upon the spirits, while the mere sight of labour is exhilarating to energetic minds.

He greeted Christie kindly, and then addressed himself to Mrs. Wilkins on various charitable matters, for he was a minister at large, and she one of his almoners. Christie could really see him now, for when he preached she forgot the man in the sermon, and thought of him only as a sort of visible conscience.

A sturdy man of fifty, with a keen, brave face, penetrating eyes, and mouth a little grim; but a voice so resonant and sweet, it reminded one of silver trumpets, and stirred and won the hearer with irresistible power; rough grey hair, and all the features rather rugged, as if the Great Sculptor had blocked out a grand statue, and left the man's own soul to finish it.

Had Christie known that he came to see *her* she would have been ill at ease; but Mrs. Wilkins had kept her own counsel, so when Mr. Power turned to Christie, saying,—

"My friend here tells me you want something to do. Would you like to help a Quaker lady with her housework, just out of town?" she answered readily,—

"Yes, sir, anything that is honest."

"Not as a servant exactly, but companion and helper. Mrs.

Sterling is a dear old lady, and the place a pleasant little nest. It is good to be there, and I think you'll say so if you go."

"It sounds pleasant. When shall I go?"

Mr. Power smiled at her alacrity, but the longing look in her eyes explained it, for he saw at a glance that her place was not here.

"I will write at once, and let you know how matters are settled. Then you shall try it, and if it is not what you want, we will find you something else. There's plenty to do, and nothing pleasanter than to put the right pair of hands to the right task. Good-bye; come and see me if the spirit moves, and don't let go of Mrs. Wilkins till you lay hold of a better friend, if you can find one."

Then he shook hands cordially, and went walking out again into the wild March weather as if he liked it.

"Were you afraid of him?" asked Mrs. Wilkins.

"I forgot all about it, he looked so kind and friendly. But I shouldn't like to have those piercing eyes of his fixed on me long if I had any secret on my conscience," answered Christie.

"You ain't nothin' to fear. He liked your way of speaking fust rate, I see that, and you'll be all right now he's took hold."

"Do you know Mrs. Sterling?"

"Only by sight, but she's a sweet appearin' woman, and I wouldn't ask nothing better'n to see more of her," said Mrs. Wilkins warmly, fearing Christie's heart might misgive her.

But it did not, and when a note came saying Mrs. Sterling would be ready for her the next week, she seemed quite content with everything, for though the wages were not high, she felt that country air and quiet were worth more to her just then than money, and that Wilkinsons were better taken homœopathically.

The spirit did move her to go and see Mr. Power, but she could not make up her mind to pass that invisible barrier which stands between so many who could give one another genuine help if they only dared to ask it. But when Sunday came she went to church, eager for more, and thankful that she knew where to go for it.

This was a very different sermon from the other, and Christie felt as if he preached it for her alone. "Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for this will bring a man peace at the last," might have been the text, and Mr. Power treated it as if he had known all the trials and temptations that made it hard to live up to.

Justice and righteous wrath possessed him before, now mercy and tenderest sympathy for those who faltered in well-doing, and the stern judge seemed changed to a pitiful father. But better than the pity was the wise counsel, the cheering words, the devout surrender of the soul to its best instincts, and its close communion with its Maker, unchilled by fear, untrammelled by the narrowness of sect or superstition, but full and free and natural as the breath of life.

As she listened Christie felt as if she was climbing up from a solitary valley, through mist and shadow, towards a mountain top,



where, though the way might be rough and strong winds blow, she would get a wider outlook over the broad earth, and be nearer the serene blue sky. For the first time in her life religion seemed a visible and vital thing, a power that she could grasp and feel, take into her life and make her daily bread. Not a vague, vast idea floating before her, now beautiful, now terrible, always undefined and far away.

She was strangely and powerfully moved that day, for the ploughing had begun; and when the rest stood up for the last hymn, Christie could only bow her head and let the uncontrollable tears flow down like summer rain, while her heart sung with new aspiration,—

“Nearer, my God, to thee,  
E'en though a cross it be  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!”

Sitting with her hand before her eyes, she never stirred till the sound of many feet told her that service was done. Then she wiped her eyes, dropped her veil, and was about to rise when she saw a little bunch of flowers between the leaves of the hymn-book lying open in her lap. Only a knot of violets set in their own broad leaves, but blue as friendly eyes looking into hers, and sweet as kind words whispering in her ear. She looked about her, hoping to detect and thank the giver; but all faces were turned the other way, and all feet departing rapidly.

Christie followed with a very grateful thought in her heart for this little kindness from some unknown friend, and, anxious to recover herself entirely before she faced Mrs. Wilkins, she took a turn in the park.

The snow was gone, high winds had dried the walk, and a clear sky overhead made one forget sodden turf and chilly air. March was going out like a lamb, and Christie enjoyed an occasional vernal whiff from far-off fields and wakening woods, as she walked down the broad mall, watching the buds on the boughs, and listening to the twitter of the sparrows evidently discussing the passers-by as they sat at the doors of their little mansions.

Presently she turned to walk back again, and saw Mr. Power coming towards her. She was glad, for all her fear had vanished now, and she wanted to thank him for the sermon that had moved her so deeply. He shook hands in his cordial way, and, turning, walked with her, beginning at once to talk of her affairs as if interested in them.

“Are you ready for the new experiment?” he asked.

“Quite ready, sir; very glad to go, and very much obliged to you for your kindness in providing for me.”

“That is what we were put into the world for, to help one another. You can pass on the kindness by serving my good friends, who, in return, will do their best for you.”

"That's so pleasant! I always knew there were plenty of good friendly people in the world, only I did not seem to find them often, or be able to keep them long when I did. Is Mr. Sterling an agreeable old man?"

"Very agreeable, but not old. David is about thirty-one or two, I think. He is the son of my friend, the husband died some years ago. I thought I mentioned it."

"You said in your note that Mr. Sterling was a florist, and might like me to help in the green-house, if I was willing. It must be lovely work, and I *should* like it very much."

"Yes, David devotes himself to his flowers, and leads a very quiet life. You may think him rather grave and blunt at first, but you'll soon find him out and get on comfortably, for he is a truly excellent fellow, and my right-hand man in good works."

A curious little change had passed over Christie's face during these last questions and answers, unconscious, but quite observable to keen eyes like Mr. Power's. Surprise and interest appeared first, then a shadow of reserve, as if the young woman dropped a thin veil between herself and the young man, and at the last words a half-smile and a slight raising of the brows seemed to express the queer mixture of pity and indifference with which we are all apt to regard "excellent fellows" and "amiable girls." Mr. Power understood the look, and went on more confidentially than he had at first intended, for he did not want Christie to go off with a prejudice in her mind which might do both David and herself injustice.

"People sometimes misjudge him, for he is rather old-fashioned in manner and plain in speech, and may seem unsocial, because he does not seek society. But those who know the cause of this forgive any little shortcoming for the sake of the genuine goodness of the man. David had a great trouble some years ago and suffered much. He is learning to bear it bravely, and is the better for it, though the memory of it is still bitter and the cross hard to bear, even with pride to help him hide it, and principle to keep him from despair."

Mr. Power glanced at Christie as he paused, and was satisfied with the effect of his words, for interest, pity, and respect shone in her face, and proved that he had touched the right string. She seemed to feel that this little confidence was given for a purpose, and showed that she accepted it as a sort of gage for her own fidelity to her new employers.

"Thank you, sir, I shall remember," she said, with her frank eyes lifted gravely to his own. "I like to work for people whom I can respect," she added, "and will bear with any peculiarities of Mr. Sterling's without a thought of complaint. When a man has suffered through one woman, all women should be kind and patient with him, and try to atone for the wrong which lessens his respect and faith in them."

"There you are right; and in this case all women *should* be kind,

for David pities and protects womankind as the only retaliation for the lifelong grief one woman brought upon him. That's not a common revenge, is it?"

"It's beautiful!" cried Christie, and instantly David was a hero.

"At one time it was an even chance whether that trouble sent David 'to the devil,' as he expressed it, 'or made a man of him.' That little saint of a mother kept him safe till the first desperation was over, and now he lives for her, as he ought. Not so romantic an ending as a pistol or Byronic scorn for the world in general and women in particular, but dutiful and brave, since it often takes more courage to live than to die."

"Yes, sir," said Christie heartily, though her eyes fell, remembering how she had failed with far less cause for despair than David.

They were at the gate now, and Mr. Power left her, saying, with a vigorous hand-shake,—

"Best wishes for a happy summer. I shall come sometimes to see how you prosper; and remember, if you tire of it and want to change, let me know, for I take great satisfaction in putting the right people in the right places. Good-bye, and God be with you!"



## THREE MAIDENS.

BY UHLAND.

*(Translated by Mrs. E. H. F. COSENS.)*

FROM a castle maidens three  
 Gaze into the valley deep;  
 Clad in steel their sire they see  
 Riding up the pathway steep.  
 "Welcome, noble father, home!  
 Good as gold we all have been,  
 Bringing presents dost thou come?"

"Daughter in the silken gown,  
 Tinted like the daffodil,  
 Love of splendour is thine own,  
 Dreams of wealth thy bosom fill;  
 Take this chain of ruddy gold—  
 This to gain, a noble knight,  
 By my hand, lies stark and cold!"

Quick the maiden took the chain,  
 Round her neck the links she wound,  
 And she hasten'd o'er the plain  
 Till the warrior dead she found.  
 "See a gallant knight," she said,  
 "And my own heart's truest love,  
 Lying like a robber, dead!"

In her fond arms, weeping sore  
 To the Holy Church hard by,  
 To the vault her love she bore,  
 Where reposed her ancestry.  
 And the golden chain so bright  
 Drew she close around her throat  
 Till she died beside her knight.

From a castle maidens twain  
 Gaze into the valley deep,  
 And their steel-clad sire again  
 Rideth up the pathway steep.  
 "Welcome, noble father, home!  
 Good as gold we both have been,  
 Bringing presents, dost thou come?"

“ Child, in silken robes of green,  
 I have thought of thee to-day !  
 Thou a huntress aye hast been,  
 Skill'd in chase and forestry.  
 Take this spear with belt of gold ;  
 This to win, a huntsman brave,  
 By my hand, lies stark and cold.”

In her hand she took the spear,  
 Fatal gift her sire had brought ;  
 And she roam'd the forest drear,  
 Sad forebodings in her thought !  
 There in linden shadows deep,  
 She, beside his faithful hound,  
 Found her love, in death's deep sleep.

“ At the linden tree I stand,  
 As I promised to my dear !”  
 And the maiden with firm hand  
 In her true heart plunged the spear.  
 In the shadow cool they lie,  
 Green leaves fall upon their couch,  
 Woodbirds sing their lullaby.

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Down the vale, one lonely maid  
 Gazes from the castle keep,  
 And her sire, in steel array'd,  
 Rideth up the pathway steep.  
 “ Welcome, noble father, home !  
 Good and quiet I have been ;  
 Bringing presents, dost thou come ?”

“ Daughter in the robes of white,  
 Youngest, best beloved by me !  
 Flowers have been thy chief delight,  
 Dearer far than gold to thee.  
 Take this radiant silver flower ;  
 This to win, a gardener bold  
 Perish'd by my hand this hour !”

“ Why so daring has he proved ?  
 Father, why didst strike him down ?  
 All my flowers he rear'd and loved,  
 They will wither now he's gone !”  
 “ Rashly he to me denied  
 E'en the garden's choicest bloom,  
 Which he said was for his bride.”

Tenderly she laid the flower  
On her heart with loving care,  
And she sought her garden bower,  
With a grief-bewilder'd air.  
There among the lilies white,  
On a new-made grave she sank,  
Which up-swelling met her sight.

“I, poor maid, too sad to live,  
Like my sisters, death would seek;  
But the flower no wound will give,  
Gentle blossom, frail and weak!”  
Sick at heart the flower she eyed,  
Till it faded quite away;  
Then the maiden droop'd and died.



## SCRAPS FROM RECOLLECTION.

BY SIR GEORGE L'ESTRANGE,

FORMERLY OF 31ST REGIMENT, LATE ON HALF-PAY OF THE SCOTS  
FUSILIER GUARDS.

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### No. VIII.

IN my last "Scrap," which brought the Peninsular War to a glorious termination, I omitted, or rather forgot, several anecdotes which I have since recalled to memory, and should not wish to leave them out of my "Recollections," which might be interesting to many of my gentle readers, and they have brought forth many letters which are most gratifying and complimentary to me. In the few observations which I made referring to my late brother-in-law, Stepney St. George, I forgot to mention what happened to him at the Battle of Albuera, before my time, but related to me by himself and his brother officers. In that very bloody and almost doubtful victory he received a very severe wound, and lay upon the field of battle. A Polish Lancer, probably attracted by his bright scarlet coat and gold epaulets (for he, having plenty of private means, was always well dressed), gave him a poke with his lance, and finding there was life in him, thought he should perhaps secure an officer of high rank. He took him by the collar, and was dragging him into the French lines in a state of insensibility, when St. George was aroused from his swoon by something warm trickling down upon his head. It proved to be the life-blood of the Pole, who had received a mortal wound from a musket-shot, which relieved him of his burden, and poor St. George managed to crawl back into the British lines, and was saved.

Within the last four days previous to the time I now write (the 10th of June, 1873), I was down in the County Roscommon, and went to have a day's fishing in the Carnadoe Waters, a tributary to the Shannon. On the shore where our boats awaited us there was a small farm-house, which I heard was occupied by a very old man who had been in the Peninsula. I do not like missing an opportunity, now very rare, of meeting with one of these old veterans, and went in. I found a remarkably fine specimen of an old soldier, a man of the name of Washington, in his 96th year, as straight as a ramrod, with all his faculties, sight, hearing, and

memory perfect ; but what was my surprise when I found he had been one of my old Light Infantry company in the 31st Regiment. He had been out with the regiment since the commencement of the war in the year 1808, and in all the general actions of that exciting and interesting period, without a wound up to the 13th December, 1813. He was as much surprised as I was, and could scarcely believe I was the youth who commanded the company the day he was wounded. He stripped his leg and showed me where the ball had passed through his knee ; he told me that I said to him, "Washington, you are down at last," and that he replied, "I shall soon be up again." He went to the rear on my horse, and met Lord Wellington and Sir R. Hill, who desired him to keep on the low ground, or he and the horse would be knocked to smash in a few moments, the shot and shell were falling so fast. He got to the rear, and was sent to the military hospital at Cambray, and proceeded from thence by St. Jean de Luz to England, where he recovered from his wound, served for ten years more in the first battalion in Sicily, Naples, &c., and then retired on a pension of 1*s.* per diem. I hope I shall be able to get this small pension increased to 2*s.* 6*d.* for the remainder of this poor old man's life, and will be quite ready to certify what I know of his former military career. When he took me by the hand, after recalling many of the scenes we had passed through, and the name of almost every officer that we both so well remembered, the poor old man shed tears, and I could scarcely refrain from responding to them. He mentioned the three colonels I have already alluded to in a former "Scrap," and named the colonel who, having been shot through the trousers, went to the rear, and, instead of the doctor, one of the regimental tailors was sent to dress his wound.

I have also received a most interesting letter from another gentleman whom I had formerly mentioned, and it is so creditable to him, so gratifying and flattering to me, that I asked his permission to bring it into this "Scrap," and the following is a copy of it. I have accepted his kind invitation to visit him in Norfolk, and look forward to introduce my daughters, who are also invited, to his family with feelings of great pleasure :—

"Wroxham House, Norwich,

"May 12th, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine, who reads with great interest your 'Scraps from Recollection,' has pointed out to me your complimentary mention of my name in the April number of the ST. JAMES' MONTHLY REVIEW. I have a pleasing recollection of my short acquaintance with you at Vieux Montguerre, where the light company of the 31st joined the Buffs 57th and 66th light companies of Sir John Byng's brigade, and have ever entertained a lively and grateful remembrance of your kindness and good offices in hastening to my assistance when I fell, severely wounded in both legs, on the afternoon of the 13th of December, 1813. You then very considerably bound up the extensive wounds in my left leg with a sash, making with a piece of stick a temporary tourniquet, thus saving me probably from bleeding to death during my long and painful carriage to the rear. I remember too that you exerted your authority to compel some French prisoners we had captured to assist a few of our own

slightly wounded men to carry me off. On my way I met the Duke of Wellington and his staff riding to the front. He, commiserating my shattered condition, stopped to ask my name, &c., and sent an aide-de-camp to fetch a surgeon, pointing out some huts to which I might be carried. I, however (I had many years after an opportunity of thanking him), finding that shells from the enemy were falling near the huts, went on to Monguerre, and had the satisfaction of meeting the surgeon of the staff coming out under Lord Wellington's orders, viz. Dr. Sheckleton, afterwards an eminent accoucheur in Dublin, where I visited him about forty years ago. When the army crossed the Adour, in the early spring, I was removed to St. Jean de Luz, and about June embarked for England, 1814. By the blessing of God and a strong constitution I had quite recovered by the summer of 1815, and was walking on an artificial leg, riding on horseback, and not long afterwards following the hounds. Placed on the G.R.V. Battalion, I was allowed to retire on full pay for life as a lieutenant of seven years' standing and with a captain's pension. In 1838 I married a sister of Sir Robert John Slarney, K.C.B., whom you may remember on the Quartermaster General's staff, and have seven children living; my eldest son is a barrister, my second son, a lieutenant in the 8th Regiment King's, has just now an appointment to survey, with other officers, "Cannock Chase," in Staffordshire—with a view to autumn manœuvres there. In 1847 an old friend of mine left me a charming residence here, with good estates connected, and I then took the name of Humphrey in addition to that of Blake (at his request), and by the death of my elder brothers I have since succeeded to a family property, also in this neighbourhood. I am now seventy-seven years and a half old, am a J.P. and D.L., county of Norfolk, and still enjoy good general health. I should be well pleased to have you for a guest at Wroxham if you would be tempted into this country to see Hunstanton Hall, the ancient seat of the L'Estranges, about which you used to inquire of me, believing your Irish branch to be descended from the Norfolk family. I have some photographs of the hall made many years ago from my drawings, but you had better see the place itself, which is very interesting, I assure you.

"Sincerely yours,

"R. BLAKE HUMPHREY."

After this digression I return to London, where I had just arrived at the conclusion of my last "Scrap." The allied armies had entered and taken possession of Paris. Prussia, groaning under the barbarous treatment they had received from the French army when in occupation of their beloved Fatherland, was panting for revenge, and it required all the energy of our great Duke to prevent their committing the greatest atrocities. They were determined to demolish the Bridge of Jena and the column in the Place Vendôme, and the Duke, it was said, found great difficulty in persuading old Blucher to exert his influence with his noble army and prevent their retaliating on the inhabitants of Paris the many acts of oppression which the French army had committed on most of the families or friends of the Prussian soldiers. Order, however, was at length restored, and the allied sovereigns, with Wellington and Blucher, arrived in London. They were of course received with acclamation, and London was *en fête* for a considerable time.

It was resolved that they should go in procession and great pomp to St. Paul's; I suppose, to return thanks for the great event that had restored peace to Europe after these long and sanguinary wars. All London of course turned out to see this great procession, and it was with difficulty and considerable cost that a window or



a seat or even standing-ground could be obtained. I, with my cousin Edmund, who had also arrived in town, was so fortunate as to get an order for Northumberland House, and accordingly proceeding to the roof of that noble building, we took up our position just under the straight tail of the lion that crowns the edifice; from thence we had a splendid view of the procession as it passed under us up the Strand, and we recognized many of the gallant heroes whom we recollected to have seen during that part of the peninsular war in which we had taken a part. After a short stay in London I began to feel a strong wish to return and visit my family in Ireland, to whom I was devotedly attached, and soon took a place in the Holyhead mail, for there was no steam in those days, *en route* for Dublin. When I arrived there I found that most of my family were in the county of Sligo, at Temple House, the residence of Colonel Percival, who had been married to my eldest sister before I went out to the Peninsula, and I found a letter from her to inform me that a coach had lately been placed on the road that actually performed the journey in a single day. I lost no time in Dublin, and after a journey that I thought would never come to an end, found myself drawing up to the hall-door of one of the oldest inhabited thatched houses in Ireland. I thought I saw a perfect angel at the door, and in a minute was in the arms of my favourite sister Sophie, two years younger than myself, whom I had left what is called a slip of a girl, but now developed into the most lovely and magnificent woman that I thought I had ever laid my eyes on. I need not describe the reception I met with from every member of the family as well as herself. She afterwards became the wife of E. J. Cooper, Esq., of Marknee Castle, for many years Member of Parliament for that fine county. But little more than a year after her marriage, in her confinement of her firstborn son, they were both carried from Dublin to a vault in the church of Collooney, where her husband erected to her memory a very beautiful monument, which was sculptured in Italy. I had the melancholy happiness, in company with my cousin, who afterwards became my most beloved wife, of receiving her last sigh. In consequence of the youth of both parties their union was protracted for upwards of a year, and in my opinion should be a warning to all parents not to permit their daughters to have long engagements before marriage, as it is to this I attribute her premature death. After my arrival at Temple House, where I need not say I enjoyed the greatest happiness for some time, I made a tour of visits to all my friends, and was received with acclamation wherever I went, after the dangers I had escaped. I kept a sharp look-out for all the Gazettes, in expectation of seeing my name as an officer in the Guards, according to my General's (now Sir John Byng) kind promise. A vacancy did not occur till after the Battle of Waterloo, when to my great joy, at the head of five death-vacancies in that sanguinary action, I saw that I was gazetted an ensign and lieutenant in the 3rd Foot Guards. It would be presumptuous of me to

attempt any detail of that great battle which has been described a hundred times; but one name in the long list of killed was that of my dear and well-beloved cousin Edmund. His leg was carried off by a cannon-ball when aide-de-camp to the gallant Sir Denis Pack. A successful amputation was performed; he was going on well when a false alarm was spread by some of the fugitives, of which there were many, that the French were coming on. With a lively recollection of his former imprisonment and escape from Verdun, he dreaded falling into their hands again, and insisted on being removed. The moving brought on hemorrhage, and he sank from loss of blood. Thus fell as noble and gallant an officer as any in his Majesty's service, deeply lamented by every member of his family, to which he was an ornament, and by the numerous friends who knew his value and his worth, and by none more than his gallant general, Sir Denis Pack, who left recorded the very high opinion he entertained of him, and which was sent to me by his heir, when Sir Denis, after many years, passed away himself. It is a great pleasure to me to dwell on the "recollections" of this young hero, as I may justly call him; and I am sure it will be grateful to many members of his family, particularly his sister, who is still living, at a very advanced age, that I have had this opportunity of recording his many amiable qualities as a soldier, a son, and a brother. Since writing the above I have found amongst my papers Sir Denis Pack's testimony, which I give from his own manuscript:—

"Abbeville, December 28th, 1815.

"I am informed that Mrs. L'Estrange, the mother of my late much-lamented aide-de-camp, Major L'Estrange, has applied for relief from the Waterloo Fund, stating in her memorial that she is the widow of an officer who sold out of the army after twenty-five years' service; that her husband afterwards served for many years and till his death as Adjutant of a regiment of Militia; but having sold out of the army, as above stated, he left her without a pension and in very distressed circumstances, with a family of five sons and three daughters. The second son, a lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy, distinguished himself in several engagements, and in one had his arm carried off by a cannon-shot, and in the sequel lost his life in a line-of-battle ship off the coast of France. Of the merits of the eldest, who fell in the battle of Waterloo, I am really unable to speak in adequate terms. He was gallant and accomplished, and endeared to me by all the ties that can attach a general to his aide-de-camp. He was recommended by the Duke of Wellington for the rank he held, and I have no doubt that had he survived his Grace's last glorious victory, he would have obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy in the same honourable way. He joined the 71st Regiment when very young, served with it in Europe, Africa, and America, and shared in the well-earned fame of the corps, beloved and esteemed by all his brother officers. His mother has stated that out of his little income he allowed her one hundred a year. I have no doubt he did, and by his generous disposition greatly contributed to the family's support, which by his fall has, in truth, suffered an irreparable loss. I have felt myself in duty called upon to offer this, believe me, gentlemen, but just tribute of praise to the memory of an officer of very great promise, who has fallen in the service of his country; and I shall only further beg leave to recommend to your warmest protection the family so much dependent on him, and which consists, as I have stated, of a widow, two daughters, and three sons, two of whom are in the army, one a lieutenant in the 24th

Regiment, the other an ensign in the 71st. This statement I believe to be perfectly correct, and I shall add that I have always heard that her husband bore an excellent character as an officer and a gentleman.

“I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

“Your sincere and obedient servant,

“D. PACK.”

Ireland was in a very critical state when the Battle of Waterloo was fought; disaffection to the British Government was wound up to the highest pitch. Had Wellington been defeated, there is little doubt but Ireland would have been up in arms; and so well were matters organized, that the news of the great battle was known in most parts of the country before any official account was published. There were no electric wires in those days, but it was perfectly evident, from the downcast countenances of those who were well known to be disaffected, that they had received intelligence that they did not like. At the time the news arrived I was in Limerick, on a visit to Bishop Warburton; his son, the archdeacon, was a great friend of our family, and he had invited me down with my horse (a celebrated hunter, called “White Stockings,” from having legs of that colour) to have some hunting with Mr. Tuthill’s celebrated pack of stag-hounds, and to have some cock-shooting at Curragh, the seat then of Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, and other places in that fine county. The peasantry there, as well as in my own county, the King’s, were very generally of that sect who bore so much enmity to England; and you could see by their faces how chapfallen they were. I lost no time in returning to my father’s house at Moystown, to be greeted as a guardsman, and could scarcely avail myself of the month’s leave I was given before joining my battalion in London. This period soon passed away, and my arrival was reported at the orderly-room at the Horse Guards. Immediately after joining I received a letter from my old general and patron, Sir John Byng, from the army of occupation at Cambray, offering me the appointment of aide-de-camp in place of Captain Dumerresq, who had been severely wounded at Waterloo. I instantly went to the colonel of my regiment, the late Duke of Gloucester, to ask his Royal Highness’s permission to go out and join Sir John Byng as aide-de-camp, who had so kindly remembered me. His Royal Highness told me that there was a rule in his regiment, that no officer should go on the staff till he had done a year’s duty with the regiment. I replied that I had done two campaigns in the Peninsula; but his Royal Highness, who was rather obtuse, could not see the relevancy of my argument, and I had to make my bow, rather depressed in having lost what was the great object of all young officers, an appointment on the staff. I however determined to make the best of it, and began to think that a campaign or two in London was not so bad after all; and I returned to my duty and to make the acquaintance of my brother officers, who nevertheless thought I was rather hardly treated. At that time there was a splendid lot



of young officers in the regiment, amongst others the celebrated Dick Armit, who became my bosom friend, and of whom I hope to have a great deal more to relate. There were several Irishmen at the time in it; next above me was the Hon. Jack Westenra, who is still alive; Chidley Coote, brother of Sir Charles, who is also still alive, and, when I saw him lately, looking as well and as cheery as ever; Lord Rokeby, then Henry Montague; George Anson, afterwards the General who died near Lucknow; Sir David Baird, and that uncommon jolly fellow and good sportsman, Jack Standen; also the late Sir Charles Phipps, and the present Sir William Knollys; all these are well-known and almost public characters, and it can easily be guessed that with such a set of companions I scarcely regretted not being with the army of occupation at Cambray. I soon made my way into the best society in London, and passed many happy, uncommonly gay, and very pleasant days. Nor can I omit to mention my most excellent friend Forster, now a general officer, and for many years the well-known military secretary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the royal Duke who has commanded, and I rejoice to say, still continues to command with so much ability and so much popularity and efficiency the army which, alas! I have taken my leave of finally, having received a valedictory letter, written by his Royal Highness's commands, from General Egerton, which I am proud of and mean to hand down as a heirloom in my family. There are many other names, now that I have begun to mention them, I ought not to omit. Berkeley Drummond was our adjutant, afterwards succeeded by Sir Archibald Murray, who, as well as his clever, agreeable, and handsome brother, Digby Murray, were great friends of mine: they were in some way related to Lord Digby's family, and as my second sister Mary had married a Digby, Richard, who resided at Geashill Castle in the King's County, it formed a sort of bond between us. He was cousin and agent to the then Lord Digby, of a peculiarly strong religious turn of mind, which many of the Digbys possess. I always felt that he was a little too good for me, but he did not survive more than a year, when he fell a victim to consumption. My sister, to whom he left all his property, was delivered of a posthumous son, a fine boy; he lived to be three or four years old and was carried off by croup. My sister married, secondly, the talented gentleman now at the head of what remains of the old Irish Church; a Church which pounded and compounded, commuted and disinherited but not disgraced, I am fully convinced will yet arise, like the Phoenix, out of her ashes.

My sister left a large family by her second marriage, many of whom survive, and therefore I am silent. She died in Rome, and was buried in the English burial-ground there. I had heard that the authorities there refused to record on her tombstone the inscription her husband had penned, indeed I believe Chief Justice Whiteside mentions the circumstance in his book; I being at Mentone, on a visit to two of my daughters who, alas! are both

gone now, determined to visit my sister's grave, and accordingly proceeded by Leghorn to Rome. After visiting many of the wonders of that wondrous city, I went to the Vatican, and sent in my card to Monsignor Talbot, a countryman whose family were well known to me. He was, I believe, the Pope's Chamberlain—if his Holiness possesses such a feminine appendage. The Monsignor received me very kindly. I told him the object of my visit, that I had seen the mutilated inscription. He asked me what the words were that were omitted. I told him I believed they were, "In sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection," and the word "Rev." preceding her husband's name. He told me that there was only one name their Church condemned without redemption; he then asked me the date; I told him and he seemed relieved, and said that was before the present Pope had occupied the chair. I said "Yes," and observed that I did not think his present Holiness would sanction such an illiberal proceeding. I asked permission to pay my respects to his Holiness; there was no public day before I was to leave Rome for Naples, but a magnificent dragoon in the evening clattered into the courtyard of my hotel, with an enormous card inviting me for twelve o'clock the next day. I got up my court-dress, and Ribbon and Badge of St. Patrick, and presented myself in due time, and was immediately ushered by myself into the room; his Holiness was sitting also quite alone. He received me with great urbanity, and very soon placed me at my ease, and we had a very long conversation in broken French, at which we were neither of us great adepts. He asked me where I came from, and whither I was going; he seemed much pleased to learn I came from a country where he had so many friends, asked me who was Lord Lieutenant, and when I named the Earl of Carlisle he seemed a little put out; when I told him I was going to Corfu, he told me that only a day or two before he had ordained a bishop for that island, and recommended me to make his acquaintance, which I did, and found him everything his Holiness represented him to be. I was greatly struck by the benevolent and truly religious appearance of his Holiness, and when he stood up and held out his hand to me with the Fisherman's ring on it, I did not hesitate to kiss it; and received with the greatest humility and respect the blessing of the man whom I had so often heard disrespectfully spoken of in my own country.

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ERRATA in June "Scrap."—First line, for Garres read *Garris*. Second page, line 13, for St. Gander's read *St. Gauden's*. From both of these places several of Lord Wellington's despatches are dated.

## AMONG THE MAORIS.

BY A. N. O.

AUTHOR OF "THE ROYAL NAVY *v.* THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR;"  
"KIDNAPPING IN THE SOUTH SEAS," ETC., ETC.

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SINCE the day when Captain Cook first set his adventurous foot on New Zealand, taking formal possession of it in the name and on the authority of "Great George our King," we have found it a more or less troublesome piece of property, emphatically realizing the soldier's land of promise—

"Where every county has a king,  
And all the kings have quarrels."

Our settlements have been wrested almost inch by inch from the most formidable of native races—a body of men intelligent, ambitious, brave, crafty, and cruel; capable of combining against Europeans, but always ready to keep their hands in, during any temporary truce with their natural enemies, by a little fierce fighting among themselves.

It can hardly be matter for surprise, considering the immense cost of life and money at which this conflict has been conducted, that our legislators should in occasional moments of despondency have doubted whether indeed the game were worth the candle. But it ought not to have been forgotten that after a government has encouraged colonization up to a certain point, it becomes a sacred duty to protect the lives and rights of those "children of the State" who have quitted home and country, confiding in State protection. It is morally impossible to say "So far will we go, and no farther;" to talk of casting off our colonies while yet their resources were comparatively unknown, their strength undeveloped, their independence unsecured, was like telling a child when making his first uncertain efforts to walk, that as he cannot run alone he had better fly—ignoring the fact that the neophyte is unprovided with wings.

If it be true that we most love that which gives us most trouble, New Zealand ought to rank high in the affections of the Mother





AN ATTACK ON A MAORI PAH.



Country. Its fine climate and scenery, and the natural advantages afforded by abundant supplies of wood and water, fish and fowl, fruit and vegetables, offered strong inducements to colonists; but for many years such profound dread was excited by the native reputation for ferocious cannibalism, that so late as 1788 it was rejected as too barbarous a land to found even a penal settlement in. Those hardy adventurers who conducted the earliest whaling expeditions were the first Europeans to fraternize with the islanders. Half savage themselves, the native temper had no terrors for them; indeed, they added a few vices to the native character, and taught their new comrades a little broken English, a love of "fire-water," and a passion for fire-arms, which they soon handled with surprising dexterity. In the wake of the whaling community followed traders, who, besides supplying their few necessities, opened that kind of unequal traffic with the natives which, by receiving large tracts of land in exchange for a few buttons or a little tobacco, gained them the expressive name of land-sharks. Then came missionaries, in the majority of cases well-meaning and conscientious men, but effecting, it must be admitted, an infinitesimal amount of good. One of the first of these—the first, we believe, whose career has obtained any detailed record—was Thomas Kendal, entitled in 1814 by the Governor of New South Wales "Resident Magistrate at the Bay of Islands." Natural cunning enabled some among the Maoris to assume, in the eyes of their well-intentioned instructors, the guise of highly promising young converts; and two chiefs, named Hongi and Waikato, accompanied Mr. Kendal to Europe in 1820, and made such a favourable impression on society that they gave quite an impetus to emigration. At Cambridge the distinguished foreigners formed a friendship with a certain Baron de Thierry, of French extraction, who placed 700*l.* in Mr. Kendal's hands as the purchase-money of vast territories and rights of chieftainship in the distant birth-place of his new allies. This transaction led to a subsequent attempt, on the part of the French Government, to found a convict settlement in New Zealand; but in the meantime an English Company, including representatives of the well-known names of Lyall, Torrens, Majoribanks, and Robarts, undertook to investigate the country, with the promise from Mr. Huskisson of a royal charter if the expedition prospered. This expedition was unfortunate in its agents, who, on sighting the coast, were frightened away by a war dance performed by the natives, it was afterwards explained, as a "mark of welcome;" and all they effected was the purchase of some land. Hongi had by this time returned from his foreign tour, throwing off his assumed character of a hopeful recruit in the ranks of Christian civilization for his real one of a resolute, unscrupulous, blood-thirsty usurper. His favourite occupation, while apparently imbibing the Gospel and acquiring the arts of peace, had been accumulating vast stores of arms and ammunition, which he distributed among his own tribe, inaugurating a war of extermination against his neighbours. North and south his ravages extended



throughout several years; his few surviving victims, in their turn, seeking new localities, and employing against weaker tribes the experience acquired in their own struggles. For several hundred miles the combat raged, carrying into effect with admirable consistency—

“The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That he shall take who has the power,  
And he shall keep who can.”

Of course those lawless and desperate stragglers who are always tossed first on a foreign shore—the froth and scum heralding the approaching wave of civilization—joined heartily in the *mêlée*, which afforded them agreeable excitement and an opportunity of helping themselves to territory. In short, the whole country was given up to anarchy and destruction.

In 1831 certain chiefs who had grown tired of this state of things affixed their marks to a petition requesting William IV. to become the guardian of their distracted country, “lest the teasing of other tribes should come nigh them;” and further asking his Majesty to “be angry with such of his own people as were vicious or troublesome.” The reply of the British Government to this appeal was, we are sorry to say, characteristically weak. They despatched one helpless individual with credentials to the missionaries and the title of “Resident,” whose enviable task was to put a stop to the outrages committed both by and upon the white settlers; to arrange the disputes of hostile tribes; and generally to inaugurate the reign of law and order. In his helpless incapacity this unfortunate unit was aptly compared to a “man-of-war without guns.” Rumours that the Baron de Thierry was about to take possession as suzerain of the whole country, by virtue of his 700*l.*, startled the better class of colonists, who joined the missionaries in inducing thirty-five chiefs belonging to the northern peninsula to sign a New Zealand “Declaration of Independence,” inviting the Southern tribes to attend a legislative congress; while memorials from London merchants engaged in the South Sea trade, from English settlers in New Zealand, and from numerous dawning colonization societies, assailed the home Government in rapid succession. As no decisive step was taken upon them, a body of gentlemen, calling themselves the “New Zealand Land Company,” in 1840 sent out an expedition to purchase land and commence a settlement under the management of Colonel Wakefield, whose nephew accompanied him, and subsequently wrote an amusing and very complete narrative of their adventures and the growth of the infant colony during his four years’ residence—a narrative which must, however, be read with caution when it treats of the Company’s dealings with the natives, and subsequently with the English Government, because, with every wish and intention to write accurately, Mr. Wakefield confesses that it was impossible for him to divest himself of the animus of a partisan. Sir William Denison,

though himself as conscientious a commentator as ever took pen in hand, perhaps went to the other extreme when he said, while giving its founders full credit for the best intentions, that the Company "ended by becoming, through the mistakes of its agents, a land-shark on a large scale."<sup>1</sup> In estimating the Maoris it should always be remembered that we are ourselves responsible for much of the bitter antagonism for which we have paid so heavily; and that the courage and intelligence which made them such formidable foes were originally blended with generosity and a strong sense of justice. These very qualities, unfortunately, were turned against them by the majority of Europeans with whom they had to deal, so that the sense of right, stronger in the Maoris than in most native tribes, only enabled them to perceive how cruelly they were wronged.

The country on which the New Zealand Land Company had fixed its hopes showed fair promise to the pioneers. Their vessel glided up the Sound, leaving a succession of bays on either hand, each in itself a harbour; the coast, with some intervening level slopes, was bordered with mountains rising nearly 2000 feet, and robed to the water's edge with noble trees, whose straight, stately stems, leafless for a height of seventy or eighty feet, admitted a noble undergrowth of fern, sometimes ten feet high, and whose branches sheltered myriads of birds of rare plumage and strange song, amongst whom the melodious bell-bird chimed a welcome to the wanderers. At that time the natives, with rare exceptions, were friendly to their white visitors; quick to imitate their customs, anxious to obtain their good opinion, and as prompt in returning gratitude for kindness as in avenging insult or injustice. They formed warm personal attachments to those colonists who strove to conciliate them; on the death of a white settler, who had treated them with uniform kindness, 200 natives followed his body to the grave, honouring it by a curious old custom observed at the funerals of native chiefs, which reminds us of the erection of our Eleanor Crosses. Wherever the corpse rested on its way a carved post was planted to mark the spot; while at the head of the grave a canoe twenty feet high was stuck upright in the ground, painted red and black in fanciful designs, and edged with a fringe of feathers. The new arrivals caused as much curiosity and excitement as they experienced. The first horse seen in the Bush occasioned quite a panic; natives fled yelling before it in all directions, and, when overtaken, fell on their faces and gave themselves up for lost. When the strange creature obediently stood still for its owner to dismount, the spectators, gathering a little courage, drew nearer for a good view, anxiously asking, "Can he talk?" "Does he like boiled potatoes?" "Must he have a blanket to lie down on at night?" When the noble

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<sup>1</sup> "Varieties of Viceregal Life." By Sir William Denison, K.C.B. (Longmans 1870.) Vol. ii. p. 2.

animal was tethered a delighted audience formed a ring round him on the grass, remarking, conjecturing, and disputing about the hidden meaning of every whisk of his tale or shake of his ears.

As the explorers penetrated farther into the country its strange and romantic features impressed them more strongly. They found rich and swampy valleys belted with pumice-stone and sand, in which innumerable novel and gorgeous plants flourished, and the familiar fern developed new and gigantic forms. They climbed hills hollowed into fantastic shapes by numerous streams, which in some districts flow between cliffs 200 feet high, covered with moss and fern, and overhung at their summits by trees which almost met. In such spots the only means of reaching the small plains or hollows in which native settlements nestle is by a rude ladder of woven branches placed against the rocks, up which the sure-footed Maoris clamber carelessly, even when carrying heavy burthens. The streams widen as they proceed; the rocks rise higher, till the topmost trees look like a fringe of feathers; on their summits are still found plots of cultivated ground, springs of water and shady trees, among which hundreds of natives take refuge during their frequent quarrels. They turn the volcanic nature of their mountain retreats to odd account, bathing in the tepid pools, and cooking with great nicety over the small apertures through which steam from hot subterranean springs issues. There are also horrible traditions of refractory slaves thrown into the deeper wells of boiling water.

For a time all went well between the Maoris and the settlers. But as the eyes of the former began to be opened to the fact that they had in too many cases "sold their birthright for a mess of pottage," serious disturbances arose. The huts of white men were pillaged, their inhabitants insulted, sometimes murdered. Emboldened by the success of encounters like these, organized resistance was contemplated, till at last a formidable outbreak occurred, commencing, as usual, in a dispute about land. Certain friendly chiefs had agreed to sell a district called Wairau to the New Zealand Company, but one of the number, becoming dissatisfied with his bargain, repudiated the transaction after signing the agreement, and not only refused to allow the colonists to take possession, but used all his eloquence and influence, both of which were great, to rouse his brethren to armed opposition. The recalcitrant, who was named Rauperaho, styled himself King of the Maoris, and his claim to royal descent and supreme authority was allowed by surrounding tribes. Negotiating with this brave was of no avail—threats were equally fruitless; when the colonists declared that they would demand the help of their own monarch, he answered by a harangue of which the following is a specimen:—

"I began to fight when I was as high as my hip. All my days have been spent in fighting, and by fighting I have got my name. Since I seized by war all this land, from Taranaki to Port Nicholson, and from Blind Bay to Cloudy Bay beyond the water, I have been spoken of as a king. I am the king of all this land. I have lived



a king and I will die a king, with my *meri* in my hand. Go! I am no beggar. Rauperaho will fight the soldiers of the Queen when they come, with his own hands and his own name!"

The other chiefs, who had at first been willing to keep faith with the English Company, bent their heads in submission before such fiery exhortations, and followed the war-trail. When the surveyors arrived on the debatable land they found the natives mustering in great force, fully armed with English weapons; detached parties sacked and burned all adjacent emigrants' dwellings, and a body of colonists, numbering about sixty, and comprising magistrates, constables, and an interpreter, endeavoured to seize the aggressors. After a vain attempt to negotiate a sharp conflict ensued; the natives, whose force was much greater, and who had the advantage of perfect knowledge of the country, gaining so rapidly and unmistakably on their opponents that the leaders of the English party, seeing a panic among their small body, surrendered, giving up their arms and crying "*Kati*—peace!" in spite of which they were all cruelly massacred. One consequence of this deplorable affair was the formation of an English volunteer corps, followed by the erection of batteries to protect their dwellings. But the increasing disturbances, not only between natives and emigrants, but among the settlers themselves, induced the Home Government to interfere for the purpose of bringing the country under some acknowledged control. Accordingly Captain Hobson was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, under the Governor of New South Wales, "of any territory which might be acquired in sovereignty by her Majesty" in New Zealand, and in 1843 he landed at the Bay of Islands, accompanied by an imposing array of civil and military officials, and proceeded to negotiate with the chiefs for the purchase of large tracts of land, inducing them also formally to acknowledge the supremacy of Queen Victoria. The New Zealand Company transferred their land and their obligations to Government, and the natives entered into an agreement thenceforward not to sell any land to private parties. The volunteers were ordered to disband, and a detachment of Grenadiers was sent to protect the colony. No measures were taken to punish the natives who had first broken their agreement with the Company (which it must be admitted they probably never thoroughly understood) and then murdered its representatives. On the contrary, a proclamation by the Governor forbade any white settler to exercise rights of ownership over land the title to which was disputed by a native—an order admitting so wide an interpretation that it led to endless disputes and most unfounded claims. The infant colony at that time numbered about 1500 emigrants, drawn from all classes of English society, in addition to its former native population thinly sprinkled with whalers and missionaries; and the independent settlers were not in all cases disposed to recognize the authority of their newly-imported rulers. The Maoris were divided in their allegiance, and difficulties and disturbances multiplied, till recourse was had to penal laws to induce order and an

enforced tranquillity. Under a subsequent and more popular administration matters looked a little brighter, "The clear-headed, most ingenious, not unreasonable, valiant, powerful-framed, ever-vigilant and unconquerable Maoris," as they have been called by a writer whose personal experience as well as descriptive power gives weight to his characterization of aboriginal races,<sup>2</sup> began not only to adopt, but to excel in the pursuits of their civilized neighbours. They erected mills, navigated small coasting craft, and were considered by Bishop Selwyn to be most favourably impressed by missionary exertions. Unfortunately all these fair promises were to a great extent nullified by an ill-advised change in the form of government, which divided the country into five or six districts, since increased to nine, and returning altogether seventy-six members, amongst whom were subsequently admitted "*four* intelligent Maoris," each with an elective superintendent and Legislative Assembly, and all subsidiary to the Governor and his central Legislative Council; while the Maoris, at first wholly unrepresented, were soon involved in disputes with each small centre of authority. The great mass of the native population, settled in the northern island and occupying its larger portion, looked with jealous eyes on the sheep-farms and cattle-runs which gradually encroached on their territory; while the white settlers showed a rapidly increasing disposition to regard the Maoris as cumberers of the ground, to be cleared away like bush, or any other natural impediment to agriculture, as speedily and thoroughly as possible. The natives had meantime become quite acute enough to understand that their land was taken from them at a nominal price by a Government which treated them as aliens and intruders; and in 1857 the leading chiefs in self-defence proclaimed their resolution not to part with any more land, but to unite in electing a representative who should protect their interests, and whom they rather injudiciously resolved to style "King." Sir William Denison, at that time Governor of New South Wales, paid a visit to New Zealand in the midst of the panic caused by the unexpected attitude of the Maoris, with many of whom he had interviews; and his wise and generous advice, on learning their demands and the terrors of the colonists, was that they should be treated as British subjects, allowed to elect their own representatives, and to legislate for themselves in local matters. If they preferred to call the heads of their districts, corresponding in position and functions to the British Superintendents, *kings*, Sir William did not see any objection to their doing so. Three native monarchs, he considered, would be infinitely less formidable than one, and might by a very small subsidy be kept on excellent terms with the English Governor. After such a policy of reconciliation had worked for a time the land question would probably have settled itself, as the mutual jealousies of natives and colonists would be

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<sup>2</sup> Mr. R. H. Horne, *Illustrated Review*, vol. i. p. 473.

gradually smoothed away. The then Governor of New Zealand, Colonel Gore Browne, was also in favour of this scheme ; but other members of the Legislature had a project on foot by which they hoped, without abandoning any of their unfair advantages, to defeat the declaration of the chiefs prohibiting the sale of land, so the dissatisfaction and animosity on both sides was allowed to gain strength, without coming to any open feud, till in 1860 a promising opportunity was found for trying their dangerous experiment. The English officials assumed that, contrary to the immemorial traditions and customs of the natives, Government could purchase land from individuals of any tribe without reference to the chiefs ; and opened negotiations with Te Weira or Tarra, a member of a broken clan, residing near New Plymouth, who possessed 800 acres of land to which it was believed he could prove a good personal right. For this he was offered a much higher price than Government usually gave ; and in spite of a warning from Tarra's chief, Waremu-Kingi, that he withheld his permission, without which the sale would not be lawful, surveyors were sent to measure the ground. While the attention of the survey party was distracted, some natives quietly walked off with their chains and instruments, on which the officer of the district, acting under most unwise instructions, proclaimed martial law. " Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth ! " Looking back, it seems almost incredible that the protracted war in New Zealand, which has cost us so many valuable lives, and several millions of money, should have sprung from a needlessly embittered dispute over land worth, at the utmost, a few hundred pounds. The officer who so rashly kindled the war-torch little dreamt how fast and far its flames would spread. He was startled by the success of the natives during their first encounters with the small body of troops at his command, and applied to the Governor for reinforcements. Colonel Gore Browne, on his part, sent to Sir William Denison at Sydney, who saw with more regret than surprise the natural consequences of the ungenerous and selfish *impolicy* pursued towards the Maoris. In April, 1860, he wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison, " We have been busy during the last week sending troops to New Zealand, where some questions relative to the purchase of land from the natives have led to hostilities between the white man and the Maoris. Were we to listen to the whites, nothing of course could be more unwarrantable than the conduct of the natives ; but, to a stander-by like myself, the treatment of the natives by the whites has been such as would naturally induce the conduct which we designate rebellion. And, to tell you the truth, I believe that it was intended that such should be the result. It is the old story when a country is occupied by different races ; the Norman treated the Saxon, the Saxon the Briton, just as the Englishman of the present day treats the Caffre or the Maori. The white man wants the land, and finds means of dispossessing the native holder according to white law ; the coloured man resists in the mode prescribed to him by his own



customs, and is termed a rebel, a savage, and his mode of action designated barbarous, heathenish.”<sup>3</sup> Sir William was fully aware of the arduous task which the British troops had before them. “The troops are doing nothing,” he writes, “but then there is not much to do . . . there are many situations in which no amount of courage will enable men to fight their way out. With regard to the Maoris, they are just the people who ought never to be allowed to think they have beaten you; yet their mode of defending themselves is so well adapted to the state of the country and the material at their disposal, that it requires careful consideration and a well-arranged plan before any force ought to be brought up to attack a *pah*.”<sup>4</sup> These *pahs*, or entrenched camps, were the strongholds of the native warriors; and their construction showed a skill in fortification which almost amounted to genius. They were protected by palisaded outworks, in their turn masked by thick banks of fern and guarded by rifle-pits. On the comparatively rare occasions when our troops forced an entry, the *pahs* were found to contain wells of water, potato-pits, and stores of corn and tobacco. With wonderful readiness the Maoris adopted every improvement in the art of war which they saw practised by their civilized opponents. Very soon after the first attack from our cavalry, with which they were much impressed, large bodies of native troops were seen on horseback, and cavalry videttes were instituted by them.

A “penny wise and pound foolish” policy seems to have been our bane in dealing with New Zealand outbreaks, especially in the campaign of 1860. Handfuls of men were sent one after the other to fight and fall before the vigilant and indefatigable enemy, while large bodies of English troops employed at the outset might have terminated in a few months a war which dragged its cruel, costly length over many years. Writing of an ineffectual attack made by our soldiers on an important entrenchment, Sir William Denison says, in November, “Had the attack been made by 1200 men instead of 300, it would probably have proved successful; the Maoris might have been driven into their *pah*, and, when once shut up there, might have been compelled to surrender at discretion, in which case the war would have come to an end. I hardly see any probability of a termination now.” In fact these early successes greatly encouraged the natives, who began to think their forest fortresses impregnable, and flattered themselves that, so protected, they could carry on a war of skirmishes for ever. A similar conviction seemed, after much useless expenditure of life and money and many repulses, to gain upon the authorities at home; for in 1861 peace negotiations were commenced, and in 1863 the British Government

<sup>3</sup> “Varieties of Viceregal Life,” by Sir William Denison. Longmans, 1870. Vol. i. pp. 479, 480.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 486.

gave up the original bone of contention, and restored to the tribe the block of land at the mouth of the Waitara which had been purchased from Tarra. As, however, no measures were taken to place the relations between the Government of the Queen and her Maori subjects on a generous and definite footing, we cannot wonder that the latter, triumphing in the concession won by their first campaign, were ready to seize any pretext for opening a second—and one was found even before Sir George Grey, who had superseded Gore Brown as Governor of New Zealand, issued his proclamation, making the cession of the Waitau territory generally known.

The new point of dispute was also a land question.

During the Maori war of 1860-61 all European settlers had been driven away from the Tataraimaka block, twelve miles from New Plymouth, which was retained by the natives "in right of conquest." While negotiations for peace were going forward, and the bulk of the British forces still remained at or near New Plymouth, it was strongly urged that as an indispensable preliminary the Tataraimaka block should be reoccupied on our part. This measure would then probably have excited little or no opposition, the Maoris having retired to their own districts. But unfortunately it was delayed till peace had been concluded, when, as General Cameron in the course of the previous year wrote to the authorities at the War Office, "it could not be adopted without exciting a general war." The wisdom of this warning soon became apparent. The natives lost no opportunity of showing that they considered the presence of British troops at Tataraimaka a *casus belli* (probably encouraged by the abandonment of the disputed ground at Taranaki), and rumours of contemplated hostilities reaching New Plymouth in the spring of 1863, Captain Greaves was instructed to inspect the neighbourhood. About four miles from Tataraimaka, where the Wairu (turbulent water) joins the sea, a Maori woman came forward, and throwing her arms round the neck of Captain Greaves' horse, cried, pointing to the bush below, "No go—bad man—no go!" At the same time a settler passed by who had met with no interruption, and Captain Greaves, observing no signs of danger, rode back to the town. The woman's intervention probably saved him from falling a victim to an ambuscade, for on the following day two English officers and an escort of six soldiers of the 57th Regiment with a prisoner, traversing the sea beach from Tataraimaka to New Plymouth, were fired upon by a party of Maoris concealed behind a bank, and all tomahawked but one wounded man, who crawled into the bush and was afterwards rescued. At the moment of the attack two bullock drays on their way to Tataraimaka with stores were descending a hill towards the Oakura river, accompanied by four drivers and an escort of five soldiers. Although half a mile away the party saw the encounter and turned to retreat, but the victorious Maoris started in pursuit and compelled them to leave the two drays behind, taking possession of the one laden with flour and potatoes.

One consequence of this incident was the erection of the Oakura

or St. Andrew's Redoubt on high ground commanding the beach, garrisoned by 150 men. Like the redoubt at Poutoko it was square in form, and flanked at opposite angles by square projections or bastions. The position of Oakura presents an almost perfect epitome of New Zealand scenery, including the tree-clad mountains, with their gracefully pointed summits, the deep clefts made by fern-covered gullies, the richly varied forms of tropical vegetation, and wanting only the rapid streams and sparkling cascades which abound in some districts. It is impossible to behold such scenes without regretting the desolation and destruction English forces brought among them. The peculiarities which make New Zealand most strikingly picturesque were precisely those calculated to give the greatest difficulty to our troops and the greatest advantage to the native defence, of which they were not slow to take skilful and boastful advantage. Hapurona, one of the most famous chiefs of the war-party (some native tribes still acknowledged the authority and desired the protection of English law), sent a written challenge to the British troops at New Plymouth to "come out and fight by the light of the sun." This, although not exactly in obedience to Hapurona's dictates, our authorities soon resolved on doing. A report reaching Sir George Grey in July, 1863, that the Waikatoes, a powerful and warlike tribe, contemplated an attack on Auckland (then the North Island seat of Government), he considered it the best policy to take "a bold initiative," by sending an expedition into their country, up the Waikato river, a rapid and noble stream, averaging 250 yards in width, flowing out of the sacred Taupo Lake, and grandly overlooked by the volcanic heights of Tongariro and the snowy peaks of Ruapeho. The British advance led for five miles along a narrow track of tortuous fern ridges, sometimes expanding into small table-lands about a hundred feet wide, and again contracting into narrow necks and spurs whose precipitous sides fell into swamps on either hand. From eminences commanding this dangerous road lines of rifle-pits opened a sharp fire on our soldiers, who, unable to bring artillery into such quarters, could only dislodge with the bayonet their lurking foes, to whom the adjacent bush gave ready and almost impervious shelter. It is said that any European going twenty yards into the bush and turning round three times would require an Indian pathfinder to extricate him. When bush clearing became indispensable, the first process was to clear away the undergrowth of creepers and saplings, and burn them in piles round the huge forest trees. This was often dangerous work, as the watchful Maoris took advantage of the smallest inadvertence, in consequence of which General Cameron directed that all working parties should be protected by a covering party; on one occasion a high price was paid for neglecting this precaution. A sergeant and twenty-five men belonging to the 40th Regiment were bush cutting on the "Great South Road," and had piled their arms at the edge of the bush under the charge of a single sentry; a group of Maoris stole through the undergrowth and



fern on the opposite side of the road, drove in two or three civilians who were assisting, shot several soldiers while running to fall in, and seized nearly all the stacked rifles.

It has been shrewdly remarked that the average English colonist instinctively regards a newly-occupied country as "a colony of white people with whom unluckily there happens to be mixed up a portion of the native race;" and the action of the English Government too frequently seems based on sympathy with this assumption. In some of our colonies the natives present such debased and repulsive types of our species that the feeling is natural, "though none the less a fault." But our policy of extermination has been doubly reprehensible and painful in New Zealand, because of the high capabilities and often generous characteristics of the Maoris. Even the British soldiers sent to subdue them, in whom *esprit du corps* would account for and excuse the strongest prejudice, pay high tributes to the gallantry and fine qualities of their opponents. An English officer (Major-General Sir J. E. Alexander) who was in command during two New Zealand campaigns, and for a time acted as *locum tenens* of General Gore Brown when Governor of that colony, having thus acquired large experience, both civil and military, among them, says they are of Malay origin, "a very fine race of powerful, well-built brown men, with well-developed heads, covered with thick wavy black hair," gives many instances of their bravery and generosity, and adds that they proved themselves "enemies to be respected both for intelligence and courage."<sup>5</sup> The anxiety of the Maoris suitably to respond to every instance of forbearance or good-will on our part, combined with a lingering ignorance of English customs, sometimes produced ludicrous results. In the course of some skirmishing before the Paterangi pah, the son of the principal chief fell into the hands of the English, so badly wounded that amputation of one leg was inevitable. After the operation he quickly recovered, and the chief was told that he might send for his son. He did so, and next day a cartload of potatoes arrived in camp as a present for General Cameron, with a message of thanks for his kind treatment of the young captive, and a promise on the chief's part that in future he would not kill any wounded English soldiers whom he might capture, but only cut off a leg each and send them back! A remarkable instance of their almost chivalrous generosity occurred during this expedition up the Waikato. Several large canoes, bearing a white flag, were one day seen coming down the river from Meri-Meri, where the Maoris were assembled in great force; on being detained at one of the English outposts they were found to contain a store of potatoes and some milch goats, sent as presents from the native chiefs to General Cameron and his soldiers, who they had heard were suffering from want of provisions. Few Christians, we fear, would yield such literal obedience to the injunction, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you!" The

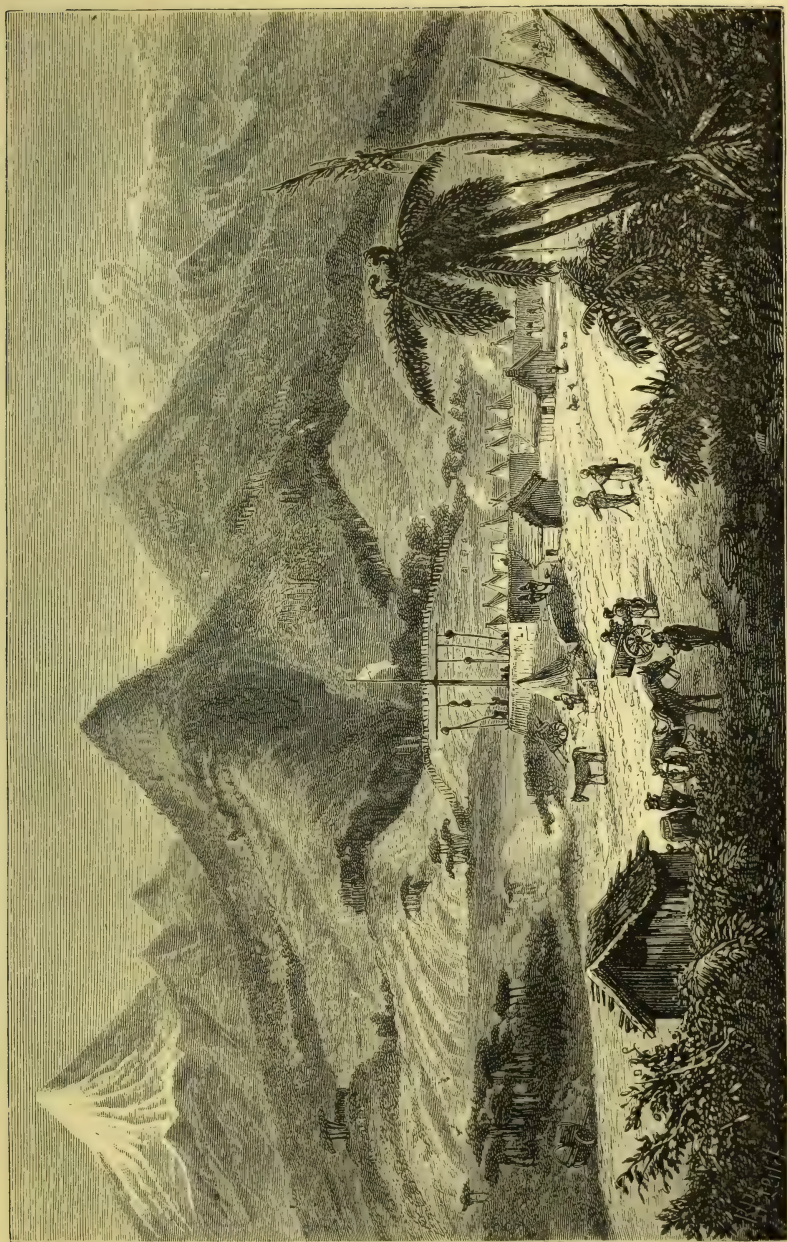
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<sup>5</sup> "Bush Fighting," p. 203.

English troops were on their way to Meri-Meri settlement, which it was reported great numbers of native troops were industriously engaged in fortifying. They toiled to some purpose. The position, naturally a fine one, on a high slope of the right bank of the Waikato, was guarded by a double line of rifle-pits, in front of which a space of land had been cleared from scrub and prepared to receive an earthwork as a position for two ship's guns. These the Maoris had kept carefully for years, learning their use from a Bengal artilleryman whom they detained to act as their instructor when the war broke out. With their customary imitativeness they fired off a gun atattoo, made horns of flax to imitate the bugle calls of their English opponents, and taught their sentries to cry "All's well!" sometimes, indeed, with the greater vivacity and inventiveness of the native mind, adding an apostrophe to an invisible enemy in this strain, "I see you, ye dogs! Come on and fight, come on!" Almost the only adjunct of modern European warfare which, coming under their observation, completely baffled them and remained uncomprehended and unimitated to the last, was the military telegraph laid from Auckland to the Queen's Redoubt, and extended as the frontier was pushed forward. The Maoris never ventured to cut the wires, under the impression, it was afterwards ascertained, that if they meddled with the mysterious machinery it would reveal their own movements.

At Meri-Meri the native garrison was said to muster more than a thousand men, commanded by Wiremu Tamehana, called by the missionaries William Thompson, but best remembered by the *sobriquet*—not unknown to English history—of "King-maker;" as, although the idea of uniting all tribes under one head or "king," was an old and favourite one with the Maoris, he was the first chief possessing sufficient influence to carry it out. Many energetic attacks, both from river and shore, many unsuccessful assaults, entailing the loss of valuable officers and brave men, were made by our troops before news arrived that the resolution of the sturdy foe had broken down at last, and that his warriors were escaping in canoes up the Whangamarino. The English soldiers then entered the deserted fort, and, taking possession of the batteries, erected a new redoubt. From Meri-Meri they advanced on Rangariri (angry heavens), where the Maoris, to the number of 700, had a strongly-defended settlement, with a line of entrenchments across the narrow isthmus dividing the Waikato river from Lake Waikare. Their works consisted of a line of high parapet and double ditch, the centre strengthened by a large square redoubt. A strong interior line of rifle-pits faced the river, and another crowned a high ridge behind. One portion of our troops, 300 strong, under Sir William Wiseman, was carried up the river in two steamers and four gun-boats, while 860 officers and men, commanded by General Cameron, marched up the right bank of the river. The plan of operations included a simultaneous attack by land and river, but when General Cameron gave the signal, the strength of the wind and current had





OAKURA.





rendered the boats unmanageable, only one being ready to open fire. For an hour and a half the enemy's works were shelled, and then followed the first assault, when our line of skirmishers and supports dashed down the slope of a hill, under a sharp, quick, and heavy fire from the enemy; they succeeded in placing scaling-ladders, mounting the parapet, and forcing their way over the first line of rifle-pits, supported by a detachment which was at last able to land from the steamers; but the enemy made such a desperate defence of the centre redoubt, that a second assault by ninety seamen of the royal navy, with cutlasses and revolvers, and another party with hand-grenades, was also unsuccessful. Night had drawn on, and operations were suspended till the following day, when, the Royal Engineers having commenced work with pick and shovel, the 183 survivors surrendered unconditionally. The gallant fellows did not like parting with their weapons, and hesitated for some time. At last Te-oriori, the chief, handed his rifle to General Cameron, and then all his warriors surrendered theirs, another Waikato chief speaking as follows:—"We fought you at Koheroa, and fought you well; we fought you at Rangariri, and fought you well; and now we are friends for ever, for ever, for ever."

Ngaruawahia, the stronghold of the native king, was taken with unexpected ease. It was beautifully situated high up the Waikato, and approached through a deep gorge of well-wooded hills, gradually increasing in height till the conical Taupiri raised his stately peak 800 feet above the river. Our troops were conveyed to Ngaruawahia in the "Pioneer," and a cautious and thorough exploration revealed the fact that the works were abandoned; on which a body of 500 English soldiers took possession, hoisting the British standard on the lofty flagstaff, eighty feet high, of the Maori king. In this neighbourhood some tribes had continued friendly, and others desired peace, one old chief sending to the British camp a rather inconvenient guarantee of his sincerity in the person of his granddaughter, a handsome girl, twelve years old. Fortunately for our embarrassed general, an uncle of the young lady was discovered among a friendly tribe, and to his care she was confided. Had she been a little older, the fair hostage might have proved dangerous as well as troublesome, for the Maori women are an Amazonian race, many of them as brave as the men. They were often found in the pahi among the warriors, and had generally been actively engaged in the combat. One beautiful Maori woman, wife of the chief of the Arawas (a friendly tribe, who fought in alliance with the English troops), grew frenzied with rage and grief on seeing her husband killed, and, seizing a musket, shot through the heart a native prisoner belonging to a hostile tribe.

Women took a prominent part in defending the pah at Orakau, whose gallant resistance to our troops formed one of the most celebrated incidents in the New Zealand war.

In March, 1864, the natives were observed building a pah at Orakau, and arrangements were made in the British camp for

marching upon it during the night. The main body of our troops advanced along the dray-road to Orakau; a detached force of 250 men followed a more circuitous route to take the enemy's position in reverse; and a third body of 100 men marched across a difficult road, intersected with deep swamps and thick bush, to attack the pah from the left. The fortifications were on an eminence, and consisted of an earthwork with strong flank defences, deep ditches, and an outer fence of posts and rails, the whole masked by flax-bushes, peach-trees, and high ferns. In the first attack the English soldiers were completely repulsed, with the loss of several officers; and it was then resolved to approach the position by sap, a slow and perilous operation, the men meanwhile being exposed to a double fire, from the natives defending the pah, and from a reinforcement of 200 native troops sent to relieve them, but who, unable to break through our lines, halted in a grove behind them and fired volleys in their rear, at the same time encouraging their friends in the pah by dancing the war-dance and shouting. Our sappers were joined in a couple of days by 300 men from head-quarters, and the sapping went vigorously on, shielded by hastily formed rifle-pits. On the third day Sir Henry Havelock joined the besiegers, with some hand grenades, which were found very effective. About noon a six-pounder Armstrong gun was carried into the sap, and its destructive fire made a considerable breach in the enemy's works, laid low the palisading, and in great measure silenced his guns. The commander of the forces, with his staff, arrived on the ground at this time, and being aware that there were many women and children inside the pah, told the interpreter to call out,—

"Hear the word of the general. You have done enough to show you are brave men; your case is hopeless; surrender, and your lives will be spared."

Their reply came at once,—

"This is the word of the Maori; we will fight for ever, and ever, and ever!"

They were then told,—

"Send away the women."

They answered,—

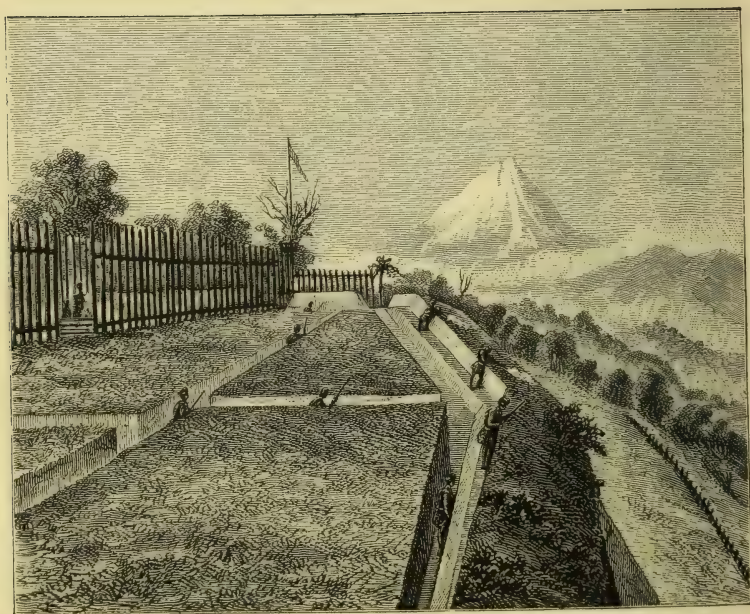
"The women will fight as well as we!"

The English troops becoming desperate again tried an assault, but were again repulsed. It was then the close of the third day's investment of Orakau, during which time the 300 Maoris who defended it had subsisted on some raw potatoes, with not a drop of water.

Suddenly, during a breathless pause in the storming, while a thousand trained English soldiers waited, doubtful what their next step should be, the Maoris passed in a compact body out of the south side of their entrenchment, moving silently and swiftly, with something awful in the composure with which they approached the double line of English troops—not a shot fired by the chiefs, not a sound uttered even by the women and children in their midst.







MAORI OUTWORKS.

Colonel Gamble, an eye-witness of this wonderful scene, wrote, "An overwhelming force surrounded them, and all hope of relief had failed; but, with extraordinary devotion to their cause, calmly in the face of death they abandoned their position without yielding." The noiseless rapidity of the movement at first took our troops so completely by surprise that the escaping garrison are said to have actually jumped over the heads of the first line of the 40th Regiment, which was disposed behind a long low bank, and, passing on, walked through the second line. But on the cry being raised, "The Maories are out of the pah!" the troops instantly rose and started in pursuit of the dark disappearing column. For six miles the chase extended through the neighbouring swamp and scrub, until nearly three hundred of the brave fugitives were slain—amongst them, unfortunately, several women, whose similarity of hair and dress made it impossible to distinguish them. A very handsome girl was found in the deserted pah, still alive, though dangerously wounded, and an English corporal fell in love with her, and wanted to marry her on the spot; but when her wounds were dressed she was placed with the family of an English clergyman, and christened Marianne. The endurance of the native warriors was strikingly shown in the case of a dead chief who was found to have broken his leg during the siege, and had it tied up with flax and a tent-peg to enable him to fight to the last.

The survivors of the native garrison retired under Wiremu Tamehana (William Thompson) to the Upper Waikato. But being pursued by the English troops they deserted their pahs, dispersing in all directions, without waiting for any encounter. Tauranga, on the east coast, was the next spot where they assembled in any great numbers. Here a strong fortification, called Pukehina-hina, or the Gate Pah, had been constructed on the highest point of a neck of land, about 500 yards wide, whose sides sloped off into swamps. The position consisted of an oblong redoubt, well palisaded and surrounded by a strong post and rail fence, further protected by an entrenched line of rifle-pits between the sides of the redoubt and the swamps. More than sixteen hundred of our soldiers, supported by fifteen guns, set about the demolition of this fort; the 68th Light Infantry, commanded by Colonel Greer, having assigned to them the particularly arduous task of gaining and attacking the rear of the position. This could only be accomplished by moving along the beach of one of the branches of Tauranga harbour at low water. Accordingly, at dusk in the evening of April 28th, Colonel Greer marched out of camp, each of his men carrying one day's cooked rations and a great coat. They had to cross part of a mud flat, at the head of the bay, three quarters of a mile long, only at low water affording a footing and then a very uncertain one, within musketry range of the enemy's rifle-pits. The 68th got off the mud flat, on a swamp a hundred yards broad, covered with titri about five feet high; at the opposite end a spur of land, also covered with titri and fern, rose abruptly



to the high ground in the rear of the pah. By ten o'clock, while it was still dark, the whole regiment was lying down in line, along the crest of the ridge, with pickets posted round them; their successful disposal in this perilous situation having been secured by a sham attack from General Cameron's troops on the front of the pah. By daybreak it was completely surrounded, and the English troops had advanced so close to it, that they could hear the Maoris singing and making speeches inside the works. When the bombardment with guns, howitzers, and mortars began, it continued without intermission for eight hours, and at four p.m., when a large portion of the fence and palisading had been destroyed, and a practicable breach made in the parapet, 150 seamen and marines, and an equal force of the 43rd Regiment effected, an entrance; while the natives, who had been repulsed in endeavouring to occupy the rear by Colonel Greer and the 68th, fought desperately with guns and tomahawks, greatly sheltered by their underground defences. In a few moments almost every officer of the assaulting column was killed or wounded, and the men gave way, falling back to cover, under a heavy fire from the parapet. The Maoris, during the dark wet night which followed, stole out in small parties and escaped from the pah, of which our troops took possession next morning; an English officer and some soldiers found in it, though wounded, were still alive, and had not been maltreated, nor had any of the dead bodies been mutilated. Indeed, on Colonel Booth asking for water, a young Maori took a calabash and fetched some for his wounded enemy from the swamp outside, at great risk to himself. The whole conduct of the Maoris during the siege was full of a certain picturesque gallantry which showed to no disadvantage beside the sturdy courage of the British troops. On hearing of the advance of Colonel Greer into the Tauranga district, Henare Wiremu Taratoa sent him the following remarkable document, in the course of which it would appear that the old privilege of sanctuary still has force among the Maoris:—

*"To the Colonel.* Salutations to you. The end of that. Friend, do you give heed to our laws for regulating the fight.

"1. If wounded or captured whole and the butt of the musket or hilt of the sword be turned to me, he will be saved. 2. If any Pakeha, being a soldier, shall be travelling unarmed, and meet me, he will be captured, and handed over to the directors of the land. 3. The soldier who flees, being carried away by his fears, and goes to the house of his priest with his gun (even though carrying arms) will be saved; I will not go there. 4. The unarmed Pakehas, women and children, will be spared. The end. These are binding laws for Tauranga."

The signatures of five Catholic chiefs were appended.

When the English fire rained upon them a voice was heard, probably that of the chief warrior, Rawiri, crying aloud in the pah, "Trembling hearts, trembling hearts, be firm, be unshaken!" And after the repulse of the British troops a Maori stood on the parapet and exclaimed, "Oh Pakeha, my trenches are blocked with your dead!"

One of Lady Denison's letters from Madras gives a somewhat circumstantial account of the loss of two brave young Englishmen during the action at Pukehinahina.

"Captain Glover," she writes, "was one of the leaders of the storming party, and had made his way at the head of his men well inside the enemy's pah, when he was shot through the head and died instantly. His poor brother, thinking and hoping that he was only wounded, tried to carry his body off, and was himself shot in so doing, and as the event proved, mortally wounded. He lingered for two days, and, I am afraid, suffered a great deal, but then died; and the two brothers were buried together in the Mission burying-ground near the camp."<sup>1</sup>

The Maoris scrupulously returned the watches and money taken from English soldiers killed during this engagement.

An extraordinary superstition, called the "Pai Mariri" or "Hau" faith, sprang up during the war from a grotesquely horrible blending of Christian and Maori ideas. The former had spread widely throughout the country during peace, under the energetic teaching of Bishop Selwyn and his band of devoted followers; and the Angel Gabriel had, from some incomprehensible fancy, been adopted as a sort of patron saint by the natives. When the Kaitake Pah was taken by the British troops, Captain Lloyd's detachment was surprised, he and six of his men were decapitated, some of their blood was drunk, and one of the heads preserved. It was then stated by a chief named Te Ua that the Angel Gabriel appeared to those warriors who drank the blood, and directed the head to be carried through the land as a charm against English bullets; promising that when it had made the circuit of the island the Pakeha would be exterminated or driven into the sea. Te Ua was created High Priest of the new religion, whose followers were to be taken under the special protection of the Virgin Mary and the Angel Gabriel; the priests would receive supernatural powers, and obtain victories by the easy method of crying "Hau!" with great emphasis; the Scriptures were ordered to be burnt, marriage was to be abolished, and Sunday, which had been strictly observed by the Maori converts, to be disregarded. Furnished with these rules the Prophet Matene started on his pilgrimage in charge of the miracle-working head; and the party of Hauhaus, as the professors of the Pai Mariri faith were called, soon engaged in a desperate conflict with the Wanganuis, a tribe friendly to the English. The fanatics were defeated; but although they experienced many more reverses, and were driven, as Sir George Bowen said, "starving and shivering, to the sullen seclusion of their hills and morasses," not even at the conclusion of the war was the revolting Pai Mariri superstition finally abandoned.

The cool courage and ingenuity of the Maoris was shown in the escape of 200 prisoners from Kawau, near Auckland. They had

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<sup>1</sup> "Varieties of Viceregal Life," vol. ii. p. 346.

been sent, in the first place, to a hulk in the harbour, and while there behaved so well, and wrote such grateful and submissive letters to their friends on shore, that Sir George Grey wished to release some of them on parole. His ministers, however, did not believe in the parole of a Maori, and ultimately they were placed on the beautiful island of Kawau, on the east coast, Sir George Grey undertaking to be responsible for them, and superintending the preparations for building their houses. On the island, which is two miles from the main land, there was no military guard, but there were a few boats; *occasion fait larron*—the temptation was too strong for Maori honour. One autumn night they quietly rose, got possession of the boats, made their way to the opposite shore, and took up their abode on a lofty mountain, eighteen miles inland, called Omaha. The whole feat must have been performed with beautiful order and dexterity, as the boats had to make several trips from shore to shore to convey so many fugitives.

Ships and islands seem always to have given facilities for escape to Maori prisoners. Nearly two years later, in January, 1866, fifty natives were placed for security in a vessel in Wellington Harbour. Their escort remained on board, the prisoners were sent into the hold to sleep, and a sentry was posted over the hatch. Several months passed quietly enough; but one wild, pitch-dark night, when such a gale was blowing and such a sea running that the sentry saw and heard nothing but the storm, the Maoris, with the assistance of a screw-key which they found in the hold, managed to open one of the bow-ports and swim ashore.

Later still, in July, 1867, part of a tribe of Hauhaus, numbering, with women and children, according to Sir James Alexander, 300, according to Mr. Napier Broome, 170, were placed on the Chatham Islands, under a guard of a dozen constables. The little township was inhabited by about eighty Europeans, and contained a redoubt and a gaol, but "no guards were mounted and no doors locked." When the schooner "Rifleman" arrived with Government stores, the Maori prisoners were allowed to unload her; others were standing about the redoubt awaiting the return of the boats, when, at a signal from the chief, Te Kooti, the natives threw down the constables, binding them with flax, and finally shutting them up with some of the settlers in the gaol. They then seized fire-arms, ammunition, and 400*l.* from the Government chest; boarded the "Rifleman," placing the mate and crew under guard while they fetched their wives and children from shore, and then set sail for Poverty Bay, promising to spare the lives of the crew and give up the ship as soon as they landed. An armed guard walked the deck day and night, and a Maori stood at the helm with sword and carbine to see that the right course was steered. Once on shore, they made for the woods, carrying with them the ship's cargo, and afterwards, it is said, did a great deal of mischief in the neighbourhood, and in several skirmishes defeated the colonial forces.

To return to 1865.



Many fierce encounters, many dashing skirmishes, and at least one important engagement by daylight on the open field took place before the warlike ardour of the natives had to any perceptible extent abated. In May, 1865, Wiremu Tamehana and several other leading chiefs tendered their submission to British authority, and signed a convention of peace couched in the following terms:—"We consent that the laws of the Queen be laws for the Maori King, to be a protection to us all for ever and ever. This is the sign of making peace, my coming here, to the presence of my fighting friend General Carey."

But not even then was the work of the army done; colonial forces and forest rangers swelled its ranks, but certain tribes fought on with the ardour of desperation; most fiercely of all, the horrible Pai Mariris, bearing with them the *cooked* head of one of their white enemies. The combat grew in picturesqueness and singularity as time proceeded. A native contingent was formed, accompanied throughout the campaign by women who carried packs, cooked, and sometimes fought and died for their lords. After any success on the side of the English a triumphant war dance would be performed by moonlight by their new allies.

The last expedition of any importance undertaken by the English troops in the campaign of 1863-6 was directed against the Hauhaus, who persistently refused all offers of peace, and issued from their mountain solitudes only to rob and murder unoffending settlers or natives belonging to other tribes. Our soldiers, assisted by the colonial and native forces, drove these savage fanatics from pah to pah and from bush to mountain, sometimes having to ascend almost perpendicular hills, aided by strong overhanging branches of the trees, sometimes sliding down steep smooth cliffs by the help of ladders formed of the tough and hardy "supplejack." Many other hardships had to be endured; road making, bush clearing, river fording, with provisions sometimes running so short that horses were sacrificed for food. At last the magnificent Mount Egmont came in sight, its stately snow-capped peak rising 8270 feet high. Under its shadow stood several of the strongest Hauhau entrenchments, some of them deemed impregnable by mortal. In the village of Taiporohenui, near one stronghold, a "King's Parliament House," 100 feet by 40, in which the chiefs used to assemble to confer and debate was found and destroyed; also a butcher's shop, with scales and weights; and in the rear herds of tame cattle, horses, pigs and cultivated fields. When attacking Otapawa, our troops suffered greatly from an ingenious device of the Hauhaus, consisting of wickerwork platforms fastened round trees overlooking the pah, from which a rapid and continuous fire poured down.

At length all the principal villages and strongholds of the Hauhaus, even up to the head-quarters camp at Kete Marai, were destroyed and the enemy scattered, and our troops began their march to New Plymouth by the bush track round the east side of Mount Egmont; the distance to be traversed was fifty-four miles,

in the course of which twenty-one rivers had to be crossed, and ninety gullies with precipitous banks, up and down whose steep sides stairs of tree-fern logs were made for the use of the packhorses. Rain fell incessantly during the journey, turning such rough native footways as had existed into dangerous swamps, round which fresh tracks were cleared with axes and tomahawks, or corduroy roads placed across them. Happily—

“Time and the hour run through the roughest day,”

and on the 27th of January, 1866, the adventurous party made a triumphal entry into New Plymouth, where every honour awaited them, and the native contingent was an object of especial interest and applause.

A Proclamation of Peace was then issued by Sir George Grey, stating that the war which commenced at Oakura was at an end; that the governor had taken up arms to defend the European settlements and punish turbulent and hostile tribes, and having effected these objects, he would not prosecute for any past offences except the murder of certain colonists; that some lands which had been taken would be restored to the natives, the boundaries being settled by commissioners; and that he would consult with the Maori chiefs how their people could be best represented in the General Assembly, so that they should help to make and administer the laws which they were required to obey.

The majority of the regular troops then departed for Australia, India, or England, and it was confidently hoped that an era of peace and prosperity had set in during which all remaining swords and guns would, Tubal-Cain fashion, be converted into ploughshares. To a certain extent this vision has been realized, and many of the Maoris have shown themselves very successful agriculturists. The policy of non-intervention, by which the colonists, at the strong desire of a large number of their own body, were left to their own resources for defence against such native tribes as still seemed sullen and dangerous has proved on the whole more successful than might have been expected. And although, when those difficulties and disturbances did arise, which seem chronic between the settlers and the natives, certain colonial legislators were ready to throw themselves at the feet of the Mother Country for renewed aid in men and money, the colony struggled through her difficulties tolerably well, and Sir George Bowen, who had succeeded Sir George Grey as Governor and Commander-in-Chief, wrote hopefully,—

“There are many peaceful and civilizing influences at work even among the disaffected tribes. Many of the Maori chiefs, including some who were hostile to the Government, have begun to understand that subjection pays better than rebellion; they have learnt the advantages that accrue to them from procuring legal titles to their lands, and placing them under the protection of the courts of law.”

In 1868-9 an insurrection began which caused so serious a panic that the Assembly sent Commissioners to London to treat for a

reversal of our military policy, and to beg the return of some of those troops whose departure a majority of the colonial legislators had formerly so ardently advocated. But to this the Imperial Government would by no means agree, holding firmly to the change of policy curiously indicated by two significant paragraphs in the Queen's Speeches to Parliament in 1861 and 1869. In the former year Lord Palmerston's Government made her Majesty say, "An insurrection of a portion of the natives of New Zealand has interrupted the peace of a part of that colony; *but I hope that the measures which have been taken will speedily suppress these disturbances, and enable my Government to concert such arrangements as may prevent their recurrence.*" In the latter year her Majesty, inspired by Mr. Gladstone, said, "I have learnt with grief that disturbances have occurred in New Zealand, and that at one spot they have been attended with circumstances of great atrocity. I am confident *that the Colonial Government and people will not be wanting either in energy to repress the outbreaks, or in the prudence and moderation which I trust may prevent their recurrence.*" Eventually the Government of 1869 gave the Commissioners a guarantee for a loan of 1,000,000*l.* instead of military assistance. Of course this has not proved a panacea for all ills; even this year rumours of Maori outbreaks have reached us; and though certain tribes, weaker or milder or more mercenary than their brethren, have cast in their lot more or less cheerfully with the powerful white man, there will always be, till time shall have obliterated all distinctions of colour, race, and speech, a section of those children of the rocks and forests who will hold haughtily or angrily aloof, and refuse to barter independence for security.

For us, whatever storms and clouds may intervene, the ultimate prospect is bright enough. New Zealand has been prophetically designated "the future England of the Southern Seas;" our absolute and undisturbed supremacy can be only a question of time: "the tide of population is slowly rising, and every year fresh reinforcements are adding to the strength of the colonists and occupying the country."

But it should be impossible to think without sympathy of those native tribes who see their fair land filled, cultivated, and absorbed by the stranger. We have dwelt longer than their intrinsic importance may seem to deserve on certain incidents of our New Zealand campaigns, because they illustrate points in the Maori character, which, at this distance of time and space, and absorbed in the contemplation of our own interests, the English people may too readily lose sight of. Of course it would be vain to attempt, and short-sighted to wish, to arrest that strong tide of colonization which, for native races, means subjugation. But all legislators, whether Imperial or Colonial, who have active influence on the destiny of the Maoris, should remember those high qualities and those causes of their long conflict with us, which led Sir James Alexander to say, "For my part I never considered the Maoris as rebels, as few of



them had acknowledged the Queen's authority. They fought so as not to be swallowed up by the white settlers. The old Caledonians could not be called rebels if they declined to submit to, and fought stoutly against, the invading Romans"—a brave man's tribute to a brave foe; and Sir William Denison,—“I confess that my sympathy has been all along with the Maoris. I have looked upon them as free men, struggling bravely against fraud and oppression, and I cannot but think that we have lost more in character than we have gained in power or security, by the course we adopted.”

Let it be the care of those who rule New Zealand to deserve such words no more.

The rights and duties interchangeable between the Mother Country and the Colonies may be to a certain extent an open question. But on the right of the native races to protection and consideration, and the duty of the white conquerors to “do justice and love mercy,” there cannot even be a difference of opinion. Another consideration may perhaps recommend equity and generosity even more strongly to the British mind—they will certainly prove cheapest in the end.

## MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

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THE Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories of the Dominion of Canada afford to the British emigrant a healthy, bracing, enjoyable climate, and every requisite for securing the comfort and prosperity of the industrious settler. The country embraces the valley of the Red River, flowing from south to north—the valley of the Assiniboine with those of its affluents the Swan River, Shell River, and Rapid River—the valley of the Saskatchewan flowing for over a thousand miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains on the west to Lake Winnipeg on the east. These valleys contain hundreds of millions of acres of rich alluvial prairie soil, capable of producing wheat and other grains, as well as root crops in the most luxuriant abundance. The farmer, with reasonable care, can get forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and the wheat is of the best quality, weighing 62 to 64 lbs. per bushel. The average summer temperature throughout the whole country embraced by these valleys, and which is commonly known as the Fertile Belt, is seventy degrees, which is the same as that of New York or Chicago.

In winter the thermometer often goes down to a very low temperature, from thirty to forty degrees below zero, but as there is a total absence of dampness in the atmosphere, and generally but little wind, the cold is not felt to be disagreeable. Indeed, the severe frost of the winter is of great use in pulverizing the ground in spring, so that it is well prepared for ploughing.

The district of the Saskatchewan abounds in coal. Between Rocky Mountain House and Fort Edmonton, in the western section of the valley, there is a bed of over two hundred miles in length. Its depth has not yet been ascertained, but there seems no doubt that there will be an abundant supply for generations yet to come.

Access to this magnificent field for settlement is becoming easier every day. The Canadian Government have already made provision for forwarding emigrants from Toronto to Fort Garry, at a very low rate, by conveying them by steamers from Collingwood to Thunder Bay, at the head of Lake Superior, and then by steam tugs and boats along the chain of lakes and rivers that stretches from that point to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, from whence they are brought to Fort Garry by waggons. This route is, of course, only to be used for a short time. It is hoped that a branch of the projected Canadian Pacific Railway will be

built without delay between Fort Garry and Lake Superior. Meanwhile numbers of emigrants find their way into the country by landing at the United States' port of Duluth, and pushing on towards the border by the American railways. The Canadian Government is bound by treaty with British Columbia to have complete railway communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic, through British territory, within ten years from the time when that province joined the Confederation.

Meanwhile it is of vast importance to the interests of the Empire that the attention of the emigrating classes should be directed to these North-West territories of the Dominion as a field for settlement. It must surely be for the interest of England to preserve the allegiance of her people, to retain them as subjects of the Queen, instead of allowing them in such vast numbers as they have been doing for many years past, to cast off all connexion with their native land, and to expend their energies in increasing the resources of a foreign power.

Let us look for a moment at the vast advantages that have accrued to the United States from their wonderful success in the way of immigration. Since the passing of their Passenger Act in 1819 the influx of new settlers has been for the great part of the time steadily on the increase. In 1820 they had 8385, of whom 6024 were from Great Britain, while in 1854 the number of immigrants was 427,833. About the period of the civil war the immigration fell off, but has since that time been on the increase, until, in 1870, the number for the year stood at 378,796. Altogether there have been nearly eight millions of people added by immigration to the population of the United States since the formation of their Government. Many of these persons have been skilled labourers and workmen, who have acquired their trades in Europe, and have thus given the United States the benefit of their industry and skill, while some European country has been at the cost of their training.

Very careful estimates have been made of the actual money value that these immigrants have been to the United States, in other words, of the amount by which that country has been enriched by their adopting it as their home, and it has been found that this amounts to 160% sterling for each immigrant. This is the lowest estimate the writer has seen, and at this rate the United States have been benefited by about 1248 millions of pounds during the last fifty years.

In bringing about so great a result, no doubt much is owing to the measures taken by the Legislature and Government of the United States for the encouragement of immigration, but a great deal must be attributed to the vigour and energy displayed by the railway companies, in advertising their lands and offering inducements and facilities to the intending immigrant, and the active interest taken by large numbers of the people in promoting the immigration of labourers, both skilled and unskilled, to their respective localities.



The rapidity with which the prairie lands of the United States have been made accessible to the immigrant by the construction of railways has been the chief means of securing the speedy settlement of the country. Indeed, without the railway, settlement on a large scale is simply impossible. It must therefore be a matter of satisfaction to every one interested in the question of Immigration that the fertile plains of our great North-West are about to be opened up by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As soon as this railway is in operation we may confidently expect to see a vast population settled along the banks of the great Saskatchewan. The fertile prairies of the North-West that for ages have been solitudes untrodden by the foot of civilized man will become the scene of an enterprise that will only find its parallel in the wonderful rapidity with which cities and towns and villages have sprung up in the Western States of the American Union.

The past history of the North-West Territories has been highly interesting in relation to the missionary work of the Church of England. The vast diocese of Rupert's Land, stretching from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and from the boundary of the United States to the shores of the Arctic Sea, has been the scene of vigorous and well-sustained missionary efforts that have resulted in the conversion of thousands of Indians to the Christian faith. The Church Missionary Society of England has been singularly fortunate in the men they have sent during the last fifty years to do the work of Evangelists in Rupert's Land. They have laboured unceasingly to promote the temporal welfare as well as the moral and spiritual interests of the Indian tribes. They have made translations from the Bible and Prayer Book into the different languages of the country, and in the Indian settlement near Fort Garry they can point to a significant result of their labours not only in bringing a community of Indians under the influence of the Christian faith, but in raising them from the position of wandering savages to that of settled, industrious, and orderly subjects of the Queen.

The writer of this article is at present engaged in England in endeavouring to raise funds for the establishment of a new Bishopric in this most interesting field of labour. The opening up of the North-West for Immigration has rendered it impossible for the Bishop of Rupert's Land to continue to oversee the work of the Church through so vast a region. The new diocese will embrace the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan. Stretching for 700 miles in a straight line eastward from the Rocky Mountains, and containing a pagan Indian population of thirty thousand souls, it will tax the best energies of the new Bishop, for his work will be twofold in its character, to provide for the spiritual wants of the immigrants, and to overtake the evangelization of the Indian tribes. The highest authorities in the Church have given the scheme for the Saskatchewan Bishopric their full approval. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have made statements which appear

in a circular published by the Bishopric Committee. The Council of the Colonial Bishoprics' Fund have given the Saskatchewan Bishopric the first place in the list of new Colonial Dioceses which they recommend as necessary for the welfare of the Church, while the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have voted a thousand pounds towards the endowment of the Bishopric, on condition that the further sum of 9000*l.* is provided from other sources.

[Archdeacon McLean will gladly receive subscriptions and embrace opportunities of preaching or lecturing in aid of the fund. His address is 15, Dagmar Road, Camberwell, London.—*Ed.* ST. JAMES'S.]

## MR. SHINDY'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

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### CHAPTER XII.

#### IN THE CONVENTION.

WHAT struck me most at the Convention, held to nominate Mr. Lincoln to a second term of the Presidency, was the very complicated and intricate mode by which public men are elected to public office in the United States. No man can be a candidate for any of the legislative offices of the several States, or of the Union upon what we in England call "his own hook." Tom Jones, or Bill Smith, or Jack Robinson can't say, I, Jones, or I, Smith, or I, Robinson, as the case may be, desire to be President, or Vice-President, or Senator, or Member of Congress, and throw myself upon the constituency to solicit their votes. No man is allowed to be a candidate *ex proprio motu*. He must be "nominated" by, and placed on, the "ticket" of his party, and must take his chance, not on his individual merits or exertions, but as one of many who are all to be elected or all to be rejected together. I told Mr. Slapp, on our way down to the hall where the Convention was to meet, that this, to my mind, was a mode of procedure that struck at the root of personal independence and individual liberty, and substituted the rule of a clique or coterie that might be corrupt, for the manly spirit of a statesman or a philosopher that desired to be judged by himself alone, and whose merits might possibly transcend those of all the yoke-fellows with whom his ultimate public fate was to be associated.

"Why, for instance," I said, "may not Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President, announce himself as a candidate for re-nomination along with Mr. Lincoln?"

"Because," said Mr. Slapp, "he would have no chance if he did; because we don't allow it. The party is a machine, and no spoke of the wheel must presume to act for itself. Party government is like military government. You might as well expect a private soldier to put himself up as a candidate for the commandership-in-chief as for any private citizen to announce himself as a candidate for the Presidency. The party has already decided that Lincoln is to be its man; that Hamlin is not to be its man; that Lincoln's



re-election is the one thing needful, to which everything and everybody else must give way. Andy Johnson has been selected by the party for Vice-President, *vice* Hamlin superseded, because Andy is a Southern man, who has stuck loyally to the North throughout this cursed war, and because, with such antecedents, he will help Lincoln. We don't care a red cent about Andy himself, only because he may be of use to the man by and through whom we expect to win—old Abe. We know under whom the war began, and under whom we intend it shall be tarnationally *con-clu*-ded."

"And who," I inquired, "is Andy Johnson?"

"Andy? Why the senator from Tennessee, and one of the best oràtors" (so he pronounced it) "in our country. He began life as a tailor—not a boss tailor, you know, but a journeyman, a hired man—and could neither read nor write until he was twenty years old and a married man, when his wife taught him. Now he is one of our foremost statesmen—a big bug, sir, who may be President himself one of these days."

"I like," said I, "the free-and-easy ways of this country, by means of which a journeyman tailor, like Andy, as you call him, or a log-splitter, like Mr. Lincoln, may be raised by the votes of the majestic people to equality with any king, pope, or kaiser of the aristocratic old world; but still I don't see why you should not allow the log-splitter or the tailor to stand forth alone on his merits without slumping him up with other people about whom he knows nothing and for whom he cares nothing. In my country, notwithstanding the undue prevalence of the aristocratic spirit in our politics, 'a man's a man for a' that,' and any man, who thinks he has a chance and has money to fight the battle, may announce himself as a candidate for any city, borough, or county that sends members to our Parliament, or any vacant office whatsoever and wheresoever. No convention ever nominated *me* for Great Swindleton. I announced my own candidature, appointed my own agents, spent my own money (more, perhaps, than I like to reflect upon), and carried my own point."

"Yes, but your system would not work in our country. In so strict a party-government as ours is we cannot allow individuality to set itself up as if it were a power independent of party. He who is not with us is against us. The individual is nothing; the party is everything."

"But don't you think it would be better, at least in the election of a President, to allow any man, big or able enough to aspire to the place, to make a direct appeal to the people, as the Emperor of the French does, and have a kind of *plebiscitum*?"

"Well, I don't want to be rude, but it strikes me that you Britishers—I beg pardon, you Englishers—never can understand our glorious institutions and the manner in which we work them. Why, we should have ten thousand candidates for the Presidential office, or twenty thousand, if every fool could nominate himself. Everybody thinks he is wise, and good, and great enough to be

President. Every little chit of a boy is taught that he may be President if he doesn't break the sabbath, tell lies, commit forgery, or murder his grandmother. How could you have a *plebiscitum* (if that's the name of the thing you are speaking of) if there were twenty thousand candidates? No, no; party-government is the only government, and there can be but two candidates and two nominations for the Presidential office. You'll understand us better if you live twenty years among us, that is to say—I'm not sure—but you *may*. Old ideas are not easily rooted out. You've been wheeled along in the antiquated ruts of old European prejudice, and can't be expected to comprehend our glorious constitution in a stray visit."

Mr. Slapp spoke like a man who knew what he was talking about; but nevertheless he did not convince *me* that it was a true working-out of the principle of liberty—the liberty of dissent—the liberty of difference of opinion—to shut out from public life every man who would not, or could not, yoke himself to the car of his party, and do what his party commanded, whether it were right or wrong. I told him so emphatically, and he only replied tersely, "Party is supreme. If my party selects the devil as party-candidate for the Presidency, I shall vote for the devil; in fact I am compelled to do so, and glad to do so, unless I will consent to be ruined as a public man for ever."

On entering the hall of the Convention—we were somewhat late—I found a tall gentleman had been elected to the temporary chairmanship of the meeting. He was stated to me to be a clergyman, and such a clergyman—if a clergyman is to be considered a minister of the great and holy gospel of peace and good-will to mankind—it was never before my ill fortune to listen to. His talk was all of war—war to the knife, war to the teeth, war to the death, war to the extent of the extermination of the whole race of Southerners—if the blessed Union could not otherwise be restored. But this by no means mealy-mouthed preacher did not stand alone in his blood-thirsty truculence. The clergy were all for war *à outrance*—war, rapine, ruin, the slaughter of a million of men—ay, of ten millions—if the Union could not be restored without such a sacrifice.

"Why," said a brigadier-general of the church militant, who had been, I was told, a Presbyterian minister before the war, "should we not wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and smite and slay the foes of the Union until none of them be left? These people, these villains, these robbers, these rebels, these white people of the South have but two rights—the one a constitutional right, the other a divine right. Their constitutional right is to be hanged; their divine right is to be damned."

Another speaker, a doctor of divinity, declared that the liberties of the American people required a good deal of blood to consolidate them, and that the more that was shed the longer the Republic would be likely to endure. He did not, however, hint that he was ready to pour out any of his own blood in support of what he called

the holy cause, but would have fought, I suppose, vicariously, by means of Irish immigrants, paid a thousand dollars each as a bounty on their enlistment.

All this, I must confess, did not seem to me a proof of the existence of any fraternal feeling in the Republic; or, if it were fraternity, I thought it uncommonly like the fraternity of Cain and Abel; but I made no remark. I heard all that was said, meditated, and sometimes caught myself soliloquizing that there was little, if any, difference between George III. and Abraham Lincoln; that the same idea inspired them both—the idea that what they had they would hold irrespective of consequences. I cannot say that it struck me that Mr. Lincoln was very popular among his supporters. People laughed at him, spoke contemptuously of him, but held him to be *the* available man—in fact, the only available man for the office—and that it was the duty of every patriot to support him.

“I grant,” said one orator, “that Lincoln is a common man, a labouring man, a very ordinary man; but,” he added emphatically, “this is his best recommendation. A republican government requires no other sort of man for its chief; and it is the immortal glory of the United States that any hewer of wood or any drawer of water is eligible to the Presidency. And it is my hope and my expectation that we shall march still farther ahead in this line, and consider a black man as eligible as a white man to sit in the chair of Washington.”

Abstractly this gentleman was right; but although I have no prejudice against the negroes myself, I could not share his hope that a “nigger” might some day or other become President of the United States. I should not like a negro to marry my daughter, neither should I like to marry a negress; and, notwithstanding all the eloquence that I heard about the villany of slavery, and the necessity as well as the duty and justice of abolishing it, I soon came to the conclusion that the abolition of slavery would never bring about the social, though it might the legal and constitutional equality of the white and black races.

The result of the Convention, after a series of votes and ballots, and a vast amount of speechification, was that Mr. Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Andrew Johnson received a unanimous nomination to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### AT A DINNER PARTY.

IN the evening I dined at the house of an influential citizen of Baltimore, one of the leading men of the place, where I met a company of eight or ten people, of whom one was Mr. Slapp, and another an Englishman, temporarily resident in New York, and who had paid two or three previous visits to America. After the removal



of the cloth the conversation turned upon the extreme truculence displayed by the clergy, the women, and the humanitarians, in support of the war, and of the extermination of the Southern people, if such a measure became necessary to prevent the disruption of the Union. "People's sentiments have changed," said my countryman, "since I was last in America. The American multitude, I hope I shall be forgiven by the company for saying it, are somewhat like the man-eating tigers of India, they have tasted blood, like it, and thirst for more. Public opinion was more peaceable and rational in the year 1858. I remember that I was one of a select party of four who dined at the hospitable board of Lord Napier, the British Minister at Washington. The two other guests were Mr. Breckinridge, now a general in the service of the South, and Mr. W. H. Seward, then a Senator of the United States, and now the well-known Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln. All the talk, mainly kept up by the two Americans, (and Mr. Seward is the most fluent talker I ever met,) was about the approaching disruption of the Union. "The great event will happen in less than ten years," said the Senator. "In less than four years," said the Vice-President. "I don't think so," replied the Senator, "but let it happen when it will, the United States will teach a noble lesson, and give a splendid example to the rotten, effete, worn-out, moribund old monarchies and empires of Europe. We shall show them the dignity and grandeur of our free institutions as compared with their senile despotism. North and South will shake hands peaceably together, and separate by mutual consent without bloodshed."

"Are you sure," inquired I of my compatriot, "that you are not mistaken in this matter? Mr. Seward is all for war, all for bloodshed, all for stamping out the rebellion in ninety days, by fire and sword and desolation."

"*'Tempora mutantur,'* &c.; you know the quotation. I remember perfectly well what the Senator said, and when he said it, for I wrote the words down in my pocket-book that evening before I went to bed."

"May it not have been the Vice-President who spoke, and not Senator Seward?" I again inquired.

"No; it was Mr. Seward. Mr. Breckinridge expressed the same hope, but stated his belief that the first attempt at disruption would not be made by the South but by the North."

"It was the North, or rather it was the Yankee States of New England," said our host, "who first advocated what is now called secession. But excuse me if I leave the table for a minute, for I have an idea that I can lay hands upon a book in my library which will show what Mr. Seward's opinions on this subject were before the war."

So saying, he arose and left the room, and speedily returned holding in his hand a portly volume, containing "The Orations, Discourses, Addresses, and Occasional Speeches of the Hon. W. H. Seward," edited by George E. Baker. This volume was published

in 1853, eight years before the fatal gun was fired on Fort Sumter from the battery of Charlestown, which gave the signal for one of the bloodiest wars recorded in history. He read the following passage, which I transcribed on the following day:—"The United States are a nation of many States, confederated, affiliated, and even assimilated, but not absolutely centralized and consolidated. They are individual and distinct political States, possessing elements and attributes of sovereignty, transcendent and inviolable."

"That being so," added our host, "the States of the South, either singly or collectively, had as much right to withdraw from the Union as they had to enter it. But let me read another passage:—

"'The division of sovereignty and the subdivision of legislation break the force of popular passion. Beyond doubt an arbitrary prince can execute a given enterprise with greater promptness, energy, and firmness than a Government so complex as ours. But wisdom needs to hear the voice of truth, and can find it in Republics only. The battle-fields of Europe, no less than the pyramids of Africa, bear witness to the ambition and vanity of kings. . . . Congress has not committed, and is not likely to commit, the great crime of princes, the consumption of the public wealth of future generations.'

"That is to say," remarked our host, "to get into debt; but it is already the boast of our blatant war Christians and furious patriots, that Congress and the people have rolled up the largest debt recorded in history, and in the shortest space of time. Here is another passage:—

"'The only danger now apprehended (1848) is the secession of one or more of the States. Since the expansion of the Union, and the increase of the number of its members, it is apparent that even a secession of one or more of the States would not now, as it might have done formerly, subvert the whole structure. It would still exist, yielding protection and dispensing prosperity to the members which should remain. . . . If, at a future time, separation shall become necessary, let us hope that long habits of discipline and mutual affection may enable the American people to add another and a final lesson on the excellence of Republics—that of dividing without violence, and reconstructing without the loss of liberty.'"

"Precisely so," remarked my countryman, "this is just what Mr. Seward said, though not in such strong language, ten years afterwards, at Lord Napier's table."

"It is all very true," said Mr. Slapp, "and Mr. Seward thought, as we all of us thought at one time, that our differences could be amicably arranged. We were all of us wrong. We did not know our own people. The Union was so perpetually abused by all sides, that we none of us knew how much we loved it, and what sacrifices we would make for it, until the time came."

"But is it true," I asked, "that the threat of secession was first used by the North?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Slapp; "we of the North thought that if we could not abolish the infernal institution of Slavery by the maintenance of the Union, we would leave the accursed slave-owners to themselves, and set up a free Republic of our own; and we might have done so, ere this, if the Southerners had not fired the first shot."

"So that the Southerners only played the same game that you would have played yourselves?" said I.

"Precisely! Had we seceded, they would probably have endeavoured to coerce us with fire and sword. They seceded, and we shall coerce them with fire and sword."

"But I don't see the logic of this," I replied.

"The logic of necessity," said Mr. Slapp.

"Which is the logic of tyranny," I replied, for much as I hated slavery, and greatly as I was prejudiced against the slave-owners for endeavouring to break up the Union, I had a certain sympathy for rebellion, for its own sake; for I considered it the sacred right of the oppressed; a weapon not to be hastily used, but to be held in reserve for great occasions. "And it seems to me that Republicanism does not differ greatly from Monarchy, when it has an ambitious or domineering purpose to serve. Surely this Continent is large enough for two Republics, ay, and for four; the North, the South, the Middle, and the great congeries of States now growing, and to grow in the Pacific?"

"Mr. Shindy is right," said our host; "he looks at us with the eye of impartial posterity, and is not led away by the passions that animate us who are engaged in the conflict."

"What I am afraid of," I replied, "is that in the attempt to coerce the South, an attempt that seems to me to be in direct hostility to the principles on which the Union was based, and on which only it can be maintained, the North will sacrifice its own freedom. Despotism is despotism, whether exercised by one man or by many; whether by a king or by a mob; whether in support of an hereditary privilege, or of a Union that on one side has ceased to be voluntary."

"Why, Mr. Shindy," said Mr. Slapp, "I thought you were an English Radical of the John Bright school, and a philosophical Republican?"

"I am a Radical," said I, "but I don't like Radicalism run mad. In theory I am a Republican. I think the Republic is the best of all possible Governments, if the people associated into a Republic, and agreeing to be governed, or to govern themselves on Republican principles, be a wise, a good, and a temperate people. But if a people be not wise, good, and temperate, but on the contrary, foolish, impatient, avaricious, corrupt, intemperate, and greedy of rule over others, then I think that a Republican form of government cannot long endure among them. The basis of Republicanism is public virtue—and liberty for the minority. When the majority are corrupt, and attempt to coerce the minority, the



Republic is at the point of death, and a revolution becomes imminent."

"You have hit the right nail on the head, Mr. Shindy," said our host. "It was corruption that brought on this war, it is corruption that continues it, and a corruption worse than itself will grow out of it. I lay three weeks in the dungeons of Fort Warren, consigned thither by the tinkle of Mr. Seward's little bell, for saying publicly what I now say privately, and what I am willing to say again in the face of the world,—and only got out a week ago."

I began to fear that I was neglecting the advice of my good friend General Squash, and was being what he called "put through." The only American I had hitherto found who was an out-and-out supporter and panegyrist of the institutions of his country was Mr. Slapp, a member of what was called the Republican party. All the others with whom I had come in contact, with the sole exception of Mr. Vanderdoncken, were democrats (some of them called themselves "straight out," or "Jeffersonian" Democrats). Mr. Vanderdoncken was of a neutral tint, nominally a Republican, but really what the Americans call a Federal whig. I resolved, before I allowed myself to drift out of my own old and cherished opinions, as I found I was doing, to make more diligent study of American party politics, past and present, so as to be better able to form a judgment on the great question of Republicanism theoretical, on which my mind was made up, and Republicanism actual and practical on which I had misgivings that I had never anticipated.

Mr. Slapp accompanied me to my hotel. The square was crammed with people. They were holding what Mr. Slapp informed me was the Ratification meeting that always takes place after the conclusion of the labours of a Convention. The brass bands blared in the intervals of the oratory. Sky-rockets flew into the air, and the professors of the great art of "*High Falutin*," as Mr. Slapp informed me, were in all their glory.

"What," I inquired, "is *High Falutin*?"

"Tall talk," said he; "exaggerated and overdone buncombe! Rant, cant, fustian, bounce, hyperbole, absurdity, self-assertion, earnestness, rollicking fun, and broad humour all rolled and piled up together to tickle the ears of the groundlings. I am a proficient in it myself; we can't get on very well without it in public life in our country. There is a variety of it called spread-eagleism."

"And what is that?"

"The 'bird of freedom,' you know, is the symbol of American liberty, which we place upon our coinage instead of the stupid old heads of kings, queens, and emperors which you stamp on your money in Europe. 'Spread-eagleism' means the loud, confident boast of the great destinies of our Union, and our undoubted mission and duty to conquer and possess the whole of the Continent from the North Pole to Panama."

"Why conquer? are you not big enough already? You have

found it difficult enough to hold the South. In fact you don't hold it at this moment."

"Oh, but we shall conquer it, though; and when we have conquered it we shall make friends with it. They have brave soldiers in the South, and are Americans anyhow, although they *ayre* (are) rebels; and once this cursed war is over, we shall have a foreign war, and annex Mexico, Cuba, all the West India Islands and Canada. *That* is my spread-eagleism, and I believe in it."

"You'll not annex Canada," said I firmly. And not wishing further discussion on the subject, I bade him good-night at the door of the hotel, and went to bed, lulled, rather than kept awake by the noises that came from the square below, which did not cease until long after midnight.

## CHAPTER XIV.

MR. SHINDY JOINS GENERAL SQUASH AT WASHINGTON AND SEES  
THE SIGHTS.

GENERAL SQUASH was waiting for me by appointment at Washington, when I arrived at the depôt per rail from Baltimore. I had bought a selection of newspapers at starting, among others a number of the *New York Tribune*, which I had amused myself by reading in the train, all the while determined that no woman should dispossess me of my seat, unless it were a modest and a pretty one, who would graciously accept, and not peremptorily command my gallantry and civility. But no such attempt was made upon me, and I was left undisturbed to my political reading. And such reading! A leading article, an "editorial," as it is called in America, headed "Baltimore," the city I had just left, caught my eye. I read as follows, and cut the paragraph out for future reference:—"The treacherous state of Maryland and pestilent city of Baltimore lie between the loyal North, the rebellious South, and the national capital. Surveying the field from a military stand-point, and using a military phrase, they must be reduced. . . . The most dangerous as it is the most despicable city in the rebellious States must either surrender or be destroyed. . . . Baltimore subdued, or in ashes, our loyal troops can advance leisurely in two huge armies from the Pennsylvania line towards Washington. If Maryland resist our march, as she doubtless will, we must blow up her rebellious soil with cannon balls, and sow it with gunpowder." I found, on looking at the date of this paper, that it was two years old, palmed off upon me for one of the actual day by a knavish news-boy, a young Irish bog-trotter, no doubt, and not an American; but I was nevertheless very glad to have it, as it showed me what had been the feeling at the outbreak of the war, and what it still was. I showed the passage to the general.

"Oh, that is nothing," said he, "it is mere milk and water, positively kind, amiable, and fraternal, compared with the blood-and-brandy style of writing that has since been employed by preachers and strong-minded women. In fact mere editors are tame critters compared with parsons and women in anything that relates to this war. Both of them are as virulent in the South as in the North, and the pretty girls of Baltimore are about the most furious war-zealots that I know. But we are in a fever, our blood boils, and you must not be surprised if we talk bloodthirstily. Maryland and Baltimore, as the *Tribune* truly said, and as everybody knows, were between the upper and the nether millstone. Their sympathies were with the South, but the North had the whip-hand over them, and Maryland and Baltimore had nothing for it but to submit to superior force, or, as we say, to 'grin and bear it.' You must have noticed, notwithstanding the Lincoln Convention, which was like bearding the lion in its den, how entirely Southern were the proclivities of the people. But a truce to this; you will judge for yourself as you get along. I want you to see Washington, though you will, I am afraid, have to rough it. All the hotels are full. I am at Willard's, the great caravanseraï of the place, but I have to share a sleeping-room with twenty other people. I have secured a truckle-bed for you, the best I could do, and you must make yourself as comfortable as you can. Any discomfort you may suffer may perhaps be compensated by the insight you will get into our manners."

"What's the good of travelling if you can't rough it," said I, "yet, and nevertheless and notwithstanding, I *do* like to have a bedroom to myself. Are there no lodgings to be let in Washington?"

"Yes, in peaceful times; but in a time like this, when the city is overrun with all the schemers, knaves, contractors, and wire-pullers of the war, to say nothing of the military and the commissariat, lodgings, always few, are not to be obtained for love or money, unless upon rare opportunities. And, now that I think of it, such an opportunity offers. A Western senator, the most violent and ignorant, but one of the richest men I know, who keeps a general store somewhere in the wilderness, has a room in a private house, and leaves Washington in two or three days. You might get his room after his departure if you are quick and lucky. A short probation at Willard's in the interval will do you no harm. What say you?"

I expressed my willingness, nay, my anxiety, for I hate publicity in sleeping, and like to keep myself to myself when I am indisposed to associate with my fellow-creatures; and so we went to Willard's, the principal and fashionable hotel at Washington, where I found as much discomfort as anybody else at the recognized tariff that ought to have purchased comfort, but that did not; not from any fault of Willard and his subordinates, but from the pressure of the crowd. Washington did not impress me very favourably,



except from the imposing proportions of its splendid capitol, the place of assembly of the Congress; a noble building on a fine elevation, worthy of the deliberations of the freest and greatest Parliament in the world, except that of Great Britain. Once upon a time I would have said superior to that of Great Britain; but I was growing wiser, and finding, as I went along, that if our aristocratic British system was base and corrupt in many respects, the democratic system of the United States was base and corrupt also. The streets were positively, actually, literally—not metaphorically—knee-deep in slush and mire. And the mules!—such thousands of mules I never saw in my life! Miles upon miles of mules seemed to me to stretch out in long and apparently interminable lines, drawing ammunition and commissariat stores for the great army of the Potomac. Each team was driven by a stalwart negro, shouting like an excited baboon, and furiously lashing the poor animals confided to his care, laughing, grinning, hallooing all the while. These ploughed through the streets as we passed along, every street into which we entered seeming like a vast Serbonian bog, in which mules, drivers, and waggons threatened to be lost at every step. At last our vehicle reached Willard's, and we landed, like two forlorn mites or midges, amid a multitude of similar creatures fretting, fuming, fidgeting, fluttering at the clerk's desk, until my name was entered as one of the guests—to eat at the appointed hours, to drink when I liked, and to sleep in the room appointed for me—one of a company of similar unfortunates forced to put up with the accommodation of a hospital or a barrack rather than sleep in the open air on a door-step.

"Come down to the bar," said the general; "you will need a drink after your journey, and we may meet somebody that it may be worth your while to know. Everybody comes here—generals and private soldiers, senators and doorkeepers, gentlemen and rowdies, bankers and paupers, Congress-men and reporters, Ministers of state and clerks in the public offices, everybody who will give a drink or take a drink—two classes that comprise the whole world of white men.

"But not of black?" inquired I.

"No," replied the general. "Be it known to you that no nigger can drink at a public bar in Washington, or, for that matter, in any public bar in the whole length and breadth of the United States."

"What, not a free negro?"

"Neither free nor slave; no black skin must drink with or in the company of a white skin. That is one of the laws of our Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Come along! Here is one of our senators. A choice specimen. I will introduce you."

I was introduced; but the senator was very drunk, and inclined to be quarrelsome. I was nevertheless compelled to partake of the inevitable drink, or incur his wrath for the slight that would have been put upon him by my refusal. But I cut the interview

as short as possible. I gained something by my decision, for I was speedily introduced to a sober senator, and had a drink with him (I began to loathe this abominable custom of drinking drams at hotel bars), and a conversation that, if not very edifying, was not disagreeable. He was, like the general, a Democrat, and a disapprover of the war. "We have no great shakes of a President," said he to me, after the ice of our first introduction had begun to thaw; "but your Palmerston is a poor shote."

"*Shote?*" said I, to the general inquiringly.

"A word of ours," replied he; "a poor pig, in fact!"

"Yes," said the senator, "Palmerston's a poor shote, or else he would join the Emperor Napoleon in recognizing the South, and so ending this fratricidal war. He's afraid of the nigger worshippers in your Exeter Hall, I suppose."

"Well," I replied, "he can't afford, if he would continue to hold office, to offend Exeter Hall and the Manchester liberals, to whom this war is a God-send."

"As how?" inquired the senator.

"The mills of Manchester had glutted and doubly glutted the world with cotton manufactures, and their proprietors could neither sell their stocks for want of purchasers, nor close their mills for fear of an insurrection of the starving work-people. Bnt your war broke out, and enabled them to shut their mills on the very valid plea of want of cotton to manufacture, and to sell out their old stocks at rising prices.

"Yes," said the general; "we know that; but I did not know that you Englishmen knew it."

"Not all," replied I; "but some of us knew it, and I among the number. It was impossible for Palmerston to join the Emperor of the French without committing political suicide, which he was the last man in the world to do."

"Well," replied the senator, "if you are ever engaged in a difficulty with Ireland, and Ireland declares her independence, you will find us more decided than you have been in our case. We'll help you to split up, see if we don't; and recognize the green flag of Erin at a day's notice."

I afterwards found that the Senator was an Irishman; a fact that accounted for the milk in *his* cocoa-nut. I was, nevertheless, surprised at his very outspoken utterance, but said nothing, and thought much.

"We don't attribute your inaction," he went on to say, "to any love of the United States, we attribute it to your fear; and the South as much as the North will owe you a grudge for it, and pay it off when the time comes."

I did not like this conversation. Though a Democrat, a theoretical Republican, and a Radical, I was an Englishman; and began to feel rather restive. So I made an excuse to go and wash for dinner, and left the senator and the general together.

## CHAPTER XV.

## IN PRIVATE LODGINGS.

THE intensely disagreeable publicity of a great hotel, inhabited by more than a thousand persons of both sexes and all ages, exclusive of a hundred or a hundred and fifty negro waiters; the savage scramble at breakfast and dinner, the jostling upon the stairs, the congregating in the lobbies, the pressure into the bar, where the invitations to drink came like avalanches upon the head of an unprotected stranger, who was introduced hour after hour to twenty or even fifty persons at a time; all these things bewildered and oppressed me so much that I began to weary of my existence. If I had had a bedroom of my own to retire to, I might have sighed and endured. But this comfort was denied me. I was never alone, and all my life I have been fond of a certain amount of time passed in the solitude of my own society.

“Wretched and most accurst is he  
Who loves not his own company,”

sings the almost forgotten poet Cowley, and his sentiment is one with which I cordially sympathize. Greatly to my satisfaction, after the end of the third day, having entered into preliminary negotiations to that effect, I took possession of a comfortable bedroom, vacated by the Western Senator, in a private house in H or I Street, I forget which. They name their streets after the letters of the alphabet in Washington, for want of imagination, I suppose; just as they number them in New York and other cities for the same reason. It was arranged, however, that I was to go out to Willard's to breakfast and dine with the multitude, as my hostess would not undertake to let me have even so little as a cup of tea in my own apartment. At night I put my boots outside the bedroom door; and very muddy boots they were, for the mire and slush of Washington were abnormally abominable, and were kept in a constant state of churn by the passage of artillery and commissariat waggons, and the plodding to and fro of the mules, each as I have said, with a nigger on its back, cracking his whip and grinning all the while like a gorilla. On opening the door I found my boots just as I had left them. I rang the bell. There was no response. I rang again, after waiting about five minutes. There was still no response. Again I rang more loudly;—again, and yet again. At last a rather comely negro girl, with good features, bright eyes, and splendidly white and regular teeth, and very neatly dressed, answered the summons.

“Will you have my boots cleaned?” I asked her very civilly.

“You can't have your boots cleaned here,” she said somewhat pertly.

“Why not?” said I, rather surprised; “I am willing to pay for



the work. I don't expect you to do it; but surely there is somebody in the house that can do me this little service."

"No, there ain't," she replied; "and as for my doing it, I guess you would apply to the wrong party if you applied to me."

"I beg pardon," said I, much amused, "I am accustomed to have my boots cleaned, and would rather clean them myself than wear them bespattered with mud."

"I guess you can clean them yourself, then," she added. "There's a brush in the yard."

"I'd rather pay somebody to do it. How about the senator—did he clean his own boots?"

"Yes, whenever he wanted to. He was not very particular."

"So you mean to say, then," I inquired, "that I cannot get a man to clean my boots, if I pay him? I see a great many idle negroes at the street-corner. Just send for one, and I'll make my own bargain with him."

"I guess you won't find a coloured gentleman in Washington who'll black your boots for you, not if you were to give him a dollar. Clean 'um yourself. Though perhaps some of the *Irish* boys about the door of Willard's will clean 'um for you, but not a coloured gentleman—oh no!"

And so saying, the black wench bounced out of the room, with an air as if she thought she had wasted a great deal too much of her time in condescending to talk to me.

I had to put on my dirty boots, but I found a little Irish boy in the street, who cleaned them for me, at the side entrance to Willard's. I found the general waiting to go in to breakfast along with me, and I told him the little incident of my boots, not without expressing some astonishment at the negro girl's conduct, and at the undisguised contempt with which she had spoken of the Irish.

"The negroes, or as they call themselves, the coloured people, not only hate, but despise the Irish," said the general; "and to those who understand the negro character the reason is not far to seek. The negro's first idea of a white man is that of a man of power, wealth, and authority. This is derived from negro experience in a state of slavery. When they see a white man who is poor and abject, and who competes with them for the lowest kind of work, they think that there is something wrong and unnatural about him. 'Poor white trash!' is a phrase in common use among them. The poor and newly-imported Irish more especially look upon the negroes as little better than monkeys, who do white men's work at less than white men's wages, and hate them accordingly. I don't think I ever heard of an Irish abolitionist. The poor free niggers have a bad time of it all over the North. There was a time when they had ready employment as coachmen, waiters, barbers, white-washers and chimney-sweeps. But they have been gradually ousted from all these occupations by Irishmen and Germans, except the whitewashing and chimney-sweeping; and what is to become of them ultimately I don't know. The war that is waged on their behalf—

ostensibly you must understand, but not really—will do nothing for them but give them a liberty which they will not know how to turn to account. I expect that as a race they will die out on this Continent, and I for one must confess that if the event happens in my time I shall not regret it.”

“I think it a very regrettable contingency,” said I, “for the negroes—I beg their pardon, the coloured people—seem to me to possess many good points if they were well guided.”

“That’s just it,” replied the general; “they want guidance, and can’t get along without it. They are kindly and affectionate, and capable of great attachment and fidelity, but they don’t like work; they are improvident, and they lie and steal abominably. I am no apologist of slavery. I think it a bad thing for the white man, for it demoralizes and degrades him; but as for the poor nigger, all I can say is that I have seen him, both in the North and in the South—in freedom and in slavery—and have come to the conclusion that there never was on the face of God’s earth a more miserable, wretched critter than a free nigger in Massachusetts or New York, unless it were an English farm-labourer in Dorsetshire and the southern counties.”

This was opening up a wide subject, and I did not care to discuss it with General Squash at the moment; so I contented myself with hurling a decided and emphatic anathema against slavery and all who supported or defended it, and went in to breakfast. I must add that I afterwards tried hard to induce a negro to come to my lodgings every morning to clean my boots, promising him a quarter of a dollar (one shilling) for the job, but failed egregiously in the attempt. I succeeded, however, with an Irish boy of about twelve years old, though even he hinted that the pay was inadequate.

## RAMBLES NEAR ALGIERS.

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“ Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,  
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,  
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,  
And the groves are of myrtle, and orange, and rose ? ”

GOETHE.

MUSTAPHA SUPÉRIEUR, which is the Franco-Algerian name given to the verdant heights overlooking the bay of Algiers, just outside the eastern gate of the town, was evidently in former days the summer abode of wealthy Turks and Moors. There, facing the sea, on the slope of the hills, stood their picturesque white residences, resembling miniature palaces, peeping out from masses of green foliage; not surrounded by parks of fine old elms and oaks, like our English country mansions, but lying half buried in groves of orange and lemon trees, aloes, bananas, and cypress. Thither the pirates repaired towards the close of the day, while the sea was still red with the rays of the setting sun, to enjoy the society of their wives, to smoke their chibouks and sip their coffee, and to dream of the speedy return of their galleys loaded with plunder and Christian slaves. There stand the villas at the present day as they did years ago, when the crescented banner floated from the top of the Kasbah, though very few of them are now inhabited by Mussulmen. Many have fallen into the hands of the ill-used, insulted, reviled, persecuted, but always thriving Jew, who under the Turkish domination would not have dared to give himself the luxury of a country residence; while others, where walls have been substituted for the prickly cactus-hedges, are now the property of Europeans, and have been adapted to modern ideas of comfort.

A splendid view may be obtained from the summit of Mustapha standing among these delightfully pretty dwellings, which lie on the slope of the hill in the midst of large gardens, enclosed by thick foliage and cactus-hedges covered with a profusion of yellow blossom—secluded places of abode, admirably suited to those lovers who, under the fascination of Cupid's dart, dream of passing their lives in a paradise of their own,

“ The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

Everywhere you inhale a perfume of orange-blossoms mingled with roses and jasmine. It seems, indeed, as if these charming retreats



had once comprised everything calculated to make a woman loving and happy—except liberty—and must have been constructed almost solely with a view to rendering the captivity of the lovely creatures by whom they were inhabited as agreeable as possible. They must, indeed, have been delicious prisons to those who from their earliest childhood had never known what freedom was. Apartments with walls and floors of the purest white marble, soft down cushions and Persian carpets to recline upon, marble baths with fountains at the corners to sport about in, and negresses to assist at the toilet with the softest and whitest of linen. Shady gardens, laid out with pretty arbours covered with vines and jasmine, and sandy walks bordered with roses and scarlet passion-flowers, to promenade in in the daytime; terraces on which to sit listening to the song of the nightingale of an evening, and musical instruments to while away the hours while awaiting the master's return. Before you, you see in the background the blue waters of the Mediterranean, dotted towards land with small sailing-craft, with their white triangular sails flashing in the sun as they rise and sink upon the waves; while in the distance, near the horizon, large vessels and steamers are passing to and fro. On the left Algiers towers up towards the sky, resembling a mass of square, white, windowless buildings, built one upon another until they reach the summit of the Sahel hills, whence the Kasbah overlooks the town, showing plainly enough that, like the Bastille, the Tower of London, and most other citadels, it was erected more with a view of keeping the inhabitants in subjection than to afford them any protection against their enemies. At the base of the hill are the port and the railway-station, easily distinguished even at this distance by the little forest of masts and the clouds of white smoke bursting from the funnels of the locomotives. Here commences the line of the bay, extending eastward as far as Cape Matifou, but broken at irregular distances by the bathing establishments, the market-gardens, the clusters of white houses, the rivers Harrach and El-Khrenis, which run through a verdant plateau sloping down to the sea-shore, and the little village of Fort-de-l'Eau, standing in the low ground close to where three Spanish fleets were knocked to pieces by the winds and waves, and where the flower of three armies was either slain by the Mohammedan scimitar or carried off to slavery. On the sea-shore, close to the river El-Khrenis, better known as *le ruisseau*, or the brook, is the Koubba, half buried in the sand, of a certain Sidi-Belal, concerning whose history the popular legends are at variance; for while some set forth that he was one of Mahomet's negro slaves and among the first to embrace his master's religion, others pretend that Belal is merely a corruption of Belus, or Baal, or Bel, the idol of Scripture, which was introduced into Africa by the Phœnicians, and to which sacrifices of various animals were offered. During the period of the year called *Nissam*, that is to say, when the bean-plant begins to blacken, the negroes of Algiers and its neighbourhood assemble at the Koubba of Belal to keep what they call the

*Aïd-el-Foul*, or the fête of beans. Previous to that period they are supposed to have abstained from eating this vegetable. The fête commences by chanting the *Falha*—a prayer from the Koran—which is followed by the slaughtering of an ox, sheep, and fowls, in the midst of the wildest dancing and singing. The ox is first of all decked with flowers, then his head is hung with costly silk handkerchiefs, and it is only after the execution of dances in which the performers turn round seven times in one direction and seven in the other, that the animal is killed. The manner in which the victim dies is anxiously watched by the assembled multitude, who interpret the fulfilment of their wishes accordingly as death happens to be instantaneous or lingering. After the sacrifices dancing is continued near a square stone basin consecrated to the memory of *Lella Haoua*, a woman held in great veneration by the negroes in Northern Africa. Here men and women, seized with fits of enthusiasm, often fling themselves into the sea, and at times it is only with considerable difficulty that their companions are able to rescue them from drowning.

We are standing near the summit of a range of hills which curve gradually round towards Cape Matifou. To our right, on the heights of Koumba, is the Jesuit establishment, with its elegant Moorish buildings grouped round a gigantic dome, standing in the midst of spacious grounds and farms, while farther in the same direction, but nearer the Cape, the white walls of *Maison Carée*, the convict-prison, sparkle in the sun. On the semi-circular plain at our feet is the *Jardin d'Essai*, with its palm and plane tree avenues; its many kinds of exotic and European plants, vegetables, and trees; its ostriches; and its limpid streams full of various species of fresh-water fish and bordered with mossy banks covered with violets. Near here is the tomb of a marabout standing in a Mussulman cemetery, where Moorish women assemble on a Friday under pretence of visiting the dead, a pious duty which their husbands dare not oppose; but the gathering has more the appearance of a pleasure-party than one of people who have come to pray, for should you happen to enter the burial-ground unawares you will find them seated among the graves, laughing, talking, and stuffing themselves with pastry and sweetmeats, with their veils cast aside, displaying their costly costumes and painted faces. Yet Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman, whose bones repose beneath the little white cupola, was no ordinary saint, if we are to believe the stories which are current concerning him. It appears that he flourished in Algeria about a century ago, and founded a religious society or brotherhood which still exists. At the time of his death he was living in Kabylia, where he was buried; but as soon as his followers in Algiers heard of his decease they despatched some of the most determined members of the brotherhood to carry off his body. Upon the Kabyles discovering that the tomb had been violated, they were very wrath, but became appeased when, on further search, they found that the body had not been removed.



Strange to say, however, it was also in the tomb near Algiers, whence the name of Bou-Kobrin, or the Man of the Two Tombs, which the marabout bears. To the left of the Jardin d'Essai lies the Champ de Manœuvres, crowded in the early morning and of an afternoon, when the heat has somewhat abated, with French and native cavalry, whose picturesque costumes, bright scabbards and carbines, flashing in the sun as their spirited Arab steeds dash over the ground, give an additional charm to the beauty of the scene. At the foot of the hill is Mustapha Inférieur, a long line of irregular and badly-constructed European dwellings bordering the dusty road to Koubba, and extending for a short distance up the incline; but they become fewer and fewer as the slope begins to get steep, until at last they stop at the narrow lanes intersecting a broad expanse of verdant gardens, where thick-foliaged fig-trees and wide-spreading olives half hide the pretty white villas among which we are standing.

There is another favourite retreat for the *dons* of the commercial world of Algiers, and for tourists, *promeneurs*, and lovers, on the northern side of the town between Bab-el-Oued and the Pointe-Pescade. Here the little houses and fragrant gardens lie scattered over the northern slope of the Sahel hills, which rise on the left-hand side of the road, while on the right they are perched close to the edge of the cliff, and communicate by the garden-gate with narrow paths winding down to the pebbly beach below. Here there are small caves transformed into boat-houses, just large enough to shelter a good-sized wherry, and here young Jewesses take their morning dip. Using their boat-houses as dressing-rooms, they lay aside their ordinary garments and, attired in daintily-fashioned French bathing-costumes, sport about in the still limpid water, hidden from the inquisitive gaze of early risers by the rugged rocks, which, jutting out on every side, form a multitude of little creeks. Farther along the coast is the Pointe-Pescade, with some abandoned salt-pits and the ruins of an old Turkish fort, degenerated into a custom-house station, which was erected by the Agha El-adj-Ali in 1671, and garrisoned by sixteen janissaries. The reason assigned for building so small a fort in this out-of-the-way spot is that a Christian ship once ran ashore near here during a gale and succeeded in getting into deep water again before it could be reached by the Arabs, whereupon the Agha was so annoyed that he determined to prevent the repetition of a similar piece of good luck by constructing a fortress upon the promontory. Returning towards Algiers, we pass a low building on the right, called the Salpêtrière, which appears to have been in the time of the Turks both a palace and a powder manufactory; but there, where once reclined the captive beauties of a harem, you only see at the present day soldiers in long great-coats and white nightcaps. There, where saltpetre and charcoal were pounded into gunpowder, men in blue aprons are now engaged in making poultices and in mixing black-draughts for the fever-stricken occupants of the build-



ing, which, since the French occupation, has been transformed into a military hospital.

Taking the road which will be found some distance farther on the right, and following it up the hill as far as the Cité Bugeaud, where a little colony of Spaniards have settled, then turning one's back to the sea and climbing the hill in an easterly direction, with the powder magazine before us, we reach, after a few minutes' walk, the entrance to what is called the Frais-Vallon. Here the steep road enters a mountain pass with rugged, rocky hills rising up on either side; those on the left giving life to a quantity of hardy green-foliaged trees, which, bending over, cast a continual shade upon the road. They seem to have forced their way through rents in the rock and to have sprung up from beneath the displaced stones, growing, and to all appearance flourishing, where one would imagine that there was hardly sufficient earth for a wallflower. About a mile and a half from Algiers the road descends and suddenly comes to an end in a narrow defile, where a little river dashes wildly down in a cascade beside a mill, and then runs murmuring among the stones past a Moorish café. A path winding up the incline behind the mill leads to the entrance of a Moorish villa, where, at the bottom of a grove of pomegranates, orange, fig, and almond trees, several springs, which have their source close by, sport freely over the grass until they find a bed and go trickling down the hill to the river below. Some, however, have been enclosed in masonry-work, and amongst these there is one running from a small *Koubba*, which will be easily distinguished from the number of Arab women who will be found gathered round it. Give ear, O all ye naughty, changeful beauties and injured fair ones, whose wedlock-bonds the divorce-court judge has thought it expedient to sever, for this *Koubba* was erected in memory of Sidi-Medjber, a marabout held in the greatest veneration by some of the Mussulman ladies of Algiers. He it is who watches over those who have been divorced from their husbands; he it is who repairs the stern judgments of the *cadi*! Let the faithless woman who has lavished upon her paramour the love she should have treasured up for her husband, let the discarded wife who, not content with her first experiment of married life, seeks another brute who will thrash her and make her slave for him—let them make three pilgrimages to the *Koubba* of the saint and drink thrice of its limpid water, and they may hope to be bound once more with the chains of Hymen!

There are several bathing establishments at Algiers, but of the two which are the most frequented one is situated at Bab-el-Oued, on the northern side of the town, and the other at l'Agha just beyond the faubourg of Bab-Azzoun, on the eastern side. The former lies in a small creek sheltered by numerous rocks, and is much patronized by European ladies, possibly because the part reserved to the fair sex is beyond the reach of masculine optics. In this particular it differs widely from most French watering-places, where it is

quite a common thing for gentlemen to make a point of becoming acquainted with the maids of the corpulent *belles* of the Casino in order to ascertain at what hour these ladies bathe; and where graceful nymphs, attired in garments weighing only a few ounces more than those worn by Phryne before her judges, venture among the rippling waves exposed to the piercing gaze of the opposite sex. At Bab-el-Oued it is different, for there the seaweed-crested rocks alone behold the charms which are so wantonly exhibited to the world at the fashionable *bains de mer* on the coast of France. The part reserved to gentlemen consists of two covered galleries meeting at a right angle and containing a vast number of small boxes, within each of which there is just sufficient room for a man to undress himself and don his *caleçon* behind the curtain veiling the entrance. On a large rock jutting out into the sea are three or four arbours, constructed of trellis-work, within which you may eat as good a *bouillabaisse mon bong*, as a Provençal would say, as was ever tasted within ten miles of the famous *Cannebière* of Marseilles, or as was ever sung by Thackeray. Beyond the arbours are chairs and tables for the convenience of thirsty visitors. Here you may often see groups of naughty Moorish women, who lay aside their veils and amuse themselves by imbibing strong doses of absinth, smoking cigarettes, and in watching the fair-skinned Christians swimming among the rocks at their feet. The bathing establishment at l'Agha consists of an agglomeration of wooden huts, resembling sentry-boxes, huddled together upon a terrace which is reached from the sea by wooden steps. Here the two sexes are only separated by a rope, beyond which the gentlemen often trespass to teach their fair companions swimming, or to dive for the shellfish which cover the sandy bottom. The company, as far as the softer sex is concerned, is by no means so select as at Bab-el-Oued; for like our English lady, who would not dare to ride in the park unaccompanied by a gentleman or a groom lest she might be taken for a pretty horsebreaker, so the lady of Algiers dares not, for the sake of her fair fame, bathe in the waters of l'Agha. At l'Agha there are dining-rooms, a café, and a terrace, with chairs and tables, where gentlemen sip their favourite stimulant before dinner; but although it is a favourite *rendezvous* at the hour of absinth, it is by no means successful as a restaurant; the fires are rarely lighted save for an occasional wedding party who come to eat the wedding dinner beside the sea.

EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

## WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC,"

OF THE "WHITE STAR" LINE, ON APRIL 1, 1873.

[The steamer *Atlantic* had on board 35 cabin passengers, 776 steerage passengers, and 146 officers and crew—in all 957 souls. Of these 422 were saved, and 535 were lost.]

A NOBLE ship was steaming on to reach a friendly coast,  
Within her cabin dreaming lay, of human life, a host  
Who calmly slept—their untold dreams of happiness were brief,  
The Atlantic's voyage is soon to end—before her looms the reef.  
Ah! where are we? the watch has cried: Land! Helmsman, why  
so rash?

'Tis for Meagher's shelving reef you steer—where breaking billows  
dash!

Reverse the engines! clear the boats! avert the dreaded shock,  
Too late! on Clancy's Isle she strikes, her bed the granite rock!  
Then list! what moan of woe goes up—what last appeal is this—  
Where in the great ship's hold so dark the seething waters hiss?  
Shall twice four hundred prison'd souls pass to their final rest?  
The maid, the youth, the man, the wife with infant at the breast?  
Rouse, captain, 'tis the midnight watch, how sad to sink to sleep,  
Like weak disciples once of old who vigils fail'd to keep.

Ho, Speakman, Brady, Owens, all, your duty do, they pray;  
Oh, what a tide of human life there flows and ebbs away!  
Foxby and Thomas, Royland, Firth, Purdy and Brown renew,  
Such efforts and heroic deeds as thrill the heart that's true;  
For he who lingers, longs, to save one woman from the deck,  
Shall not himself be left to sink with that devoted wreck;  
And thousand shouts shall rise, and praise ascend from many a lip,  
That twenty score are saved and more from off the fated ship,  
While emigrants and mariners four hundred find their graves,  
On Prospect's shore which evermore the western ocean laves.



And long the terrors of that wreck, the doings of that day,  
Will send a sympathetic thrill along Chebucto Bay,  
And fishermen the tale will tell, how Metcalf ruled the deck  
On that dark opening April morn—and died upon the wreck.  
How Ancient with his gallant crew were "fishers" made for men,  
And Firth was saved! Oh, Angels mark'd a gallant rescue then!  
Long be such noble names revered and wafted on to fame,  
To prove the Brotherhood of Man is not an empty name!

HALIFAX, *April*, 1873.

[The chief officer having got up the mizzen rigging, the sea cut off his retreat. He stood for six hours by a woman who had been placed in the rigging. The sea was too high to attempt his rescue. At 3 p.m., a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, succeeded in getting him a line, and getting him off. The names of the crew who accompanied the Rev. Mr. Ancient when he went out to rescue the mate are Patrick Duggan, Samuel White and James Power, of Upper Prospect, John Blackburn, of Lower Prospect, and Joseph Slaughenwhite, of Terrence Bay. He also mentions John Purcell, Michael Purcell, John Duggan and Martin Marlin as men who were especially active in saving life. The great charitable heart of Halifax was freely opened towards the sufferers, and the local legislature now in session promptly voted unlimited aid should it be needed.—*Halifax, Nova Scotia, Paper.*]

## POLO.

“Ex Oriente, lux;” out of the East a new pastime, giving every promise of acclimatization in this foggy northern land of ours. From the Celestial Empire we have from time to time borrowed many things necessary to our welfare, including competitive examinations, the science of tea-adulteration, and the torturing of feminine feet into a similitude of infinitesimal smallness. Perhaps some of these might have been left in the land of their origin without much loss to our civilization; but this new game, Chinese though it undoubtedly be, seems to possess some intrinsic merits of its own justifying its introduction amongst the sports of merrie England.

Originating amongst the Tartar cavalry of the Chinese Empire, Polo was first popularized in India by our Irregular Cavalry on their return from the last Chinese war; and being found to suit the wiry little Indian ponies, it speedily came into fashion in a land where almost every Englishman owns a horse. Who was the bold reformer to introduce Polo into England remains, like the invention of gunpowder, another Chinese claim, a moot question; but it seems probable that this gradually took place as cavalry regiments, to whom the game was known in India, returned home. Be that as it may, it is certain that Polo is domiciled amongst us, with an aristocratic club to watch over its development, and a short sketch of the game and its players may, therefore, prove of some interest.

Most people have more or less acquaintanceship with hockey, that vigorous pastime which consists in one side's endeavouring to strike a ball through the opponents' goal with heavy sticks, which not seldom fall on the said opponents' shins. Of a similar sort is Polo, with the following exceptions:—Instead of running on foot after the ball, the players are mounted, and it is the ponies' shins that come in for hard knocks, not their own. Also the ball is much larger and heavier than at hockey, whilst the players carry cross-headed mallets with long handles instead of blackthorns. For the rest of it the two games are exactly alike, with well-defined goals at either end of the selected ground, through which Polo-players endeavour to force the ball by the united power of men and ponies.

At the beginning of each game the sides remain at their respective goals until the umpire, proceeding to the middle of the ground, throws up the ball as a signal to commence. Then, with mallets upraised and bodies bent forwards, the rival squadrons make at each other as if on deadliest thoughts intent, until the player mounted on the smartest pony reaches the ball, and with a quick swing of his mallet sends it humming towards the opposite goal.

From that moment the two sides are intermingled as they scurry hither and thither after the missile, which at one moment is nearly driven through this goal, at another through that, and so on, with alternate advantage to the sides, until a lucky stroke gains the victory, and the mimic warriors dismount to give their ponies and themselves a few minutes' rest.

Such is Polo to the casual observer; a fine manly spot, needing good horsemanship and good wind. To the adept it presents far higher characteristics, such as require the player to possess coolness, nerve, presence of mind, good-humour, and proved stamina. For instance, the ball having been driven from one end of the ground to the other, has now nothing between it and the goal but a certain debonnaire giant of the Hussars, who, being too heavy for much forward play, lies back. Merrily bounds the ball towards the doomed goal, whilst a few yards behind it rides, as for his life, a Spanish-looking player who hopes to have one more crack at it before great Jotun drives it back. Vain the hope! Setting his pony into a canter, and judging the distance to a nicety, the big hussar brings down his mallet with unerring aim, just as the Don's is descending, and away flies the ball towards the farther end of the field, whilst Goliath again takes up his sentry-like position. He is famed, is this smiling son of Anak, for his skill in saving goals by coolness and judgment, whilst the Spanish-looking player is as notorious for winning them by daring rushes and marvellous horsemanship. But all here have their special points of excellence, as will be seen when, on the ball coming to a standstill, the two sides join battle with a vigorous fury looking like that of real combat. How the great mallets whirl overhead, how the players' supple bodies sway low, first to this side, then to that, how nimbly the ponies twist and turn, striking the ball with their fore-feet as if understanding all about the game, and what nasty whacks fall on arm and leg, hand and foot, as the "bully" goes on! Forward strokes or backward come equally easy to these Centaurs, but no sooner is the ball driven a few feet one way than an opponent sends it back as many feet the other, and so the *mêlée* goes on, until a certain florid Saxon youth on a piebald stoops low over his stirrup, and as the whirling mallets stir the brown curls on his head, deftly hooks the ball into the open. Then more charges; then the chances of victory swing first to one side, next to the other; then, as the ponies begin to grow weary, you see their riders skirmishing about on chance of the ball coming their way, instead of following it like sleuth hounds; and then up charges the mighty hussar with his pony still fresh, and the game seems to be over as he gets the ball and strikes it fair for the goal. Not so, however; there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip! One of the other side on a black pony rides up just in time, and the goal is saved. More, there is every chance of carrying the ball into the opposite quarters, for that daring Don has it before him, and is driving it along by short strokes towards the goal, from which the dreaded



keeper is absent. Ride, oh ride, Jotun of the smiling face, even as you would ride in another Balacava charge were it required of you! Ride he does, but weight tells in the race; he can never catch that other till the goal is won. But, see, like an arrow from a bow, shoots out the piebald from the crowd, and just as the ball is within a couple of feet of the posts, the Saxon rider cuts across the Don's way, and his mallet swiftly descending, drives the missile to one side. Then a collision; then down go piebald and plucky lord in the dust, whilst the rest of the players, riding up, prepare to renew the game. But something seems the matter with the good-looking youngster lying on the ground. He is all doubled up, senseless, motionless, and the florid Saxon face has turned pale as death. In an instant half a dozen are off their horses, whilst great Jotun supports the lad in his ponderous arms, and saying it is only a bit of a stun, tells some one to bring the big watering-pot. Which being done, and the young fellow's curly head duly watered, he comes to himself, looks round somewhat vacantly, rubs his pate which was struck by the piebald's fore-feet when they rolled over together, and then calmly asks, "Did I save the goal, old fellow?"

Such is Polo; no more, no less. Seemingly a sport demanding the cultivation of good-temper, presence of mind, perfect horsemanship, coolness of judgment, quickness of sight, suppleness of muscle, and unflinching nerve. To be a good player, a man must possess those qualities in a superlative degree, and, since this new game fosters, if it cannot create them, we may safely accord it a meed of praise without being open to the charge of admiring only what is novel. At all events, there can be no doubt that in every point this manly sport is a vast improvement on those effeminate pigeon tournaments which have now happily fallen out of fashion with all but betting men.

Two charges are brought against Polo which it is as well to notice before this article closes. The first, that of danger to the players. This must be granted; in Polo, as in every other manly game with which we are acquainted, there is and must necessarily be a certain element of danger. But until our young men forsake cricket, hunting, shooting, and football, in favour of the athletic game of croquet, Polo may be well content to remain under an equal ban. The second indictment is that it is cruel to the ponies. We fear that this is so at present; the hard blows falling on their legs, the severe spurring, and the use of sharp curbs are altogether opposed to modern usages, and if the game is to live, these defects must be amended, for the public will not long care for anything savouring of brutality. There are signs that the players themselves see this necessity and are prepared to meet it cheerfully. Many of the ponies' fore-legs are already swathed in bandages, one gentleman, if not more, has extracted the rowels from his spurs, and the club is, we believe, taking into consideration the abolition of curbs. When these reforms are carried out, there is no reason why Polo should not take a recognized place amongst our national sports.

## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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June 14th.—At Terling Place, Essex, the Right Hon. John James Strutt, Baron Rayleigh, aged 77. The Barony was conferred in 1821 on his lordship's mother, Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, daughter of the first Duke of Leinster, who married, 1789, Colonel Strutt, of Terling Place, in consideration of her husband's public services in the organization of the Militia in Essex from 1796 to 1820. The Strutts are of Swiss extraction: they settled in England some time previous to the commencement of the 17th century, and became a family of some eminence in Essex. Sir Denner Strutt, Knight of Little Warley Hall, Essex, was created a Baronet by Charles I. in 1640, and was killed at Colchester fighting for the Royal cause 27th August, 1648. The baronetcy died with him, but the estates devolved on his brother, from whom the late Lord Rayleigh was descended. The title is inherited by the eldest son of the late Lord, born 1842.

June 17th.—At 17, Howard Place, Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Roger L'Estrange, retired full-pay, her Majesty's 71st Highlanders, son of the late Captain Anthony L'Estrange, late of the 88th Connaught Rangers, and youngest brother of the late Major Edmund L'Estrange, 71st Highlanders, who was killed at Waterloo. Born in the early part of 1800, Colonel L'Estrange entered the army in 1815, and was present at the battle of Waterloo, in the 71st Regiment, in which regiment he served until 1856, when, as major, he retired on full-pay from the army. This officer was therefore the brother of one of the two prisoners who escaped from Verdun and Bitche, the story of which was so graphically told by Sir George L'Estrange in November number of the *ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE* for 1872.

June 19th.—In London, the Right Hon. David Robertson, 1st Baron Marjoribanks, of Ladykirk, aged 76, only six days after his elevation to the peerage. His lordship was the youngest son of

Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Berwickshire, and assumed the name of Robertson on his marriage with Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Haggerston, and granddaughter and heiress of Mr. William Robertson of Ladykirk, co. Berwick. Lord Marjoribanks was Lord-Lieutenant of Berwickshire, and represented the county many years in Parliament.

June 25th.—Thornton Leigh Hunt, Esq., aged 63. He was son of Leigh Hunt, the editor of the *Examiner* in its palmy days. It can scarcely be credited at this time that, in consequence of some mild articles appearing in that journal sixty years since, reflecting on the Prince Regent, Leigh Hunt was punished with two years' imprisonment and a fine of 500*l*.! He took his young son Thornton, three years of age, to gaol with him, and Charles Lamb wrote a very charming little poem on the occasion, in which he addresses "T. L. H.—A Child," as

"Guileless traitor, rebel mild,  
Convict unconscious, culprit child!"

Mr. Thornton Hunt was well known in literary circles as an able reviewer and editor. From 1840 until 1860 he was connected with the *Spectator*, and in 1850 assisted in the establishment of the *Leader*. For the past twelve years Mr. Hunt had been employed in the direction and supervision of the political department of the *Daily Telegraph*, which work undoubtedly reflected credit upon his judgment and good management. He was indeed a very able journalist, and his loss is regretted by a large circle of friends.

June 26th.—At Florence, Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor, aged 68. He was born at Woodstock, in the State of Vermont, and in early life was waiter at an hotel, traveller for a tradesman, and became a clockmaker at Cincinnati. There he received his first instruction in modelling from a Prussian sculptor, who happened to be in the city executing a bust of General Jackson, and in a short time he learnt to form busts himself. Encouraged by the success of his early efforts Power went to Washington, whence, by the assistance of Mr. Longworth, he was enabled to start for Florence in 1837. In 1838 he produced his figure of "Eve," and in 1851 exhibited his "Greek Slave" at the first London Exhibition. This statue became celebrated, and placed its creator in the first rank of sculptors. Among Mr. Powers' other works may be named "Il Penseroso," "The Fisher Boy," "California,"



"America," and many statues and busts of American statesmen and worthies.

July 3rd.—In London, Prince Joseph Poniatowski, aged 57. He was the grand-nephew of Stanislaus II., the last King of Poland, and his career was remarkable for its vicissitudes, for, although of royal birth, his circumstances were such that, from time to time, he was obliged to earn his bread by turning his great abilities as a singer, musician, and composer to some account. It is said that his musical talent was developed at a very early age, and that before he was six he was a good pianist. In 1823 his family took up their residence in Tuscany, and the young Prince Poniatowski was educated in that country, following up his musical studies. At an early age he made his first appearance in public at Lucca, and met with much success. He subsequently appeared in Florence, and in that city, at the age of 23, first produced his three act opera, "Giovanni da Procida," based on Nicolini's tragedy. This was followed by numerous other works, among which may be mentioned "Don Disderio," produced at Pisa in 1839, and subsequently brought out in Paris with signal success; "Ruy Blas," "Benifazio dei Geremei," "I Lambatazzi," "Malek Adel," "La Sposa d'Abido," a setting of Byron's poem, and "Esmeralda." The Revolutions of 1848 induced Prince Poniatowski to enter into political life. He was naturalized in Tuscany, elected Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and became in turn Secretary and Quæstor of the Chamber, and in due course was accredited Minister Plenipotentiary to Paris, London, and Brussels. These turbulent times were not, however, suited to him, and he resigned his diplomatic position to return to his operatic career. During the reign of Louis Napoleon the Prince became a naturalized Frenchman; he was nominated a Senator, and continued to reside in Paris until the downfall of the Empire, when he became a resident amongst us. During Prince Poniatowski's stay in Paris he produced his "Pierre de Médisis" at the Grand Opera House, and "L'Aventurier" at the Lyrique, and a Mass in F. He also organized a series of performances in that city somewhat similar to our Ancient Concerts. The Prince was buried at Chislehurst, close to the Memorial Chapel in course of erection by the Empress. The *Athenæum*, in an obituary notice of Prince Poniatowski, says, that he will be "remembered as an ardent admirer of art, as well as a kind supporter of artists, when he was in a position to be the Mæcenas of music in Paris, always welcoming amateurs and artists with sympathetic feeling and kind hospitality."

July 13th.—At Whitfield, Herefordshire, Mrs. Archer Clive, the authoress of “Paul Ferroll,” aged 72. Her death was the result of a melancholy accident. The deceased lady was an invalid, and whilst sitting at her writing-table near the fire an atom of live coal flew from the grate to her dress, ignited it, and enveloped her in flames. She lingered until the following morning, when death released her from her sufferings. Mrs. Clive was both a poetess and a novelist. Thirty-three years ago she first published “IX. Poems by V.,” which obtained some reputation, and subsequently produced “I Watched by the Heavens,” “The Valley of Rea,” and “The Mortar.” She was, however, better known as a novelist, and her well-known “Paul Ferroll” gained for her much celebrity. Mrs. Clive was a daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Edmund Wigley, of Shakenhurst, in Worcestershire, and married, 1840, the Rev. Archer Clive, of Whitfield.

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## FORD'S JOURNEY.

AUTUMN arrived, and John Ford took his relative and Valery back to Rome. The brief struggle was over, and the Eternal City stood up with all eyes fixed upon her as the future capital of united Italy; and never, even in her proudest days, when the imperial eagles took their broadest flight, had she reached so high a destiny as in this promise of her regeneration.

Valery toiled diligently at her picture, and the weeks glided so rapidly away, that winter came before she was aware. She had been so often obliged to pause in the task which interested her, to do other work, drawings and little sketches demanded by an English house, that the painting had not yet reached completion.

Even Mr. Ford had not seen it; it was to be finished without either counsel or criticism, according to his wish, though he promised her to be very severe when she had done all that she could.

In December he received news which made it necessary for him to go down to Naples. He had amassed a competency during these long years of patient labour, and a portion of his savings was invested in some Neapolitan funds, and just then required attention. He did not look well this winter, though insisting that he was never in better health, and his cousin and Valery were glad that he should be forced to accept another week of idleness. But Mrs. Sloman could not allow him to go alone; he had come back from his summer trip minus several of his shirts, and with the greater portion of his wardrobe so thoroughly out of repair, that Jemima had vowed never to trust him again on a journey without her guardianship.

"I am going with you, John," she said, as soon as he spoke of his departure, "I'm going to pack up this minute."

"There is no need of leaving your breakfast. I shan't start for several days," he answered, for she had risen from the table as she spoke.

"I believe in being ready," she replied; "better be ready and



not go than go and not be ready," and she put her head on one side with an air of wisdom which made her look so much like an old blackbird she kept in a cage, that Valery could not help smiling.

It was a mania of hers to begin packing the instant a journey was proposed; sometimes her boxes stood ready for weeks in advance, and at the oddest times, say in the middle of the night, or while engaged with guests, she would be seized with the idea that some indispensable article had been left out, and undo her work to find the thing she wanted at the bottom of the biggest trunk.

"You must get ready too, Valery," she said; "now I do hope you'll try to be in time—I don't want any missing of trains."

But Valery had no mind to leave her picture, and looked so blank at the prospect, that Mr. Ford, who always noticed every change in her face, said,—

"You don't care to go, Valery?"

"I can't very well," she replied; "I have those drawings to finish, and I have been so hindered already about my painting, that I begin to have a desperate feeling in regard to it."

"O my goodness, with you to think about here, maybe setting yourself on fire, and the Jesuits in the state they are, and no knowing what Antonelli is up to, for all he doesn't wink, or make any more sign than a mouse in a wall, and then's when I trust them least, and John to watch down there under Vesuvius, for he'd walk straight into it, you know you would, John, and never know there was an eruption if I wasn't near to hold you back by your coat-tails, and so I shall go distracted between the pair of you!" cried Mrs. Sloman, excitement making her more incoherent than usual.

"I promise neither to set the house on fire or let myself be stolen," returned Valery. "But I really can't go, so you must be nice and not urge me, because I hate to refuse you."

"You're always the best girl in the world," pronounced Mrs. Sloman, menacing Valery with a fork in the most deadly manner, while her face beamed with kindness; "you always were, and will be, and if I've told John so once I have a million times, and whatever he'd say he don't dare deny it."

"Aunt Jemima has apparently had difficulty in bringing me round to her good opinion of you, Valery," he said pleasantly, though thinking any rather than pleasant things. It was a fresh prick of the thorny cross he wore so patiently, to feel that she did not care to go—hard to endure, as the trifles which hurt us always are.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, John," cried his relative, in an injured tone; "as if I would say or think that you are not as fond of Valery as I am, and didn't appreciate her as she deserves—it's making me out worse than a black-backed Jesuit or a— or a simoon, whatever that is, and I'm sure I don't remember, and I really wonder at you, John, so I do."

"Don't mind him, Jemima," Valery said, laughing; "he's a gloomy old bachelor and doesn't half appreciate the bliss of being bothered with two such paragons as we are."

"O, I don't set up for that. I've had enough of it ever since that swindler woman who never brought back the handkerchiefs she took to mark—paragon, indeed!"

"Paragreen was her name," said Ford.

"Green, indeed, not she; it was us for being taken in, and she pretending to be a distressed widow and an Englishwoman, and telling all the particulars, even to her husband's cork leg, and no doubt wiping her nose on every one of those handkerchiefs this minute and laughing in her sleeve. I'd paragon or green her if I could find out where she was, I promise you.

"Those six handkerchiefs are a sore subject with Jemima," said Ford.

"And well they might be, when I went out in the rain just to give her something to do, and walked away over to the Via Prefettura; and I know Borgia overcharged me, and the hems wern't matches, as I might have expected from his name, and I told him outright he ought to have had Lucretia for his grandmother, and he knew no more who I meant than I know who Job's wife was."

"I think we will start on Thursday, Aunt Jemima," observed Ford, to turn the current of her thoughts.

"I'm going to see about the things," said she, "and I ought to lock up every closet, else there won't be a thing left."

"Giovanni and I will take good care," said Valery.

But Jemima shook her head dolorously.

"I'm always prepared for the worst, that's one comfort," said she with resignation; "John never goes out that I don't expect to see him brought in with a broken leg, and whatever happens, Valery, there's always a lot of old linen in that table-drawer that won't open in my room, and that's just the way all the furniture behaves, such a lot of rotten traps as John has picked up!"

Luckily Giovanni brought a message that somebody was waiting to see her, so she trotted off, managing to tear her dress on the door-knob in her hurry.

"So your friend that you met last summer, Mrs. Vinton, is married," Ford said, plunging into the first subject of conversation which offered, lest Valery should observe that he was not quite himself to-day.

"O yes; several weeks since; I have had two letters from her, and she seems a very happy duchess indeed."

"I thought they were coming here—he is a Roman."

"Yes; but he is detained in Florence—he is very active in politics, I believe. They will come early in January, Hetty writes."

"I don't quite like leaving you alone," he said.

"Please don't put that fancy in Jemima's head! Why, what

should happen to me? There are half-a-dozen women artists here who always live alone. I shall do very well, and keep so busy that I shan't know where the time goes."

"Too busy to miss us?" he said, with a rather sad smile.

"Now that is downright wicked—I refuse to answer! You don't look well," she continued, regarding him closely.

"Ah, that would be a still more dangerous fancy with which to infect poor Jemima," he replied.

"But are you sure it is not true?" she asked.

"I am very well—there's nothing ever ails me," he answered cheerfully enough; "I grow greyer and older, but that's not much wonder; I'm getting elderly, you know."

"Nonsense!" cried Valery, with more candour than politeness. "One would think you Methuselah by the way you talk sometimes."

"I think I feel rather like him," he said.

"Say what you will, I don't believe you are well," returned she.

He shook his head and tried to put her off with a laugh.

"Then something troubles you," she went on; "you have not been like yourself since we came home."

"What a fanciful little Valery," said he playfully.

"Indeed it is true; I have been so occupied, that I have not thought about it as much as I ought."

"More than enough, little Valery; I assure you there is no occasion for any such ideas."

"Nothing has happened, no worry about your investments, nothing to make you anxious for the future?" she persisted.

"Nothing," he replied; "I am quite a rich man now-a-days in my small way. Dismiss your fears, Valery."

"You wouldn't deceive me? You would tell me—you wouldn't shut yourself up in your thoughts and be too proud to have my sympathy?" she pleaded, looking at him with those earnest eyes which were the one real beauty of her face.

"If there were anything in which sympathy could help me, I would come to you, Valery; be sure of that."

"I hope so; I should be very unhappy if I were not sure of it."

"Always such a good, dear Valery!" he said tenderly, meeting her gaze with courageous cheerfulness, while his heart ached wearily under it, to think that with all her affection and sympathy she must live worlds away from any perception of his real self. Perhaps some time after he was dead and gone, she would gain a vague idea of what she had been to him,—he should be glad to think it would be so,—not to understand clearly enough for any sadness at the thought that he had suffered for her sake, but enough to render his memory precious in the midst of the love and happiness which he was certain she would one day find. These rapid reflections brought a fresh idea into his mind, though by no means new. He had long meant to make his will; it must be put off no longer; before he started on this journey it should be done,



and then, somewhere in the future, Valery would learn the truth in a measure. He thought that when at rest in the strangers' burial-ground under the blue sweep of the Roman sky—in the quiet spot where Shelley's ashes lay, where the violets blossomed above poor Keats' tomb—it would be pleasant to know that Valery sometimes snatched a few brief instants out of her treasured, happy life, to steal away and sit by his grave and wonder dreamily over the secret which she had never suspected while he walked by her side.

Never to know until then; he had no right to trouble her youth with any knowledge of his burthen. Had he spoken while her heart remained undisturbed, she might have come to him out of mistaken gratitude, and he should have done her a horrible wrong. During these weeks since they met, he was more glad and thankful than ever that he had been mute; for he saw a change in her—a new zest in her life—a new strength and energy—and he understood from whence it dated. They had told him of her danger, of her preserver; and Ford knew what Valery was still ignorant of, that since that season there had risen an unrecognized dream in her soul which helped to brighten existence into added beauty. So this autumn the old burthen grew harder to bear; the girl-heart had stirred; it might be only a warning, but it served to keep constantly before his mind the idea that sooner or later he must see her pass out of his life into the guardianship of a claim so precious and close, that there would be no place left even for the free intercourse of the present days.

Her voice roused him from his revery; he looked up, not with a start as people do in novels—he had too long kept guard over every word and gesture for such weakness—but smiling an apology for his preoccupation.

"I shall try and have my picture ready to show you when you get back," she was saying.

She had been so long with her dreams, that she had not even noticed his silence; it was well, it was what he wished; but it was another pang, all the same.

"You are not to work too hard," he said, "remember that."

"A fine example of moderation you give me," she replied; "why, you would never leave off if Jemima did not drag you away."

"I must work while I may—I've less time left than you."

"You are forty-four years old; one would think you a hundred by the way you talk," she said indignantly.

"Yes, forty-four; almost double your age," he said.

So much the better; not that he was weak enough to wish the end at hand—he was glad to stay while there was work to be done; but it was a sort of rest to see the snows of age approach—they might bring a quiet which the maturity of manhood had failed to give.

"It seems a long way off, a long way," Valery said absently.

"I beg your pardon!"

She remembered that though he had no feeling where his age was concerned, her outspoken thought showed a want of tact, so instead of repeating it, began to speak of his journey, and woman-like gave him sundry small commissions to fulfil for her.

"I shall have to make a list," said he; "why, what an unexpected weakness for ornaments you have developed!"

"O, it is only that I want to make two or three little presents; though I do confess to intending the shell for myself, so be careful about the pattern and colour, for I have coveted a set ever so long."

"Now, that is too bad," said he; "you have spoiled my Christmas present; Jemima had told me about your longing."

"I'll not have shell for my Christmas," said she, with one of the occasional wilful looks which made her like Cecil. "I have set my heart on a sketch, done just for me—never to be used for the subject of a large picture—to be all mine."

"The queen has spoken," he replied, rising from his chair. "I must go; I have a little business on hand."

So he went his way, determined this very morning to carry out the idea that had been in his mind so often. He drew up a draft of a will, and, simple as it was, took a good while over it: he wanted it to say so many things, yet only for Valery's understanding, when the time arrived that she should read it. He carried the paper to a lawyer of his acquaintance, to be certain that it was done in legal form, arranging to have it brought to his studio the next day for his signature.

Somehow testamentary proceedings are never an exhilarating task, and Ford regarded his journey in a more gloomy light than before. But the next day the will was signed and witnessed; he had settled everything now, and could be at rest. But though he told himself this over and over, he was far from quiet during the two days which followed. He was sorry now that he had permitted Mrs. Sloman to leave Valery, or that he had not insisted on the girl's accompanying them. As they all three sat together that last evening, he watched Valery with an inexplicable dread at his heart, which he could not shake off. It was not the idea that he should never return which troubled him; he asked himself this question, but it was not that. Close as she sat, her face lifted to his with its slow beautiful smile while she talked cheerfully, he seemed to see her through the mist of a great distance, as if some premonition which could not take tangible shape strove to warn him that they might never sit thus again; that some great change or some deadly peril hovered over the girl, and must fall before he could get back to her rescue.

It was all as fanciful and silly as possible, and he was vexed with his own folly, but could not drive the feeling away.

"I'm sorry I made up my mind to go," he said abruptly, during one of Mrs. Sloman's frequent absences. The poor woman's mind

was so fretted about her trunks, that she could not spend half an hour without running to peep into them, to see if everything was there; one might almost have thought she had put her immortal soul into the boxes and was afraid it might not be safe.

"Why?" Valery asked.

"I don't know; I hate change, I believe," he returned evasively, getting away from the strong impulse to tell her at least a portion of his dreary fancies.

"You will only be gone a week," she said.

Only a week; it seemed nothing to her! Only a week; but it was like a year to contemplate in his eyes, since he must be deprived of her companionship through its weary length. And in his life he had known so much to happen during that brief cycle of days! More than ample time to rob him of the one joy existence had left—her society in his house. Decidedly he was growing imbecile in advance of age! Heartily ashamed of his weakness, he began to talk of her picture, her friend who was coming the next month, anything to rouse his thoughts out of the gloom into which they sank like so many tired birds.

But the uneasy feelings went with him to his chamber, haunted his restless pillow for hours, and when he did fall into a disturbed slumber, there followed a terrible nightmare, in which he saw Valery exposed to some nameless peril—what, he could not tell; but he could see her beckoning frantically towards him, imploring him to save her, while that awful roar from the invisible danger almost drowned her voice, and he could not move hand or foot to aid.

The dream had so utterly unnerved him, that he was glad to get up, light the lamp, and read and smoke until the day broke. He lay down again after that and slept awhile, then it was time for the early breakfast their departure rendered necessary. He went out to find Valery occupying herself with various little matters for his comfort, and in her cheerful talk somewhat forgot his tiresome forebodings. But they returned at the moment of departure, though Jemima talked so fast and loud in her excitement, that it was difficult to listen to anything else.

"Whatever you do, Valery, be careful of fire; and I've laid all my keys in your room, they're under the sofa-pillow, and you'd better keep them in your shoes, for if any of these thieves about, and I know the piazza is full of them, should break into the house, they'd likely not look there."

"I'll take every possible care, Jemima. Enjoy yourself, and don't be disturbed by fears that anything goes wrong here," Valery replied.

"O, enjoyment; I don't expect that, my dear, with John just as likely as not getting up a new eruption of Pompeii; and I don't like leaving you either, Valery; and whatever you do, don't let any Jesuit make friends, he'd have you a Romanist and shut up in a convent before you knew where you were. O dear me, I wonder if Giovanni has taken down the boxes."



As the carriage that was to take the travellers to the station dashed out of the courtyard, and Jemima was fretting over the probable loss of their luggage, Ford glanced up at one of the windows, and saw Valery waving a last farewell. Again the awful warning shook his soul. He would have gone back, but for the utter absurdity of the thing. He gazed as long as he could catch a glimpse of her figure, then threw himself into his seat, drew his hat over his eyes, not even hearing poor Jemima's complaints.

"One—two—O, where's the other carpet-sack! And my satchel and the grey shawl—O, here they are! But my glasses—John, John, I've left my glasses—drive back—no, they're in my pocket. Dear, dear, I know we've left something, I'm sure of it. Mercy on us, how the man drives, we'll be upset! I do declare, John, you're fast asleep! Did one ever know the like!"

Here, fortunately, she became speechless for a space, and left Ford in quiet.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE FLOOD.

THE week of solitude passed uneventfully enough with Valery; she worked hard, forced herself to take long walks, and when evening came was ready to enjoy her armchair and cheerful fire. Several times old friends of Ford's came to inquire how she was getting on, and once or twice took her to the opera—that indispensable adjunct of Roman life, though unfortunately not always the performance of unalloyed perfection which imaginative strangers expect to find in the birthplace of song.

Just as she began to look for the return of her wanderers, she received a letter from Mr. Ford announcing that he should be delayed several days beyond the period set for his absence; and Valery wondered a little that he showed such evident impatience at his detention in the beautiful city, since he had no pressing work on hand. There was a rambling epistle too from Mrs. Sloman, with so many commissions and incoherent directions for Giovanni's guidance, such a jumble of unfinished sentences and parentheses, that Valery was really at a loss to know what she wanted done, and decided that it would be better not to confuse or irritate old Giovanni by attempting to explain.

So she lived her quiet life, saw her picture grow rapidly under her now practised hand, and dreamed her dreams as of old, for there was an odd mingling of the visionary and practical in her character; and certainly the former weakness never interfered with the much vaunted quality, which in her case was redeemed from its usual tiresomeness by this same imaginative indulgence.

It was natural enough that the recollection of her summer's

adventure should be frequently in her thoughts, and that the image of the man who had saved her from a cruel death should many a time haunt her fancies as she toiled at her easel, or during the long evenings walked up and down the vast old Roman drawing-room, which in spite of its dimensions had been made to look quaint and habitable by Ford's artistic tastes, though Jemima did groan over the untidiness of the tapestries that hung from ceiling to wainscot, and the impossibility of keeping the dust out of the curiously-carved cabinets and the oddly-twisted chair and table legs.

I do not in the least mean to say that Valery had followed the example of some heroine in an old romance, and fallen in love with a man she had never seen but once, because he had preserved her from peril; nor did she imitate certain transcendental creeds too common in our day, and decide that since he had saved her life, that life necessarily belonged to him. There was no idea of love in her mind; indeed, if conscious how frequently her thoughts dwelt upon this stranger, she would have been troubled and annoyed, and would have laughed more derisively at her own silliness than the sternest censor. But she only knew there was a charm in the face such as no man's face had ever possessed for her, a subtle sweetness in the slow, melancholy tones, whose echoes still rang in her ear and wakened some eager voice away down in her soul, which had been silent till that hour. There was nothing distinct enough in her fancies to rouse a suspicion; she liked to think that one day they should meet again, and she believed that it would come to pass—how or when she knew not—but they were to meet, and the pleasantest idea which presented itself in connexion with this meeting was, that in her turn she might be permitted to serve him, do something to lighten the darkness which she felt had gloomed about his way, a darkness in which he fretted and struggled instead of waiting with steadfast patience until it should please God to send the new dawn.

It was the second afternoon after John Ford's letter reached her; she was still at her easel, though the waning light warned her that it was time to lay by her brush, when old Giovanni entered in his shambling way, and began a mingled string of apologies for his intrusion and lamentations over some misfortune.

"What is it? What has happened?" Valery asked, so suddenly brought back to reality that she had not heard a syllable of his monologue.

"*O Signorina, Signorina mia!* It is as I say," returned Giovanni, flinging his hands about like an old wire-hung image.

But Valery was too much accustomed to small excitements on his part and that of Mrs. Sloman to be agitated; she had seen him wring his hands when a fire would not burn, and shriek that he was deserted by his saints if he chanced to drop a tea-cup, so she wiped her brushes and waited for him to pour out another string of piteous ejaculations, which threw no light whatever upon the cause of his distress; then she said,—

"Now tell me what is the matter, Giovanni, and I'll see if between us we can't remedy the mishap."

"We can do nothing," cried Giovanni, with a new twist of his whole frame; "good and kind as the Signorina is, she can't help here—only the blessed saints can do that—and they seem to act pretty much as they usually do, and not care what happens," he added, with a sudden burst of irreligion which was ludicrously out of keeping with the passionate appeals he had just addressed to every haloed name in the calendar.

"Don't slander the saints," said Valery, unable to repress a smile. "What is it they won't do? Come, Giovanni, you've not explained yet what has happened."

"*Maria mia*, and the Signorina who understands Italian as if born here, and I have told over and over," moaned Giovanni, spreading out his arms with a despairing gesture, then as suddenly bringing the palms of his hands together with a report like a small pistol. "The river, Signorina, the river!"

"Is the Tiber rising?" Valery demanded, serious enough now.

"It began last night—but it's coming up—up—nobody knows where it will stop now."

"But it never rises beyond a certain height—hasn't for years and years," Valery expostulated.

"Who knows?" cried he. "Everything is changed—the Pope shut in the Vatican, and who can tell how far off the saints may have gone in a passion—a bad-tempered set always."

"What has come over you?" she asked. "Only yesterday you were exulting at the people's triumph; are you wishing the Pontifical rule back already?"

"What you have does well enough when the sun shines—it's what you haven't that you need when trouble comes," retorted Giovanni pithily. "The saints and the Pope may go where they please on weekdays, but for *festas* and times of danger one would rather know that they are somewhere about."

Valery had put her brushes in water and covered her easel, and was ready to leave the chamber.

"Is the Signorina going out?" he asked.

"Yes; I want to see for myself if there is likely to be danger."

"What I was thinking was that if the Signorina would not mind dinner being late—now would she, for once in a way?"

"Mercy, no! so tell me what you want, there's a good soul."

"For my old sister will be so frightened—she's a stupid old woman—but sisters are born not bought! The Signorina knows Elisabetta?"

"Of course—she is *portiera* in the house where Miss Lane's studio is. That reminds me—I must go and see about her things: she is in England, and the house is so near the river that if it rises her pictures might be ruined."

"Why then the Signorina will see Elisabetta!"

"I'll bring her back here for the night, so don't be troubled."



You oughtn't to go out, for your rheumatism has been very bad these two days past."

"I'm worse off than if my legs were made of wood," grumbled Giovanni; "and only last year I gave two candles and a pot of flowers and a new apron to Santa Monica, and that's all the thanks I got! I tried San Giovanni till I was tired, and the other's worse—so then I just joined the Liberals," he continued, in a burst of confidence.

"The best you can do now is to stay in the house and keep warm," Valery said, not thinking it worth while to offer any advice as to the possibility of uniting liberal sentiments and a suitable reverence for the saints. "Elisabetta shall be taken care of; make your mind easy."

"There never was anybody so good as the Signorina," Giovanni averred; but she escaped at this beginning of what she knew would be a long tirade, hurried to her chamber and made ready to go out.

It was not dark yet; there seemed no excitement in regard to the rise of the river; and when she questioned the coachman of the cabriolets he had taken in the piazza, he only shrugged his shoulders and replied,—

"*Chi sa!* They say the water is already high in the Ghetto, but they're only Jews and used to it once a year."

She drove along the Corso to the Via della Fontanella, down which the carriage turned—a long winding street which under various names keeps on its course to the Tiber. Her destination was off this thoroughfare—a narrow street and a desolate old house, where Miss Lane kept her studio with true British obstinacy, because everybody urged her to seek more habitable quarters.

By the time Valery reached it there were evident signs that the overflow of the Tiber was much more considerable than usual; the houses between her and the river had the water close at their doors. But nobody seemed alarmed; it had done its worst, no great harm at that, and the people awaited with their customary stoicism until the next day should bring a diminution of the flood.

Old Elisabetta could not be found; the lower floor was deserted; but Valery at last succeeded in capturing an urchin on the stairs, who told her that Elisabetta was ill. She had her bed in the anteroom of Miss Lane's studio during that lady's absence, and there Valery found her, groaning and moaning with all her might. Valery comforted her as well as she could and promised to come back in a few moments, but the first thing was to get the keys of one of the ground-floor rooms in which she knew Miss Lane had several boxes stored containing books, pictures, and other valuables. She could not content herself with the indifference of the Romans, and meant to have the boxes moved up-stairs, so that they would be safe in case the inundation increased.

The house was almost without inmates, and these were not to be

found, so Valery had to go out into the street in search of assistance. It was very difficult to find anybody; the men preferred lounging about the doors and watching the river, and whiling away the time in gossip, to earning money. But she succeeded at last in hiring two; then they made as great an ado about getting the cases upstairs as if she had asked them to move a mountain, and several times appeared inclined to leave them half-way and depart. However, she induced them to persevere, and the boxes were finally placed in safety. The next thing to be thought of was to get Elisabetta out; it was dark now, and Valery found that the hackman had driven off and left her to her own devices.

But Elisabetta was really too ill to go into the night air; she was suffering from a feverish cold, and considered herself at death's door. She lay on her pallet, huddled up in rugs, her bright eyes and beak-like nose appearing above the wraps, and giving her the look of some monster bird of prey. She could only groan, and lament, and call on Valery to listen to her dying words.

"Tell Giovanni I forgive him," said she; "he kept my mother's necklace and gave it to that hussy of a Carolina, and she jilted him after all, but I forgive him! Holy saints, I want a priest—I burn—I freeze. Ah, *Signorina mia*, it is death, it is death."

It was of no use to argue, Valery knew that; she bade her lie still, and went out to the nearest chemist's and returned with some simple medicines which she had tried often enough in similar cases to be certain of their efficacy.

"I thought you had left me to die alone," moaned Elisabetta. "There's that wretched Marietta promised to come and sit with me when her work was done, and she's not here yet!"

"I am going to cure you," Valery said; "now be quiet, it is bad for your head to talk so much."

But Elisabetta had never been quiet in her life, and had no mind to begin so late. She kept up a steady tirade of complaints in her shrill old voice, while Valery did what she could to get her comfortable. There was a fireplace in the anteroom, and wood in the studio, so she managed to make a great deal of smoke and flame enough to heat water for the preparation of a tisane. She persuaded Elisabetta to drink it with a harmless anodyne added, did all that was possible, but the poor creature suffered so much that she could not bear to leave her until Marietta should appear.

The old woman grew so feverish and excited that for a couple of hours Valery was too busy to think of anything else, though she did occasionally remark that there was an unusual bustle below. At length Elisabetta sank into a doze; Valery looked at her watch, it was nearly nine o'clock. A great stillness had settled over the narrow street; suddenly Valery became conscious of a distant roar like a heavy wind surging up with a muffled sound. She went to the window and looked out; the sky was cloudy and overcast—it was not that she noticed—the street was turned into a rapid running brook—the neighbouring houses were all dark—not a human being

in sight. There was no possibility of her getting home until daylight; by that time the flood would probably have abated so that she could walk, at least there would be somebody visible whom she could send for a carriage. She went back to the bed; Elisabetta still slept; but while Valery bent over her she woke with a cry from some troubled dream, and began to shriek and pray so that it was difficult to soothe her. "There's a roaring in my ears," she said; "it is death. Holy Virgin, it is death!"

"It is only the river—there's a flood. I hear it too," Valery said.

"Don't leave me—don't let me die like a dog," pleaded the old woman.

"I don't mean to leave you; I shall stay with you till morning," Valery replied; and this assurance gave Elisabetta a little courage.

Valery recollected she had eaten no dinner, but fortunately knew that Miss Lane always kept a store of tea, biscuits, sweetmeats, and similar edibles in a closet of her studio, that she might make her luncheons without trouble. Elisabetta had the keys safe in her pocket, for she was an honest old soul, and could be trusted perfectly, except where her temper was concerned. So Valery was able to have a cup of tea, which she drank without milk, and ate some biscuits, smiling over her Barmecide feast and thinking how astonished John Ford would be if he could have a vision of her in the desolate place. She talked cheerfully with Elisabetta, and at last the ancient crone admitted that she felt easier, and thought she might possibly live until morning.

"You are better than a score of doctors, Signorina," she said; "but I can't keep you here any longer."

"I am going to stay, however," Valery answered, and Elisabetta could only reiterate praises and thanks, breaking off to lavish bad words on her patron saint as a new twinge of pain seized her.

Valery wheeled an armchair out of the studio, found some books, trimmed the lamp, and sat down to read, after administering another potion to Elisabetta, strong enough this time to send her off into a tranquil sleep that lasted for hours.

Valery waded through the dismal old French novel, then watched the dancing flames, and listened to the old woman's heavy breathing until she grew drowsy herself. She arranged the fire so that it would keep in, wrapped a shawl about her, and did not attempt to resist the "exposition of sleep" which had come upon her.

It was long past midnight when she was wakened from some vaguely pleasant dream by an awful tumult without. She started to her feet and listened. The distant roar that had helped to lull her to slumber sounded near and painfully distinct—like the dash of a mighty torrent pouring directly down upon the house. Elisabetta slept quietly; she would not waken her. She ran into the studio, unbarred the shutters, and opened the casement. Whichever way she turned her eyes there was the sweep of waves, pouring resistlessly on—rising always higher, higher. The moon



seemed to be up, though she was not visible, but a troubled, ghostly light streaked the clouded heavens, and gave a more frightful aspect to the awful waste of waters, which was like a sea as she gazed through a gap in the dwellings towards the open space where the river had its natural bed.

At first it did not occur to her to be alarmed for her own safety ; she only thought of the hundreds of helpless beings in the distant Ghetto, in the houses close upon the banks of the Tiber. But as she gazed, the torrent swelled up and up—she bent over the window-sill and looked down—the casements of the ground floor were half hidden in the murky stream !

The house was built with the first story of very inconsiderable height, much lower than customary with Roman dwellings ;—another hour, if the inundation increased as it had done within the last, and the flood would attain the spot where she stood. Even yet she was not absolutely terrified ; there was something dreary and weird about remaining with only that helpless old woman ; she felt as if she were alone in some great ship on a gloomy sea, watching the tempest from some lighthouse built out in the swelling surf. But there was no danger ; if the water continued to rise, they should be obliged to take refuge on one of the upper floors, but she need not waken Elisabetta unless the change became a necessity, for the crone would inevitably go straight out of what poor senses illness had left her if roused by any such command.

At all events, she must do what she could to save Miss Lane's property in case the worst arrived. A line of lofty shelves ran along one side of the studio ; Valery mounted a step-ladder and piled all the articles that were movable upon them. It took some time, and as she toiled she could hear the sweep of the waters growing always louder and more terrible. She went to the window again and peered into the dismal night ; the stream had risen a good deal since she last looked, but it still lacked several feet of attaining their floor ; it must stop here—within the memory of man no inundation had attained a greater height.

She returned to the anteroom—Elisabetta had not stirred—she put fresh wood on the fire, and sat down, determined not to let nervous forebodings trouble her, since there could be no real peril. She consulted her watch ; it was three o'clock. She would not look out again for an hour, took up her book and forced herself to read,—read on, though the roar of the waters sounded so close that often she turned instinctively to see if they had actually invaded the room. It was a very long sixty minutes to spend, but she sat resolutely still, and Elisabetta never woke. The time she had set was up ; Valery went back again to discover if there was any change. There was indeed, but none that promised hope ! The flood had gained a number of inches—it swept on in absolute waves, and she could see fragments of furniture and other objects borne past, but no human victim as yet. She could delay no longer ; it was not safe to remain in the room another half-hour. She

would not rouse Elisabetta till the last moment; she would go upstairs and prepare as well as she could for the old creature's comfort before wakening her. Now it occurred to her as strange that she had heard no sound from above; that nobody had come down to learn how the old woman fared. There were people on the next floor, she knew—beyond that, the house was used for storagerooms.

She stirred the fire into a brighter flame, so that in case Elisabetta woke in her absence she might not find herself in the dark, took the lamp and went out into the stone passage whose flags echoed dimly under her feet in the solitude. She passed along it—reached the turn of the staircase, came in front of a great black door that looked grim and cruel enough to be the entrance to some horrible dungeon. She put out her hand to push it open, supposing that it was only swung to—it resisted her attempt. She set the lamp on the floor and exerted her full strength; she might as well have pushed against the stone wall—it never moved! At the same instant a new rush of the torrent, a fresh gush of wind, moaning like a human voice through the corridor, struck her ear. For the first time a sensation of genuine terror shook her courage, and seemed to paralyze her whole frame with its awful chill.

She threw off the horrible dread and again pushed against the oaken door with all her force, bruising her hand in the frantic effort only to find it idle as the previous one. She caught up the lamp and ran to the stairs—descended a few steps—heard a low rush and murmur, and held the lamp so that she could look down. The water reached the platform where she stood, the rays of light fell over a deep dark pool which foamed and gurgled as if impatient to engulf her.

Back she rushed to the door, pushed, struggled, beat upon it with her clenched hands. If buried alive and beating on the doors of the vault that shut her in, the attempt could not have been more vain. Even yet, though her head swam and her blood turned to ice, she did not wholly lose her presence of mind. She must make the people above hear, that was all; they would surely be wakened by the noise of the water, and she could rouse them into a recollection that there was some one needing help on the floor below. She darted into the anteroom, treading softly, even in her fright turning to make sure that Elisabetta slept, seized a heavy billet of wood, and flew out, careful to close the double doors that no sound should penetrate to the chamber.

She beat and pounded on the door, hammered and beat till her arms were swollen and strained, but not a sound from above warned her that she was heard, not even a dint showed in the oaken panels the least sign of her frenzied efforts. She shrieked aloud in a mad hope that her voice might pass the heavily-beamed ceilings; only the echo of her own voice replied, wild, unnatural, and the roar of the wind and the rush of the waters answered in still more fearful echoes.

Back to the staircase; the flood had mounted up—up. The broad step where she had stood a few moments since was hidden under a ridge of white foam. One more trial: she could not yield yet! Her last strength went out in the frantic dash she made anew against the oaken door, in the sharp scream with which she echoed it; she staggered back under the recoil of her own blow and half fell upon the ground.

A few instants of partial insensibility, then she was on her feet, the instinct of self-preservation too strong for her to be utterly helpless yet. She tried to steady her limbs, to get back a little force; dropped on her knees and uttered a prayer. A strange sort of composure came over her momentarily. If it was God's will that her earthly life should end here, she must be resigned! She had believed in Him always; trusted that whatever came, her faith would never yield. She must hold fast to it now.

One more glance down the black pool, and she fled into the chamber beyond, half unconsciously barring the door behind her, as if there was a sort of safety in that. She was at the window again, straining her eyes across the dark waste which seemed to sweep uninterrupted to the very base of the Janiculum, rising always, up, up, in its relentless swell.

She must waken Elisabetta; she went back to the room, looked at her watch—it was five o'clock—after five. Day could not be very far off; but death was nearer—she knew this; it might hold aloof long enough for the first ray of dawn to light them to their cold grave, but that was all!

Every incident of her life seemed to revive as she stood there; scenes, voices, words, dating away back to her earliest remembrance, startled her even in her terror with their vividness. The old woman stirred in her sleep; muttered some broken words; she was dreaming of her husband who had been dead and gone many a year; dreaming of the country-house where they dwelt together, when her wrinkled face was young and fair; babbling of some festal day which had come; bidding him get up and make ready for the morning's mass.

A rush, a sweep, an ominous creaking, a shaking of the old house, firm as it was! Valery looked towards the windows that were on a level with the floor, giving upon an iron balcony. The water dripped in; at first a little stream, growing stronger, wider as she gazed, floating on, on, silently, noiselessly, spreading over the floor, reaching the hearth where she stood.

The noise had been caused by the breaking of the balcony supports under the sweep of the flood; the sound roused old Elisabetta, who started up with a cry.

"Santa Maria, what is it?—where am I?—who's here?"

"Hush, Elisabetta! I am with you," Valery said.

"What was the noise, what was it?"

"Something outside; lie down again," Valery continued, going to the bed. She need not tell her yet—no good to prolong the



agony—let her have till the latest possible moment free therefrom. “Are there any people above stairs, Elisabetta?”

“No—no; they didn’t pay their rent, and the *padrone* turned them out last week. What do you want, Signorina? I’m not worse, am I; what is it?”

“No; you are better, it will be all well now,” Valery said, answering her own thoughts more than the old woman’s words. They were saved—the keys must have been left in Elisabetta’s keeping. “Where are they?” she asked quickly.

“Do I know?” was the fretful reply. “Poor things; but they were a sad, idle lot, anyway.”

“No, no; the keys—the keys to the upper floor,” cried Valery.

“O, the *padrone* took them; he said he wouldn’t let the rooms yet—he carried off the keys,” replied Elisabetta, turning her head sleepily on her pillow.

The last hope gone, it was God’s will that they should die! Life stretched out before her so full of interest, so bright with promise! O, it was hard to be resigned! Not so much the absolute dread of dying, that was only physical; but to die, to leave so much undone—it was cruel to bring her into the world only for this!

She was down on her knees, struggling against such rebellion; some eager accents roused Elisabetta, and she called again, “What is it? I will know what is the matter!”

Valery stepped off the hearth, her feet were almost ankle-deep in the water! At the same instant the old woman raised herself in the bed, saw the black current rolling stealthily away over the floor, and made the room re-echo with her frenzied shrieks.

“The river—the river! We are drowning—we are drowning!”

The first gleams of the sullen dawn broke through the crevices of the shutters; it had come to light them to death.

Elisabetta was clinging to her wildly, shrieking, praying; the water rushed more furiously in, not noiseless now, seething, bubbling, deep enough so that small articles resting on the floor were already beginning to float. The darkness was intolerable to Valery; she broke away from the old woman, ran to the windows, and swung back the heavy shutters, letting the dim, uncertain rays into the chamber. Elisabetta shrieked anew, calling on the saints in a last mad appeal, then fell on the bed, muffling herself in the clothes, unable to do anything but sob and gasp in her extremity of terror.

To look out of the casements was like looking into a narrow strait, as the walls of the opposite edifices shut them in. From the studio only a broad waste of waters met her eye, with here and there houses standing up like great ships that had lost masts and sails in the night’s tempest. A fresh cry from Elisabetta brought Valery back; a new sweep of the water across the floor, upsetting a table, had frenzied her into louder shrieks. Valery made her way through the shallow pond which the room had become. If the

old woman would only be quiet! she was conscious of thinking that as she sat down on the bed. She spoke some soothing words; bade Elisabetta remember who would care for them alike in the awful death and in the world to which it must open; but Elisabetta could only shriek and sob, too much occupied with the physical horrors of the moment to think of anything else.

More wind, fiercer beat of the waves from without, a sudden dark object looming up near the windows.

"It will break in!" Elisabetta screamed. "It is coming—holy Virgin, it is coming."

Valery looked—her exclamation of dread changed to a cry of joy! She sprang to the window, beat frantically on the panes, shrieking with all her might.

"Here, here! Elisabetta, we are saved—a boat—a boat!"

It was close to the windows, she was seen! She saw in her turn the faces of two men, that of the nearest, bent eagerly towards her, was the countenance of the man who had already saved her life—sent by the mercy of God to her rescue again. She had borne up under the fear, the danger; but the revulsion of feeling was too much. She managed to get the window open; as the fresh sweep of water made her stagger back, Fairfax Carteret sprang into the room and clasped her in his arms.

"Saved, thank God, saved!" he cried.

She knew that she echoed his words, knew that she bade him take Elisabetta first; then she felt herself lifted into the boat, and for a few moments knew nothing more.

When she came to herself, they were paddling cautiously up the species of canal. Other boats were in sight bringing relief or food to the people in the neighbouring houses. While he was aiding the boatman to pilot their barque along the dangerous strait, she heard Carteret say,—

"We were just in time, Miss Stuart; we had been hunting for the place a long while."

Carteret had arrived in Rome a few days before, and about nine o'clock on the previous evening had gone to call on Ford. He found Giovanni mad with alarm, because his young mistress had not returned, and started at once to her assistance. But it was hours before he could find either a man or boat at any price; after that, they had been till dawn reaching the spot, but he could not let the girl who had Cecil's smile perish while there was any means of saving her to be employed.

So once more Valery had to thank him for her life, and now she knew that it was all the sweeter because she received it at his hands.

Even up in the Corso there was the same odd appearance of Rome's having been in a single night transformed into a second Venice; and it was not until close to the little square near which the Fords lived, that it was possible to leave the boat. Carteret hailed a stray carriage which had brought some early sightseer as

far as he could go without a barque, helped Valery and the old woman in, and they drove swiftly away.

Just as they reached the palace, desecrated now-a-days by the habitation of barbarians from Great Britain and America, another carriage drove down an upper street and followed them into the courtyard.

John Ford looked eagerly through the window, and the first sight that met his eyes was Valery, wet and pale, and Fairfax Carteret assisting her to alight. Without waiting to remember that Jemima might need his aid, he hurried forward; Valery saw him, stretched out both her hands, and cried,—

“Thank him, try to thank him; he has saved my life a second time.”

Her worn-out nerves would bear nothing more; the joy of seeing her old friend's face, added to the long hours of excitement and peril, exhausted her last strength. He caught her as she staggered back, hurried on up the stairs, while Giovanni rushed down to embrace Elisabetta, and the two howled and danced till they drove Jemima out of her senses, and she fairly shook Carteret in her frenzied haste to learn what was the matter.

When they all got up-stairs, for Jemima dragged Carteret along, and kept shaking him the more frantically the more he tried to explain, they found Valery lying on the sofa, and Ford bathing her forehead, going composedly enough about his work, though he was white as a ghost.

“Valery's been drowned!” shrieked Jemima. “She's been drowned, and Elisabetta too, and Mr. Carteret saved their lives! O dear, is she dead? Get some feathers, John, burn 'em under her nose. O, she's drowned! What is it they do—roll people on a barrel, or something, and we haven't a barrel. O dear, O dear!”

Ford requested her so sternly to be silent, that she got her senses back enough to sit still in the chair where he placed her, sobbing wildly, and muttering something about a barrel—a barrel, while her bonnet, perched over one eye, and her hair streaming down, as it always did on the slightest provocation, gave her an intoxicated expression that was droll to see.

Valery soon recovered consciousness, and could sit up and relate to Ford what had happened, breaking off to turn her pale face towards Carteret and cry,—

“Please tell him, Mr. Ford, what I feel; I can't, I can't!”

The first thing, Ford said quietly, was for her to go to bed awhile, and he requested Jemima to accompany her.

“A barrel—a barrel!” still moaned Jemima; then made a dart at Valery, and cried over her till she got herself into a more frightful disorder than ever, and Valery, instead of receiving assistance, had to take her away and comfort her back to something approaching sanity.

So the two men remained there alone. In the whirl of trouble



that shook Ford's brain, one thought stood out prominent—he was to be utterly alone for the rest of his life! If he had returned to find Valery drowned and cold, he could not have been left more utterly desolate!

“God bless you, Carteret,” he said slowly; “you have brought me back my child. I wish I could thank you.”

He would leave no possibility of trouble for the two from any connexion between Valery and himself, and this was what he must learn to consider her now, his child; and learn also a parent's hardest lesson, to give her up.

## OUR EXCURSIONS OF TO-DAY.

BY CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

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“LONDON to Paris in twenty-four hours!” With what a flourish of trumpets was this announcement made not many years ago, and now we are promised to be taken there in less than half the time, and even to Vienna ere yet the earth has performed a daily revolution.

In 1845 was chronicled the “unprecedented feat” of an Express from Bombay reaching England in twenty-seven days, also Lieutenant Waghorne’s triumphal conveyance of the mail from Suez to London in twelve days! To-day we do it in less than that, and M. Lesseps promises to get us to India in a week.

Many of our readers can recall the opening of the Thames Tunnel just thirty years ago, and the amazement, not to say doubt and alarm, with which the project had at first been received. Now we travel fearlessly under London itself, and may live to reach the Continent by a submarine route. We have tunnelled the Alps, besides; and have grown so accustomed to “stupendous engineering feats,” that were we to be told we are going to have a railroad under the Atlantic, the information would probably be received with perfect calmness.

Within these same thirty years, the vocabulary has been exhausted in recording “engineering triumphs,” which, on first mention, seemed all equally startling and impossible. But, the hard consent and co-operation of the authorities once gained, the various “grand successes” following quickly on each other, of submarine telegraphs, underground railways, driving the iron steed over mountain heights, the construction of the Suez Canal, the Pacific railways, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel, will ever remain a distinguishing era in the history of scientific progress.

It is curious at the present day to read those early railway prospectuses. Such strong prejudices had to be combated, that improvements were introduced in a covert manner, smuggled, so to speak, into practice, leaving it to their own success to recommend them when people had, at length, permitted themselves to contemplate the “innovations.” Stephenson’s engine, that in 1814 could achieve *six miles an hour*! was the first to take the world by surprise. Hard years of study and labour were spent in perfecting this marvellous substitute for animal power. Yet, the capabilities of a locomotive having been verified by the great geniuses whose

brain matured their work, they were, as much as ten years later, afraid "to terrify the people" with a proposition to carry them at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour! and were "careful not to be suspected of resorting to these dangerous novelties" (locomotives), "and of abandoning the *superior power* of horse traction."

Many who then read and endorsed those words have lived to see India brought within a month of us, mountains scaled and tunneled, and the Menai Straits and the St. Lawrence River bridged over, for the passage of this same "dangerous" iron steed with its lungs of fire. Ocean to ocean has now been united by bands of iron, and the greater part of the civilized world is mapped out in lines of railway.

In 1829, Stephenson turned out his now immortal "Rocket" at thirty miles an hour, and in 1839—the year made memorable by the sailing of the "Great Western" from Bristol to New York—an engine called the "North Star" accomplished thirty-seven miles an hour. To-day our express trains do fifty, sixty, and even seventy miles an hour. From the first pronounced success of a railroad, engineering genius has held its sway. Soon, from flying across the plains the iron horse began to ascend mountains, and so rapidly grew public faith in transit by steam, that the same journal which twenty years before had held its breath at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, now (1845) spoke of the system of railways about to be established in India as "the most gigantic, the most ambitious problem propounded by the enterprising genius of the age: a project fraught with results of the greatest magnitude and importance, not only as regards our national strength and wealth, but as regards the progress of civilization throughout the world."

To how many great engineering projects, since then, have similar words been applied; but, perhaps, to none of them so much as to the Pacific railroads; which are, indeed, intersecting the vast deserts of America with belts of civilization. The American poet, Whittier, contemplating this grand result, exclaimed,—

"I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea."

That we live in the time predicted by the Prophet, when "many shall run to and fro," who can doubt?

The common trip of to-day is to take an excursion ticket for "a run" across the American Continent; with the option of a "through ticket" round the world. The first Pacific railway has "inaugurated" one more novelty in the way of travelling, and in spite of the attractions of Vienna this year, a trip to California is the one on which many an enterprising Englishman has decided. A "return ticket," too, has a sort of reassuring sound to those who entertain any fears of being scalped along the route; and to those who have time and cash enough to spare, a "season ticket" for a



year is offered, to enable them to pursue their hobbies, whether it be botanizing or buffalo hunting, catching California birds and butterflies, climbing mountains or descending mines, studying the relics of extinct ages or the characteristics of live ones.

Whether we join the excursionists or not, we are all expected to be conversant with the Pacific routes, the plains and their productions, Salt Lake, and the Rocky Mountains, and all the principal features between the great lakes and the Pacific Ocean. Let us glance at the history of this new "wonder of the age," the Pacific Railroad to-day, until the others are completed, and Canada shares the glory of binding ocean to ocean with another belt of civilization. Since Balboa, in 1513, first beheld a western ocean from the heights of Darien, to reach it from various points across the Continent, and when reached to establish a highway to it, was the aspiration of many explorers. In 1528, De Vaca spent seven years of incredible hardships in reaching the Pacific coast across the Spanish settlements. In 1750, one Jonathan Carver conceived the importance of a passage across the Continent from a more northern point, but failed to excite interest on the subject either in America, France, or England. Nearly a century afterwards, Mr. Asa Whitney, a descendant of Carver's, offered to construct a railway from Prairie du Chien on the Upper Mississippi to Puget's Sound, if the United States' Government would give him a tract of land thirty miles wide; but for a time he, also, failed to meet with confidence and co-operation.

In 1850, the admission of California to the Union furnished new reasons for the establishment of a direct route to the Pacific, and a memorial of Whitney's gained the attention of Congress. It was proposed to construct a railway "*where practicable*, leaving gaps in the impassable mountains to be filled up by a waggon-road." Exploring and surveying expeditions were then fitted out at the expense of Government, and the official reports of the engineers and other scientific men who accompanied these parties first supplied the world with an immense amount of valuable information on the topography, geology, and fauna and flora of those hitherto imperfectly known regions. The *Times* of that date expatiated upon the project of a Pacific railroad, as "so stupendous as to be almost appalling."

Similar misgivings probably checked Canadian enterprise at that time, for Canada had already flattered herself that across British territory only was an inter-oceanic railway practicable; the distance from the head of the chain of Lakes to the Pacific being shorter by one half. But while Canada stopped to count the cost, America set to work, and will forestall us in British Columbia if we do not make up for lost time at once. We have scaled the Semmering, Bhore Ghât, and Mont Cenis, since then; and have learned that solid mountains and foaming rivers, are no obstacle to engineering enterprise.

The war with the Mormons, in 1856, opened the eyes of the

United States' Government still further to the importance of a road across the plains, for the transportation of troops and supplies, and one of the first important acts of President Lincoln's administration was to authorize the construction of the "trans-continental highway," appropriating a grant of money and twenty million acres of public land, in a belt of twenty miles in extent on each side the line, for the purpose; but, in consequence of the civil war and a diversion of labour, the work did not practically commence until 1863. It was then precipitated by an alarm at the possibility of a *Pacific Republic* asserting itself; so the "Golden West" must be secured to the Union by wedding her to the East with bands of iron. Only by glancing at the difficulties to be overcome, can we realize the magnitude of the enterprise. West of the Missouri river were, first, five hundred miles of savage waste, where nothing in the shape of fuel presented itself, and to which men and materials must be brought in waggons at an enormous cost. Then came mountains to be scaled, granite rocks to be tunnelled, gorges beneath rolling avalanches to be bridged over. In some districts there was a total absence of water; or worse, a saline desert, the evaporation from which covers you with an alkaline powder, choking and blinding you; and, as Artemus Ward said, "turning a man's hair grey in an hour or two." Last but not least were the savage animals, of whom the ever-lurking Indian was the fiercest and most savage. In comparison with such obstacles as some of these, the Canadian line will be play work.

Amidst the depression caused by the civil war, the Pacific Railway progressed only slowly at first, but a new impulse was given in 1866, in which year 245 miles were completed. The road was in the hands of two companies, the Californian or "Central Pacific," and the Eastern or "Union Pacific" Company, each employing their own set of workmen, who, as the distance between them grew shorter and shorter, vied with each other in the rapidity of their work. 1868 saw a mile a day laid down, then two miles, and three, six, seven, seven and a half, and once nine miles and a half were recorded, as day by day enthusiasm grew between the rival workmen; those of the *Union Pacific* aiming to carry the junction point as far west, and those of the *Central Pacific* trying to reach as far east as possible. In one instance ten miles of the track were laid in twenty-four hours, by the Californian company's labourers, who immediately erected a "city" (of tents), and called it "Victory," to commemorate the spot. On the 10th May, 1869, the two lines met. In American phraseology, "with thongs of iron and sinews of steel, the UNION was indissolubly bound together." This "marriage of the oceans" was celebrated by a pean, unsurpassed even by that which witnessed the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph. At a rock near the Great Salt Lake, were assembled the president of the line, the vice-presidents, engineers, governors of neighbouring States, editors, divines, United States' troops, and "several ladies," who, in garlanded and gaily beflagged

trains, had come some hundreds of miles from eastward and westward to this spot on the plains of Utah, to witness the laying the last hundred feet of rails. A large number of Chinamen were among the labourers. Every city and town in the Union was placed in direct telegraphic communication, so that from Maine to Texas, from Washington to St. Francisco, Americans might share the triumphs of the occasion.

Nothing meaner than spikes of gold, driven with a sledge-hammer of silver, must consummate the event. The final strokes of the silver mallet were made to connect the galvanic circuit, so as to ring bells or sound signals at every telegraph-office throughout the Union, around which thronged thousands to share the glories of the day. The very last tie (sleeper) was one of polished laurel; and when its turn came to be laid, an iron spike, *ribbed with silver and headed with gold*, was presented in the name of the State of Arizona. In the name of Nevada a silver spike was presented. In the name of California a gold spike appeared. The silver mallet was presented in the name of the *Pacific Union Express Company*. The spot was Promontory Point, on the plains of Utah, 2721 miles west of one ocean, and 690 miles east of the other. And now the very last spike is ready to be driven into the tie of polished laurel; and to the millions of Americans over millions of square miles, where telegraph-offices drew expectant crowds, flies the signal, "Hats off!" In a moment every citizen stands bareheaded.

"Prayer is being offered!" is then announced all over the Union.

"The last tie is being handed!" And in imagination every American is present.

"It is in position!"

"The blows are being struck!" the telegraph wires tell to the eager millions—"Prepare!"

"Click!" "Click!" "Click!" "Click!" The given signal proclaims it "DONE!" And long before the crowd at Promontory Point had gathered breath to give their second cheer, cannon are fired, church bells peal forth, and shouts of triumph rend the air from every corner of the Union. Europe learns the fact, far off India reads it, and in all climes and countries, in all seasons of the year, at all hours of the twenty-four, on its way to the ends of the earth flies the news, long ere the Rocky Mountains have ceased to roll along the echoes of the first triumphant shout that announced the grand achievement—"DONE!"

Thousands have been waiting to go to the western Ophir, and now at once they set off; some to dig gold and silver, some to build cities, some to plant crops, some to look on, and few to be disappointed. All write back of the wonders of the Golden West. You seldom take up an American paper in which Colorado, the Nevadas, the Rocky Mountains and what they all produce do not occupy considerable space. Look, for instance, at the *Perryopolis Aurora*, whose editor must be a popular fellow, if we may



judge by the number of "Old Friends" whose letters find their way into his columns, and the characteristic novelties he has to "acknowledge with thanks," and which have been sent home to him by those who have been among the first to emigrate from Perryopolis. A prairie dog, has been sent as a domestic pet for little Charlie: it combines the nature of the squirrel, rabbit, and guinea-pig, he tells us in his "local," and though shut up in a box, displays its native habits of mingled fear and vigilance, restlessly and continuously bobbing up its head and looking around, but only to shrink quickly back and immediately pop up again. Clover, roots, nuts, and succulent vegetables form its diet; a short, sharp bark (hence its name) is its cry. A pair of antlers from the mountain-deer are next acknowledged; then an enormous pair of elk-horns, measuring four feet from the skull to each tip and four feet across, many branched, and "large enough for a clothes-horse for his wife," the sender tells him. A Sioux arrow, also one used by the Cheyenne Indians, piles of ore, specimens of petrified wood, moss-agates, amethysts, spars and other petrifications, stuffed eagles, dried flowers, gold nuggets, and goodness knows what besides;—doubtless that editor will set up a Rocky Mountain museum in Perryopolis soon! One tourist is full of the natural wonders of the "Pacific Slope;" the sublime scenery of the Nevadas, with their rich diversity of tints, as the morning or the evening sun crimsons the snow-capped peaks above, or the evergreen forests below; the foaming cataracts plunging headlong down; the Yosemite Valley, with its perpendicular rocks towering three thousand feet; its giant trees, two, three, four hundred feet high, and from twenty to thirty-five feet in diameter; its caves and cañons<sup>1</sup> and its Sentinel Rock; the sulphur springs, hot enough to boil you in; the alkaline springs, salt enough to pickle you in; the mountain of salt, with "cubes of solid salt as clear as glass," and enough of the cubes to supply the whole population for centuries. Surely here is a list of wonders for excursionists to explore! Then there are some "rolling-stones," which, gathering no moss, apparently gather iron, and might become a toy for Young America as well as a subject for scientific investigation. These active minerals, varying in size from that of a pea to five or six inches in diameter (and probably of magnetic iron ore), are found clustered in depressions on the barren regions of the Nevadas. When distributed about the floor of a room or on a table, within a few feet of each other, they immediately begin to travel towards a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch like eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of several feet, will, upon being released from the hand, immediately start off with comical celerity to join its companions. By what dynamic force did these gregarious minerals come together in those mountain basins?

Another traveller tells, with pardonable pride, what American

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<sup>1</sup> Pronounced canyons.

enterprise is doing, beginning with the handsome iron suspension-bridges that span the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers, and going on to the "snow-sheds" on the Sierra Nevadas, the "longest frame-buildings in the world." These sheds are in a "divide" or gorge, nearly 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and are substantially built to bear the weight of the enormous snow-drifts and "slides," avalanches, in fact, which are thus carried over the slanting-roof into the precipice below. There are scores of miles of this massive gallery or wooden tunnel, at an altitude of 6954 feet, to protect the track along the highest point of the line, and fifty million feet of lumber were used in the construction of the first twenty-five miles only of it. At nearly the greatest elevation of the line a tunnel, 1700 feet in length, has been cut through a granite rock.

Next we are told what a number of "cities" have been built within the last two years; how one of them, laid out only last spring, has now "over 4000 inhabitants;" and another, begun only last week, has already over 400; a third, laid out a year ago, numbers from 15,000 to 20,000 souls, and is "safe to become one of the finest cities in the Union." To be sure the architecture of these *cities* is not elaborate, nor is the foundation always of an enduring character. "Dwellers in tents" are, for the most part, these inhabitants of the wild. Temporary "cities," moving with themselves, are many of them, and to be planted next a hundred miles farther on, perhaps on a slope of the Rocky Mountains, where a fortune may be carved out of black diamonds—a coal-field of "unlimited extent" having providentially come to light when the railroad builders were driven to their wits ends for fuel—or on the Sierras, where are "indications" of a metal which proves to be morally magnetic if nought else.

Our next "Old Friend" is, perhaps, the most characteristic of all, for in him shines out that element which has contributed so powerfully to make America what it is. The "go-a-headativeness," which is ever inciting, stimulating, encouraging, and keeping alive in others a sense of individual responsibility in building up the national structure, and having shared the labour to share the glory also. "Here is the place for capitalists!" he writes from a town which dates its existence to the accident of the railway crossing a river just there. "A canal from here to Rocky Branch, and a railway from there to Lynchum, will bring this place within a week of the Gulf cities." A few miles of railway in another direction are to bring Coolie Gap, "the most promising location in the whole State," within three days of Chicago. "This is safe to be the most remunerative line west of the Missouri; let a company be formed at once." At another point, "impatient thousands are travelling on foot to Sparkling Diggings; has no one the enterprise to inaugurate a line of stage-waggon?" Or again, "that mule-trains should be the only means of conveyance between two such rising cities as Saline Creek and Golden Nob, when a navigable river is within a few miles, is a disgrace to the State. Have none of our citizens sufficient enterprise to start a couple of light-craft steamers off

hand?" At one point is "water-power, the finest in the world; who will come and put up a saw-mill?" At another is "elegant marble for building," and a company is to be formed for "quarrying" it. Elsewhere is "pure crystal salt; who will come and dig it?" Everywhere are lands waiting to be ploughed, mines waiting to be worked, towns waiting to be built, tens of thousands of people waiting for a roof to cover them. "Above 1100 passengers arrived in California by the Pacific Railway last week;" and "an equal number were dropped at various points along the route."

So said the *Perryopolis Aurora* a few weeks after the line was opened, and so has it said, or something like it, many times since. "250 emigrants passed through this town on the Pacific Railway yesterday." "Over 5000 people, bound for California, started from Chicago during the preceding month." Frequent items such as these prove that all that is said of the Golden West is not mere "Yankee brag." Others than Yankees tell us of scenery of surpassing grandeur along the coast, a climate of perpetual summer; fruits and flowers of every kind flourishing in wild luxuriance; "a land with a capacity to receive millions, and, swallowing them up, to wait open-mouthed for more!" Who would not take a trip to California, to behold with their own eyes its golden splendours?

Curious are the trades which have been started in order to meet the wants of the thousands who, with all their worldly wealth upon their shoulders, flow in one continuous stream to dig their fortunes in some of those embryo cities, where, as yet, not a building marks the spot. Among these trades are ready-made-house merchants. In Chicago, houses may be had to order, and delivered at the nearest railway station within fifteen days. These "frame buildings" pack in a comparatively small compass, each part being so fitted and marked that the house can be put together as quickly as a child's dissected puzzle. Thousands of these ready-made houses are "shipped over the rails" at Chicago daily; so that that is no exaggerated statement which you read in the *Perryopolis Aurora*, viz.: "One thousand three hundred and thirteen buildings have been put up at Deep Diggings during the last fortnight." At Clinton, where one of the lines of railway crosses the Mississippi, it was no uncommon sight a few years ago to see a good sized dry-goods-box turned up on its side and furnished with a table and stove to do service as a restaurant or an editor's office. Doubtless dry-goods-boxes have been at a premium on the Plains of late. Houses even less substantial than cases for goods go to form many a western town in the days of its infancy, its birth frequently dating from the completion of the railway to a given point.

On the Kansas and Pacific Railroad the town of Dennison boasted a population of twenty-two people, but within two months of the completion of the line at that spot the little community swelled to between five and six thousand, "all living in tents and temporary structures." The Government land along the lines of railway, given to emigrants in lots of eighty acres, upon the condition



of their occupying and cultivating them for five years, proves an inducement which will soon tell in the census returns. To enumerate all the commercial interests born of the Pacific railways is not within the compass of this paper. Asia, the great store-house of the world, is brought to the Atlantic borders; the development of hidden riches, the working of new mines, and more than all, the spread of Christianity and the English language all over the vast Continent of the West, will be a powerful instrument of "destiny." The ramifications of these inter-oceanic lines will, in two or three years, build up a population of millions, and through regions which, as was affirmed thirty years since, "nothing but a railway could civilize, nothing but civilization could pacify<sup>2</sup>."

In conclusion I would advise tourists to consult the last number of "Cook's Excursionist," and plan a trip to the shores of the Pacific without delay.

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<sup>2</sup> "Over the Alleghanies and across the Prairies." By Col. John Lewis Peyton.

## WORK ; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE MEN," ETC., ETC.

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### CHAPTER XI.

#### BEGINNING AGAIN.

It was an April day when Christie went to her new home. Warm rains had melted the last trace of snow, and every bank was full of pricking grass blades, brave little pioneers and heralds of the spring. The budding elm boughs swung in the wind, blue jays screamed among the apple-trees, and robins chirped shrilly as if rejoicing over winter hardships safely passed. Vernal freshness was in the air despite its chill, and lovely hints of summer time were everywhere.

These welcome sights and sounds met Christie as she walked down the lane, and coming to a gate paused there to look about her. An old-fashioned cottage stood in the midst of a garden just awakening from its long sleep. One elm hung protectingly over the low roof, sunshine lay warmly on it, and at every window flowers' bright faces smiled at the passers-by invitingly. On one side glittered a long green-house, and on the other stood a barn, with a sleek cow ruminating in the yard, and an inquiring horse poking his head out of his stall to view the world. Many comfortable grey hens were clucking and scratching about the hay-strewn floor, and a flock of doves sat cooing on the roof. A quiet, friendly place it looked, for nothing marred its peace, and the hopeful, healthful spirit of the season seemed to haunt the spot. Snowdrops and crocuses were up in one secluded nook; a plump Maltese cat sat purring in the little porch, and a dignified old dog came marching down the walk to escort the stranger in.

With a brightening face Christie went up the path and tapped at the quaint knocker, hoping that the face she was about to see would be in keeping with the pleasant place. She was not disappointed, for the dearest of little Quaker ladies opened to her, and looked out with such an air of peace and goodwill that the veriest ruffian coming to molest or make afraid would have found

it impossible to mar the tranquillity of that benign old face, or disturb one fold of the soft muslin crossed upon her breast,

"I come from Mr. Power, and I have a note for Mrs. Sterling," began Christie in her gentlest tone, as her last fear vanished at sight of that mild maternal figure.

"I am she. Come in, friend ; I am glad to see thee," said the old lady, smiling placidly as she led the way into a room whose principal furniture seemed to be books, flowers, and sunshine.

The look, the tone, the gentle "thee," went straight to Christie's heart, and while Mrs. Sterling put on her spectacles and slowly read the note, she stroked the cat and said to herself, "Surely I have fallen among a set of angels. I thought Mrs. Wilkins a sort of saint, but Mr. Power was an improvement even upon that good soul, and if I'm not mistaken, this sweet little lady is the best and dearest of all. I do hope she'll like me !"

"It is quite right, my dear, and I am most glad to see thee ; for we need help at this season of the year, and have had none for some weeks. Step up to the room at the head of the stairs and lay off thy things. Then if thee is not tired, I will give thee a little job with me in the kitchen," said the old lady with a kindly directness which left no room for awkwardness on the new-comer's part.

Up went Christie, and after a hasty look about a room as plain and white and still as a nun's cell, she whisked on a working apron and ran down again, feeling as she fancied the children in the fairy tale did when they first arrived at the house of the little old woman who lived in the woods.

Mrs. Wilkins' kitchen was as neat as a room could be wherein six children came and went ; but this kitchen was tidy with the immaculate order of which Shakers and Quakers alone seem to possess the secret. A fragrant shining cleanliness that made even black kettles ornamental, and dish-pans objects of interest. Nothing burned or boiled over though the stove was full of dinner pots and skillets. There was no litter or hurry, though the baking of cakes and pies was going on, and when Mrs. Sterling put a pan of apples and a knife into her new assistant's hands, saying, in a tone that made the request a favour, "Will thee kindly pare these for me?" Christie wondered what would happen if she dropped a seed upon the floor, or did not cut the apples into four exact quarters.

"I never shall suit this dear, prim soul," she thought as her eye went from puss sedately perched on one mat, to the dog dozing on another, and neither offering to stir from their own dominions. This dainty nicety amused her at first, but she liked it, and very soon her thoughts went back to the old times when she worked with Aunt Betsey, and learned the good old-fashioned arts which now were to prove her fitness for this pleasant place.

Mrs. Sterling saw the shadow that crept into Christie's face, and led the chat to cheerful things, not saying much herself, but beguiling the other to talk, and listening with an interest that made



it easy to go on. Mr. Power and the Wilkinses made them friends very soon, and in an hour or two Christie was moving about the kitchen as if she had already taken possession of her new kingdom.

"Thee likes house-work, I think," said Mrs. Sterling as she watched her hang a towel to dry, and rinse her dish-cloth, when the clearing up was done.

"Oh, yes, if I need not do it with a shiftless Irish girl to drive me distracted by pretending to help. I've lived out and it was not bad while I had my good Hepsey, I was second girl, so I can set a table in style. Shall I try now?" she asked, as the old lady went into a little dining-room with fresh napkins in her hand.

"Yes, but we have no style here. I will show thee once, and hereafter it will be thy work as thy feet are younger than mine."

A nice old-fashioned table was soon spread, and Christie kept smiling at the contrast between this and Mrs. Stuart's. Chubby little pitchers appeared; delicate old glass; queer china and tiny teaspoons; linen as smooth as satin, and a quaint tankard that might have come over in the *Mayflower*.

"Now will thee take that pitcher of water to David's room? It is at the top of the house, and may need a little dusting. I have not been able to attend to it as I would like since I have been alone," said Mrs. Sterling.

Rooms usually betray something of the character and tastes of their occupants, and Christie paused a moment as she entered David's, to look about her with feminine interest. It was the attic, and extended the whole length of the house. One end was curtained off as a bedroom, and she smiled at its austere simplicity. A gable in the middle made a sunny recess where were stored bags and boxes of seeds, bunches of herbs, and shelves full of those tiny pots in which baby plants are born and nursed till they can grow alone.

The west end was evidently the study, and here Christie took a good look as she dusted tidily. The furniture was nothing, only an old sofa with the horse-hair sticking out in tufts here and there, an antique secretary, and a table covered with books. As she whisked the duster down the front of the ancient piece of furniture one of the doors in the upper half swung open, and Christie saw three objects that irresistibly riveted her eyes for a moment. A broken fan, a bundle of letters tied up with a black ribbon, and a little work-basket in which lay a fanciful needle-book, with "Letty" embroidered on it in faded silk.

"Poor David! that's his little shrine, and I've no right to see it," thought Christie, shutting the door with self-reproachful haste.

At the table she paused again, for books always attracted her, and here she saw a goodly array whose names were like the faces of old friends, because she remembered seeing them in her father's library. Faust was full of ferns, Shakspeare of rough sketches of the men and women whom he has made immortal, and saintly Herbert lay side by side with Augustine's "Confessions." Milton and Montaigne stood sociably together, Andersen's lovely Märchen

fluttered its pictured leaves in the middle of an open Plato, and several books in unknown tongues were half hidden by volumes of Browning, Keats, and Coleridge.

In the middle of this fine society, slender and transparent as the spirit of a shape, stood a little vase holding one half-opened rose, fresh and fragrant as if just gathered.

Christie smiled as she saw it, and wondered if the dear dead or false woman had been fond of roses. Then her eye went to the mantelpiece just above the table, and she laughed, for on it stood three busts,—idols evidently, but very shabby ones, for Goethe's nose was broken, Schiller's head cracked visibly, and the dust of ages seemed to have settled upon Linnæus in the middle. On the wall over them hung a curious old picture of a monk kneeling in a devout rapture, while the face of an angel is dimly seen through the radiance that floods the cell with divine light and warmth. Portraits of Mr. Power and Martin Luther stared thoughtfully at one another, from either side, as if making up their minds to shake hands in spite of time and space.

"Melancholy, learned, and sentimental," said Christie to herself, as she settled David's character after these discoveries.

The sound of a bell made her hasten down, more anxious than ever to see if this belief were true.

"Perhaps thee had better step out and call my son; sometimes he does not hear the bell when he is busy. Thee will find my garden-hood and shawl behind the door," said Mrs. Sterling, presently, for punctuality was a great virtue in the old lady's eyes.

Christie demurely tied on the little pumpkin hood, wrapped the grey shawl about her, and set out to find her "master," as she took a fancy to call the unknown David. From the hints dropped by Mr. Power, and her late discoveries, she had made an interesting hero for herself, a sort of melancholy Jaques, sad, and pale, and stern, retired from the world to nurse his wounds in solitude.

She rather liked this picture, for romance dies hard in a woman, and, spite of her experiences, Christie still indulged in dreams and fancies.

"It will be *so* interesting to see how he bears his secret sorrow. I'm fond of woe, I think, but I do hope he won't be too lack-a-daisical, for I never could abide that sort of blighted being."

Thinking thus she peeped here and there, but saw no one either in barn or garden, except a workman scraping the mould off his boots near the conservatory.

"This David is among the flowers, I fancy. I'll just ask and not bolt in, as he don't know me. Where is Mr. Sterling?" added Christie aloud, as she quietly approached.

The man looked up, and a smile came into his eyes as he glanced from the old hood to the young face inside; then he took his hat off and held out his hand, saying, with just his mother's simple directness, "I am David, and this is Christie Devon, I know. How do you do?"

"Yes, dinner's ready," was all that she could reply, for the discovery that this was the "master," nearly took her breath away. Not the faintest trace of the melancholy Jaques about him ; nothing interesting, romantic, pensive, or even stern. Only a broad-shouldered, brown-bearded man, with an old hat and coat, trowsers tucked into his boots, fresh mould on the hand he had given her to shake, and the cheeriest voice she ever heard.

What a blow it was to be sure ! Christie actually felt vexed with him for disappointing her so, and could not recover herself, but stood red and awkward till with a last scrape of his boots, David said, with placid brevity,—

"Well, shall we go in ?"

Christie walked rapidly into the house, and by the time she got there the absurdity of her fancy struck her, and she stifled a laugh in the depths of the pumpkin hood as she hung it up. Then, assuming her gravest air, she went to help give the last touches to dinner.

Ten minutes later she received another surprise ; for David appeared washed, brushed, and in a suit of grey,—a personable gentleman, quite unlike the workman in the yard. Christie gave one look, met a pair of keen yet kind eyes with a suppressed laugh in them, and dropped her own, to be no more lifted up till dinner was done.

It was a very quiet meal, for no one said much, and it was evidently the custom of the house to eat silently, only now and then saying a few friendly words to show that the hearts were social if the tongues were not.

On the present occasion this suited Christie, and she ate her dinner without making any more discoveries, except that the earth-stained hands were very clean now, and skilfully supplied her wants before she could make them known. As they rose from table Mrs. Sterling said,—

"Davy, does thee want any help this afternoon ?"

"I shall be very glad of some in about an hour, if thee can spare it, mother."

"I can, dear."

"Do you care for flowers ?" asked David, turning to Christie ; "because if you do not this will be a very trying place for you."

"I used to love them dearly ; but I haven't had any for so long I hardly remember how they look," answered Christie with a sigh, as she recalled Rachel's roses, dead long ago.

"Shy, sad, and sick ; poor soul, we must lend her a hand and cheer her up a bit," thought David, as he watched her eyes turn towards the green things in the windows with a bright soft look he liked to see.

"Come to the conservatory in an hour, and I will show you the best part of a 'German,'" he said with a nod and a smile as he went away, beginning to whistle like a boy when the door was shut behind him.



"What did he mean?" thought Christie, as she helped clear the table and put everything in Pimlico order.

She was curious to know, and when Mrs. Sterling said, "Now, my dear, I am going to take my nap, and thee can help David if thee likes," she was quite ready to try the new work.

She would have been more than woman if she had not first slipped up stairs to smoothe her hair, put on a fresh collar, and a little black silk apron, with certain effective frills and pockets; while a scarlet rigolette replaced the hood, and lent a little colour to her pale cheeks. "I'm a poor ghost of what I was," she thought, "but that's no matter; few can be pretty, any one can be neat, and that is more than ever necessary here."

Then she went away to the conservatory, feeling rather oppressed with the pity and sympathy for which there was no call, and perversely wishing that David would not be so comfortable, for he ate a hearty dinner, laughed four times, and whistled as no heart-broken man would dream of doing.

No one was visible as she went in, and walking slowly down the green aisle, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the lovely place. The damp, sweet air made summer there, and a group of slender oriental trees whispered in the breath of wind that blew in from an open sash. Strange vines and flowers hung overhead; banks of azaleas, ruddy, white, and purple, bloomed in one place; roses of every hue turned their lovely faces to the sun; ranks of delicate ferns, and heaths with their waxen bells, were close by; glowing geraniums and stately lilies, pale primroses and blue violets, stood side by side; savage-looking scarlet flowers with purple hearts, or orange spikes rising from leaves mottled with strange colours; dusky passion-flowers, and gay nasturtiums climbing to the roof. All manner of beautiful and curious plants were there; and Christie walked among them as happy as a child who finds its playmates again.

Coming to a bed of pansies she sat down on a rustic chair, and leaning forward feasted her eyes on these her favourites. Her face grew young as she looked, her hands touched them with a lingering tenderness as if to her they were half human, and her own eyes were so busy enjoying the gold and purple spread before her, that she did not see another pair peering at her over an unneighbourly old cactus, all prickles and queer knobs. Presently a voice said at her elbow,—

"You look as if you saw something besides pansies there."

David spoke so quietly that it did not startle her, and she answered before she had time to feel ashamed of her fancy,—

"I do, for ever since I was a child I always see a little face when I look at this flower. Sometimes it is a sad one, sometimes it's merry, often roguish, but always a dear little face, and when I see so many together it's like a flock of children all nodding and smiling at me at once."

"So it is!" and David nodded and smiled himself as he handed

her two or three of the finest pansies, as if it was as natural a thing to do as to put a sprig of mignonette in his own button-hole.

Christie thanked him, and then jumped up, remembering that she came there to work, not dream. He seemed to understand, and went into a little room near by, saying, as he pointed to a heap of gay flowers on the table,—

“These are to be made into little posies for a ‘German’ to-night. It is pretty work, and better fitted for a woman’s fingers than a man’s. This is all you have to do, and can use your own taste as to colour.”

While he spoke, David laid a red and white carnation on a bit of smilax, tied them together, twisted a morsel of silver foil about the stems, and laid it before Christie as a sample.

“Yes, I can do that, and shall like it very much,” she said, burying her nose in the mass of sweetness before her, and feeling as if her new situation got pleasanter every minute.

“Here is the apron my mother uses; that bit of silk will soon be spoilt, for the flowers are wet,” and David gravely offered her a large checked pinafore.

Christie could not help laughing as she put it on, all this was so different from the imaginary picture she had made. She was disappointed, and yet she began to feel as if the simple truth was better than the sentimental fiction, and glanced up at David involuntarily to see if there was any trace of interesting woe about him. But he was looking at her with the steady, straightforward look which she liked so much, yet could not meet just yet, and all she saw was that he was smiling also with an indulgent expression, as if she was a little girl whom he was trying to amuse.

“Make a few, and I’ll be back directly when I have attended to another order;” and he went away thinking Christie’s face was very like the pansies they had been talking about, one of the sombre ones with a bright touch of gold deep down in the heart, for thin and pale as the face was, it lighted up at a kind word, and all the sadness vanished out of the anxious eyes when the frank laugh came.

Christie fell to work with a woman’s interest in such a pleasant task, and soon tied and twisted skilfully, exercising all her taste in contrasts, and the pretty little conceits flower-lovers can produce. She was so interested that presently she began to hum, half unconsciously, as she was apt to do when happily employed,—

“Welcome, maids of honour,  
You do bring  
In the spring,  
And wait upon her;  
She has virgins many,  
Fresh and fair,  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.”

There she stopped, for David's step drew near and she remembered where she was.

"The last verse is the best in that little poem. Have you forgotten it?" he said, pleased and surprised to find the new-comer singing Herrick's lines "To Violets."

"Almost. My father used to say that when we went looking for early violets, and these lovely ones reminded me of it," explained Christie, rather abashed.

As if to put her at ease, David added, as he laid another handful of double violets on the table,—

"Y' are the maiden posies,  
And so graced,  
To be placed  
'Fore damask roses;  
Yet, though thus respected,  
By and by  
Ye do lie,  
Poor girls, neglected."

"I always think of them as pretty, modest maids after that, and can't bear to throw them away even when faded."

Christie hoped he did not think her sentimental, and changed the conversation by pointing to her work, and saying, in a business-like way,—

"Will these do? I have varied the posies as much as possible, so that they may suit all sorts of tastes and whims. I never went to a 'German' myself, but I have looked on, and remember hearing the young people say the little bouquets didn't mean anything. So I tried to make these expressive."

"Well, I should think you had succeeded excellently, and it is a very pretty fancy. Tell me what some of them mean, will you?"

"You should know better than I, being a florist," said Christie, glad to see he approved of her work.

"I can grow the flowers, but not read them," and David looked rather depressed by his own ignorance of these delicate matters.

Still with the business-like air, Christie held up one after another of the little knots, saying, soberly, though her eyes smiled,—

"This white one might be given to a newly engaged girl as suggestive of the coming bridal; that half-blown bud would say a great deal from a lover to his idol, and this heliotrope be most encouraging to a timid swain. Here is a rosy daisy for some merry little damsel; there a scarlet posy for a soldier; this delicate azalea and fern for some lovely creature just out; and there is a bunch of sober pansies for a spinster, if spinsters go to 'Germans;' heath, scentless, but pretty, would do for many; these Parma violets for some one with a sorrow; and this curious purple flower with arrow-shaped stamens would just suit a handsome, sharp-tongued woman, if any partner dared give it to her."

David laughed as his eyes went from the flowers to Christie's face, and when she laid down the last breast-knot, looking as if she



would like the chance of presenting it to some one whom she knew, he seemed much amused.

"If the beaux and belles at this party, have the wit to read your posies, my fortune will be made, and you will have your hands full, supplying floral compliments, declarations, rebukes, and criticisms for the fashionable butterflies. I wish I could put consolation, hope, and submission, into *my* work as easily; but I'm afraid I can't," he added, a moment afterwards, with a changed face, as he began to lay the loveliest white flowers into a box,—

"Those are not for a wedding, then?"

"For a dead baby; and I can't seem to find any white and sweet enough."

"You know the people, then?" asked Christie, with the sympathetic tone in her voice.

"Never saw or heard of them till to-day. Isn't it enough to know that 'baby's dead,' as the poor man said, to make one feel for them?"

"Of course it is; only you seemed so interested in arranging the flowers, I naturally thought it was for some friend," Christie answered hastily, for David looked half indignant at her question.

"I want them to look lovely and comforting when the mother opens the box, and I don't seem to have the right flowers. Will you give it a touch? Women's fingers have a tender way of doing such things that we can never learn.

"I don't think I can improve it, unless I add another sort of flower that seems appropriate, May I?"

"Anything you can find."

Christie waited for no more, but ran out of the greenhouse to David's great surprise, and presently came hurrying back with a handful of snowdrops.

"Those are just what I wanted, but I didn't know the little dears were up yet; you shall put them in, and I know they will suggest what you hope to these poor people," David said approvingly, as he placed the box before her, and stood by watching her adjust the little sheaf of pale flowers tied up with a blade of grass. She added a frail fern or two, and did give just the graceful touch here and there, which would speak to the mother's sore heart of the tender thought some one had taken for her dead darling.

The box was sent away, and Christie went on with her work; but that little task performed together seemed to have made them friends, and while David tied up several grand bouquets at the same table, they talked as if the strangeness was fast melting away from their short acquaintance.

Christie's own manners were so simple, that simplicity in others always put her at her ease; kindness soon banished her reserve, and the desire to show that she was grateful for it helped her to please. David's bluntness was of such a gentle sort that she soon got used to it, and found it a pleasant contrast to the polite insincerity so common. He was as frank and friendly as a boy, yet had a

certain paternal way with him which rather annoyed her at first, and made her feel as if he thought her a mere girl, while she was very sure he could not be but a year or two older than herself.

"I'd rather he'd be masterful and order me about," she thought, still rather regretting the blighted being she had not found.

In spite of this she spent a pleasant afternoon sitting in that sunny place, handling flowers, asking questions about them, and getting the sort of answers she liked ; not dry botanical names and facts, but all the delicate traits, curious habits, and poetical romances of the sweet things, as if the speaker knew and loved them as friends, not merely valued them as articles of merchandize.

They had just finished when the great dog came bounding in with a basket in his mouth.

"Mother wants eggs ; will you come to the barn and get them ? Hay is wholesome, and you can feed the doves, if you like," said David, leading the way, with Bran rioting about him.

"Why don't he offer to put up a swing for me, or get me a doll ? It's the pinafore that deceives him. Never mind, I rather like it after all," thought Christie ; but she left the apron behind her, and followed with her most dignified air.

It did not last long, however, for the sights and sounds that greeted her carried her back to the days of egg-hunting in Uncle Enos' big barn, and before she knew it she was rustling through the hay-mows, talking to the cow, and receiving the attentions of Bran with a satisfaction impossible to conceal.

The hens gathered about her feet, cocking their expectant eyes at her, the doves came circling round her head, the cow stared placidly, and the inquisitive horse responded affably when she offered him a handful of hay.

"How tame they all are ! I like animals, they are so contented and intelligent," she said, as a plump dove lit on her shoulder with an impatient coo.

"That was Kitty's pet ; she always fed the fowls. Would you like to do it ?" and David offered a little measure of oats.

"Very much ;" and Christie began to scatter grain, wondering who Kitty was.

As if he saw a wish in her face, David added, while he shelled corn for the hens, "She was the little girl who was with us last. Her father kept her in a factory and took all her wages, barely giving her food and clothes enough to keep her alive. The poor child ran away, and was trying to hide when Mr. Power found and sent her here to be cared for."

"As he did me ?" said Christie quickly.

"Yes, that's a way he has."

"A very kind and Christian way. Why didn't she stay ?"

"Well, it was rather quiet for the lively little thing, and rather too near the city, so we got a good place up in the country, where she could go to school and learn housework. The mill had left her no time for these things, and at fifteen she was as ignorant as a child."

"You must miss her."

"I do, very much."

"Was she pretty?"

"She looked like a little rose sometimes;" and David smiled to himself as he fed the grey hens.

Christie immediately made a picture of the "lively little thing," with a face like a rose, and was uncomfortably conscious that she did not look half so well feeding doves as Kitty must have done.

Just then David handed her the basket, saying, in the paternal way that half amused, half piqued her,—

"It is getting too chilly for you here; take these in, please, and I'll bring the milk directly."

In spite of herself she smiled, as a sudden vision of the elegant Mr. Fletcher, devotedly carrying her book or beach-basket passed through her mind; then hastened to explain the smile, for David lifted his brows inquiringly, and glanced about him to see what amused her.

"I beg your pardon, I've lived alone so long that it seems a little odd to be told to do things, even if they are as easy and pleasant as this."

"I am so used to taking care of people and directing, that I do so without thinking. I won't if you don't like it," and David put out his hand to take back the basket with a grave apologetic air.

"But I do like it, only it amused me to be treated like a little girl, when I am nearly thirty and feel seventy at least, life has been so hard to me lately."

Her face sobered at the last words, and David's instantly grew so pitiful she could not keep her eyes on it lest they should fill, so suddenly did the memory of past troubles overcome her.

"I know," he said, in a tone that warmed her heart, "I know; but we are going to try and make life easier for you now, and you must feel that this is home and we are friends."

"I do," and Christie flushed with grateful feeling and a little shame, as she went in thinking to herself; "How silly I was to say that! I may have spoilt the simple friendliness that was so pleasant, and have made him think me a foolish, stuck-up old creature."

Whatever he might have thought, David's manner was unchanged when he came in and found her busy with the tea-table.

"It's pleasant to see thee resting, mother, and everything going on as well," he said, glancing about the room where the old lady sat, and nodding towards the kitchen where Christie was making toast in her neatest manner.

"Yes, Davy, it was about time I had a helper, for thy sake at least; and this is a great improvement upon heedless Kitty, I am inclined to think."

Mrs. Sterling dropped her voice over that last sentence, but Christie heard it and was pleased. A moment or two later David



came towards her with a glass in his hand, saying, as if rather doubtful of his reception,—

“New milk is part of the cure. Will you try it?”

For the first time Christie looked straight up in the honest eyes that seemed to demand honesty from others, and took the glass, answering heartily,—

“Yes, thank you; I drink good health to you, and better manners to me.”

The newly lighted lamp shone full into her face, and though it was neither young nor blooming, it showed something better than youth or bloom to one who could read the subtle language of character as David could. He nodded as he took the glass, and went away, saying quietly,—

“We are plain people here, and you won’t find it hard to get on with us, I think.”

But he liked the candid look and thought about it as he chopped kindlings, whistling with a vigour which caused Christie to smile as she strained the milk. After tea a spider-legged table was drawn towards the hearth, where an open fire burned cheerily, and puss purred on the rug with Bran near by. David unfolded his newspapers, Mrs. Sterling pinned on her knitting sheath, and Christie sat a moment enjoying the comfortable little scene. She sighed without knowing it, and Mrs. Sterling asked quickly,—

“Is thee tired, my dear?”

“Oh no, only happy.”

“I am glad of that; I was afraid thee would find it dull.”

“It’s beautiful!” there Christie checked herself, feeling that these little outbursts would not suit such quiet people; and, half ashamed of showing how much she felt, she added soberly, “If you will give me something to do I shall be quite contented,”

“Sewing is not good for thee. If thee likes to knit I’ll set up a sock for thee to-morrow,” said the old lady, well pleased at the industrious turn of her handmaid.

“I like to darn, and I see some to be done in this basket. May I do it?” and Christie laid hold of the weekly job which even the best housewives are apt to set aside for pleasanter tasks.

“As thee likes, my dear. My eyes will not let me sew much in the evening, else I should have finished that batch to-night. Thee will find the yarn and needles in the little bag.”

So Christie fell to work on grey socks and neat lavender-coloured hose, while the old lady knit swiftly and David read aloud. Christie thought she was listening to a report of a fine lecture, but her ear only caught the words, for her mind wandered away into a region of its own and lived there till her task was done. Then she laid the tidy pile in the basket, drew her chair to a corner of the hearth, and quietly enjoyed herself.

The cat, feeling sure of a welcome, got into her lap and went to sleep in a cosy bunch; Bran laid his nose across her feet and blinked at her with sleepy goodwill, while her eyes wandered round the

room from its quaint furniture and the dreaming flowers in the windows, to the faces of its occupants, and lingered there.

The plain border of a Quaker cap encircled that mild old face, with bands of silver hair parted on a forehead marked with many lines. But the eyes were clear and sweet, winter roses bloomed in the cheeks, and an exquisite neatness pervaded the small figure from the trim feet on the stool to the soft shawl folded about the shoulders, as only a Quakeress can fold one. In Mrs. Sterling piety and peace made old age lovely, and the mere presence of this tranquil soul seemed to fill the room with a reposeful charm none could resist.

The other face possessed no striking comeliness of shape or colour, but the brown, becoming beard made it manly, and the broad arch of a benevolent brow added nobility to features otherwise not beautiful. A face plainly expressing resolution and rectitude; inspiring respect as naturally as a certain protective kindness of manner won confidence; and even in repose wearing a vigilant look as if some hidden pain or passion lay in wait to surprise and conquer the sober cheerfulness that softened the lines of the firm-set lips, and warmed the glance of the thoughtful eyes.

Christie fancied she possessed the key to this, and longed to know all the story of the cross which Mr. Power said David had learned to bear so well. Then she began to wonder if they would like to keep her, to hope so, and to feel that here, at last, she was at home with friends. But the old sadness crept over her as she remembered how often she had thought this before, and how soon the dream ended, the ties were broken, and she adrift again.

"Ah well," she said within herself, "I won't think of the morrow, but take the good that comes, and enjoy it while I may. I must not disappoint Rachel since she kept her word so nobly to me. Dear soul, when shall I see her?"

The thought of Rachel always touched her heart, more now than ever; and as she leaned back in her chair with closed eyes and idle hands, these tender memories made her unconscious face most eloquent. The eyes peering over the spectacles telegraphed a meaning message to the other eyes glancing over the paper now and then, and both these friends, in deed as well as name, felt assured that this woman needed all the comfort they could give her. But the busy needles never stopped their click, and the sonorous voice read on without a pause, so Christie never knew what mute confidences passed between mother and son, or what helpful confessions her traitorous face had made for her.

The clock struck nine, and these primitive people prepared for rest, for their day began at dawn and much wholesome work made sleep a luxury.

"Davy will tap at thy door as he goes down in the morning, and I will soon follow to show thee about matters. Good night, and good rest, my child."

So speaking, the little lady gave Christie a maternal kiss, David

shook hands, and then she went away, wondering why service was so lightened by such little kindnesses.

As she lay in her narrow white bed, with the "pale light of stars" filling the quiet, cell-like room and some one softly playing on a flute overhead, she felt as if she had left the troublous world behind her, and, shutting out want, solitude, and despair, had come into some safe secluded place full of flowers and sunshine, kind hearts and charitable deeds.



## CHILDREN.

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FOR the sake of that large class of people who have a strong and unconquerable aversion to "little strangers," it is as well to state at once that, as this article does not touch on the mysteries of babyhood, they need not fear that they will be reminded of the bygone miseries of sleepless nights and tedious days, or of the "thousand and one" troubles and ailments so intimately associated with the "little brats."

It is, however, hardly to be wondered at, that only a select few, who are not parents, sisters, or godmothers, are really able to take an interest in a scratching, kicking, struggling, little creature, that chiefly occupies its waking hours in making the most extraordinary grimaces, and smiling feebly at those who temporarily become imbecile for its amusement. But many of us can and do take a strong interest in children of a larger growth—children who can walk, and talk, and laugh, and play, and sit on our knees, and listen, with wonder and delight, to the strange and nonsensical stories we relate for their amusement. We like to see the large bright eyes grow larger and brighter as the narrative becomes more and more exciting, until the little ones hardly dare to breathe for fear of interrupting the speaker, and, when the story is finished, how welcome the shout of delight and the eager inquiry, "Was it all true?"

Infancy is an uninteresting period of existence to those who are not immediately concerned in the welfare of the infant. All babies look very much the same, and their peculiarities are seldom very distinctly marked. They all have the same vacant stare and feeble smile. Of course every mother thinks *her* treasure "the sweetest little darling that ever lived," and of course every nurse declares that she "never saw a more beautiful baby." It is the same thing over and over again. No doubt it was said of the reader once, as it was also doubtless remarked of the writer, and will be again repeated concerning our great grandchildren. The fallacy is excusable on the part of the mother, for it is simply an overflow of affection, but in the case of the nurse it is not infrequently prompted by a mental vision of prospective half-crowns from admiring relatives and friends.

Childhood, on the other hand, has much to interest all of us, and few people are insensible to its fascination, or indifferent to its claims for love and sympathy. In that usually bright and joyous state of

existence, which lies between infancy and youth, much occurs to demand our most careful notice and most tender care, for then the type of physiognomy and individuality of character begin to assert themselves, and the child becomes "the father of the man." We no longer call the little being "it," as we used to do, but we feel ourselves taking a strong interest in "his" or "her" welfare, and we watch, with hope and fear, the growth of those tendencies to good or evil, which, like the hidden seed, are ever taking deeper and firmer root, and from which we expect so much in the future. The marked difference in the character of the sexes begins to display itself. Ambition, independence, and a desire to govern, appear in the boys; whilst usefulness, domesticity, and gentleness, grace the gentler nature of the girls. The boys strut about with tiny swords and guns, and express their intention to become soldiers when they are men. They like to draw on their slates rough sketches of naval and military engagements, in which the British are decidedly getting the best of it, as appears from the enormous quantity of huge cannon balls (depicted by a vigorous application of slate pencil) which they recklessly discharge. They play at horses with their sisters, but *they* are always the coachmen. They like an occasional "row" amongst themselves, and do not object to a good bolstering match or a free fight, and are much interested in pulling things to pieces to see what they are made of. The girls take a great delight in attending to their dolls and trying to make clothes for them, and they also take a strong pleasure in "helping mamma," and are delighted if they are allowed to assist her by doing any trivial act of usefulness.

We cannot expend too much care on the training and welfare of children, for first impressions are always strong, and generally most difficult to alter. It is easier to learn than to unlearn, and the carelessness of parents in permitting their children to wander within reach of contaminating influences, is so productive of serious and lasting ill, that it cannot be too strongly condemned. It is too much the custom for parents (especially in the pleasant world of fashion) to give themselves up so much to their own amusement, that they become blinded to family ties, and banish their offspring to the seclusion of the schoolroom or nursery, there to work or play under the supervision of governesses and servants; and though happily there are many instances of devoted attachment between the little ones and their guardians, still the love of the latter cannot equal, or suffice for, that of an affectionate parent, nor can their influence, strong as it may be, ever carry with it the serious weight, and life-long recollection, of a parent's kind and instructive counsels. The evil results of the want of tact in the management of children, and want of sympathy with their little joys and sorrows, are unpleasantly apparent in the discontented, nervous, and ill-tempered children whom we so often meet in society. We all know that much-to-be-avoided individual (generally of the male sex) "l'enfant terrible," who is over fed, over indulged, and over impertinent;

destruction is his chief amusement, and neither our clothes nor our bodies are safe from his assaults. He has a wonderful talent for exhibiting, at most inconvenient times, the "skeletons" that his acquaintances are only too desirous to keep in their "cupboards." No secret is safe with him, and there is no limit to the mischief he will say or do. Being a spoilt child he is always able to have his little whims indulged, for he well knows that if he is thwarted he has only to roar, and make himself generally disagreeable, in order to gain his desires. He forms a striking contrast to those of his brethren who are of a milder and more orderly temperament, and who, unfortunately, often suffer much for their docility and obedience. As they do not intrude themselves upon our notice, they are frequently put on one side and forgotten, and (like so many of their elders in the race of life) pay the penalty of their good behaviour by being condemned to solitude and oblivion. If the family possesses more than one small olive branch, the youngsters find some consolation in companionship, and often become devotedly attached to each other, but if, as is too often the case, the family consists of but one child, and that a neglected one, how sad its fate! What a touching sight it is to see the little creature compelled to play alone. There it sits in a distant corner of the room, surrounded by its toys, and gently murmuring to itself as it pretends to hold conversations with imaginary people. It is so engrossed in its own pursuits that it hardly notices our approach. It seems to live in a little castle in the air where mirth is forbidden, for no ringing laughter comes from that lonely corner, and a surprised and frightened glance is the only reply to our proposal for a romp. We turn away with pain, as we remember that this is one of the little children that must be *seen* but not *heard*.

Nature has given to children a wonderful power of perception, and they quickly discover who are their friends or foes. A very little thing pleases a child, and you can easily win its affection, for as soon as it understands that you do not mean to deceive or do it harm, but that you are willing to amuse it, the natural feeling of shyness will vanish, and it will display its gratitude by generously endeavouring to amuse *you*. All its little playthings will be produced for your inspection, and, if you happen to be an especial favourite, you will be invited to see the big doll's house and take tea with its inmates, and, if you have a taste for natural history, you can be introduced to the numerous occupants of the Noah's ark, including Noah himself, in his yellow "Ulster" overcoat. Kindness is indeed the silken thread by which children can be far more easily led than by the rough cords of chastisement and reproach, but it should not be forgotten that kindness can easily be blended with firmness, and is a far different thing from severity. It often happens that people assume a child will not do a certain thing, and begin by threatening it with extreme consequences in case of default, and thus create mistrust and challenge defiance. They arouse anger, self-will, and the spirit of rebellion, and if they do



not meet with an open refusal they will have to contend with a sullen obstinacy.

We love the simple candour and trustful innocence of children, and their helplessness and dependence irresistibly engage our sympathy and protection. A man who has at one time been able to count his friends by hundreds, may, through misfortune, stand alone in the world; but a child is never without a friend, however poor it may be. Let it be abandoned by, or bereft of, its parents, and still help will be forthcoming: its case has only to be known, and there is no limit to the offers of assistance from private sources. For the public sources, we have only to turn to the numerous schools, asylums, and hospitals, supported by voluntary contributions. The number of such institutions is yearly increasing; their crowded condition speaks of the good they are doing; and the wide field still open for further exertion, pleads with a silent eloquence for further help in so good and great a cause. The recipients of the charity dispensed by these institutions are chiefly the children of the poor, who often deserve our utmost sympathy and assistance. Pinched by want, surrounded by numerous temptations, and without any of the luxuries (and with but few of the necessities) of life, they are compelled to earn their living at a very tender age; but they set about their little tasks with resignation and industry, and though frequently exposed to the worst forms of vice and crime, a knowledge of what is right, and a desire to be "honest" keep them (in many cases) from actual sin. Usefulness is one of their most striking characteristics, and pleasure is with them more often the exception than the rule. The only toys that many poor children have to play with, are their younger brothers and sisters, whom they have to watch and tend almost as soon as they are themselves able to walk. We see them in the streets, patiently sitting on door-steps, each with a heavy burden in its lap, and though we may smile at the absurdity of "my baby" being nearly as big as its nurse, we cannot fail to admire the patient devotion with which they perform their tasks.

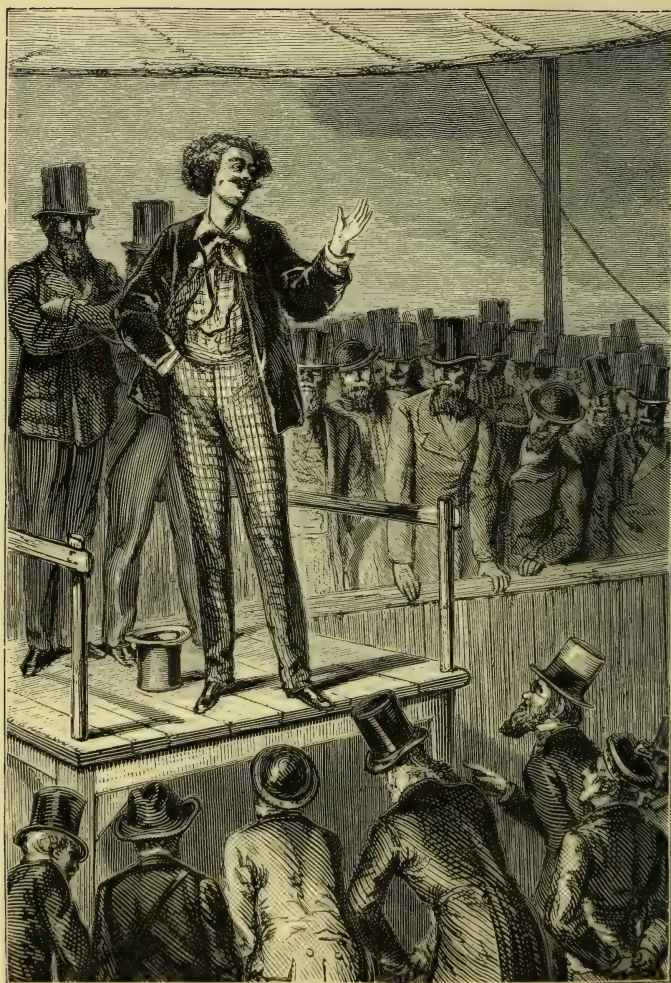
The extraordinary power that children exercise over us is no less mysterious than beautiful. It is a power that seems to move our inmost soul, and touch the chords of all that is most gentle and good in human nature. For the sake of their children what will people not dare? Who is not moved by a child's distress? What more sad sight is there than a sick child? What greater blank is caused in a household than by the death of a child? To those who have floated on the pleasures and frailties of the world, and encountered the rocks and quicksands of trouble and disappointment, there is something peculiarly refreshing and ennobling in the companionship and friendship of a little child. It seems to recall one to that happy and innocent period of existence, when our ignorance of sin and all that tends to degrade our race kept us pure and true; that blissful time when this world seemed to us a paradise, and when our little faults were probably nothing more than a passing jealousy

or a short-lived anger. As old age creeps on and removes us farther and farther from that sunny period of life, so much the more tenaciously do we cling to the living reminders of what we ourselves once were, and in their fresh loveliness and happy innocence we see (though, perhaps, through the mists of tearful grief) the reflection of those whom we have loved and lost. And childhood clings to old age. It almost hesitates to look forward to that time (which seems so very far distant) when it will become even as what it now beholds with wondering eyes, but still it feels that the affection of age is at least sincere; and the tender solicitude and calm watchful care peculiar to age bring with them a feeling of security that induces childhood to cling to age, as the ivy nestles round the oak.

The wide growth of education, and the rapid progress of the age, in all that tends to develope the mind and body, though frequently classed under the head of "precocity," have done much for the present (and will probably do more for the coming) race. We shall do well to lay to heart the "signs of the times" as foreshadowed in our own children. We can learn much from them, for the lessons that children silently teach us are not less valuable than those we convey to them; and even if we despise to recognize the influence of our little friends, we must at least admit that for pure affection, confiding trust, and spotless innocence, we can have no higher or more perfect examples.







ATTACK AND RIPOSTE.

## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## HOW A FRENCHMAN MANAGES AN AFFAIR.

WHILE the contract of this duel was being discussed by the president and the captain—this dreadful, savage duel, in which each adversary became a man-hunter—Michel Ardan was resting from the fatigues of his triumph. *Resting* is hardly an appropriate expression, for American beds rival marble or granite tables for hardness.

Ardan was sleeping, then, badly enough, tossing about between the cloths which served him for sheets, and he was dreaming of making a more comfortable couch in his projectile when a frightful noise disturbed his dreams. Thundering blows shook his door. They seemed to be caused by some iron instrument. A great deal of loud talking was distinguishable in this racket, which was rather too early in the morning. "Open the door," some one shrieked, "for Heaven's sake!" Ardan saw no reason for complying with a demand so roughly expressed. However, he got up and opened the door just as it was giving way before the blows of this determined visitor. The secretary of the Gun Club burst into the room. A bomb could not have made more noise or have entered the room with less ceremony.

"Last night," cried J. T. Maston *ex abrupto*, "our president was publicly insulted during the meeting. He provoked his adversary, who is none other than Captain Nicholl! They are fighting this morning in the wood of Skersnaw. I heard all particulars from the mouth of Barbicane himself. If he is killed, then our scheme is at an end. We must prevent this duel; and one man alone has enough influence over Barbicane to stop him, and that man is Michel Ardan."

While J. T. Maston was speaking, Michel Ardan, without interrupting him, had hastily put on his clothes; and, in less than two minutes, the two friends were making for the suburbs of Tampa Town with rapid strides.

It was during this walk that Maston told Ardan the state of the case. He told him the real causes of the hostility between Barbicane and Nicholl; how it was of old date, and why, thanks to unknown friends, the president and the captain had, as yet, never

met face to face. He added that it arose simply from a rivalry between iron plates and shot, and, finally, that the scene at the meeting was only the long-wished-for opportunity for Nicholl to pay off an old grudge.

Nothing is more dreadful than private duels in America. The two adversaries attack each other like wild beasts. Then it is that they might well covet those wonderful properties of the Indians of the prairies—their quick intelligence, their ingenious cunning, their scent of the enemy. A single mistake, a moment's hesitation, a single false step may cause death. On these occasions Yankees are often accompanied by their dogs, and keep up the struggle for hours.

"What demons you are!" cried Michel Ardan when his companion had depicted this scene to him with much energy.

"Yes, we are," replied J. T. modestly; "but we had better make haste."

Though Michel Ardan and he had crossed the plain still wet with dew, and had taken the shortest route over creeks and rice-fields, they could not reach Skersnaw under five hours and a half.

Barbicane must have passed the border half an hour ago.

There was an old bushman working there, occupied in cutting faggots from trees that had been levelled by his axe.

Maston ran towards him, saying, "Have you seen a man go into the wood, armed with a rifle? Barbicane, the president, my best friend?"

The worthy secretary of the Gun Club thought that his president must be known by all the world. But the bushman did not seem to understand him.

"A hunter?" said Ardan.

"A hunter? Yes," replied the bushman.

"Long ago?"

"About an hour."

"Too late!" cried Maston.

"Have you heard any gun-shots?" asked Ardan.

"No!"

"Not one?"

"Not one! that hunter did not look as if he knew how to hunt!"

"What is to be done?" said Maston.

"We must go into the wood, at the risk of getting a ball which is not intended for us."

"Ah!" cried Maston, in a tone which could not be mistaken, "I would rather have twenty balls in my own head than one in Barbicane's."

"Forward, then," said Ardan, pressing his companion's hand.

A few moments later the two friends had disappeared in the copse. It was a dense thicket, in which rose huge cypresses, sycamores, tulip-trees, olives, tamarinds, oaks, and magnolias. These different trees had interwoven their branches into an inextricable maze, through which the eye could not penetrate. Michel





MASTON BURST INTO THE ROOM.



Ardan and Maston walked side by side in silence through the tall grass, cutting themselves a path through the strong creepers, casting curious glances on the bushes, and momentarily expecting to hear the sound of rifles. As for the traces which Barbicane ought to have left of his passage through the wood, there was not a vestige of them visible : so they followed the barely perceptible paths along which Indians had tracked some enemy, and which the dense foliage darkly overshadowed.

After an hour spent in vain pursuit, the two stopped in intensified anxiety.

"It must be all over," said Maston, discouraged. "A man like Barbicane would not dodge with his enemy, or ensnare him, would not even manœuvre ! He is too open, too brave. He has gone straight ahead, right into the danger, and doubtless far enough from the bushman for the wind to prevent his hearing the report of the rifles."

"But surely," replied Michel Ardan, "since we entered the wood we should have heard !"

"And what if we came too late?" cried Maston in tones of despair.

For once Ardan had no reply to make, he and Maston resuming their walk in silence. From time to time, indeed, they gave great shouts, calling alternately Barbicane and Nicholl, neither of whom, however, answered their cries. Only the birds, awakened by the sound, flew past them and disappeared among the branches, while some frightened deer fled precipitately before them.

For another hour their search was continued. The greater part of the wood had been explored. There was nothing to reveal the presence of the combatants. The information of the bushman was after all doubtful, and Ardan was about to propose their abandoning this useless pursuit, when all at once Maston stopped.

"Hush !" said he, "there is some one down there !"

"Some one?" repeated Michel Ardan.

"Yes ; a man ! He seems motionless. His rifle is not in his hands. What can he be doing?"

"But can you recognize him?" asked Ardan, whose short sight was of little use to him in such circumstances.

"Yes ! yes ! He is turning towards us," answered Maston.

"And it is—"

"Captain Nicholl !"

"Nicholl?" cried Michel Ardan, feeling a terrible pang of grief.

"Nicholl unarmed ! He has, then, no longer any fear of his adversary !"

"Let us go to him," said Michel Ardan, "and find out the truth."

But he and his companion had barely taken fifty steps when they paused to examine the captain more attentively. They expected to find a bloodthirsty man, happy in his revenge !

On seeing him, they remained stupefied.



A net, composed of very fine meshes, hung between two enormous tulip-trees, and in the midst of this snare, with its wings entangled, was a poor little bird, uttering pitiful cries, while it vainly struggled to escape. The bird-catcher who had laid this snare was no human being, but a venomous spider, peculiar to that country, as large as a pigeon's egg, and armed with enormous claws. The hideous creature, instead of rushing on its prey, had beaten a sudden retreat and taken refuge in the upper branches of the tulip-tree, for a formidable enemy menaced its stronghold.

Here, then, was Nicholl, his gun on the ground, forgetful of danger, trying if possible to save the victim from its cobweb prison. At last it was accomplished, and the little bird flew joyfully away and disappeared.

Nicholl lovingly watched its flight, when he heard these words pronounced by a voice full of emotion,—

“You are indeed a brave man!”

He turned. Michel Ardan was before him, repeating in a different tone,—

“And a kindhearted one!”

“Michel Ardan!” cried the captain. “Why are you here?”

“To press your hand, Nicholl, and to prevent you from either killing Barbicane or being killed by him.”

“Barbicane!” returned the captain. “I have been looking for him for the last two hours in vain. Where is he hiding?”

“Nicholl!” said Michel Ardan, “this is not courteous! we ought always to treat an adversary with respect; rest assured if Barbicane is still alive we shall find him all the more easily; because if he has not, like you, been amusing himself with freeing oppressed birds, he must be looking for *you*. When we have found him, Michel Ardan tells you this, there will be no duel between you.”

“Between President Barbicane and myself,” gravely replied Nicholl, “there is a rivalry which the death of one of us—”

“Pooh, pooh!” said Ardan. “Brave fellows like you indeed! you shall not fight!”

“I will fight, sir!”

“No!”

“Captain,” said J. T. Maston, with much feeling, “I am a friend of the president's, his *alter ego*, his second self; if you really must kill some one, *shoot me!* it will do just as well!”

“Sir,” Nicholl replied, seizing his rifle convulsively, “these jokes—”

“Our friend Maston is not joking,” replied Ardan. “I fully understand his idea of being killed himself in order to save his friend. But neither he nor Barbicane will fall before the balls of Captain Nicholl. Indeed I have so attractive a proposal to make to the two rivals, that both will be eager to accept it.”

“What is it?” asked Nicholl with manifest incredulity.

“Patience!” exclaimed Ardan. “I can only reveal it in the presence of Barbicane.”



IN THE MIDST OF THIS SNARE WAS A POOR LITTLE BIRD.





"Let us go in search of him then!" cried the captain.

The three men started off at once; the captain having discharged his rifle, threw it over his shoulder, and advanced in silence.

Another half-hour passed and the pursuit was still fruitless. Maston was oppressed by sinister forebodings. He looked fiercely at Nicholl, asking himself whether the captain's vengeance had been already satisfied and the unfortunate Barbicane, already shot, was lying dead on some bloody track. The same thought seemed to occur to Ardan; and both were casting inquiring glances on Nicholl, when suddenly Maston paused.

The motionless figure of a man leaning against a gigantic catalpa twenty feet off appeared, half-veiled by the foliage.

"It is he!" said Maston.

Barbicane never moved. Ardan looked at the captain, but he did not wince. Ardan went forward crying,—

"Barbicane, Barbicane!"

No answer! Ardan rushed towards his friend; but in the act of seizing his arms he stopped short and uttered a cry of surprise.

Barbicane, pencil in hand, was tracing geometrical figures in a memorandum book, while his unloaded rifle lay beside him on the ground.

Absorbed in his studies, Barbicane, in his turn forgetful of the duel, had seen and heard nothing.

When Ardan took his hand, he looked up and stared at his visitor in astonishment.

"Ah, it is you!" he cried at last. "I have found it, my friend, I have found it!"

"What?"

"My plan!"

"What plan?"

"The plan for counteracting the effect of the recoil at the departure of the projectile!"

"Indeed?" said Michel Ardan, looking at the captain out of the corner of his eye.

"Yes! water! simply water, which will act as a spring—ah! Maston," cried Barbicane, "you here also?"

"Himself," replied Ardan; "and permit me to introduce to you at the same time the worthy Captain Nicholl!"

"Nicholl!" cried Barbicane, who jumped up at once. "Pardon me, captain, I had quite forgotten—I am ready!"

Michel Ardan interfered, without giving the two enemies time to say anything more.

"Thank Heaven!" said he. "It is a happy thing that brave men like you two did not meet sooner! we should now have been mourning for one or other of you. But, thanks to Providence, which has interfered, there is now no further cause for alarm. When one forgets one's anger in mechanics or in cobwebs, it is a sign that the anger is not dangerous."

Michel Ardan then told the president how the captain had been found occupied.

"I put it to you now," said he in conclusion, "are two such good fellows as you are made on purpose to smash each other's skulls with shot?"

There was in "the situation" somewhat of the ridiculous, something quite unexpected; Michel Ardan saw this, and determined to effect a reconciliation.

"My good friends," said he, with his most bewitching smile, "this is nothing but a misunderstanding. Nothing more! well! to prove that it is all over between you, accept frankly the proposal I am going to make to you."

"Make it," said Nicholl.

"Our friend Barbicane believes that his projectile will go straight to the moon?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the president.

"And our friend Nicholl is persuaded it will fall back upon the earth?"

"I am certain of it," cried the captain.

"Good!" said Ardan. "I cannot pretend to make you agree; but I suggest this:—Go with me, and so see whether we are stopped on our journey."

"What?" exclaimed J. T. Maston, stupefied.

The two rivals, on this sudden proposal, looked steadily at each other. Barbicane waited for the captain's answer. Nicholl watched for the decision of the president.

"Well?" said Michel. "There is now no fear of the recoil!"

"Done!" cried Barbicane.

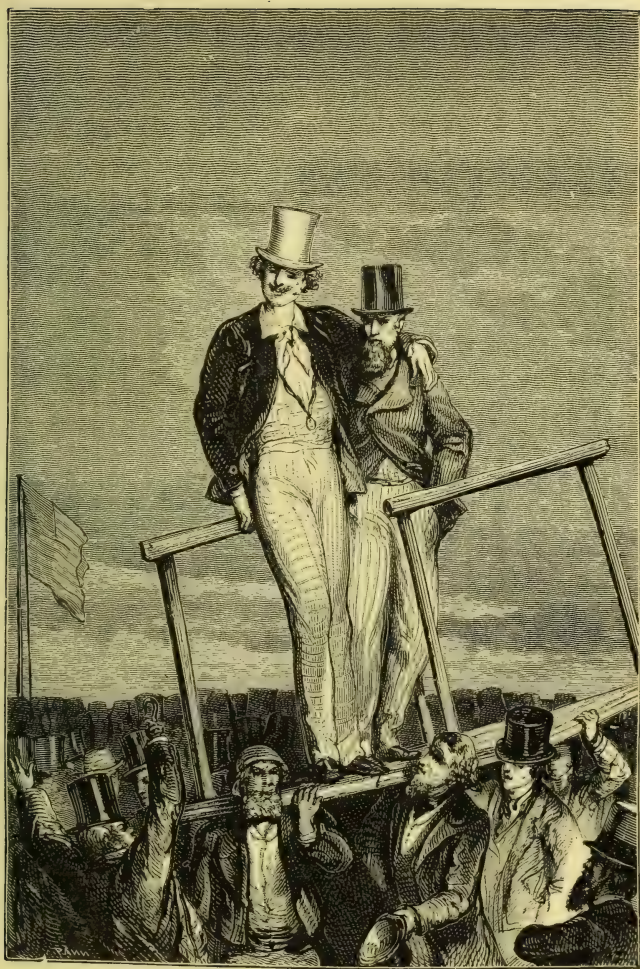
But quickly as he pronounced the word, he was not before Nicholl.

"Hurrah! bravo! hip! hip! hurrah!" cried Michel, giving a hand to each of the late adversaries. "Now that it is all settled, my friends, allow me to treat you French fashion. Let us be off to breakfast!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE NEW CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

THAT same day all America heard of the affair of Captain Nicholl and President Barbicane, as well as its singular *dénouement*. From that day forth Michel Ardan had not one moment's rest. Deputations from all corners of the Union harassed him without cessation or intermission. He was compelled to receive them all, whether he would or no. How many hands he shook, how many people he was "hail-fellow-well-met" with, it is impossible to guess! Such a triumphal result would have intoxicated any other



THE PLATFORM WAS SUDDENLY CARRIED AWAY.







"GO WITH ME, AND SEE WHETHER WE ARE STOPPED ON OUR JOURNEY."





man; but he managed to keep himself in a state of delightful *semi-tipsiness*.

Among the deputations of all kinds which assailed him, that of "The Lunatics" were careful not to forget what they owed to the future conqueror of the moon. One day certain of these poor people, so numerous in America, came to call upon him, and requested permission to return with him to their native country.

"Singular hallucination!" said he to Barbicane, after having dismissed the deputation with promises to convey numbers of messages to friends in the moon. "Do you believe in the influence of the moon upon distempers?"

"Scarcely!"

"No more do I, spite of some remarkable recorded facts of history. For instance, during an epidemic in 1693 a large number of persons died at the very moment of an eclipse. The celebrated Bacon fainted always during an eclipse. Charles VI. relapsed six times into madness during the year 1399, sometimes during the new, sometimes during the full moon. Gall observed that insane persons underwent an accession of their disorder twice in every month, at the epochs of new and full moon. In fact, numerous observations made upon fevers, somnambulisms, and other human maladies, seem to prove that the moon does exercise some mysterious influence upon man."

"But the how and the wherefore?" asked Barbicane.

"Well, I can only give you the answer which Arago borrowed from Plutarch, which is nineteen centuries old. Perhaps the stories are not true!"

In the height of his triumph Michel Ardan had to encounter all the annoyances incidental to a man of celebrity. Managers of entertainments wanted to exhibit him. Barnum offered him a million dollars to make the tour of the United States in his show. As for his photographs, they were sold of all sizes, and his portrait taken in every imaginable posture. More than half a million copies were disposed of in an incredibly short space of time.

But it was not only the men who paid him homage, but the women also. He might have married well a hundred times over, if he had been willing to settle in life. The old maids, in particular, of forty years and upwards, and dry in proportion, devoured his photographs day and night. They would have married him by hundreds, even if he had imposed upon them the condition of accompanying him into space. He had, however, no intention of transplanting a race of Franco-Americans upon the surface of the moon.

He therefore declined all offers.

As soon as he could withdraw from the somewhat embarrassing demonstrations he went, accompanied by his friends, to pay a visit to the Columbiad. He was highly gratified by his inspection, and made the descent to the bottom of the tube of this gigantic machine which was presently to launch him to the regions of the moon.

It is necessary here to mention a proposal of J. T. Maston's. When the secretary of the Gun Club found that Barbicane and Nicholl accepted the proposal of Michel Ardan, he determined to join them and make one of a snug party of four. So one day he determined to be admitted as one of the travellers. Barbicane, pained at having to refuse him, gave him clearly to understand that the projectile could not possibly contain so many passengers. Maston, in despair, went in search of Michel Ardan, who counselled him to resign himself to the situation, adding one or two arguments *ad hominem*.

"You see, old fellow," he said, "you must not take what I say in bad part; but really, between ourselves, you are in too incomplete a condition to appear in the moon!"

"Incomplete?" shrieked the valiant invalid.

"Yes, my dear fellow! imagine our meeting some of the inhabitants up there! Would you like to give them such a melancholy notion of what goes on down here? to teach them what war is, to inform them that we employ our time chiefly in devouring each other, in smashing arms and legs, and that too on a globe which is capable of supporting a hundred billions of inhabitants, and which actually does contain nearly two hundred millions? Why, my worthy friend, we should have to turn you out of doors!"

"But still, if you arrive there in pieces, you will be as *incomplete* as I am."

"Unquestionably," replied Michel Ardan; "but we shall not."

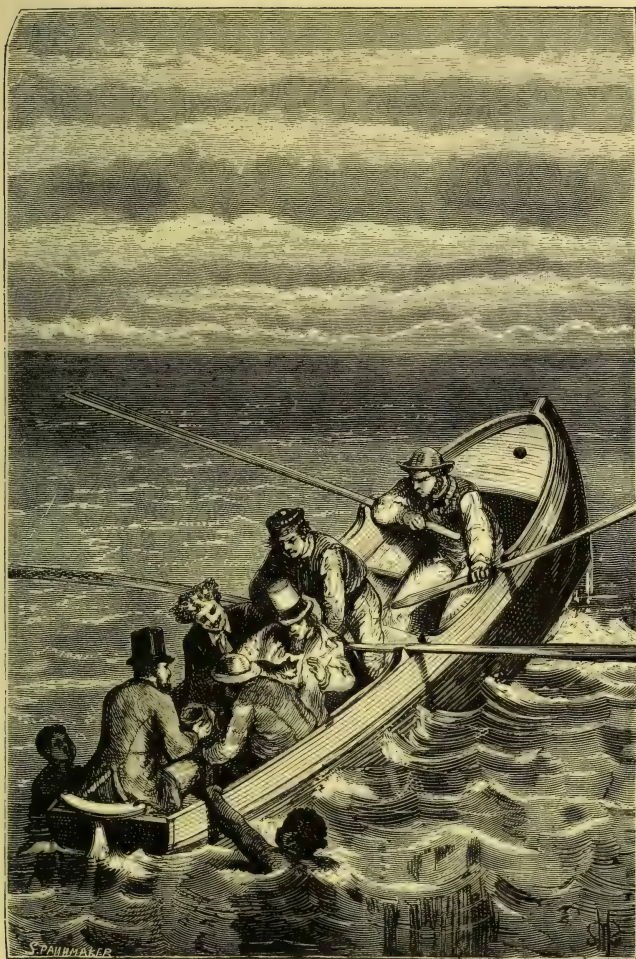
In fact, a preparatory experiment, tried on the 18th October, had yielded the best results and caused the most well-grounded hopes of success. Barbicane, desirous of obtaining some notion of the effect of recoil at the moment of the projectile's departure, had procured a 38-inch mortar from the arsenal of Pensacola. He had this placed on the bank of Hillisborough Roads, in order that the shell might fall back into the sea, and the shock be thereby destroyed. His object was to ascertain the extent of the shock on departure, and not that of the return.

A hollow projectile had been prepared for this curious experiment. A thick padding fastened upon a kind of elastic network, made of the best steel, lined the inside of the walls. It was a veritable *nest* most carefully wadded.

"What a pity I can't find room in there," said J. T. Maston, regretting that his height did not allow of his trying the adventure.

Within this shell was shut up a large cat, and a squirrel belonging to J. T. Maston, and of which he was particularly fond. They were desirous, however, of ascertaining how this little animal, least of all others subject to giddiness, would endure this experimental voyage.

The mortar was charged with 160lbs. of powder, and the shell placed in the chamber. On being fired, the projectile rose with great velocity, described a majestic parabola, attained a height of



THE CAT TAKEN OUT OF THE SHELL.









THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROJECTILE AT STONE'S HILL.



about a thousand feet, and with a graceful curve descended in the midst of the vessels that lay there at anchor.

Without a moment's loss of time a small boat put off in the direction of its fall; some active divers plunged into the water and attached ropes to the handles of the shell, which was quickly dragged on board. Five minutes did not elapse between the moment of enclosing the animals and that of unscrewing the coverlid of their prison.

Ardan, Barbicane, Maston, and Nicholl were present on board the boat, and assisted at the operation with an interest which may readily be comprehended. Hardly had the shell been opened when the cat leaped out, slightly bruised, but full of life, and exhibiting no signs whatever of having made an aerial expedition. No trace, however, of the squirrel could be discovered. The truth at last became apparent;—the cat had eaten its fellow-traveller.

J. T. Maston grieved much for the loss of his poor squirrel, and proposed to add its case to that of other martyrs to science.

After this experiment all hesitation, all fear disappeared. Besides, Barbicane's plans would ensure greater perfection for his projectile, and go far to annihilate altogether the effects of the recoil. Nothing now remained but to go!

Two days later Michel Ardan received a message from the President of the United States, an honour of which he showed himself especially sensible.

After the example of his illustrious fellow-countryman, the Marquis de la Fayette, the Government had decreed to him the title of "Citizen of the United States of America."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE PROJECTILE VEHICLE.

ON the completion of the Columbiad the public interest centred in the projectile itself, the vehicle which was destined to carry the three hardy adventurers into space.

The new plans had been sent to Breadwill and Co., of Albany, with the request for their speedy execution. The projectile was consequently cast on the 2nd November, and immediately forwarded by the Eastern Railway to Stones Hill, which it reached without accident on the 10th of that month, where Michel Ardan, Barbicane, and Nicholl were waiting impatiently for it.

The projectile had now to be filled to the depth of three feet with a bed of water, intended to support a watertight wooden disc, which worked easily within the walls of the projectile. It was upon this kind of raft that the travellers were to take their place. This body of water was divided by horizontal partitions, which the shock of the departure would have to break in succession. Then each sheet

of the water, from the lowest to the highest, running off into escape tubes towards the top of the projectile, constituted a kind of spring; and the wooden disc, supplied with extremely powerful plugs, could not strike the lowest plate except after breaking successively the different partitions. Undoubtedly the travellers would still have to encounter a violent *recoil* after the complete escapement of the water; but the first shock would be almost entirely destroyed by this powerful spring. The upper part of the walls were lined with a thick padding of leather, fastened upon springs of the best steel, behind which the escape tubes were completely concealed; thus, all imaginable precautions had been taken for averting the first shock; and if they *did* get crushed, they must, as Michel Ardan said, be made of very bad materials.

The entrance into this metallic tower was by a narrow aperture contrived in the wall of the cone. This was hermetically closed by a plate of aluminium, fastened internally by powerful screw-pressure. The travellers could therefore quit their prison at pleasure, as soon as they should reach the moon.

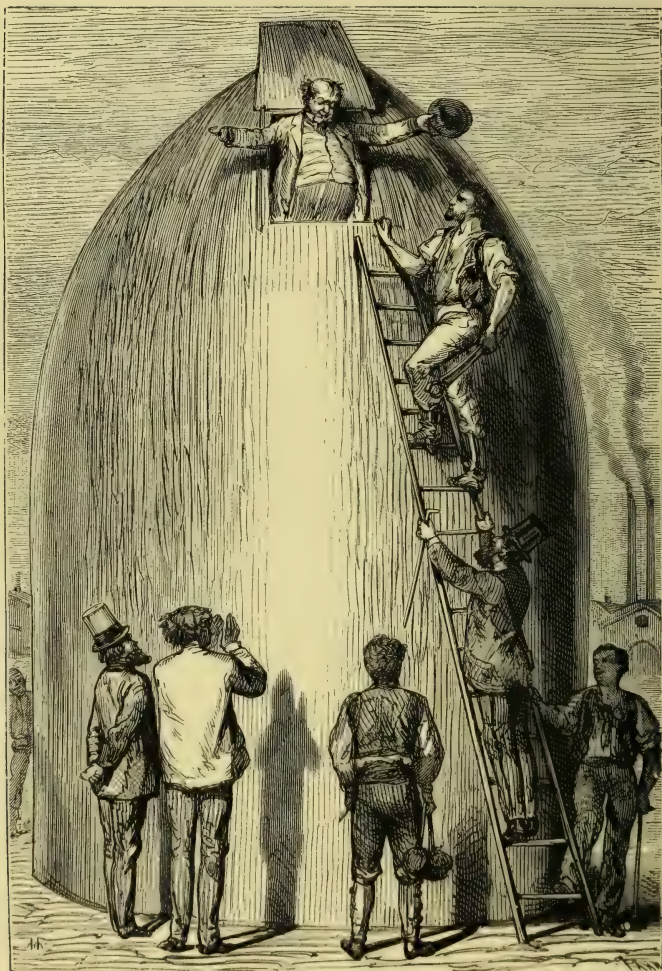
Light and view were given by means of four thick lenticular glass scuttles, two pierced in the circular wall itself, the third in the bottom, the fourth in the top. These scuttles then were protected against the shock of departure by plates let into solid grooves, which could easily be opened outwards by unscrewing them from the inside. Reservoirs firmly fixed contained water and the necessary provisions; and fire and light were procurable by means of gas, contained in a special reservoir under a pressure of several atmospheres. They had only to turn a tap, and for six hours the gas would light and warm this comfortable vehicle.

There now remained only the question of air; for allowing for the consumption of air by Barbicane, his two companions, and two dogs which he purposed taking with him, it was necessary to renew the air of the projectile. Now air consists principally of twenty-one parts of oxygen and seventy-nine of nitrogen. The lungs absorb the oxygen, which is indispensable for the support of life, and reject the nitrogen. The air expired loses nearly five per cent. of the former and contains nearly an equal volume of carbonic acid, produced by the combustion of the elements of the blood. In an air-tight enclosure, then, after a certain time, all the oxygen of the air will be replaced by the carbonic acid,—a gas fatal to life. There were two things to be done then, first, to replace the absorbed oxygen; secondly, to destroy the expired carbonic acid; both easy enough to do, by means of chlorate of potass and caustic potash. The former is a salt which appears under the form of white crystals; when raised to a temperature of 400° it is transformed into chlorure of potassium, and the oxygen which it contains is entirely liberated. Now twenty-eight pounds of chlorate of potass produces seven pounds of oxygen, or 2400 *litres*—the quantity necessary for the travellers during twenty-four hours.

Caustic potash has a great affinity for carbonic acid; and it is







J. T. MASTON HAD GROWN FAT.

sufficient to shake it in order for it to seize upon the acid and form bi-carbonate of potass. By these two means they would be enabled to restore to the vitiated air its life-supporting properties.

It is necessary, however, to add that the experiments had hitherto been made *in anima vili*. Whatever its scientific accuracy was, they were at present ignorant how it would answer with human beings. The honour of putting it to the proof was energetically claimed by J. T. Maston.

"Since I am not to go," said the brave artillerist, "I may at least live for a week in the projectile."

It would have been hard to refuse him; so they consented to his wish. A sufficient quantity of chlorate of potass and of caustic potash was placed at his disposal, together with provisions for eight days. And having shaken hands with his friends, on the 12th November at six o'clock a.m., after strictly informing them not to open his prison before the 20th at six o'clock p.m., he slid down the projectile, the plate of which was at once hermetically sealed. What did he do with himself during that week? They could get no information. The thickness of the walls of the projectile prevented any sound reaching from the inside to the outside. On the 20th of November, at six p.m. exactly, the plate was opened. The friends of J. T. Maston had been all along in a state of much anxiety; but they were promptly reassured, on hearing a jolly voice shouting a boisterous hurrah.

Presently afterwards the secretary of the Gun Club appeared at the top of the cone in a triumphant attitude.

He had grown fat!

## LIFE IN NORTH AMERICA.

BY FRED. WHITEHEAD.

THREE years ago I left this country with the intention of settling in America. I pass over the incidents of the voyage and my journey by rail to Chicago—the city I had chosen as my point of departure. I had not decided where I would go, but had an inclination for the West. It was, however, early in the year—the railroads were blocked up with snow, and no train was able to start for the West. I remained in Chicago ten days, grumbling at the weather and the railroads. My funds were running short, and I found that if I did not make a move for somewhere very soon, I should find myself very nearly penniless in a strange country without a friend to apply to, and, so far as I could see, a very small chance of obtaining work. By chance I met another Englishman who was very nearly in the same position as myself. On comparing notes we found that we came from the same town, and a friendship sprang up between us which lasted the whole time I was in the States. We talked over matters, and finally came to the conclusion that we would consult one of the numerous emigration agents always to be found in the great cities of the West. Behold us, then, in the office of an agent whose advertisement appeared more tempting than the rest. We stated our business to the man we found there, and were informed that he could get us work immediately about twelve miles west of Chicago. But we were informed that it was usual in cases of this sort for the persons obtaining employment to pay the agent the sum of four dollars and a half (about eighteen shillings) in advance for his fee. We did not quite see the force of this condition, and left our friend without asking for further information. Here I may remark that a great many of these so-called emigration agents are simply swindlers. They hire handsome offices, advertise freely, and I have no doubt make a very handsome income out of the poor ignorant emigrants with which Chicago is always filled. Of course if I had been foolish enough to pay my four dollars and a half that would have been the end of it. We called at several offices always with the same result, sometimes the fees were more, sometimes less. At last, to our great satisfaction, we found a man who didn't want a fee from us, who actually advertised that he would pay our passages to a certain town in the State of Mississippi. We found quite a crowd in this office, and had to wait our turn. I listened to the questions asked



the various applicants—said applicants represented all classes and almost all countries. There were clerks and porters and broken-down tradesmen, all full of the same idea, viz. that they would make very good farm hands. To hear them answer the various questions one would think that they had never done anything but follow the plough and handle the hoe all their lives. When it came to my turn to be examined, I made up my mind that it was far best to tell the truth. To cut a long story short, we signed an agreement to proceed to the town of B—— in the State of Mississippi, paying our own passage, and the agent guaranteeing immediate employment on our arrival there. We left Chicago the next day. We ought to have arrived at B—— in twenty-four hours from time of starting, but a train ahead of us broke down and jumped the track. Of course we could not go on till the wrecked cars had been cleared away, and finding we had several hours to wait, a party of us made a voyage of exploration with a view to procuring breakfast. Fortunately we hit upon a little backwood shanty, and managed to get what a Yankee would call a “good square meal.” Our breakfast consisted of fried salt pork, corn-bread, and coffee, and though by no means a luxurious repast, I for one can testify that it was beautifully cooked and scrupulously clean. I should say that at least eighty passengers breakfasted there, and as we all paid fifty cents (two shillings) a-piece, the good woman who provided for us could not have made a very bad thing out of her morning’s work. At last the track was cleared after “dumping”—i.e. throwing off the track—two cars, including a splendid “Pullman” sleeping car; and we proceeded on our journey, arriving in B—— exactly thirty-six hours behind time.

My friend and I speedily found out a boarding-house, and having taken a good sleep and a tremendous breakfast, proceeded to walk round the town with a view to finding out what sort of people we had come to sojourn amongst. We were surprised at the great preponderance of the black element in the population. Upon making inquiry we found the population of the town to be about four thousand—two-thirds or very nearly so being blacks. We met with great kindness from all the white men we met, and there seemed to be a general desire to make us welcome. We had not been in the town more than a couple of days before we had engaged ourselves to a planter, to work for him for part of the crop—that crop being, of course, cotton. It is not my intention in this paper to trouble my readers with a long account of my personal experience in farming; my object in writing is not to explain the mode of cultivating cotton, but to give a general idea of the state of labour, and the condition of the people of the Southern States—taking the State of Mississippi as a fair sample of the majority—so that an intending emigrant may be able to judge for himself whether in leaving his own country for the “Sunny South” he is in reality bettering his condition. As I said before, I hired myself to a planter, to work for part of the crop, or, as it is termed, “on shares.”

I will now explain the share system, which in the South is by far the commonest mode of employing labour, whether white or black. The planter finds the team, implements, land, and seed; the labourer prepares the land, plants and cultivates the crop, and, when matured, gathers it. When the crop is gathered the labourer is entitled to one half, the planter to the other half. The labourer has to feed himself, and if he has no money the planter will supply him with food at cost price—or rather at the cost price to the *planter*, who buys on credit, and has to pay an enormous percentage for the accommodation. Let it be fully understood that the labourer works under the supervision of his employer, exactly as if he were working for wages only of course he is not expected to work at anything but his own crop. A mistake very commonly made by fresh emigrants is that they are quite independent of their employer, and may work their crop how they like and just *when* they like. Any one with ordinary sense must see that this would be very unfair to the employer, for should the labourer, either through inattention or ignorance, fail to make a crop, the master is the loser. I omitted to say that the employer in most cases finds the whole of the feed for the team (in some cases finds half, according to the custom of the neighbourhood), and a cabin and patch of garden without any charge. Now let us see how this system acts. A negro is supposed to be able to cultivate ten acres of cotton and fifteen acres of corn. This, in my opinion, is much more than one man can do properly, even though he has been brought up from a child to that sort of work; but I am quite convinced that, say seven acres of cotton and twelve of corn is fully as much as a white man can manage properly. The average yield per acre in most of the counties in Mississippi is considerably below half a bale of cotton (400lbs. to the bale) and twenty bushels of corn. Take cotton at the present price, about eighteen cents (ninepence) per pound, and we have

5 bales of cotton = 2000lbs. at 18 cents. . . . .	= \$360
400 bushels of corn at 75 cents. . . . .	= \$300
	<hr/>
	2) \$660
	<hr/>
	\$330

leaving \$330 in greenbacks for the labourer's share. Taking gold at the present price, viz. 114, we get \$289 54 cents in gold, from which we get (taking 1*l*. sterling at \$4-85 gold) a little over 59*l*. sterling for the labourer's share. This looks very well, but remember that I have supposed our man can cultivate ten acres of cotton and twenty of corn, and I have before stated that I do not think it possible, except in very exceptional cases, for a white man to manage that much land. Moreover eighteen cents per pound for cotton is a very good price, and seventy-five cents for corn is a very fair one. Now out of this 59*l*. our labourer has to clothe and

feed himself, and in some cases pay for half the food of his team. Let the intending emigrant remember that clothing and food costs about four times as much in the States than it does here. Let him remember that to make such a crop as the above will require incessant toil from the end of February to the beginning of December from sunrise to sunset—the heaviest and most exhausting work under a broiling sun; that there is always a chance—nay a probability—that after all his toil the worm may destroy his crop. Let him bear in mind that prices fluctuate to an enormous extent, that though he *may* get twenty-five cents per pound for his cotton, it is far more probable that he will get no more than ten cents. Let him reflect on these things, and if he still thinks he can make money out of cotton, let him try it.

So much for the share system, now for wages. As a general rule they vary from ten to twenty dollars per month and board. A man newly arriving in the country cannot expect more than fifteen dollars a month and his board, though at home he may have been a first-class farm-hand. Fifteen or twenty dollars a month sounds a good deal of money, but if one takes into consideration the fact (at least I can confidently assert that I have found it so) that one dollar there goes just about as far as one shilling in this country, I hardly think that any one can show much advantage over our own rates of wages.

Moreover, I have found that the English agricultural labourer does not appreciate the food that is given him. For my part I can hardly blame him, for after all a diet of salt pork and corn-bread from year's end to year's end is not conducive to either health or a contented disposition.

We will now see if the Southern States hold out any inducements to men with a small capital—the small tenant-farmer class—men with say 500*l.* or 1000*l.* Land can be bought for from \$5 to \$35 per acre, the price depending upon the quality of the land, the amount of timber, and the improvements thereon. As a general rule, when a man *rents* a plantation he pays about \$5 per acre for all he cultivates, and is allowed to cut any timber he may require for fencing and any other improvements—of course his firewood as well. He must rely on black labour, and I may here say that much as I dislike the negroes as a class—though they steal, lie, and loaf to an unlimited extent—I would much prefer my field-hands to be black than have white emigrants. A negro can do more work than a white man; he can bear the climate better, he can be fed cheaper, and in my opinion, *if well looked after*, he can do his work *better* than a white man who has not been trained to that particular work from his youth up. The trouble is that a negro can never be depended upon. You may hire him for a year, and just when the busy season comes on, friend Cuffy is just as likely as not to take a moonlight flit, and go and work by the day, for some one or other who is pressed for time and will give Cuffy a dollar a day and his board for hoeing for



him. Any one can see how hard this is upon the farmer. Perhaps he has hired twenty hands and pitched his crop for that number. Five of them get mad about something, and leave; that puts so much additional work on the remaining fifteen. *They* get mad and perhaps leave in a body. What is the farmer to do? There is his crop—perhaps just in a stage where it *must* be worked or die. His labourers are gone and he cannot get others in their place. Ruin stares him in the face, and the poor fellow at last in despair pitches in by himself, cultivating all he can, and leaving the rest to run into crab-grass and weeds. The worst of it is, that though I believe there is a law to protect the employer, it is useless; at any rate, during a three years' residence in the South, I have never seen a negro labourer punished for breaking his contract, though I have often seen an employer summoned by a negro who has left him in the lurch, for a balance of wages certainly *not* due to him. The case being tried before a jury composed principally of negroes, of course black was always the winning colour. There is another great trouble to which all farmers in that district—in fact throughout the whole South—are subject. It is almost impossible to keep stock, especially hogs and sheep. Let your hogs get fat, and some ebony Fourteenth Amendment will manage to kill them, and great will be the feasting at that darky's cabin. Your yearling beeves will suffer the same fate; your cows will be milked and your poultry stolen. Every coloured gentleman carries a gun, every coloured gentleman hunts; and if ever a fine fat hog or a steer come within the range of that coloured gentleman's gun, when nobody is looking, woe betide that unlucky animal.

Fencing is a terrible item in a farmer's expenses—he *must* have good fences or he can raise no crop. His fences must be five feet high, and the rails or planks be close enough to prevent a hog from getting through. The crops raised in Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, Georgia, and Alabama are principally corn and cotton—cotton being the money crop. Now, unfortunately, cotton varies in price to a tremendous extent. The range is from 10 cents per pound to 25 cents. The first year I was farming in Mississippi cotton was 25 cents, the second year it was 10 cents, and the third, that is the present year, it has fluctuated between  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents to 20 cents. Now according to the best authorities it costs the planter  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound for every pound of cotton he makes, *be the selling prices high or low*. It is easily seen that cotton selling at 10 cents is a dead loss to the producer. Twenty-five cents pays well; but when will cotton ever see that price again?

The small English farmer intending to emigrate must see that the cotton States are not the place for him. First, because of untrustworthy labour; second, because of the almost impossibility of keeping stock; third, because of the cost of fencing; fourth, because of the fluctuating price of cotton, the staple of the South. And very possibly before I have concluded my paper he may find other reasons fully as weighty as the above.

Farther on I will show what class of emigrants the South does want, but first I have a few remarks to make about the black population. I have already given my opinion of the moral character of the great mass of the negroes—liars, thieves, and lazy rascals; but I am bound to admit that there are many exceptions. I know of a few hard-working, industrious, and law-abiding negroes, who are trying to do well and to improve their condition; and I can honestly say that in every such case that has come under my notice I have found the Southern people ever ready to encourage and help them.

Since the negro has been by law made equal to the white man, of course he is eligible to hold any office in the State. In some towns negroes do hold office, though in the town of B—— they have not managed to do so yet. There are negroes who are members of the Mississippi Legislature. In nine cases out of ten the juries are composed principally of negroes; and what white man would wish to have a case in which he is interested tried before negro field-hands? Then, on account of the immense majority of blacks, they can carry any election; and as they always vote as the Radical carpet-baggers direct them, it is impossible for Southern men to hold the different State and County offices to which one would think they had an inherent right.

It seems as if the North, not content with conquering the South, inspired with a feeling of bitter hatred against those who ought to be treated as brothers, are determined now that the South are down to keep them down, are determined that not only shall the law give the freedmen equal privileges with their former masters, but that they shall be superior to them—that they shall govern them. But recently an act was passed by the Mississippi Legislature, entitled the “Civil Rights Bill,” which *compels* an innkeeper to admit the freedman to his hotel, which compels him to allow his sable visitor to seat himself, if he so wishes it, next any of the white people at the hotel. I do not think, however, that as a rule the freedmen will avail themselves of this privilege.

The Southern people themselves I like. They are the wreck of a noble race; and though there is in my opinion a lack of energy amongst them, it must be borne in mind that ninety-nine men out of every hundred were ruined during or after the war; that every one, or very nearly every one, of them is weighed down by debt; that though they have land, a very great proportion is so impoverished by the system of farming employed during slaveholding times, that it would hardly pay to incur the heavy cost fencing would entail even if they had the money to do it. The great trouble in the South is credit. The system most of the planters work upon is the most ruinous that can be imagined. Suppose I am going to raise a crop of cotton; well, I have no money, so must have credit. I go to my merchant in town, tell him how many hands I am going to employ, and he undertakes to supply me with provisions and all necessary stores; in return I give him a lien or mortgage on the crop that *I intend to make the ensuing season*. Thus, before I have planted

an acre of ground, the produce of my farm is mortgaged to my merchant. Of course I am in the merchant's power—he charges just what he likes for his goods, and at the close of the year he takes my cotton as fast as I can pick it. I have no chance to hold for a rise; go it must and does, and when all the cotton is picked and we settle our accounts, my merchant brings me out in debt to him, though he has already made about seventy per cent. on the goods he has sold me. As I am in debt to him, of course I must trade with him the next year, and come out more heavily in debt than ever.

Money being so very scarce, of course it commands a high rate of interest, and a man with five to ten thousand pounds might soon treble what he had if he was ordinarily cautious in his investments. That in my opinion is the only sort of emigrant that it would pay to go out there, and I need hardly say that emigrants of that description are remarkably scarce.

A few more words and I will conclude this paper, which has already occupied a greater space than I anticipated.

The above pages are written, not with the intention of running down the South or Southern people, but because I am firmly convinced that the Southern States, and more particularly the Cotton States, are not the place for our emigrants to go to, especially when so many of our Colonies are crying earnestly for help. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada (more particularly the North-Western portion), offer in my opinion far greater advantages to the emigrant than *any* State of the Union. And a man going out there at any rate knows that he will still remain an Englishman, and be governed by good laws that *are carried out*.



## CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

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IF crimes were more frequent and atrocious in the olden times than in our own, which may be doubted, the penalties of wrongdoing were also more varied and terrible. Death, preceded by fearful sufferings, was denounced with Draconian severity against offences that would now-a-days be visited with simple imprisonment. And yet it was laid down by an eminent juriconsult in the thirteenth century—quoted by M. Charles Desmazes in his very interesting work on “*Les Pénalités Anciennes*,” upon which this article is chiefly founded—that the sentence of death should be pronounced with extreme caution and hesitation. “*L’en doist moult soffrir et atendre*,” wrote this wise and humane lawyer, “*avant que home soit livrez à mort, car moult est granz chose à deffere ce que Diex a fet et à fere ce qu’il ne veaut fere*.” For all that, the offence must have been comparatively trivial that did not imperil the life of the perpetrator.

The crime of high treason was visited even upon the parents of the traitor. Thus the father and mother of Ravailiac were banished the kingdom and forbidden ever again to set foot on French soil on pain of the gallows, while the parents of Jean Châtel were compelled to be eye-witnesses of the dying agonies of their son. Traitorous words were punished not less severely than traitorous deeds, and towards the close of the sixteenth century a priest was hanged for having said that there would yet be found some worthy man, like Brother Jacques Clement, to kill the king (Henry IV.), and that, if no one else could be got, he would do it himself. The houses in which such traitors as Châtel, Ravailiac, and Damiens first saw the light, were also demolished and razed to the ground. Coiners were regarded as guilty not only of fraud, but of high treason, and in the fourteenth century were burned alive, their bodies in some cases being afterwards suspended from the gibbet. Four hundred years later they were subjected to the torture previous to being hanged. To be burnt alive was the penalty attached to impiety, and likewise to the murder of a husband by his wife, her right hand being first chopped off, and her ashes afterwards scattered to the winds; while a husband who took the life of his wife was broken alive upon the wheel. Parricides and fratricides had

their right hand struck off, and then suffered the doom of the wife-slayer; though in 1559 the Parliament of Paris condemned Nicolas Mynard, a parricide, to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, to have his right hand cut off, and then to be hanged, his property being in addition confiscated. In the year 1269 a woman was put to death for administering sleeping-draughts with felonious intentions; but female executions were evidently events of rare occurrence, for we read that "in 1449 a great quantity of people repaired to this spectacle, especially women and girls, on account of the strange novelty of seeing a woman hanged in France, for never before was such a thing witnessed in this kingdom." Neither could women be flogged, though there seems to have been no scruple about applying the torture; and towards the close of 1546 the Parliament of Toulouse ordered the payment of five livres tournois to the public executioner, to defray the costs incurred by him in the purchase of an iron chain, wood, faggots, turpentine, sulphur, and other articles employed in the execution of Jehanne Fembresse, nicknamed Crochenut, convicted of the murder of her own infant. In the same year one Jehanne Morey was burnt to ashes, for killing her babe before it had received the sacrament of baptism. The hurdle and the gibbet awaited incendiaries, and in 1466 we find Louis XI. confiscating, besides, the property of the criminal for the benefit of the individual whose house had been set on fire. Sorcerers, naturally enough, fared badly in those days. In 1618 eight wizards were hanged at Londinières, and fifteen more at Neufchâtel only twenty years afterwards. It was perilous to be wiser than one's neighbours. In 1601 a medical man named Marquier, residing at Saint-Lô, narrowly escaped condemnation for witchcraft, because he had been singularly successful in his treatment of the sick, and had rescued from death many who were stricken with the plague; he got off, however, after a trial that lasted six days, with a sentence of banishment, which was confirmed, on appeal, by the Parliament of Rouen. The execution of Urbain Grandier as a dealer in magic was a priestly device for putting out of the way a troublesome thinker, who might have become a Reformer of his order; but in 1641 the Parliament of Provence condemned to death a priest who had debauched a young girl, and filled her with an evil spirit that refused to come forth until the magician who placed him there was dead or converted. In 1573 the Parliament of Dôle condemned a man to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution and burnt alive, for having devoured several children in the form of a wolf. Heretics had little chance of justice being done to them. So far back as 1229 Gregory IX. forbade all judges, advocates, and notaries to lend any kind of assistance to a heretic, on pain of being for ever deprived of their respective posts. In 1520 Louis Berquin, a gentleman of Artois, was burnt alive, by order of the Parliament of Paris, for professing the Reformed religion; and ten years later the same dread penalty was denounced against those who harboured Lutherans, while twenty gold crowns

were promised to whomsoever should discover the hiding-place of one of those sectarians. Even the dead bodies of heretics were liable to be torn from the grave and reduced to ashes at the stake. Blasphemy, too, was treated as a crime of a very deep dye. Under Philip Augustus, indeed, blasphemers were let off with a fine of four sous for the benefit of the poor, with the alternative of being plunged in the river. In 1487, however, an edict was promulgated by which a fine was imposed, for the first offence, on whomsoever took in vain the name of the Deity, or of the Virgin Mary, or of the Saints in Paradise, and doubled for the next offence of the kind; for a third time, the pillory on a market or festival day was the legal penalty; for a fourth, to have the tongue pierced with a hot iron, and corporal punishment, increasing in severity for each additional relapse. A few years later it is recorded that one Guillaume Dubois was exposed from eight to eleven in the forenoon on a Good Friday, attached by an iron collar to a post close to the door of St. Christopher's church in Paris, for blaspheming against the Most High. And yet a little later it was deemed necessary to fulminate still harsher penalties against idle and impious oaths. Under Louis XIV. an unfortunate wretch was burnt alive for indulging in the craze that he was the Son of Man; and in the reign of Louis XV. a cattle feeder, named Charles Lherbé, was taken to the Place de Grève in an open tumbril, *en chemise*, with a rope round his neck and a placard bearing the words "Blasphémateur, Impie, Exécrable, Abominable." His tongue being torn out, he was burnt alive, and his ashes thrown up into the air. In 1765 the Chevalier de la Barre, a young officer only twenty years of age, was put to the torture and condemned to death for having sung a song in ridicule of Mary Magdalen, and for having damaged with his sword a wooden crucifix on the bridge at Abbeville. At different times the nobility claimed an exemption from the torture but without success, though they did succeed in monopolizing the privilege of decapitation in lieu of the gibbet.

In the sixteenth century the decent observance of the Sabbath was enjoined by sound of trumpet, on pain of corporal punishment and the confiscation of the horses, carts, and implements employed that day on secular business. Cookshops were likewise forbidden to expose their tempting viands, or to afford the hungry public so much as a glimpse of the good things roasting before the kitchen fire, while a religious procession was passing through the street. Laymen, however, do not appear to have been a whit less decorous in their conduct than the tonsured fraternity. It is true that the inhabitants of Bordeaux drew down upon themselves a prohibition to hold vigils on St. Amand's Eve, by reason of the scandalous excesses perpetrated in St. Seurin's church in 1533, when several young girls were so brutally ill-treated that they died of the injuries they had received. But, on the other hand, the clergy belonging to the abbeys of Fescaille, Sablonnaux, and Pleineulve, in Saintonge, are denounced by the procureur-général as leaders of bad lives



vagabonds, dissolute fellows, who entirely neglect divine service, and go about night and day, carrying arms, plundering their neighbours, and passing their time in debauchery. The clergy of the abbey of St. Jean d'Angely, again, are accused of selling relics and sacred images, the property of that church; and at Bordeaux certain nuns came to grief on a charge of publicly bathing in the sea, in the company of male persons of bad character. In the fourteenth century pilgrimages were not unfrequently enjoined as a punishment, and one that could be borne by a proxy. Thus in 1301 Jehan Borluat, having boxed the ears of Jehan de Brune, his heir, was constrained to send some one in his name on a pilgrimage to Rochemadour before St. Martin's day; and a man at Compiègne, having insulted another, his two sons, by way of atonement, went off to the shrine of St. James of Galicia. A more elaborate sentence was that passed in 1367 on Martin Blondel, for using profane language, for spitting at and speaking lightly of the Cross, and for having broken two images, one of the Deity and the other of the Virgin Mary. Having acknowledged his guilt and avowed his repentance, Blondel was condemned to fast on bread and water every Friday of that year and every Saturday of the following year; to go on foot, on the next festival day of Notre Dame, to the shrine of Our Lady at Boulogne-sur-Mer; and to pay to the king a fine of fifty gold francs. This sentence Blondel swore on the Holy Gospel to fulfil in good faith and without fraud, and his word was taken.

Jews in the good old time were regarded as worse than heretics. In the fourteenth century Jews condemned to death were hanged between two dogs, one on either side. Four centuries later they were forbidden to establish themselves at Blaye, to buy or sell articles of jewelry at Lyons without a special licence, or to lend money or sell jewelry on credit to young men of good family. After all, they had less reason to complain than printers and publishers. Francis I. called upon the Parliament of Paris to furnish him with a list of twenty-four competent and respectable persons, who should be authorized, under certain restrictions, to do all the printing that was required for the whole kingdom. Henry II. went still farther, and prohibited, on pain of imprisonment and confiscation, all allusions to political subjects in private letters; inasmuch as foreign merchants, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, under pretext of commercial affairs, were in the habit of sending news to Flanders and other countries then subject to the Emperor. In 1649 the brothers Meusnier, being convicted of high treason in that they had printed, sold, and circulated defamatory libels against the honour of the Queen Regent, were condemned to make public acknowledgment of their offence, and then to be hanged from a double or T-shaped gibbet, their mother being present at their execution, and afterwards flogged. Twenty years later the Council of State forbade the sale, or public exhibition, of printed papers or placards without the sanction of the lieutenant-general of police, with the inevitable result of giving occasion to the clandestine publication of all manner of libellous

effusions. Towards six o'clock in the evening of the 19th November, 1694, three unfortunate men were hanged in the Place de la Grève, after being put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary, for having printed, bound, and offered for sale a libel against the king, entitled "L'Ombre de M. Scarron," with an engraving of the statue in the Place des Victoires, only substituting for the four figures at the angles of the pedestal the representations of Mesdames de la Vallière, de Fontanges, de Montespan, and de Maintenon, who held the king in chains. The engraver was lucky enough to escape by flight, but bundles of the libel were fished up out of the Seine between the Pont Notre Dame and the Pont au Change. In 1675 one Nicolas Gonnet, surnamed La Chapelle, who had published and sold a book entitled "Six Parties de l'Évesque de Cour," was sentenced to make an *amende honorable* by standing, bareheaded and barefooted, in front of the principal door of the cathedral of Rouen, and, holding in his hands a burning torch of three pounds' weight, was to ask pardon of God, of the king, and of justice. The books were then publicly burnt in the presence of the common hangman, and he himself was banished for nine years from the Isle de France and the Province of Normandy, lighter punishments being awarded to the actual printer and others concerned in the publication of the libellous work. In the course of the ninety years intervening between 1660 and 1750, no fewer than 869 authors, printers, booksellers, and printsellers, were thrown into the Bastille for publications opposed to morality, religion, and loyalty to the sovereign. During the next twenty years the proscription of authors, printers, and publishers was of frequent occurrence, though with the usual effect of multiplying the class of writings it was sought to interdict. At the commencement of the great Revolution the law was again and again enforced against the disseminators of false and defamatory reports affecting the honour of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Probably one of the latest cases was that of Pierre Curé, in 1790, who was condemned to make an *amende honorable* in front of the principal portal of Notre Dame, whither he was to be driven in an open cart by the common hangman, bearing on his breast and his back a placard exhibiting the words "Séditieux, Perturbateur du Repos Public." He was also to be exposed to vulgar contumely for three consecutive days with an iron collar round his throat, to be scourged on his bare back with rods, to have the letters GAL. branded on both shoulders, and to be sent to the galleys for life.

Towards the close of the fourteenth century it had become necessary to forbid the wearing of masks in the streets, by reason of the facility of escape afforded to malefactors by means of the disguise. Again, in 1525 the prohibition was renewed, being however more especially directed against the wearers of false beards, who seem also to have carried formidable bludgeons with which they assaulted meek and defenceless citizens. Beggars and vagabonds were likewise dealt with firmly and un pityingly. In 1388 an edict was issued prohibiting mendicancy in the streets of Paris, which was



revived in 1550, when alms-giving was strictly forbidden. Nevertheless, six years afterwards it was estimated that there were more than 5000 individuals in Paris subsisting on charity. The Parliament of Paris accordingly pronounced a stringent decree against vagabonds, loafers, and other dissolute persons who were continually flocking to the capital from Normandy, bringing with them the germs of disease and pestilence. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the idle population had considerably diminished; and in 1694 the entire number of mendicants, including women and children, did not exceed 3363. The magistrates of different towns were in the habit of exchanging lists of the bad characters banished from their respective boundaries; and at Laon it was customary to seize any one who returned without licence, and bury him upright in the ground up to the armpits on three consecutive Saturdays. On the evening of the third Saturday the offender was chased out of the town in a tumultuous manner, and warned that if he ever again was caught in that place he should be buried alive in good earnest. Persons and houses of ill-fame were assigned certain streets, and if the former were detected plying their vile trade beyond the limits of their unclean quarter, they were liable to be branded with a hot iron, set in the pillory, and turned out of the town. In 1368 women of this description were forbidden to wear either gold or silver ornaments; and at Amiens, in 1484, they were compelled to wear, not indeed a "scarlet letter," but an equivalent in the form of long red tags or points on the right arm above the elbow, and were interdicted the use of mantillas and scarves which might have covered the opprobrious symbol. The Provost of Paris was forbidden, in 1425, to appropriate for his own benefit the jewels and fine dresses secretly worn by women of this class, and which were liable to be seized by the police. Towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, the clergy were constrained to threaten with excommunication women of rank and position with whom it had become the fashion to go to mass in low-necked dresses with short sleeves, and even to wear masks in church. Sumptuary laws were ever and again enacted to restrain excessive expenditure on dress and ornaments, their frequent repetition proving their utter inefficacy. Thus Charles VIII. reserved velvets and silks for the nobility, and in 1525 husbands were enjoined to take heed to the "*accoutrements de leurs femmes*," as well as generally to regulate their expenditure by their means. Under both Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. several decrees were issued against rich laces, gold and silver ornaments, embroideries, and ribbons. No more than four rows of buttons were to be worn, while collars, ruffles, and lace-cuffs and frills were positively tabooed. The Grand Monarque, however, took silk buttons under his special protection, because their manufacture gave employment to a great number of poor persons in Languedoc, and put down the new fashion of having the buttons covered with the same material as the coat or dress on which they were sewn, though one would sup-



pose that these also would have furnished a livelihood to those who prepared them. The penalty for making cloth or stuff buttons, from and after the year 1695, was fixed at 500 livres; and for wearing them, at 300 livres; in the former case one-third to be given to the local hospitals, one-third to the informer, and one-third to the Crown; and in the latter to be divided equally between the Crown and the local hospitals. But the progress of luxury was not to be checked by either royal ordonnances or parliamentary decrees, especially while the Court set such a pernicious example. Severity, besides, was not only fitful but ridiculous, as where (A.D. 1700) a domiciliary visit was paid to the widow of a Paris banker, and her gilt mantelpiece clocks carried off by the police. One disastrous consequence of the fashionable extravagance of the times was the increase of suicides. By an old law the corpse of a suicide was attached to a hurdle and fastened by the feet to a cart, and in that condition, with the face downwards, dragged through the streets to the ordinary place of execution, where it was hanged by the feet from the gallows for four and twenty hours, after which it was thrown to the dogs and birds of prey. The property of the deceased was also confiscated.

Political economy was still in its infancy in the sixteenth century. There were statutes to regulate the most ordinary matters connected with trade, industry, and commerce. In 1558 two butchers at Toulouse were condemned to make an *amende honorable* on their knees, bareheaded, *en chemise*, and with a lighted torch in their hands. They were further warned not to repeat their offence on pain of death, and their offence was that they had sold within the city boundaries the flesh of cows and ewes, which it was lawful to sell only in the suburbs. Under Louis XIII. no bacon could be imported that had not been cured with salt from the royal warehouses. At Loudun bakers who offered bread for sale in the marketplace were obliged to dispose of the entire lot that same day, even though at a reduced price. So recently, again, as 1775, we find that 600 hairdressers were on the 18th August of that year admitted to the guild of master-barbers on payment to the public treasury of 600 livres each.

Theft, forgery, and fraud, were all severely punished. So late as 1713 a prisoner, convicted at Carcassonne of having stolen some wool, was led by the hangman with a rope round the neck, head and feet bare, through the town, and flogged as he went along till the blood flowed, and finally attached to a post with an iron collar round his neck, and exposed for four hours on a Saturday afternoon, as on that day operatives of all kinds drew their pay. In the thirteenth century, for a first offence, a thief lost an ear; for the second, a foot; and for the third, he was liable to be hanged; “*car l'on ne vient pas du gros au petit, mes du petit au gros.*” In 1309 a man was hanged on a charge of theft, but his innocence being subsequently established, his dead body was delivered to his nearest relatives, to whom the over-hasty magistrate was sentenced to pay

a fine of 100 livres tournois, the same amount being paid also to the king. In 1762 a woman, convicted of theft, was attached to a post by an iron collar, whipped with rods, and branded on the right shoulder with the letter V (*Voleuse*). For these varied operations the public executioner received 47 livres. Theft in a church was regarded as sacrilege, and was met by branding and the galleys for life. Forgers escaped with branding on the forehead and the pillory; but a literary man, Emmanuel Louis Lacoste, author of a "History of Spain," was for three days exposed in the pillory, branded, and sent to the galleys for life, for swindling, fabricating false lotteries, and writing scandalous libels. False weights and measures were an abomination unto the law-makers of the fourteenth century. In 1365 a corn-merchant of Douai was sentenced to the gallows for using two sets of measures, the one to buy, the other to sell withal. The sequel is pithily told—"tantost le jugement rendu, tantost pendu." French manufacturers, in the time of Louis XIV., were evidently less honourable men than their representatives in the present day; for in 1670 it was found necessary to promulgate a royal ordonnance, countersigned by Colbert, according to which all defective manufactures were to be exposed at a height of nine feet from the ground, with a placard inscribed with the name and surname of the weaver and his employer. At the expiration of eight and forty hours the condemned goods were taken down by the guilty parties and cut to pieces, burnt, or simply confiscated, as the case might be. For a second offence a public reprimand was administered; and for a third, the offenders were exposed, along with their wares, for two hours, bound to a post by an iron collar. Poachers were put in the pillory, and afterwards banished from the district. In the fifteenth century, if a husband accepted a thrashing from his wife, he was led through the town upon the back of a donkey; but it does seem rather hard that, in the absence of the real Simon Pure, the atonement should be exacted from a neighbour. This, however, is what happened in 1427, when a man named Arnault received, without returning it, a box on the ears from his wife; but, as he could not be found when wanted, his neighbour had to expiate his domestic cowardice. Bigamy was punished by death; and if a man had indulged in more than two wives at a time, he was first exposed to public derision with as many distaffs hanging from his neck as he had wives living. Adultery was dealt with in different ways at different epochs. In 1552 Verrier de Montbrison, being convicted of illicit intercourse with Martine, wife of Jehan Galliot, was sentenced to pay 200 livres to the king and 400 to the injured husband, to perpetual banishment from the kingdom, and his property was confiscated. The faithless wife was condemned to be confined in a nunnery for two years, during which time her husband was at liberty to take her back if he thought fit to do so. But if, at the close of this period of probation, he still refused to have anything to do with her, she was to be stripped naked and whipped with rods by the prioress and certain of the sisters; after which her

hair was to be cut off, and herself constrained to live as a nun for the rest of her days, forfeiting her dowry and all reversions to which she might otherwise have succeeded. Her husband, however, had to pay year by year to the convent the sum of sixty livres parisis for her maintenance. It has already been stated that the houses of traitors were usually pulled down or burnt, but the dwellings of convicted murderers were likewise destroyed. The houses of insolvents were marked by the outer door being taken off its hinges; and the Abbey of Compiègne was authorized to remove both doors and windows from the houses of those who were backward in paying their tithes and imposts. The residences of persons who were found guilty of holding communications with a public enemy were razed to the ground. A more terrible punishment naturally awaited commanders of towns, who surrendered the places entrusted to their custody before actual necessity could be pleaded in their defence. Thus, in 1591, the Viscount de Comblay was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle to the ordinary place of execution, and there hanged on the gallows, for having yielded up Château-Thierry to the king's enemies; the Viscount prudently kept out of the way. Again, in 1636, Baron du Bec, Governor of La Capelle, was found guilty of having cowardly surrendered that place, and was condemned to be torn to pieces by four horses, the several limbs to be hanged from four gibbets on the roads of Picardy, and his head fixed on a pike and set up over the Porte St. Denis. A similar doom for similar misconduct was denounced against Saint-Leger, Governor of Le Castelet. In both cases, however, the sentence was carried out upon an effigy. It may here be casually remarked that, upwards of two centuries prior to Dr. Guillotin's experiments, the instrument of death in Toulouse, and generally throughout Languedoc, was made on the principle of the Maiden, still exhibited in Edinburgh, and which did service in the time of the Regent Murray. It consisted of two upright timbers, between which was fitted a weighted axe that was let down suddenly and irresistibly upon the neck of the victim. The modern guillotine was tested for the first time on the 15th April, 1792, at Bicêtre, the subject being a human corpse.

Rational beings did not, however, monopolize the attention of the administrators of the law in France in the olden times. Animals, and even insects, came in for their share. In the year 1120 the Bishop of Laon thundered against a plague of caterpillars the same sentence of excommunication which the Council of Rheims had launched twelve months previously against the marriage of priests. In 1576 a swarm of caterpillars was formally tried before the Court of Troyes, an advocate being appointed for the defence, and being found guilty, were summoned to withdraw within six days on pain of being declared accursed and excommunicated. Several instances occur of pigs being hanged and their bodies reduced to ashes, for devouring little children, or for attacking grown persons; but in all cases, they first received a fair trial.



Until the time of the Revolution no punishment could well have been more terrible than that of simple imprisonment. Even debtors, and persons arrested for trifling offences in Paris, were thrown into cells below the level of the river, and into which the water was continually dropping by filtration through the vaulted roof. Some of these dens, barely five feet by six, and so low that they could only be entered on all fours, held as many as five prisoners at a time, the air being admitted by a tiny opening over the doorway, while almost utter darkness reigned within. The jailers also were, as a rule, devoid of pity, and plundered and starved the wretched beings placed in their power. On this point no more need be said than that they purchased their functions for very considerable sums of money, which they naturally recovered as best they could from their prisoners. Cold, darkness, thirst, hunger, and helplessness, together combined to render death a merciful release from the burden of life.

The "question," as torture was euphemistically designated, was applied in many ways. Very commonly the fingers were squeezed and crushed between two pieces of wood, or the feet or legs were similarly treated in an instrument ironically termed *brodequin* or boot, into which wedges were driven by violent blows until the limb was reduced to a mass of bleeding pulp. At other times the suspected criminal, his hands and feet being bound behind his back, would be hoisted by ropes to a considerable height, and then suddenly let fall to within a short distance of the ground, so that the whole weight of the body came upon the wrists and ancles, and caused exquisite agony. And this manœuvre would be repeated again and again, until a confession, more or less imaginative, was wrung from the poor maddened wretch, or until his senses momentarily gave way under the intolerable anguish. The innocent or the obstinate would, on certain occasions, have a red hot cross pressed upon their lips in horrible blasphemy; or they would be suspended by their thumbs, with heavy weights attached to their feet; or their feet would be thrust into boots soaked in fat, and held before a blazing fire. In other cases the rack would be called into requisition, and every limb pulled out of joint; or a cord would be twisted tighter and tighter round the forehead; or the quivering flesh would be cut into by ropes drawn taut by a lever, or torn by red hot pincers. Scarcely less insufferable was the question by water, when jugful after jugful of water was poured down the throat of the prisoner bound down immovably upon a kind of wooden or iron trestle. These and other forms of torture were constantly practised even so late as the commencement of the great Revolution, when they were swept away with so many other relics of barbarism.

The hangman—or "exécuteur de la haulte justice du Roi nostre Sire"—was usually well paid for his ghastly work. In the beginning of the fifteenth century Jehan Quartier, at Meaux, received nine sols tournois for cutting off the ear of a poultry-stealer; while Pierre Français, at Evreux, got ten coins of the same value for

hanging one Gardin Hachenvol, "condempné par jugement solempnel pour ses démerites." In 1411 twenty sols tournois, and twelve deniers to pay for his gloves, were given to the executioner at Rouen for dragging a criminal on a hurdle from the prison to the foot of the gallows, and thereon suspending him. In 1420 the same official was allowed twenty sols for beheading a man of gentle blood, ten for hanging the corpse, five for dragging it on a hurdle, two more for the hurdle itself, and twelve for gloves; in all forty-nine sols, a considerable sum in those days. Sometimes an additional five sols were given for the spear on which was transfixed and exposed the head of the decapitated criminal. And the price of labour rose as time went on. In 1510 thirty sols tournois were handed over to Bernard Gasquet, "maistre d'œuvre de la haulte justice de Tholouse," for flogging a fellow through the town, and then cutting off his right hand. Two years later Estienne Jeanton Faure, also of Toulouse, acknowledges the receipt of 2 livres 10 sols 6 deniers tournois, for sharpening and furbishing the great knife with which the heads and limbs of malefactors were cut off, and for supplying the hooks and pegs by which the several parts of the human frame were attached to posts set up for the purpose. A regular stipend, however, appears to have been paid by way of retainer, for in 1535 the hangman of Rouen signs a receipt for six livres, being his half-year's salary. In the seventeenth century the civic authorities of Amiens kept a graduated scale of recompenses for the "sergent de la haute justice;" to wit, sixty crowns per annum, twenty-five from the king and thirty-five from the town, paid in advance, month by month; moreover, five Amiens ells of cloth for a coat, free lodgment, and a measure of corn at Christmas and at Easter. By way of extras, the "sergent" was to have fifteen sols for flogging a prisoner under the curtain of the city walls; twenty for whipping him through the town; five for the rope put round the neck of the said criminal; twenty for branding, including the cost of the fire; sixty for hanging and strangling; sixty for taking the body down from the gallows and rehanging it in the open country; forty for cutting off a right hand; forty for slicing and cutting out a tongue; a crown and twenty sols for decapitation, and the same amount for exposing the head and body according to the sentence; forty for breaking on the wheel; a crown and twenty sols for boiling a person, whether dead or alive, and an equal sum for burning at the stake, whether alive or dead—materials of every kind being found by the executioner, who also enjoyed the monopoly of flaying dead horses, five sols each, unless the owner of the carcase preferred to strip off the hide with his own hands. On the other hand, he was forbidden to help himself, as his predecessors were wont to do, to things offered for sale in the public market-place, even though a criminal were executed that same day in the midst of the busy throng. But enough and to spare of this tale of horrors.

## BERMUDA.

### CHAPTER I.

THE oldest colony Great Britain possesses, the Bermudas or Somers Islands, were discovered by a Spaniard named Joaz Bermudez, in 1527. Our readers are perhaps aware that this far-famed cluster, encircled by a zone of coral reefs, lies in the Atlantic Ocean in latitude  $32^{\circ} 15' N.$  and  $64^{\circ} 51' W.$ , between 700 and 800 miles from the West Indies and Halifax, but only about 500 miles from Cape Hatteras in North Carolina. The group extends from N.E. to S.W., and at either extremity lie the spacious harbours of St. George's and Hamilton, while the principal islands, St. George's, Hamilton, Somerset, Watford, Boaz, and Ireland, are, with one exception, connected by bridges.

A gentleman named Henry May, cast upon their shores in 1593, is said to have written their first history; and a few years later Admiral Sir George Somers was shipwrecked there, and took formal possession of them for the reigning English monarch, James I. In 1620 the representative form of Government was introduced, and to this day Bermuda has its Governor, or King, its Legislative Council (or House of Lords), and its House of Assembly (or House of Commons), the latter having the astonishing number of thirty-six members, though there are not 1000 electors in the islands. Bear in mind this extraordinary fact, ye Reformers who wish to curtail the number of members the counties and boroughs of Great Britain and Ireland return to serve in the House of Commons! The colonists are said to have suffered great inconvenience from the want of food and the necessaries of life during the American war with England, and we ought also to mention that while England in Cromwell's time was devastated by civil war, Waller the poet, and other exiles, found a tranquil residence in the islands, the poet immortalizing the little archipelago in his celebrated description.

Aptly termed the Gibraltar of the West, these islands are invaluable to Great Britain as a rendezvous and depôt for her North American squadron and as a military strategetical fortress between Halifax and the West Indies. The dockyard, though a small one, is of paramount importance to the navy, and the celebrated Bermuda Iron Dock has already received into its ample



space the admiral's flag-ship, and other vessels of mighty calibre when they required repairs.

In 1825 a convict establishment for male convicts was instituted, but as it was broken up in 1863 and the writer had opportunities of observing how the scheme was worked, some details might interest the general reader. One object of the establishment was to get a certain amount of public work executed by convict labour. The usual contract system of carrying out works was practically impossible, owing to the paucity of civilian labourers, and the amount of available military labour was but limited. At present a portion of two regiments and several companies of the Royal Engineers are with good advantage employed in the construction of the fortifications, of which we will speak by and by.

The convicts lived partly in hulks and partly in prison buildings, and were right well medically and spiritually attended, admirably housed and fed; though 1lb. of meat was, and is now, considered a sufficient ration for the soldiers, the convicts received  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of excellent meat and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of bread,  $\frac{1}{2}$  gill of rum, and a certain allowance of whatever vegetables were in season, and as they were kept at work as much as possible in the shade, and their hours of labour, even in summer, were only from 7.30 a.m. to noon and from 1.30 p.m. to 5.30, (the time marching to and from the works being deducted from those hours), the soldiers used sometimes to entertain a vague notion that the convicts were better off than they were.

The governor of the islands was *ex officio* supreme chief of the convict establishment. On one occasion it fell to his lot to suppress a mutiny, which he did in such a prompt and efficacious manner that the convicts did not repeat the experiment. For certain reasons these gentry did not only shirk work, but declined to march from their dwellings. His Excellency having duly appeared, a further but unsuccessful attempt was made to persuade them to resume their duties and march four deep, as usual, to their work; the leading four were then tied to the triangles one after the other, and amidst considerable yelling on their part received a severe flogging with a cat-o'-nine-tails; the convicts still declining to give in, the next four received a like punishment, and also the next. Finding that his Excellency was determined to persevere and that the supply of "cats" was not "limited," the convicts returned to their duty and the strike ended. In 1855 the convicts rendered praiseworthy aid in extinguishing a fire that threatened most of the dockyard with destruction, and many of them clambered like cats over the roofs to bring the hose of the fire-engine to bear upon the flames. The fire was put out after causing damage to the amount of 8000*l.* or 9000*l.*

However, the establishment, governed by a controller and his deputy, aided by a large staff of officials, was a costly affair; but its buildings have made excellent and much needed barracks and quarters for the military, and as they are the best in Bermuda, it is

rumoured that it may perhaps come to pass, as one of the "queer things of the service," that the Control Department may eject the military and other occupants, and secure them as dwellings for themselves.

Although boats are the great medium of communication between the different islands, fatal accidents are almost unknown. In 1859 a curious one, that might have had a terrible ending, occurred to the heavy flat-bottomed ferry-boat that plies between St. George's and Paget's Islands. Her soldier crew of two men were rowing to the St. George's shore late one evening, when a sudden squall off the land blew the boat a few yards out to sea. The soldiers, finding their efforts to bring her to the usual landing-place were futile, jumped overboard, and one reached the shore; the other did not like to see the boat drifting away, and when in shallow water turned round and swam after her. He soon reached her and scrambled on board, and the boat steadily drifted out to sea. His more fortunate comrade reached the barracks and gave the alarm; but there was then no steamer in St. George's harbour and no telegraph to communicate with the dockyard. A messenger was, however, despatched to the Naval Superintendent, and at daybreak H.M.S. "Kite" departed in search of the unwilling wanderer. He was found twenty miles from Bermuda drifting about the ocean, and told those who picked him up that he had never been alarmed, as he felt certain aid would come. The "Kite" in due time returned, dressed with flags in honour of the successful search, and the gallant navigator received quite an ovation from his admiring comrades. About twenty years before either that ferry-boat or its predecessor was carried out to sea with its crew, and when they were found they were dead. It is supposed they had pushed the boat into deep waters intending to bathe (for their clothes were found on shore), and discovered too late that the oars had been left behind. This took place about midsummer, and when discovered it was manifest that they had been roasted to death by the tropical sun.

A great event in the "History of Bermuda" was the visit of English Royalty to its shores in the person of Prince Alfred, then a midshipman on board H.M.S. "St. George," in May, 1861. For some weeks before his arrival all classes had been exerting themselves to secure his Royal Highness such a hearty welcome as should befit the occasion. The House of Assembly aided matters by voting 700*l.* out of the annual revenue of only 15,000*l.*, and on the 6th May his Royal Highness landed on a jetty specially prepared for his reception (opposite the town of Hamilton), tastefully decorated with tropical shrubs and flowers, and spanned by an arch of cedar and palmetto boughs, and entwined with garlands of oleander, while along its crown ran the inscription "Victoria's noble son." When his Royal Highness proceeded along the front street of Hamilton to the public buildings the route was lined by a most curious assemblage of every shade of colour, from the Englishman to that of the darkest negro. The verandahs of all houses from which a glimpse

could be obtained of the procession were shrouded in evergreens, dotted with rich floral decorations, and thronged by many lovely young ladies whose fingers had been unsparing in the work of decoration. Flags waved on every house, and numerous were the forms that loyalty had adopted to express its gratification on this occasion. On the 8th May a regatta was held opposite Government House. The Bermuda boats beat admirably, as they sail very close to the wind. The rig is peculiar—a mast nearly double the length of the boat and “stepped” far forward, raking considerably, and a huge mainsail, with jib in proportion. In fair weather, “beating,” they can carry in addition a gaff-topsail and flying-jib, and going to leeward a square-sail. On this occasion the boats were divided into classes according to their sizes, and six contended in the first class and ten in the second and third classes. The 1st prize of the 1st class was adjudged to the “Lotus,” and the 2nd to the “Eliza.” The 1st prize of the 2nd class was carried off by the “Nameless,” and the 2nd prize by the “Coquette;” while the 1st prize of the 3rd class fell to the “Dolphin,” and the 2nd to the “Gladiator.” We trust our readers will pardon our inserting these details, but we thought the perusal of these waifs of the past might give pleasure to several valued friends.

On the last day of the state visit the Bermuda spring manœuvres took place, taking, like the English autumn ones, the form of a sham fight. The theatre of operation was the north shore of St. George. About ten a.m. the enemy’s fleet, consisting of all the ancient gunboats and tugs that could be mustered, approached the shore, but a heavy artillery fire being opened upon them from Forts Victoria and Catherine, they retreated, returning the fire. The boats of the fleet were now manned by marines, and under cover of the guns of the squadron they advanced in two lines to the coast. When about 300 yards distant some field-guns, and the rifles of the Royal Engineers and 39th Regiment, poured in a heavy fire, and as the occupants of the boats were supposed to have suffered heavy loss they withdrew. Subsequently, a landing was attempted farther to the eastward, but being again repelled, the fleet retreated in good order and bore away for the dockyard.

Before his Royal Highness took final leave he was entertained at a *déjeuner* by the officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. The banquet was laid in a huge marquee pitched in the mess-garden. It had been lined with flags and left open at both ends, which were supported by arches, one bearing the royal motto worked in white flowers on a red ground, and the other the proud motto of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, “Ubique, quo fas et gloria ducunt,” framed in scarlet letters on a dark blue ground.

It was not until 1866-67 that the electric telegraph was laid round Bermuda. About 18,000 messages are annually sent. Single needle instruments are used, and the whole is under the care of the Royal Engineers.

There are eleven telegraph offices, and all private telegraphs are



charged at the uniform rate of 1*s.* for twenty words and 6*d.* for every additional ten, or part of ten words, with a small charge for portorage.

The 19th September, 1871, was a gala day. A long-talked of causeway, which was several years in building, connecting the old and new capitals—St. George's and Hamilton—was opened by his Excellency Major-General Lefroy, Royal Artillery, who, in reviewing its history and probable future, happily observed in his answer to the mayor and corporation that St. George's and Hamilton were "now linked together in the golden link of brotherhood, stronger than ancient jealousy and physical obstacles, and thenceforth pledged to no other rivalry but that of civil improvement and commercial enterprise."

Much has been said and written about "yellow fever," which at uncertain periods breaks out. It is probable that the earliest epidemic occurred in 1699. Another broke out in 1780, a third in 1796, and a fourth in 1812; but their history and origin are enveloped in much obscurity. At length came a very fatal epidemic extending from one year to another—1818-19.

Many healthy years followed; but in 1843 a terrible mortality took place. In one company of the Royal Engineers—ninety strong—there were thirty-three deaths.

An intimate friend has told that he had been ill of yellow fever for two or three days, and while lying in a state of stupor, and believed to be at the point of death, the verandah round his house was converted into a coffin store, and he could hear persons putting corpses in them. His nerves must be wonderfully strong, for he is now alive and well.

Ten healthy years passed by, but in 1853 yellow fever came again, and fifteen officers, 297 soldiers, twenty-nine soldiers' wives, and thirty children, exclusive of a large number of civilians, died; indeed, several persons were dead and buried after a few hours' illness.

In 1856 an outbreak occurred late in the season, and if we remember rightly about 900 were attacked, but only seventy died. In 1864 the fever once more broke out, and this time unfortunately early in the summer. The islands were thronged by "blockade-runners" and their crews, and there was abundant food for the destroying angel.

We cannot give our readers a better conception of the suffering among the military than by quoting the *official* report of Surgeon Barrow, published in a "Blue Book" in 1865, and laid before both Houses of Parliament. He states there that when he arrived in Bermuda—

"On account of the rapid and sudden influx of sick, I found the general hospital to be exceedingly overcrowded; there were seventy men in the building, which could not properly accommodate thirty-five. The sick were not only lying round the wards, but may be said to have covered the entire floor.

"This required remedying without delay. I do not know any sight more appalling than the wards of an hospital crowded with yellow-fever patients; it is

as ghastly a spectacle as a field-hospital after a sanguinary engagement. The totally altered expression of countenance is remarkable in many cases; anxious in some, bloated in others; the suffused eyes, yellowness of the skin, the oozing of the black blood from their gums, or from their nostrils or ears, or in conjunction, give a peculiarly hideous appearance to the sufferers. *Here*, a strong man is seen in violent convulsions, rapidly followed by black vomit and death. *There*, may be seen one lying in a state of calm and utter indifference to everything around him; a sudden turn of the head, followed by a forcible ejection of the inky vomit, too surely indicate his approaching end. Delirious mutterings are heard on all sides."

We hope we have not appalled our readers too greatly; but we beg they will remember we have told the simple truth.

It is a disputed question whether yellow fever is imported into Bermuda or whether it originates there; but the general opinion of those best qualified to judge is that it is *imported*. It has been clearly proved that before the outbreaks of 1843, 1853, 1856, and 1864, ships with yellow-fever patients on board were there, and had more or less communication with the shore. Whether imported or not, it certainly remains when brought; and there are several ill-drained filthy localities in Hamilton and St. George's, as well as certain marshes, which exhale noisome miasma, forming fertile hotbeds for its maintenance and spread in the sultry months of July, August, and September. European doctors give large doses of calomel, and if it does not drive away the fever the patient soon dies; should he recover, the baneful effects of the calomel are long felt. We know one officer who has lost the sight of an eye from yellow fever. The local remedies, and by far the best, are to put the patient into a warm bath with plenty of mustard in it and give him warm lemonade and sage-tea to drink.

In the fever of 1853 several English children of gentle birth lost both parents, and it was owing to the kindness of a few residents, who would not wish their names written here, that they were provided with the necessaries of life and sent to their relatives in the old country.

It has been fully ascertained that yellow fever cannot exist in a cold climate, and in consequence the Admiralty have now a standing order that if yellow fever breaks out in any of her Majesty's ships when at sea, the captain can at once run to the north, and if necessary, touch the ice, and thus stop the fell disease.

Should yellow fever break out in Bermuda in July, August, or September, there is only *one* sure way to save the lives of the soldiers, viz. despatch all the troops *at once* to Halifax, and leave the island under the care of the civil police. So long as Bermuda be governed by an officer like the present general, who would not be afraid to take upon himself the responsibility of prompt action in emergent circumstances, the military may rest assured they have a good friend in him, and that their lives will never be sacrificed to any paltry consideration of expenditure for providing the necessary transport for removal should such exigency arise, and though there may be "queer things in the service" even in Bermuda, and though the "constructor system," so ably treated by "Captain

Dyehard" in a recent well-known work, may be rampant there; yet with the enormous control staff of no less than twelve officers, with its small army of subordinates, possibly all crooked paths in the time of an epidemic would be made straight.

A more genial topic is that of the migratory and native birds.

Large flocks of various varieties quit the American continent on the approach of winter to seek a milder and more southern climate, and they often meet contrary gales in the neighbourhood of the Gulf Stream.

Portions of the flocks become scattered, and some find their way to Bermuda and remain a few days in the sandy bays and creeks that skirt the shores. Then sportsmen and naturalists sally forth and meet with different degrees of success.

Duck, golden and other plover, snipe (*Scolopax gallinula*), sand-pipers (*Totanus hypopholeucos*), sometimes owls, occasionally eagles, the osprey (*Syrnia nyctea*), water-thrush (*Seiurus norebokacensis*), and a great variety of others too numerous to mention, are the principal visitors. The writer recently shot a Virginian dove, a bird rarely seen among the visitors. Herons and crows may be met with all the year round, so perhaps may be considered to be "native birds."

The crows are voted such a nuisance that an Act of the Colonial Parliament has been passed for their extirpation, and 2s. 6d. is paid out of the Colonial Treasury for each crow that may be brought dead to the proper authority. However, the crows build their nests in trees upon islets rarely visited, so that their numbers do not visibly decrease, though some are shot from time to time. During the breeding season the boatswain or longtail birds (*Phaeton æthereus*) are seen in large numbers flying round the rocks (in the clefts they have deposited their mottled eggs) or roving about the ocean in search of small fish, upon which they feed; and very handsome look these white birds, with their black-tipped wings and two delicate fawn-coloured feathers in their tails, as they dart and skim through the air in the neighbourhood of their nests.

They are difficult to shoot by reason of their thick feathers, and are easily captured in the holes of the rocks (sitting upon their eggs) by pushing in a stick or rag and jerking them out when they bite the article, taking, by the way, particular care they do not bite your finger with their powerful yellow beak.

Some years ago a gentleman passing through Bermuda was anxious to obtain a few specimens, and was sufficiently unwary to advertise that he would pay 2s. 6d. apiece for any that might be brought him; and he was soon in possession of a boat-load, for which he had to pay several pounds, with the consolation of hearing that the public verdict was "Served him right!"

Some years ago the Virginian partridge was brought to Bermuda, and the birds are said to be thriving and increasing and to be well suited to the climate, or rather that the climate is well suited to them.



The native birds deserve notice. They are the blue and red birds, cat or mocking-bird, ground-dove, chick-of-the-village, and the kingfisher. They are protected by a local law; persons destroying them being fined. The blue-bird (*Sialia*), about the size of a sparrow, has a good deal of blue plumage on its back and wings and the upper part of the breast, and its pleasant note is frequently heard as it roams among the cedar-trees and garden shrubs looking for worms or berries. It builds its nest of dry grass on low trees or bushes, and idle boys, we fear, often take the blue eggs.

The red-bird (*Cardinalis rubra*), called also the Virginian night-ingle, looks remarkably handsome in his gaudy red plumage when he is perched on a dark cedar bough, which well contrasts with his bright plumage. The cock bird has a fine crest of scarlet feathers which he can raise or depress at pleasure. He is so fond of corn that he is readily captured in a simple trap, and if his captor is not careful in handling him he will receive a painful bite from the strong, hooked, and reddish beak. The eggs, a delicate white thickly covered with brown spots, are about the size of those of a dove, and the nest, like that of the "blue bird," is usually formed of dried grass.

The cat-bird's pussy-cat-like note is often heard at daybreak, but as his description and that of the kingfisher can be read in most ornithological works, we now pass in review the "ground-dove" and "chick-of-the-village." The former birds are generally seen in pairs, and are very tame, and when disturbed rarely fly more than a few yards.

The plumage over the body is grey, the wings and tail being bordered with dark feathers; its beak is black and its legs reddish-white.

The chick-of-the-village looks very like an English wren. It is only three inches from its bill to its tail, and has dark eyes and legs, the plumage being brown. The eggs are white, and their ends look as if they had been dusted with black pepper.

A remarkable bird, called in Bermuda the "cahow," has been occasionally found, and as we believe standard works of natural history are silent about them, we are tempted to give some details.

In a book published in 1629 the cahow is thus alluded to by John Smith, the Governor, as if it were a mysterious bird:—

"The cahow," he narrates, "is a bird of the night, for all the day she lies hid in holes in the rocks, where they and their young are also taken with as much ease as may be, but in the night, if you but whoop and hollo they will light upon you, that with your hands you may chuse the fat and leave the leane; those they have only in winter. Their eggs are white."

Another writer, in 1738, thus speaks of them:—

"Birds are equally abundant and various, many of the species peculiar to the islands; the most singular was one called cownow or cowhie, about the size of a plover, which come forth only in the

darkest nights of November and December, hovering over the shore and making a strange hollow and harsh howling. The most approved mode of taking them was by standing on rocks by the seashore, whooping, hallooing, and making the strongest outcries, which attracted the birds until they settled upon the person of the hunter."

Birds supposed to be identical with the cahow described by Governor John Smith have occasionally been found in clefts upon Gurnet's Head Rock; a craggy limestone rock, very difficult to land upon by reason of its being exposed to the ocean swell. The scientific description of the birds may be summed up thus:—

Upper surface of body, head, beak, wings, and tail, a dull black; under-surface of same, white; eyes and feet jet black, webbed in the foot, with three toes, and no kind of claw or spur; weighs  $8\frac{1}{4}$  oz., measures  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the root of bill to end of tail, and  $14\frac{3}{4}$  inches from the tip of either wing; bill  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch long, black and very hard, the upper mandible turned over the under like a hook; the egg is white and similar to that of a wood-pigeon. They lay in holes or under projecting points of rock, making no nest. The male and female are invariably found in the same hole, and probably take turn and turn about in the process of incubation. They appear to see imperfectly in the day, and to live on vegetable matter. In some respects they resemble the dusky shearwater (*Puffinus bliscurus*) found in the Calf of Man and the Scilly Isles.

There are plenty of fish in the Bermuda waters, but if we were to make a list of them it would probably contain 160 names, and therefore refrain out of consideration to our readers. Hog-fish, grouper, angel, snapper, mullet, and mackerel are most frequently met with. As an experiment, we tried the effect of fifteen ounces of gun-cotton where a number were congregated in water ten feet deep around an old wreck. The result was most successful. We secured seventy; stunned by the explosion, they floated to the surface, where they were readily secured.

## AN ALTERNATIVE IN COLONIAL POLICY.

BY P. S. HAMILTON.

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EVERY intelligent man in the British Empire, who has given any serious thought to the subject, must, ere this, have arrived at the conclusion that the now existing relations between the Mother Country and her greater and more important colonies cannot continue much longer. To suppose that such could be the case is to ignore what we have ever found to be the dictates of human nature. As it is repugnant to the feelings of the individual to walk with docility in leading-strings, be they held ever so gently, after he has come to feel the vigour and strength of manhood, so is it with communities of men. It is no discredit either to the individual or the community that such is the case. When a large and prosperous colony—an off-shot from the Mother Country—has reached a certain condition of national virility, the particular character of which it is needless for us here to describe, nothing can be more natural, nothing less discreditable, than that it should desire to take a position *beside* the parent state in some capacity, feeling a like independence and bearing similar responsibilities. This we must look for in the natural course of things, supposing that there is no special and exceptional reason for objecting to a continuation of the state of pupillage or forced dependence. But suppose that there is some such special and exceptional reason ; in that case it is superfluous to say that there is still less cause for wonder if the rising colony evinces a disposition to assert its own individuality in some shape.

A number of what it has been customary to call *dependencies* of the British Crown now have, or certainly begin to think they have, attained to this condition of what we have called *national virility*. Some of them have attained to this condition by a slow growth, gradually gathering and hoarding their strength, by reason of the circumstances under which they were placed, and not through any design. It may be that, as a consequence, they possess greater strength and more latent vigour than they themselves are aware of. Others, owing to circumstances of a very different character, have sprung up with a rapidity and brilliancy, and have attained a political magnitude, which have startled the world as the sudden appearance



of a brilliant meteor in the heavens might do. Some appear to be in the habit of weighing themselves and experimentally trying their own powers, like the young bird poisoning itself, flapping its little wings, and doubtless wondering whether it really could fly or not, if it tried, before it really essays a serious flight. Others jog along in a more stolid unconsciousness of the strength that is within them. It would be easy for us to cite examples from the list of our colonies to illustrate these various characteristics, and others equally marked; but to do so would be to indulge in a sort of personality which might be put down under that class called offensive. If we have any particular object in referring to this subject, which here presses upon our own recollection, it is to say that to him who gives them his study, these several colonies will be found to have their several distinct characteristics as clearly marked as those of the individual men of his acquaintance. The greater, more irresistible would be the effect upon the world if they were combined spontaneously and cordially in one nation for ever; or, let us say, until we are compelled to believe that such cannot be the case, the greater and more irresistible *will be* the effect.

In speaking of certain unnamed colonies feeling their own strength and beginning to look forward to their own possible future, we by no means intend to insinuate that any one of our numerous colonies really wishes to sever its connexion with the Mother Country. We see no reason to believe that any one of them, small or great, cherishes any such wish as yet; and if this view is well founded, we have here an important fact which should never be lost sight of by those who, either practically or theoretically, venture any comprehensive dealings in British Colonial politics. We repeat, however, it is both natural and creditable that such political entities—we know not exactly what to call them—as Canada, South Africa, the several so-called Australasian colonies, and New Zealand—each possessing the elements of an empire within itself, and each animated by the old British spirit, should begin to cast about them with anxious thoughts as to what their future is to be.

What is it to be? The question has been put in the pages of this magazine before, and an Imperial-Colonial policy has herein been advocated from which it is no part of our purpose in the present paper to diverge. Only in dealing with so very comprehensive a subject as that of Britain's future colonial system, we must restrict ourself, for the present, to considering it with especial reference to one of those *political entities* just mentioned—the Dominion of Canada. We have hinted above at special and exceptional reasons, in addition to those growing out of the natural development of our greater colonies, which might prompt them to look about eagerly for some improvement of their relations, and for some mode of effecting an improvement of those relations, with the parent state. In Canada, as we recently endeavoured to show, one

does not have far to search in order to find such special reasons.<sup>1</sup> The negotiating and confirmation of the Washington Treaty were the culmination of a long series of acts of England towards the aggregation of colonies now making up the Dominion of Canada, concerning which we will here only say that they were eminently calculated to make the Canadians earnestly desire some improvement of their relations with the land of their forefathers. Ever since 1783 the Canadians have had to bear the brunt of the hostility towards England of the most persistent enemy which, during all that time, England has had upon earth. Having so recently dwelt upon the subject, we do not here purpose recounting all of loss and indignity that Canada has suffered in the armed contests, and still more in the diplomatic negotiations between England and the United States. The memory of them is now vividly and painfully revived through this last, worst indignity and substantial injury combined—the Washington Treaty.

It is simply superfluous to talk of the loyalty of the people of Canada to their sovereign. To discuss it as a question would be about as profitable as to discuss that of the people of England themselves. The history of the Canadians, brief although it is as yet, affords us a thousand convincing proofs of that loyalty, and of proofs afforded oftentimes under the most trying circumstances. On the other hand, we may search in vain for evidences of any single instance of their disloyalty as a people. We can scarcely with justice charge any individual Canadian of eminence that has yet lived with any single act of disloyalty. Even the insurgents of 1837-38 were but a handful as compared with the whole population even of the limited districts where the disturbances took place; and their insurrectionary acts were rather the transient ebullition of anger growing out of excessive party-spirit than the result of any deliberate design. Probably there were none by whom that inconsequential outbreak was regretted more sincerely than by those who took part in it, as soon as the heat of the moment was past.

We have often, of late years, heard mention made of an "Annexation Party" in Canada, by which is meant a party favourable to the annexation of that country to the United States of America. We must here, at the outset, say emphatically and advisedly that no "Annexation Party" of Canadians has any existence. For some years past strenuous efforts have been made in certain quarters to make the world believe to the contrary, and also, we must add, to give the world cause to believe to the contrary. Our cousins of the United States—especially those belonging socially to the middle and lower classes, and therefore comprising the great mass of the nation—are diligent political propagandists, wherever found. A very common practice among the millions of politicians of that country is to assume that that exists

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<sup>1</sup> "Canada and the Washington Treaty," April, 1873.

which they would fain have exist. The drift of such a policy is so obvious that it cannot long be expected to be successful in results, except among the very unsophisticated. Still that of which we speak has become almost a national habit. Wishing that Canada may be annexed to their country, it has pleased the people of the United States to assume that the Canadians were pining for such annexation, trusting doubtless that the Canadians would eventually be led to believe it themselves.

It is notorious that ever since the United States attained their independence they have earnestly coveted the possession of the British North American Provinces. For a time it was hoped that the latter could be obtained possession of by conquest, a conviction which accounts for the war of 1812-13-14. All attempts at conquest having proved futile, a different policy was pursued. A system of encroaching upon Canadian rights upon all possible occasions was persistently followed, the records of which system may be found in the several treaties which have been negotiated between England and the United States. Whilst one effect of these encroachments and of their sanction by that guardian power which should have forbidden them was to materially benefit the republican confederation, it was believed by the crafty republicans that another result would be to cause a wide-spread and deep-rooted dissatisfaction among the colonists, by reason of the way in which their best and dearest interests were slighted or countenanced by the Mother Country, in deference to the request—oftentimes the demands—of a rival, if not a hostile, power; and in this they have been perfectly correct. Another anticipated result was that this dissatisfaction would make the Canadians ready to throw themselves into the arms of the United States; but in this the Yankees have been entirely wrong. The Canadians have been habitually reminded, sometimes with reproaches and sneers, of England's contemptuous disregard of their feelings and interests; whilst, at the same time, the advantages, real and pretended, of annexation to the United States, have been kept flaunting before their eyes in glowing colours. All has been in vain. A few insignificant political journals, ostensibly Canadian, but really owned, or mainly supported, by parties in the United States, have, of late years, been started as advocates of the cause of annexation; but they have reached a hasty dissolution, or have found it expedient to change their political tone. Organizations of professing annexationists have been attempted, with a view to propagandism; but they have failed to exhibit any cohesiveness at the outset, or have helplessly and rapidly crumbled away afterwards. Of late, the most zealous of the annexationist emissaries, men who have gone from the United States into Canada to inquire into and report upon the prospects of the cause, have themselves been constrained to avow that the Canadians have no wish to be annexed—that there is no such thing as an "Annexation Party" in Canada, a conclusion in which every person at all familiar with the feelings



and principles of Canadian people knows that they are perfectly correct. An occasional hasty and petulant exclamation of some thoughtless speaker, temporarily angered with "the powers that be," is the only indication of annexation proclivities which the most diligent seeker is likely to meet with throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion of Canada.

What, then, are the speculations of the Canadians themselves as to their future? It is not improbable that in Canada, as in most other countries, a large proportion of the people—perhaps a majority—have never given much thought to the question of their national future, and have no very definite wishes upon the subject, their minds being absorbed each with his distinct personal affairs and with the exigencies of the present. But there is every reason to believe that, with the more intelligent and better-informed class—a class which, in Canada, comprises as large a proportion of the total population as can be found in any other country in the world, if not larger—the future political *status* of their country is a subject of much serious thought and anxiety. Owing to the great political changes which have taken place within the past six years, calculated as they are to waken up the most lethargic minds of the country to a sense of the novelty of their position and responsibilities, and owing further to the admirable educational system in operation throughout the Dominion, this class is rapidly enlarging and extending downwards.

The question which is now ever present to the thoughtful minds of that country, is, shall Canada—*must* Canada become entirely severed from Great Britain and set up as an independent power, or not? It is now no secret that there is an "Independent Party" in that dominion; and it is well known that among the avowed advocates of independence are many gentlemen who are looked up to as, intellectually and by virtue of their great attainments, among the very first in the land, men of vast personal influence, some of whom have occupied the highest positions which their country had at its disposal. So much is notorious, although it would be little better than an idle conjecture to pretend to say, at the present time, what proportion of the Canadian people favour the plan of independence. We have good reasons, however, for advancing the statement that where, before the publication of the Washington Treaty, the independents could be counted by units, they now number hundreds. When that last heavy blow fell upon Canada, following so many others of a like character, but more immediately succeeding such oft-repeated asseverations of good-will and promises of protection towards that country on the part of the Government, legislators, and press of England, thousands of the best men of Canada, who had never before wavered in their faith in the old Mother Country, now felt that their trust could remain no longer. They had persisted in believing in that old land of their fathers, and in the good faith of those brothers of theirs beyond the Atlantic; they had made divers excuses to themselves

for the previous acts of injustice of which they had apparent good cause to complain; they would not believe that such things could occur again; but when this 'last blow fell upon them, they felt that it was "hoping against hope" to renew this trust once more. In bitterness of heart, yet still "more in sorrow than in anger," they felt that thenceforth they must put their trust in themselves alone, after God. This feeling was in nowise inconsistent with that of the same devoted loyalty to their Queen which they had ever felt; nor did it even prevent some of them from voting for the ratification of the Washington Treaty in Parliament, when the earnest appeal so to do was made to them on behalf of the Imperial Government.

The people of Canada are not unfamiliar with the project of a "Re-organization of the British Empire" on the plan of a vast confederacy, which has, from time to time, been put before the British public, of late years, and which has been repeatedly advocated in these pages. Indeed if we mistake not, this scheme was first propounded through the British North American press; and we yet occasionally see it advocated through that press with an earnestness and ability not unworthy of so grand a cause. Does the scheme meet with general favour amongst the Canadian people? If required to speak from direct proofs, we should be obliged to say we did not know. No one in Canada, so far as we have been able to learn, has yet uttered aught against the suggested plan of re-organization of the empire. So far as any opinions have there been made public as to the merits of the scheme itself, it has been regarded with something stronger than approval, and has been warmly—even enthusiastically advocated. But, for the last ten years, the political cogitations of the Canadian people, as a body, have been well-nigh monopolized by considerations of a more immediately pressing nature. Within that period they have passed through an extraordinary revolution; and, as is but natural to suppose, the agitation which led to and eventuated in the union of the North American Colonies, the discussion of the terms of that union itself, and the working out of its many novel provisions, have withheld men's minds in a great measure from projecting themselves into the distant future, to learn what might there be the possibilities of their country. Quite recently indeed, their case has become different; and circumstances have compelled them to reflect gravely upon the problem—what is to become of them?

Not from direct and positive evidences, but from a general knowledge of the temper of the Canadian people, of their strong desire to maintain British connexion, coupled with their appreciation of the perplexities and insecurity incident to the present political *status* of their country, we are led to believe that a scheme of Imperial Federation would meet with general favour in the Dominion of Canada. It is the practicability, not the desirability, of the proposed federation which seems to be in question in the great North American Dominion, as we can readily suspect it is in those other

great colonial dependencies where this scheme of a re-organization of the empire has been mooted. Not that there is anything essentially impracticable in the realization of the scheme; but difficulties from a colonial point of view are seen in the fact that the colonies themselves, even if all of one accord in the matter, could do nothing of themselves—could do nothing at all, in fact, except to accept or reject the proposals of the Imperial or Home Government; whilst the belief amongst them that English statesmen seriously meditate any such sweeping change in colonial policy as that we are considering is neither deeply grounded, nor does it widely prevail. Judging from the experiences of the past, people in the colonies cannot easily be brought to believe that, in the consideration of the Government and Parliament of the Mother Country, the weal, or wish, of the most important of those so-called dependencies will weigh down that of the least considerable Parliamentary constituency in the United Kingdom. The reason too for this doubt is readily given on inquiry. The constituency, however comparatively insignificant, has a vote in Parliament; the colony, although it may possess the proportions of an empire in itself, has none. And is not the colonial view of their weight in English councils the correct one?

It must be admitted that there have been, of late years, indications of a change in the colonial policy of this country; although what the real intent of that change is, whether or not it is a result of any definite and supposed far-seeing design, it is difficult to say. Without going into anything like a general review of England's recent colonial policy, we may mention, as one important evidence and result of that change, the countenance and aid which have been afforded to the British North American Provinces in effecting the political union which has produced the Dominion of Canada. We hear, on what is believed to be good authority, of inducements being held out by the Colonial Office to the West India Islands to form themselves into a like confederation—which is certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Rumours reach us of encouragement being given to the Australian colonies to do likewise. Does all this indicate merely a desire to try novel experiments? Or is it an evidence of a new interest in the welfare of our colonies on the part of the Imperial Government? Assuming the latter to be the case, it is still doubtful whether the object of the Colonial Office is to prepare the greater colonies—notably Canada, as the largest and oldest of them all—for the time when they shall be cut adrift from the parent state, or to qualify them for entering the closer connexion of a political partnership with that parent state.

Be this as it may, if our conviction is a correct one as to what we may call the political development of those larger members of the British Colonial Empire, and more particularly of Canada, we have now reached an epoch in which the Imperial Government has one plain alternative before it. That Government has to decide



whether each of those now vigorous scions of Britain is to become an independent nation, entirely foreign to the land of their forefathers, or is to be drawn into a closer connexion with that old Mother, Britain—a connexion, not of subordination and dependence, not of marked inferiority and pupillage, but of fraternity, perpetual alliance, and perfect oneness. We have reached a period in which the decision as to which course shall be resolved upon can no longer be practically deferred. Speaking with especial reference to the case of Canada, henceforth if the policy of the Imperial Government is not shaped with a view, and with a very clearly discernible, if not avowed, object of hastening the latter result, it *must* promote the former. In Canada there is, as we have already observed, an Independence Party which is rapidly increasing in numbers and strength. The fact that such a party is growing up there is not because the Canadians love England less, but because they love Canada more. In the existing state of the relations between the two countries, the people of the great North American Dominion become, every day, more Canadian and—with regret be it spoken—less English. Under a continuance of these ostensible relations, circumstances must arise which will cause new collisions of interests, wider divergences of feeling between the two, and eventually a total estrangement where there need not have been any division at all.

It is a false generosity, a mistaken policy, which leads certain English statesmen, or men whom the world recognizes as such, to say that Canada, whenever so disposed, may sever her connexion with the Mother Country and take herself off into the community of nations as an independent state. Regarded merely from a sentimental point of view, it is not a seemly response to the tried—may we not now say *sorely* tried?—affection of the child-nation towards her mother, England. As a question of interest, it is astonishing that any native of either country can bring himself to speak lightly of severing a connexion the maintenance of which would so obviously be conducive to the welfare of both. To undertake to combat and disprove the proposition that, with Canada, the West Indies, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, &c., cast adrift and working out their own fortune as so many distinct and independent states, England would continue to occupy the same proud position among nations, to enjoy the same material prosperity that she now enjoys, and to wield the same moral influence in the world which she now commands—that she would not rather sink forthwith into the position of a third or fourth rate political power—is a task for which we do not profess to have the patience. But England, surrounded by these now colonial dependencies and compactly bound up with them in a confederation constituted upon such just and equitable principles as that, relative to the outside world, the interests of each would be the interests of all, might, whether in the rivalries incident to a life of peace, or in contests of a sterner character, laugh the rest of the world to scorn.

England has rivals not a few among the nations of the world whose jealousy of her is notorious, and whose hostility is but ill concealed. The opportunity alone is wanting to make her the object of a combined attack on the part of certain of those jealous rivals, who long for the day when they may affect her humiliation. Such an assertion as this may be scoffed at as idle conjecture. Whoever has, with an unprejudiced eye, marked the signs of the times in these our days, knows that there is ample reason for holding its truth. No better opportunity would be desired than the revelation of some marked symptoms of England's weakness; and no event could be more unquestionably recognized as such a symptom of weakness than the severance from England of one of her greater colonies. Would it not very justly and properly be so recognized? If any one of these great colonial *quasi* states—especially of Canada, the oldest and most nearly matured in the direction of nationalism of them all—were, either by her own act or that of the Imperial Government, or by agreement of them both, to become separated from England, there can be nothing more certain than that the example would be speedily followed by the others. And does any sane man pretend to believe that England, shorn of her Colonial Empire, would continue any longer to exercise that moral sway in the world which has long been one of her most notable characteristics? Does any one presume to say that she would continue to possess the physical power which she now wields? Neither the one nor the other could be possible; and, under such circumstances, England would speedily come to be regarded as the prey of nations that had long been accustomed to look up to her with awe, although not, it may be, with reverence.

It is no part of the design of this paper to elaborate a scheme for the re-organization of the empire. The general design, the practical consummation of which, in our opinion, is essential not only to the consolidation and extension of British power, but even to the maintenance of its present *status*, is sufficiently indicated in the foregoing observations. Surely it can be no Herculean task for British statesmen to bring about a confederation of the United Kingdom with those more important colonies and confederations of colonies which enjoy Constitutional Government—a confederation which would be as a unit to the rest of the world without, whilst within each its members would have the exclusive control and management of its own affairs, consistent with the rights of the others and with the interests of the empire as a whole. No complicated machinery is necessary to affect these results. The desire alone is wanting to bring them about. When that manifests itself in the proper quarter there will be no lack of practicable plans by which to achieve the requisite end.

To sum up, then—the more important and constitutionally governed of England's colonies have reached, or are upon the verge of, a period when, in the natural course of events, they

cannot much longer continue in their present state of pupilage; whilst in the experiences of some of them, and notably of Canada, special reasons are found why a revision and reform of the relations with the Mother Country are indispensable. There is no ground to suspect that any one of them is indisposed to enter into the closest possible fraternal union with the United Kingdom, upon a Federal basis, the only kind of closer and fraternal union that would be practicable in their case; on the contrary, there seems good reason to believe that the proposal for such a confederation would, *at the present time*, be hailed by all those colonies with cordial satisfaction and accepted with alacrity. But meanwhile there is no time to be lost; for whilst the colonies themselves are powerless to deal with Imperial questions, a view of their own unsatisfactory position has caused the idea of Independence to take root in the colonial mind, and it is unquestionably and rapidly spreading. In Canada, for example, with only a little more of the experiences of the past year in the colonial policy now practised, it will be *too late* to make such proposals. Whatever, if anything, is done to bring about this great British Confederation, must be done by the statesmen of England; the colonies, as we have already observed, are powerless in this matter, except to follow and co-operate with the Mother Country.

If, then, we read aright the signs of the times, which seem to us exceedingly legible, one simple alternative lies before the English statesmen of the present generation, but an alternative involving enormous responsibilities to them. It is to go on pursuing the colonial policy of past years, and thereby ensure the rapid disintegration of the empire, until England herself becomes the scoff of nations; or to rouse themselves to a sense of the requirements of their age and country, raise our immense colonies from the position of discontented dependencies to that of the closest possible relation with the old land from which they sprang, to make them the perpetual allies, the unwavering associates, the sharers, without distinctive conditions, in the responsibilities, the prosperity, and—if it must come—the adversity of England herself, binding the whole, through the simple and easy ties of confederation, into one homogeneous empire more vast and powerful than the eye of man has ever before seen, able to *command* perpetual peace and prosperity within its borders, and to be indeed the arbiter of the world for ages upon ages to come. It is the choice between national suicide and the perpetuation of the British Empire.



“THIS CANADA OF OURS.”<sup>1</sup>

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LET other tongues, in older lands,  
 Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
 And chaunt in triumph of the past,  
 Content to live in story :  
 Tho’ boasting no baronial halls,  
 Nor ivy-crested towers,  
 What past can match thy glorious youth,  
 Fair Canada of Ours ?  
     Fair Canada, dear Canada,  
     This Canada of Ours !

We love those far-off Ocean Isles,  
 Where Britain’s monarch reigns,  
 We’ll ne’er forget the good old blood  
 That courses through our veins :  
 Proud Scotia’s fame, old Erin’s name,  
 And haughty Albion’s powers  
 Reflect their matchless lustre on  
 This Canada of Ours.  
     Fair Canada, dear Canada,  
     This Canada of Ours.

May our Dominion flourish then,  
 A goodly land and free,  
 Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,  
 Hold sway from Sea to Sea ;  
 Strong arms shall guard our cherish’d home,  
 When darkest danger lowers,  
 And with our life-blood we’ll defend  
 This Canada of Ours !  
     Fair Canada, dear Canada,  
     This Canada of Ours !

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<sup>1</sup> The words are by Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P. for Monk, Ontario, and the music is adapted and arranged by Miss E. H. Ridout, based upon the beautiful air of the famous Netherlands Students’ Song. The words carried off the prize offered in Montreal, in 1868, for the best Canadian National Song, and possess both the vigour and simplicity that are essential to permanent popularity.—*Toronto Globe*, July 23, 1873.

## MR. SHINDY'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SHINDY VISITS THE PRESIDENT AND ATTENDS HIS LEVÉE.

ONCE, and once only in my life, when I was member for Great Swindleton, I was presented to my sovereign and had the honour of kissing the royal hand. Nobody has a higher respect for the personal character of the Queen of Great Britain than I have, but I have no respect for the barbarous and cumbrous formalities of state and ceremony with which the sovereigns of my country have during many centuries thought fit to surround themselves; perhaps I ought to say with which they have been surrounded by the absurd old-fogeyism of heralds and Heralds' College, and gold and silver sticks-in-waiting, and broomsticks-in-waiting, and ushers of this rod and the other rod, and lords chamberlain and mistresses of the robes and the teapot and other trumperies of the like kind. When I went to the royal levée and was presented I had to dress myself in the garb of a flunkey, or something very like it. I was not privileged to wear academical robes, or military or naval costume, or even the costume of a deputy-lieutenant. I was not entitled to wear horsehair on my head in the shape of a forensic wig, or the robes of a judge or an advocate, or of an alderman or lord mayor, so, as I said, I dressed like a lackey, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles on my shoes, a waistcoat like that of a harlequin—if harlequins wear waistcoats—and a claret-coloured coat cut in the style of the last century. In addition, I wore a sword, which got provokingly between my legs—the result of my unfamiliarity with the abominable instrument—and had to pay for the hire of the disguise the sum of seven guineas to a Jew or a Jew's equivalent. I fancied, as I toiled my weary way through the ante-room, elbowed and poked by judges, barristers, admirals, generals, dukes, marquises, lords, baronets, knights, fellow-members of the Commons, city magnates, country gentlemen—not any of them more polite or courteous than as multitudinous a mob of costermongers might have been, had it been my ill fortune to be squeezed up among them—that I had never been more uncomfortable or felt

more humiliated than I did at that moment. I resolved then and there never to present myself at Court again until I could go in the dress of a gentleman—and I have kept my word. How different was my presentation to Mr. Lincoln!—a plain, homely, tall, gaunt, jocose, but very sad-looking man, who received me without ceremony in my ordinary walking costume, and gave me a shake of the hand which I thought would have wrenched it from my wrist, and which I felt in my arm for a full fortnight afterwards.

On calling for Mr. Lincoln at the White House, the man who answered my ring at the door looked at my card and said the President was at home and engaged with Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton, but that I could walk up. I walked up, or rather he showed me up. "Glad to see you, Mr. Shindy," said the President. "Glad to see you, sir, or any member of the British Legislature," said Mr. Seward; "and more than glad. The President and I are in somewhat of a fix; perhaps you can help us out of it?" Mr. Stanton said nothing, but seemed as if he were annoyed at the overfrankness of his colleague, who was inviting a stranger to a sort of cabinet council. I looked with curiosity and respect at this gentleman, with his massive head, his firm, determined countenance, his keen, piercing eyes, and thought, as I took this rapid survey of him, that he was as fitted to be the organizer of victory as the great Carnot himself, and that the conduct of the war had been entrusted to good hands when, in a fortunate moment, Mr. Lincoln had placed him at the head of the War Department. Mr. Seward did not impress me so favourably. He was very argumentative, very loquacious, very much addicted to awkward and sometimes disagreeable sallies of wit or humour, or something that seemed to him to be either or both, and struck me as being a man of imperfect education and limited sympathies. But Mr. Lincoln won my heart by his honest simplicity, his unaffected good-nature, his broad, frank, sturdy common sense, and the merry twinkle that sometimes lit up his usually sad eyes and grave countenance when he perpetrated a joke. I am not going to detail private conversations, but I could gather from all that Mr. Lincoln said, whether it were in jest or in earnest, that he had a deep, indeed a painful sense of the heavy responsibility that destiny and the votes of his fellow-countrymen had cast upon his honest shoulders, and that he by no means shared the almost boyish hopes of Mr. Seward or the arrogant confidence of his war secretary as to the speedy restoration of the Union by the subjugation of the South. I may add that the "fix" Mr. Seward spoke of was a military difficulty which had presented itself to his mind with regard to the army of the Potomac, that I was utterly incompetent to discuss or even to understand it, and that I was amazed that such a matter should have been mentioned to a stranger, or to any one not a member of the Cabinet. But, as Solomon says, "Great men are not always wise."

Mr. Seward informed me that the President would hold a levée, or public reception, at twelve o'clock that day, and that if I would



be present, either as the friend of the President and stand at his side, or as one of the crowd, whichever I preferred, I might see and study to advantage the free-and-easy manner in which the sovereign of a free people received his fellow-citizens, as compared with the absurd state and formality with which hereditary sovereigns, ruling the people by virtue of their dead fathers and grandfathers, received their subjects. "We have no subjects here," added Mr. Seward, "or rather we are *all* subjects; subjects of the law, and of the law alone."

"For the matter of that," I replied, "it is the same in Great Britain. Our Queen, who talks of her 'subjects' in proclamations and other formal documents, is herself a subject; subject, as you say, to the law, which she may not break without taking the very disagreeable consequences. But we will not discuss that point. I like *your* system and shall be delighted to attend the President's levée and stand at his side; not that I would not be just as well pleased to mix with the multitude and take my chance among them, except for the fact that I should not in that case see so much of what I want to see. So, Mr. President," I added, turning to Mr. Lincoln, "if you will permit me to be one of your suite I shall be grateful for the privilege."

"One of my *what*?" asked Mr. Lincoln suddenly.

"One of your *suite*, or if your excellency likes the word better, one of your circle."

"Oh, I see now," he replied, "but excuse me for not understanding Latin. I never had much schooling, and I am too old now to learn anything but the mother tongue; and I rather flatter myself that I can make myself understood in it and can say what I mean as plainly as any man living. But you English beat us hollow in languages. We Americans are content to talk the language of the Bible, and of old John Bunyan, and of Benjamin Franklin, one of the plainest speakers of all. But time's up. We must be moving. Come along! I must not keep the public waiting."

"Punctuality is the politeness of princes and of presidents," said I, with an alliteration which was wholly unpremeditated, but which I thought was rather neat. Mr. Seward smiled and said, in his most gracious manner, "Mr. Shindy, you are quite a courtier, and would shine in *dye-plomacy*." I pledge the reader my word of honour that he pronounced the word as I have written it. I have subsequently heard many Americans do the same. But let that pass. I am an observer of small things as well as of great, and recognize the fact that the noble English language is in danger of deterioration in America. I have heard Americans call Italy *Eye-taly*, and engine and machine, *en-gyne* and *ma-chyne*. Not that this corruption signifies much, if people understand and adopt it. All I have to say is that I don't like it.

I followed Mr. Lincoln to the reception-room. Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton accompanied us. We found Mrs. Lincoln ready to join in our little procession, she on her part being accompanied by the private

secretary of the President. A minute after Mr. Lincoln had taken the place appointed for him, and we had all ranged ourselves about him, like planets around a central sun, the doors were opened and the crowd rushed in. There were no gold sticks, no silver sticks, no broomsticks, no sticks of any kind to introduce the sovereign to his makers; nothing but the President face to face with the people. But such a crowd! I love my fellow-creatures as well as most men when I have occasion to think of them in the concrete; but to meet them in the concrete, or the aggregate, or in the shape of a rushing, roaring, selfish multitude, when each man or woman thinks or acts upon the thought, "each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!" I don't think I love them. I don't even think I like them.

I thought as I saw the vast amount of hand-shaking that was inflicted upon Mr. Lincoln—and the equally vast amount that he inflicted upon others—that it was hard work to be a popular President of the United States. The Queen of England can choose her company, but the President cannot; anybody or everybody is free to present himself, in any costume he pleases, to the chief magistrate and to shake hands with him, without an introduction or so much as the announcement of his name. I was told that the President's customary receptions on the first day of the New Year were far more remarkable as a study of national manners than an ordinary levée such as the one at which I assisted; but the scene before me was quite peculiar enough to justify me in considering it remarkable. This plain, simple man represented one of the most powerful nations of the earth—a man who, without any particular ability or virtue or claim to pre-eminence, had been selected out of the multitude to fill the highest place; who, before the votes were recorded in his favour, was a nobody, and who would become a nobody once again as soon as his term of office expired. And to this man came all those other men, equally eligible as himself to fill such high station, to pay their respects—not in gala masquerade, but in their working-dresses, and many of them with the grime of their trades on their hands and habiliments. With some of them the President merely shook hands, making the weaker ones wince in the vice-like grasp of his huge paws. I fancied two or three times that he had a pleasure in thus punishing a few people for whom he had more or less dislike—punishing them in the guise of extreme cordiality, which they could no more resent than a dog could, if you hit him on the head with a meaty bone which you afterwards presented to him with your kind regards. Among the company who paid their respects to the chief magistrate on this occasion were the lively little Irish boy who had blacked my boots in the morning; a German head-waiter at Willard's; the clerk at the hotel; and a whole host of rough-looking people, whom General Squash declared to be "rowdies" and the "rabble rout." Among these were intermixed civil and military functionaries, clerks in the public offices, contractors *in esse* and *in posse*, members of Congress, and whole squads of

people who, if they had been Britons and in London, would no more have thought of presenting themselves before the sovereign than of committing murder. But this, I thought, was in the true spirit of pure democracy. This was liberty—this was equality—this was fraternity; and I liked it. But I thought Mr. Lincoln didn't. And when at last the crowd had passed out and the last hand had been shaken, Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said, "I'm glad this is over. Come to my private room and take a drink." I went with him and took a drink, and he told me a funny story which I do not feel myself at liberty to repeat. Altogether I was very favourably impressed with Mr. Lincoln;—not with his manners, but with his heart and intellect.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MR. SHINDY ATTENDS A MEETING OF CONGRESS AND TAKES LESSONS.

I ATTENDED a meeting of the House of Representatives with General Squash one day, and proposed on the next to attend a meeting of the Senate, accompanied by the same guide and monitor. The English House of Commons, in which I sat so long and so unprofitably (for myself), is more or less of a democratic assembly, but the first appearance of the House of Representatives was to my mind decidedly aristocratic. An air of order, quiet, and respectability pervaded the whole place. The members did not sit with their hats on, as is the rude custom in Westminster; neither was there any unseemly pushing or scrambling to secure places. Each member had his own seat, with a convenient writing-desk before him, in which to keep his papers, documents, and writing materials. I noticed also that there was a goodly sprinkle of lads from eleven or twelve to fourteen years of age, dressed in a neat uniform, stationed at various parts of the hall, who acted as pages or messengers, and were at the call of any member who chose to summon them to deliver his missives either inside or outside of the House. I could not at first understand the utility or necessity of this arrangement, but saw it at once when I was informed that many of the members transacted legal, literary, and other business in the House instead of listening to the speeches, and used the paper of Congress for writing editorial articles, letters, or other despatches to the newspapers of the various cities of the Union or the places which they represented. The bulk of the members, especially since the disruption of the Union by the Civil War and the consequent disappearance from Congress of the wealthy cotton-planters and slave-owners of the South, were poor men, mostly lawyers on the look-out for business, to whom the pay of a Member of Congress was all essential as a means of subsistence, and who were very glad, in addition to this, to earn a few extra dollars by literary and political writing and other newspaper work.



I am not a worshipper of wealth; and I think that far too many people procure admission into our British House of Commons solely because they are rich and because they may be great employers of labour and owners of property in the places which they represent. I am humble enough to confess my belief that it was my money, and not my learning, my statesmanship, or my eloquence, that procured me the dubious, and certainly the very troublesome, honour of representing Great Swindleton, and that there is too great a tendency to the establishment of a Plutocracy among us. Nevertheless, I think that the government of a country by poor men, or by a great majority of poor men, is not without its dangers, and that the one extreme is quite as bad as the other. And it seems to me that of all needy men a needy lawyer is the most unfit to be trusted with political power. On this point, however, I had not made many studies when I first visited Congress, though I learned a great deal more about it before I quitted Washington, as I shall endeavour to show hereafter.

I was introduced to the Speaker, who seemed to me to be very much like an auctioneer as he wielded his little hammer and struck it at intervals on his desk, just as an auctioneer does when he knocks down an article to the highest bidder. This little hammer was continually in motion, either to command silence or to add emphasis to some formality or other that had been or was about to be accomplished, though I could not exactly, if at all, understand the reasons of its apparently preternatural activity. I observed with pleasure that he wore no portentous wig and robes like our sublime functionary at home, and that there was no mace or other "bauble," as Cromwell called it, before him on the table. I was also admitted to the "privilege of the floor," in other words, to free entrance in and out of the House, just as if I had been a member without a vote. In this respect the Americans are always courteous to strangers and to their own distinguished countrymen, and do not fence round the deliberations of the Legislature with obstructive fictions such as that which in England allows a member to call the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there are strangers present and to clear the said strangers out, whether they be ladies, diplomatists, peers, or reporters. Strangers are always present in Congress, and large and commodious galleries are especially set apart for their reception; and the time, it is to be hoped, will shortly come when the British Parliament will imitate the example, and not only admit, but accommodate the public, reserving to itself the right, by a vote of the whole House on special occasions, to close its doors when public expediency or necessity justifies the unusual proceeding.

As nothing particular was going on, and as the general was becoming thirsty and invited me to the customary drink, which, though I did not want, I knew too much of the worthy man's idiosyncrasies to refuse to partake with him, we adjourned for awhile to the refreshment-room or bar of the House, where the

"captain"—such the bar-tender or man behind the counter seems always to be called—compounded for us a couple of juleps. "One thing," said I, in sipping the cooling mixture, "strikes me as singular, and that is why the House should call its chairman or president 'the Speaker.' Do you know the reason?"

"It is because you have a Speaker in England," he replied.

"That answer does not meet the case. We have a Queen, and may have a King in England, and you won't imitate our example in that I suppose?"

"I calculate not," said the general, "though the time may come when we may have to appoint a military dictator. But what's your objection to the word Speaker?"

"My objection to the word is that it represents a state of things which still drags on a wearisome existence in England, but has never existed in your country. Our 'Speaker' was so called, in the early period of our parliamentary history, because he and he only had the right to *speak* to the sovereign on behalf of the Commons and remonstrate on their grievances. The name is a relic of the days when, as a people, we were just beginning to feel that we were not politically free, but were determined to become so, and the Parliament, beginning to feel its power, nominated its president to *speak* to the King, and speak plainly, to the effect that if he did not redress grievances Parliament would not vote him any money."

"Well," said the general, "I thank you for the information, which I must confess is new to me, and, if you will excuse me for saying so, not particularly valuable. We can't call our Speaker the President, because we have another officer who monopolizes the title. We might perhaps call him the chairman. But, after all, we're used to call him the Speaker, and I must confess I am conservative enough to wish to retain the title."

"There is no harm," I said, "in the title, though I rather wonder that you should have adopted it. But there is one thing, nay, two things, which I admire in your congressional modes of proceeding. If I am rightly informed, you do not allow a bore to inflict his weariness upon you; you limit the duration of his speech by the hour-glass; and if a bore is overmuch of a bore, you can get rid of him without the expedient of counting out the House and thus losing a day that may be urgently required for practical legislation."

"You are rightly informed," said the general; "if the gentleman from Buncombe (you would call him the honourable member for Buncombe) wants to inflict his stale, rumbustious, and vapid eloquence upon the House, the House can escape the nuisance by simply telling him that his speech which he holds in his hand will be accepted as read or spoken, and that he may send the manuscript forthwith to the *Congressional Globe*, the official reporter of the proceedings of the Legislature of the United States. Thus both parties are satisfied. Business proceeds, and the unspoken speech is printed and reaches the people of Buncombe and any-

body else who chooses to waste his time and obfuscate his intellect by reading it."

"We also ought to have an official record of our debates, though I dread to think how much money it would cost if the full flood of the eloquence of our garrulous mediocrities were let loose upon the land—unless it were at the expense of the offending orator or gabbler, as the case may be, which might help to mitigate, if it could not remove the evil. We have members of our Parliament who could spout twelve closely printed columns of the *Times* and think nothing of the feat, if anybody would listen to or report them."

"And we have members of Congress who could double the quantity, ay, and treble it, if we had not wisely clipped the wings of their verbosity by the scissors of Time; or, if you don't like the metaphor, if we had not limited them and pressed them down by the inexorable sands of the hour-glass."

"Very good, and a rule to be much commended. Have you such an officer as a 'whip'?" I inquired.

"A whip!" said the general; "what's a whip? America whips all creation, as everybody knows; but I suppose that is not what *you* mean?"

"A whip," I replied, "is a useful, in fact an indispensable public functionary with us."

"*Unde derivatur* the name?"

"His name is derived from the hunting-field. He whips the dogs, the whelps, the curs, and hounds of party together, so that they may all yell and bark or vote together in the service of the minister, and that the party in power may not be unexpectedly outnumbered by the Opposition. Both the ins and the outs have their whip. The whip must know the temper and the habits, the weak points and the strong points, the vices and the virtues of every dog in the pack. He must know when and where they pipe, when and where they dance, where they eat, where they drink, where they sleep, and how he may summon them by his whistle or his whip at a moment's notice to come to the aid, or it may be to the rescue, of his party."

"We need no such cuss in our politics," said the general; "when one party's in it is in for four years certain. Our President is his own prime minister and can't be turned out before the expiry of his term by any vote of Congress, unless by impeachment or revolution—two tools that are apt to cut the fingers of those who use them, if they do not sometimes do worse and cut their political throats. So we don't want the thing you call a whip; he would be of no use to us; and what's more, our Congress-men, dogs or no dogs, would not submit to have such a varlet continually at their heels to pry either into their time or their occupations, or to be at his beck and call irrespective of their own convenience."

"But I am a student, you know, and have come to America to learn. Is it not a flaw in your constitution, a defect in the working,



that a minority, changing itself by degrees into a majority, has, when a majority, no ready means to rid itself of an obnoxious President in case of his departure from the straight line of his duty? Our Palmerston is a popular minister, he is virtually President; but our House of Commons could get rid of him in a week if he rendered himself unpalatable to the majority, and that too with the greatest ease and without the slightest wrench of the political machinery."

"We all know that," replied the general, "and shall amend in time—if revolution and a military autocracy do not supersede the present order of things and make a clean sweep of our present corruptions and anomalies by the introduction of new and possibly worse corruptions and anomalies than those which now beset and endanger us. There's Mr. Seward now, as unpopular and, I think, as inefficient a minister as ever existed; yet the country must endure him for the remainder of Mr. Lincoln's term—if Mr. Lincoln has made up his mind to put up with him for so long a period. Upon the whole I prefer your system to ours, only we want a king at the top of it and can't have him."

"And wouldn't have him if you could, I hope?"

"There's nothing to make him of," replied the general, "*ex nihilo, nihil fit*. I am not such an optimist as I once was, and think I am mellowing, and ripening, and developing into a pessimist, especially when I recognize and deplore the fact, as I oftentimes do, that all systems of government, despotic or free, are bad and imperfect, just because human nature is bad and imperfect. You can't make a good machine with bad iron; you can't set up a good government if bad men are to work it."

"General," said I, "the ancients held that it was a crime to despair of the republic."

"The ancients were poor shotes," replied he, "and their republics were not republics, but aristocracies playing antics under the guise of democracies. But come, let us visit the Senate and the Supreme Court, both of which are now sitting, and take a further peep into the workings of our system before we discuss it any further, either to condemn or to extol it."

# “REMEMBER ME.”

*(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)*

BY MRS. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

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REMEMBER me when dawning day  
 Blushing receives the ardent sun :  
 Or when at mournful eve you stray  
 Veil'd by its shade like cloister'd nun :  
 When throbs your heart at pleasure's call,  
 When, lonely, you at twilight stray—  
 In silent bower, in lighted hall,  
 Hear what each murmuring breeze shall say,  
 “Remember me !”

Remember me when cruel fate  
 Has sternly torn me from thy side :  
 When exiled, agèd, desolate,  
 Hope in this stricken heart has died.  
 Dream sometimes of my mornful love—  
 Dream sometimes of our last farewell ;  
 Time cannot change, nor absence move  
 Heart bound to heart by passion's spell,  
 “Remember me !”

Remember me when on my grave  
 One solitary flower shall bloom ;  
 Your tears, although they could not save,  
 Would sweeten my untimely tomb.  
 On earth I may not see you more,  
 But, from its mortal bonds set free,  
 My spirit o'er thy path shall soar  
 And like a sister wait on thee,  
 “Remember me !”

## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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July 18th.—At Great Cumberland Place, Alderman Sir David Salomons, Bart., M.P., aged 76. Sir David belonged to that small but energetic and persevering body of men to whose exertions must be ascribed the admission of her Majesty's subjects of the Jewish faith to an equality of rights with their fellow-citizens, and it is not too much to say that he contributed most to achieve their admission, for he was the first Jewish county magistrate, the first Jewish high sheriff, the first Jewish sheriff of London, the first Jewish alderman, and the first Jewish lord mayor of London, the form of oath having been altered to enable him to hold several of these offices, all of which he filled with singular dignity. In 1859, Sir David Salomons was for a second time elected one of the members for Greenwich, and soon after the form of oath was altered to enable him and Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who had been elected one of the members for the City of London in 1847, to take their seats in the House of Commons. Thus, no man worked more strenuously in the great cause of civil and religious liberty, and his Jewish fellow-subjects are under peculiar obligations to his memory. Sir David Salomons was long connected with business in the City of London, he was one of the founders of the London and Westminster Bank, and at the time of his death was its last surviving founder. The wonderful success of that bank is due to the unremitting care and attention he paid to its interests and progress, moreover, it may be said that the whole body of joint-stock banks in London are under obligations to him for their development and importance; and without the machinery of such banks at this day it is difficult to imagine how the arrangement and settlement of the daily transactions of this great metropolis could be successfully carried on. Sir David was a member of the Middle Temple, having been called to the bar by that honourable society in 1849. He was twice married, but leaves no children, and is succeeded in the baronetage by his nephew, David Lionel Salomons, to whom remainder was granted on the creation of the title in 1869. The late baronet was very fond of art, and had an excellent collection of modern pictures at his house near Tunbridge Wells; he was a very kind, amiable man, and his loss will be felt in many circles, for he had during a long, useful, and well-spent life endeared himself to numerous friends of all classes of society.

July 19th.—Killed accidentally by a fall from his horse, the



Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, aged 67. He was riding with Lord Granville near Leatherhead, in Surrey, when his horse stumbled on some broken ground at a place called Evershed's Rough, and, throwing the bishop, caused his instantaneous death. Dr. Wilberforce was the third son of the famous William Wilberforce, and, having entered the Church, was, when a comparatively very young man, appointed to the Deanery of Westminster. In 1845, when only forty years of age, he was consecrated Bishop of Oxford, and at once took a high place in public affairs. Previously he had been known as an eloquent preacher, but in the House of Lords he showed himself to be a great orator and statesman. On the retirement of Bishop Sumner from the diocese of Winchester, Dr. Wilberforce was translated to that see, a just recognition of his extraordinary merit, for he was, without doubt, the most popular and most admired of English bishops. The regret caused by his sadly sudden death was deep and general. The announcement of the intelligence in the morning papers of Monday, July 21st, occasioned a general commotion, for it was felt, and felt truly, "that a great man was dead."

July 20th, at Lancaster Gate, the Right Hon. Richard Bethell, 1st Baron Westbury, aged 73.—His career was a very remarkable one, and chequered by triumphs which the most ambitious might covet, and by reverses from which the most patient and long-suffering might shrink. The son of a physician at Bristol, when little more than fourteen years of age, he became a student at Wadham College, Oxford, where he made such use of his attainments and opportunities, that in the following year he obtained a Scholarship, and thenceforward, as he himself narrated, maintained himself in honourable independence. He subsequently took a double first class, and succeeded to a Fellowship. Having entered himself as a student at the Middle Temple, he was called to the Bar by that Honourable Society in 1823, and speedily obtained a large and lucrative practice as a Chancery barrister. In 1840 he was made Queen's Counsel, and in 1851 first entered Parliament as Member for Aylesbury, for which borough he continued to sit until 1859, when at the general election he was returned Member for Wolverhampton. In 1852 he was made Solicitor-General, and in 1856, on Sir Alexander Cockburn's elevation to the Bench, became Attorney-General. On the death of Lord Campbell, in 1861, Sir Richard Bethell, being then Attorney-General, attained the highest object of a lawyer's ambition, and on becoming Lord Chancellor was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Westbury. Everything promised well for him; his own capacity for this high office was undisputed, and his zeal as a law reformer was evidenced by constant efforts to deal with difficult and important questions; but unfortunately, in 1865, a dark cloud gathered, which burst with terrible force upon him. A Lord Chancellor should be above suspicion, but in Lord Westbury's case, like that of "the wisest,

brightest, meanest of mankind," his mode of dealing with some appointments led to a Parliamentary inquiry, which proved, to say the least, that he had shown a lamentable want of caution in the patronage of his high office, and this caused his immediate resignation, and consequent retirement into private life. Of late years, as Lord Westbury, this gifted lawyer came to the front again, and his voice was sometimes heard in debate in the House of Lords. He indeed did good work, not only in carrying various law reforms, but by acting as arbitrator in cases of great public interest, especially in the affairs of the European Insurance Society, on which he was engaged when his fatal illness seized him.

August 2nd.—A terrible railway accident occurred soon after one o'clock this morning at Wigan, Lancashire, killing at once ten persons and severely injuring about thirty. The disaster befell the express London and North-Western tourist train, which runs through almost direct, with scarcely any stoppages, from London to Carlisle. The train leaves Euston at eight in the evening, and on this occasion was an unusually heavy one, containing no less than twenty-two carriages, and three vans—twenty-five in all—and it was drawn by two powerful engines. All went well until the train reached Wigan, when a ghastly accident befell it at "the facing points," about 100 yards from the station. The last seven or eight carriages left the line, tore away the couplings, and went madly up the loop-line into the station itself, which they shook to its very foundations. They piled over one another in a heap of splinters, shattering the lamps, breaking the skylights, and carrying destruction in all directions, the destruction to the carriages themselves being so complete, that it was only known by the number of wheels whether it was seven or eight carriages that had left the line. The following is a list of the killed:—

Sir John Anson, Bart., 39, Portland Place, London, aged 56.

Thomas C. Wark, aged 10, son of Andrew Wark, Old Hall, Highgate, and the Stock Exchange, London.

Maggie R. C. Wark, aged 10, daughter of the same.

Alice Minette, aged about 23, nurse to the above.

John Phillips, Lord Murray's chamberlain, of Aberdour, Fife, aged about 70.

James Fagg, valet to Sir John Anson, aged 19.

Martha Arlett, aged 22, waiting-maid to Miss Anson.

Thomas Waddle, solicitor, 10, Wellington Street, Ayr, aged 25.

Zachariah Roberts, of Murrel Hill, Carlisle, schoolmaster at Carlisle Industrial Schools, aged 30.

Mary Roberts, widow of Daniel Roberts, of Weymouth, and mother of the last named, aged 73.

One of the most wonderful escapes in the disaster was that of Miss Louisa Elizabeth Ann Anson and Miss Elizabeth Georgina Anson, daughters of the ill-fated Sir John. Beyond a severe fright, neither

lady sustained any harm, although their father, in the same compartment, had one side of his head smashed in, and the maid, Martha Arlett, and the baronet's valet, James Fagg, also sustained fatal injuries. The baronet, who bore no marks of injury except on the face and head, by which he was dreadfully disfigured, was found lying jammed beneath a carriage on the platform, and was dragged out by Dr. Jackson. Sir John was insensible at the time, and remained in a state of unconsciousness up to his death.

It was not until after four o'clock on Saturday afternoon that identification was established in respect to two bodies, which proved to be those of mother and son, who were identified by the wife of the latter. The male deceased (the schoolmaster of the Industrial Schools, Carlisle) had sustained a compound fracture of both legs, and died about three hours after the accident. His mother, Mrs. Roberts, of Weymouth, was being taken to Carlisle, the old lady not having seen her daughter-in-law for five years. Hers was the most fearful death of all, for it was she who was pitched over the embankment wall and through the roof into an iron foundry, her body being horribly mangled.

The accident was fruitful of extraordinary contrasts in its outward marks on those killed. Sir John Anson's groom was disembowelled, but Miss Anson's maid did not appear to have sustained a scratch. It is thought she was asleep in the carriage when she received her death shock.

The old man Phillips was alive when extricated from the wreck, but death soon put an end to his sufferings.

Sir John W. Hamilton Anson, Bart., whose shocking death is recorded above, was the eldest son of General Sir William Anson, G.C.B., younger brother of the 1st Viscount Anson, and uncle of the 1st Earl of Lichfield, who acquired considerable distinction in the Peninsular war, and was created a baronet in September, 1831. The deceased was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, on leaving which University he entered the army, 1836, as sub-lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, but retired in 1842. He succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father in January, 1847, having married, 1842, Elizabeth Catharine, second daughter of Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B., by whom he leaves surviving issue three sons and seven daughters. His eldest son and successor in the baronetcy is Mr. William Reynell Anson, who was born 1843, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1869. Sir John Anson was a deputy-lieutenant of Lancashire, and also a magistrate for that county and for Sussex.



## PENCILLINGS.

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How faint a pencil trace,  
 How easy to efface !  
     Nothing more  
 Than print where bird has hopp'd  
 Or rain has lightly dropp'd  
     On the shore.

The sand has turn'd to stone,  
 And there those prints are shown  
     Petrified :  
 Faint notes of by-gone years,  
 Though blister'd o'er with tears,  
     Still abide.

I almost cast away  
 Two little lines one day  
     Scored in lead ;  
 And never dreamt they were  
 Alone to speak of her  
     Who is dead !

J. STEDMAN.





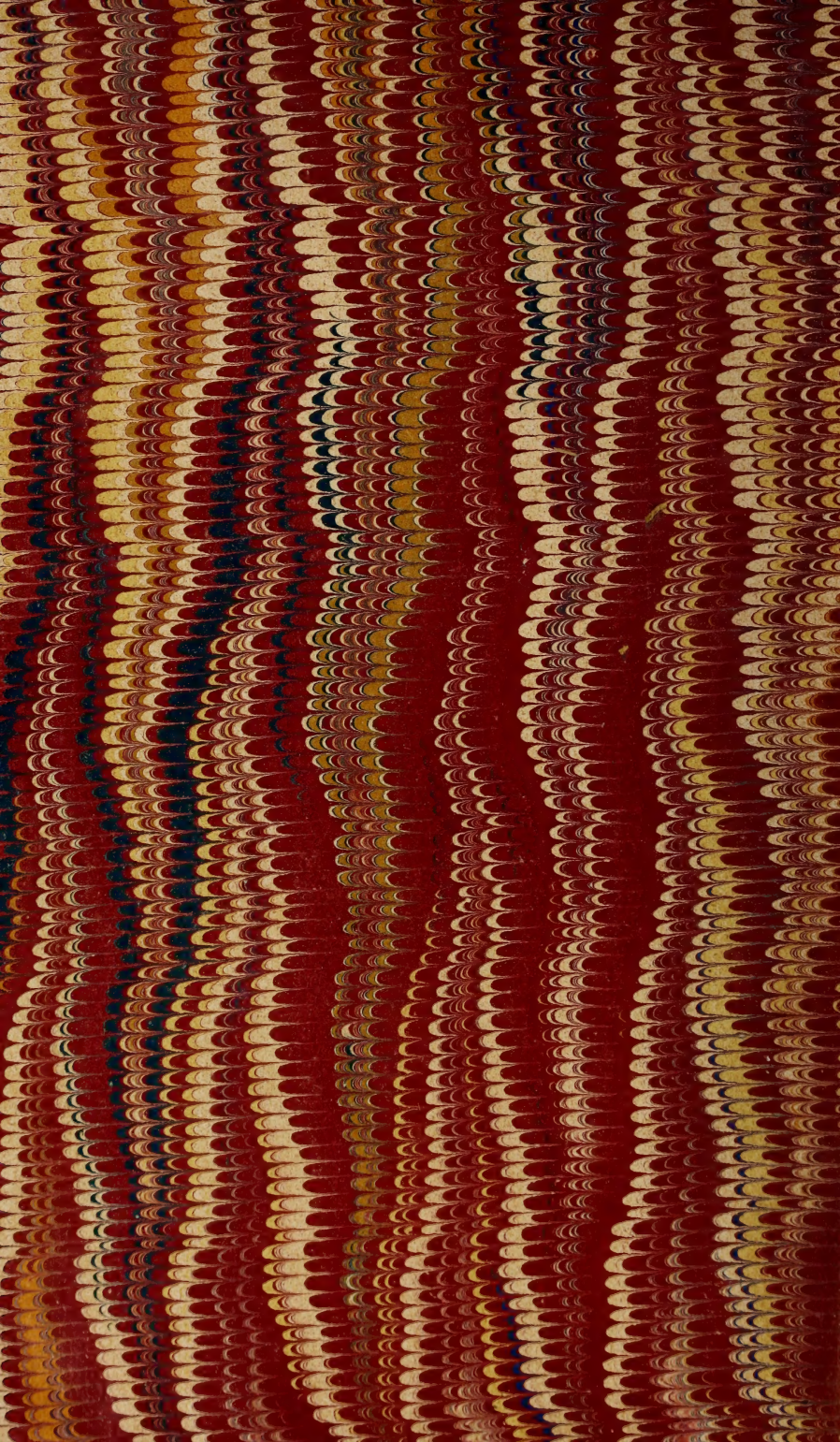




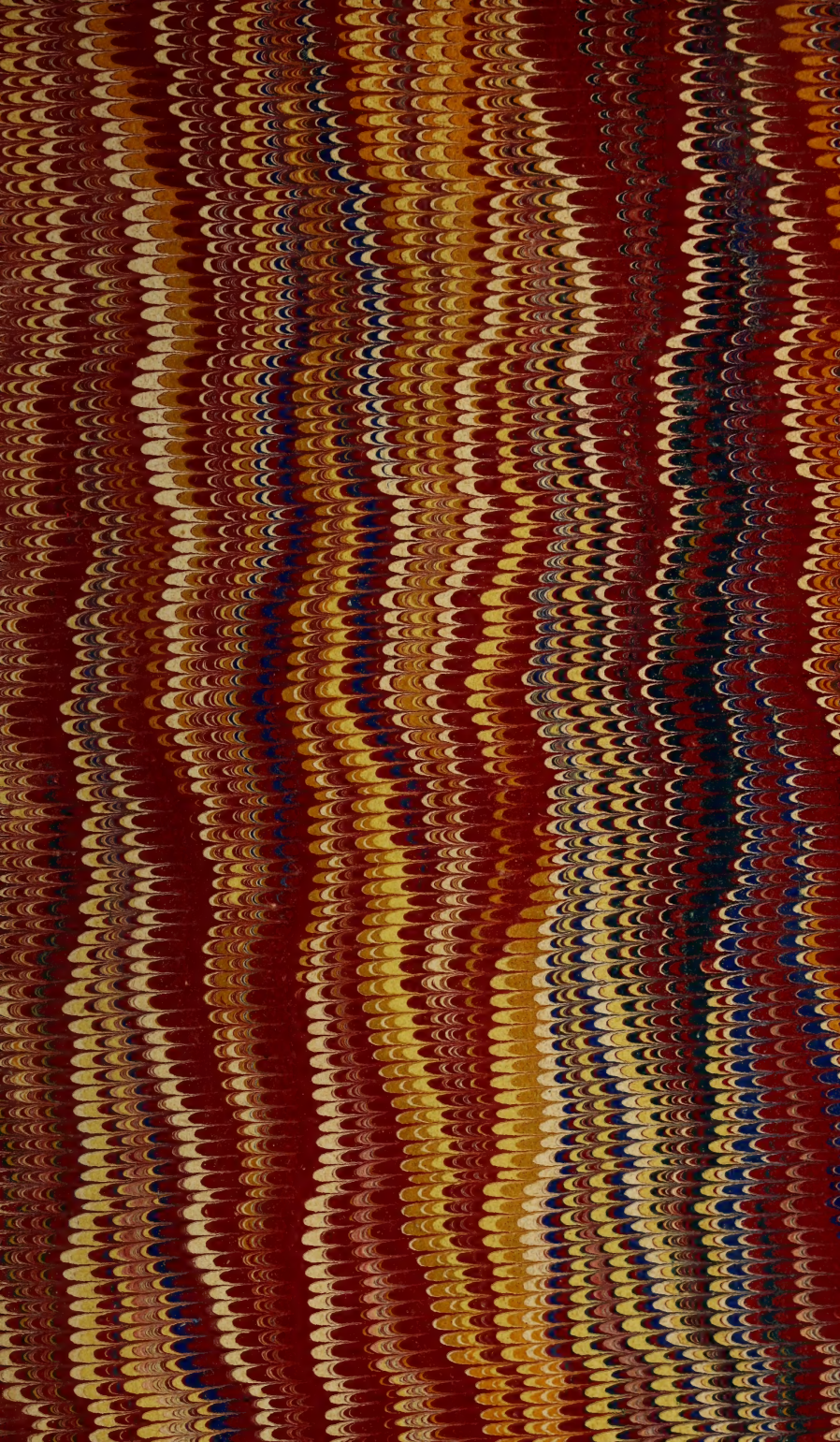














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